

# The Indian Helper.

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM THE CARLISLE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL  
SCHOOL TO BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOLUME V.

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## ONE DAY AT A TIME.



NE day at a time! That's all it can be;  
No faster than that is the hardest fate;  
And days have their limits, however we  
Begin them too early and stretch them too late.

One day at a time! Every heart that aches  
Knows only too well how long it can seem;  
But it's never to-day which the spirit breaks—  
It's the darkened future, without a gleam.

One day at a time! But a single day,  
Whatever its load, whatever its strength;  
And there's a bit of precious Scripture to say,  
That according to each shall be our strength.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

[From the Home Mission Monthly.]

## TRUE STORY OF AN ALASKAN INDIAN BOY.

(Continued from last week.)

For an hour or more they waited, while darkness gathered; then the old man started up, saying:

"We must hasten. They may soon be here. Here, Unkala, take these furs to wrap about us, for the wind will blow cold when once we get out of the shelter of the shore; and I will take this bit of dried venison, for we will need food by the way. Come quickly and take care, for they will surely put you to death if they catch you, and I am old and cannot do much to save you."

Poor Unkala shivered with fright as they cautiously ventured forth, crawling for some distance on their hands and knees under the trees and bushes, pausing now and then to listen, until they became convinced that they had not been observed; then making their way rapidly to the shore, they found the canoe undisturbed, and were soon afloat.

They knew that Skula and his friends, finding the hut empty, would guess that they had started for some of the neighboring islands, and would hasten in pursuit. Therefore, it was of the utmost importance that they should make good use of all the time at their disposal, for, unless they should be well under way, their enemies would easily overtake them, as with so many to row they could go much faster.

Desperation nerved the old man's arm with unwonted power, and the boy seemed to have the strength of a man as the canoe sped through the water in this race for life.

At length, after long continued exertion, they both showed signs of exhaustion, and the old man said:

"Unkala, we must make for some of the smaller islands. We can never hold out unless we stop and rest a little. Let us halt awhile on one of those two little islands that lie over yonder."

"Where are they?" said the boy. "I see nothing but shadows, and I am afraid if we stop, those dreadful men will overtake us, and then they will catch me, and dig a hole in the ground and cover me up so that I will smother. Oh! I know just what they will do. Did I not see them take old Lakasa and put her in just such a hole when the chief's mother was sick? And they left her there. I can hear her begging them to let her go, now! Oh! do let us go on!"

"But you cannot go much farther, my poor Unkala, without stopping to rest. You will be stronger then. Come, I know just where the island lies. I have been there to catch the salmon."

Thus persuaded, the lad said no more, and they soon moored their canoe to the shore, and jumping out, pulled it aground.

"They will not think we have stopped here," said the old man. "They will keep on, thinking to overtake us in the inlet, below. But I have a plan. We will stay here all the night, and when the morning comes we will watch for the big boat that, with belching of fire and smoke, ploughs through the deep waters. It is now the time of the moon when it passes this way. We will go out to it when we see it coming, and ask the white people to protect us from our enemies."

Comforted by the words of his uncle, Unkala sank down on the ground beside the old man, and they wrapped about them the skins of fur which they had brought. They were both too much excited and in too much danger to sleep. About mid-night they heard

(Continued on the Fourth Page.)



# The Indian Helper.

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THE INDIAN HELPER is paid for in advance, so do not hesitate to take the paper from the Post Office, for fear a bill will be presented.

General Morgan, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, spent Sunday with us, and in the Sunday evening meeting made a very earnest address. The subject for the evening was prayer, and upon this topic he would have us remember that God is the only perfect being. He alone can help us. God loves to have us give expressions of gratitude for blessings received. We do not realize how much we have to be thankful for. Carlisle school is an answer to prayer. All over this land good people have prayed that the hearts of Congressmen and other influential persons might be touched to aid in the education of the Indian. Confession is a part of prayer, and so is supplication. He would have us pray from the depths of the heart and strive to live as we pray. If we confess our sins we should abandon our sins. If we tell God we want to be pure and holy we want to live so. A good deal depends upon our actions whether our prayers are answered or not. God puts us in the way to wealth. He makes it better for us to earn money than to receive it for no labor. He gives us opportunities, and it rests with us whether we use them or not.

The Commissioner spoke of the Moqui chiefs when in Washington, how their main request was for work. "Oh! Give us work!" they cried. We are responsible for using the opportunities that God gives us. If you have a farm and in the Spring time do not sow the seed, when the harvest time comes and have no grain, God might say I did my part but you have been lazy. Under such circumstances we would have no right to ask God for help. Suppose twenty years from now you have a hard struggle to get along. You are poor and needy, and you say I will go and pray. Don't you think that God will have a right to ask How did you use your time at Carlisle? I put it in the hearts of Capt. Pratt and these teachers to go and teach you. Have you used your time well? Were you not advised to stay longer until you had received a better education? You did not follow the advice. What right have you ask for help? If a party of you were starting for your homes and Capt. should tell you to carry lunch enough to last five days. But one boy says I don't want to be bothered with it, it is too heavy. He is urged to take it, but still he refuses to carry it with him. Then after you have been out sev-

eral days that boy gets very hungry and asks Capt. for something to eat and the Capt. says each one has just enough for himself. "But I will starve," says the boy. Ought he not to suffer?

Now, you are going on a long journey. Your success in life depends upon the load you carry with you. A little knowledge will not last long. As you go on through life you will feel the need of more, and later on when you pray for strength will not God ask you why did you not get more knowledge when you had the chance? It is a part of prayer to recognize the goodness that has been bestowed upon us. The Commissioner closed his remarks with an impressive prayer.

## An Historical Treat.

Last Tuesday night the whole school piled into six first-class Cumberland Valley coaches and were taken over to Harrisburg to look upon the representation of a city that existed nearly two thousand years ago. As we entered the amphitheater, in front was the city of Pompeii with its bath-houses, palaces, temples, lakes, and the sea to the fore-ground, while grand old Vesuvius with her foot hills stood well to the back. Never was artificial mountain scenery more natural. The real moon which hung in mid-air over the *made* mountain; Venus off to the west, with Mars in the eastern sky, so mingled the real with the artificial as to make the effect truly grand. As the evening shades gathered and the play of electric-light illuminated the scene, three hundred actors dressed in Greek costumes began the Olympian games, the dancing and the processions, in the very midst of which came the fearful eruption of Vesuvius which destroyed the city.

This part was frightful to look upon, but even the smallest enjoyed the wonder of it and were not very much frightened. The fire-works that followed were superb. When one of the largest rockets burst high in air sending out hundreds of beautifully colored balls, Richenda looked up and said, "Why, papa, your fire works on the Fourth were a failure, weren't they?" The Last Days of Pompeii will ever be remembered. Those who have read the history have been doubly impressed, and the smaller ones who will yet read about it, have already become so filled with the scene as to make any word picture however realistic seem tame.

A letter from a lady at Hillside, Md., says: "I take pleasure in noting the respectful deportment and kind faces of the Indian girls I meet in the Sunday School at Liberty Grove, each Sabbath. The girls from Carlisle (twelve in number) bore a creditable part in the exercises on children's day. Lucy Cloud played one of the old Carlisle songs, which the whole class joined in singing, much to the pleasure of those connected with the school and their teacher, M. H. Russell."

The seating gallery at "The Last Days of Pompeii" is so immense that there were a number of people there Tuesday night who claimed they did not see the Indians at all, and we were there three hundred strong.



Rain at last.

The dry weather has turned the lawn from green to brown.

It will spoil the appearance of our lawn to have bare spots over it here and there.

Shall it be croquet and no grass, or shall we rest a while on croquet to give the grass a chance to grow?

Wonder if we could not find some other place for croquet instead of the center of the parade!

Augustus Foolish Dog went to the country looking puny and pale, but comes back a strong, well, hearty boy.

Mr. Walker and his boys are now painting the gymnasium roof which is a little piece of tin containing only about 8000 square feet.

Miss Botsford's nephew, Master Leonard Botsford, of Newtown, Conn., is with us. He returns to Connecticut with his aunt when she goes on her leave, the first of next month.

Miss Hunt writes that Ambrose and she are having a grand time carriage riding and boating. She says that Chautauqua was never so fine as now.

There is no more patient little boy in the kingdom than Fordy Grinnell when sick, and poor little fellow, he is having quite a siege these days. We don't think it is the California fever he has. Maybe it is, though.

There is a nice lot of photographs of pupils on hand at cheap rates. Apply, to Miss Ely. It is a thing for pupils going home to lay in a supply, then they can interest and intelligently entertain their friends about the school.

The Man-on-the-band-stand's chief clerk had good care taken of her in Harrisburg, Tuesday night. No wonder, for her escort was Jack Standing. What is more, the next morning he brought her a pretty bunch of posies, too.

A number of pupils who came in from country homes to go to their western homes with the party which now expects to start next Tuesday, have returned to their country homes instead, thinking it best to remain in their good places longer until they learn more.

GOOD WORDS FROM A FARM PATRON: "We are sorry this is our last report, for we were very well pleased with him. He was a very good boy and pleasant to have around. I hope he will meet with success. As he is going to his home, may he prove all to them that he was here, a true gentleman."

Messrs. Campbell, Goodyear, McFadden, Given and men enough from town to make a complete team expect to play the Indian boys at ball to-morrow. The Man-on-the-band-stand expects something, too, and that is to see them badly beaten, after the round the Indians gave the shoe-factory club last Saturday; but let us all turn out to see the fun!

Messrs Harris, Norman, and Gardner are off on a two weeks, leave.

Mrs. Maggie Jordan Middleton has been visiting her old home.

Miss Cheyney, a friend of our friend Miss Balderston, of Colora, Md., spent a day or two looking Carlisle over.

Levi Levering led the meeting Sunday evening and gave some little account of his experience at Northfield—Mr. Moody's summer school.

The farm house in which the Bennetts live has been kalsomined, papered and fixed up generally inside, so that it is now quite a comfortable and pretty abode.

Miss Stanton who is off on her month's leave dropped in for a day or two on her way from Newville to Philadelphia, where she joins Miss Rote, and the two go to the seashore for their few last days of vacation.

Lois Big Horse and Persis Big Hair have come in from the country looking splendidly. It takes the country air, the country work, the country "eat," in short, the country experience all around to make us active, healthy, wealthy, and wise.

Eugene Tahkapeur, Comanche, who is living in Massachusetts sends his tax receipt to prove that he pays taxes and is a citizen of that grand old State. He says he doesn't know whether he is a D. or a R. but we will see in the Fall. He feels his freedom, his manhood. His letter shows that, plainly Grand move! Broken the chains which bound him to his tribe and become a MAN.

What shall we do without Miss Irvine? That is what our girls are asking, and that is the question we all are asking. After filling one of the most trying positions in the school for six years and demonstrating the possession of most rare ability and tact, and having endeared herself to all at the school, Miss Irvine leaves us this year for needed change and rest. The Man-on-the-band-stand feels sorry, her co-laborers feel sorry, the students feel sorry.

Many thanks for the lists of names sent by subscribers, to whom we may send sample copies. Let each subscriber forward us ten names for samples. That would make a hundred thousand names, and possibly we might secure four or five thousand subscriptions from them. We do not go begging for help; our paper stands on its own merits. All we ask is the names of people to send samples to, and we are sure the circulation will increase itself.

At the Carlisle Indian School, is published monthly an eight-page quarto of standard size, called **The Red Man**, the mechanical part of which is done entirely by Indian boys. This paper is valuable as a summary of information on Indian matters and contains writings by Indian pupils, and local incidents of the school. Terms: Fifty cents a year, in advance. For 1, 2, and 3 subscribers for **The Red Man** we give the same premiums offered in Standing Offer for the **HELPER**. ADDRESS: **THE RED MAN**, CARLISLE, PA.



(Continued from the First Page.)

voices in the distance and the far-off splash of water, and their hearts stood still with terror lest their pursuers should detect them. But presently the sound of the lapping paddles grew fainter and fainter, and they breathed more freely as they realized that their enemies had passed, and they were safe, for the time being, at least.

When the morning dawned they were quite faint with watching and hunger, for the old man had not thought it best to eat of the little food that they had brought with them, fearing lest they should have greater need before they could get more. But they ate a little now, and then prepared to drag their canoe still farther ashore, that they might hide it from sight more completely, when the boy cried out:

"Oh! look, uncle! There comes the big boat!"

And, sure enough, far off in the distance a blue line of curling smoke told where the steamer—one of the vessels for travel and traffic which ply those northern waters—was making its way, and at every turn of the wheel drawing nearer and nearer to them.

Eagerly they watched and waited until it drew near enough for them to venture forth; then, springing into the canoe once more, they pushed rapidly from the shore, and, reaching the steamer, were taken on board.

Some miners on board, on their way to Juneau, who understood something of the language of the tribe to which these Alaskans belonged, learned from them their story. The passengers, many of whom were tourists, became much interested in the boy, and one of them proposed to the captain that they should make up a purse for him, buy him some clothing, and place him in one of the mission schools in Alaska. This was done.

Thus Unkala's misfortune came to be the means of his being placed in a Christian school, where he not only found protection, but was instructed in books, learned a trade, and, best of all, heard of Him whose kind care had watched over and protected him in the midst of danger, when he came so near losing his life as a witch. N. V. F.

To love our friends we must serve them; love promotes knowledge; knowledge promotes sympathy, and appreciative sympathy wins love in return.

Habits hardened into character persist to all eternity.

It is better to be nobly remembered than nobly born.

## IT DOESN'T PAY TO BE LAZY.

A little boy was once walking along a dusty road.

The sun was very warm and oppressive; but, as was his usual way, he stepped along quickly, thinking that the faster he walked the sooner he would reach the end of his journey.

He soon heard a carriage coming, and when it had caught up with him, the driver reined in his horse and kindly asked the lad to ride, which invitation he gladly accepted.

When he was seated in the wagon, the gentleman, a good Quaker, said: "I noticed thee walking along briskly, and so asked thee to ride; but if I had seen thee walking lazily, I would not have done so by any means."

Boys, think of this; and wherever you are, whatever you may be doing, never be lazy, and you will always be repaid for your trouble in some way.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles, and kindnesses, and small obligations given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart, and secure comfort.—*Sir Humphrey Davy.*

A lazy man always works harder than a busy one.

Economy is one help to honesty.

No good work stops for one man.

### Enigma.

I am made of 11 letters.

My 8, 4, 6, 9, 10 a very sour fruit.

My 5, 2, 3, 11 little four legged animals that Carlisle has too many of.

My 1, 7, 3, the condition of the grass very often after sun-down.

My whole is what some of our boys and girls DO like.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Vacation.

**STANDING OFFER.**—For Five new subscribers to the INDIAN HELPER, we will give the person sending them a photographic group of the 17 Carlisle Indian Printer boys, on a card  $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$  inches, worth 20 cents when sold by itself. Name and tribe of each boy given.

(Persons wishing the above premium will please enclose a 1-cent stamp to pay postage.)

For TEN, Two PHOTOGRAPHS, one showing a group of Pueblos as they arrived in wild dress, and another of the same pupils three years after; or, for the same number of names we give two photographs showing still more marked contrast between a Navajoe as he arrived in native dress, and as he now looks, worth 20 cents apiece.

The new combination picture showing all our buildings and band-stand. (boudoir) will also be given for TEN subscribers.

(Persons wishing the above premium will please enclose a 2-cent stamp to pay postage.)

For FIFTEEN, we offer a GROUP OF THE WHOLE school on 8x10 inch card. Faces show distinctly, worth sixty cents.

For FIFTEEN, the new combination picture 8x10 showing all our buildings.

(Persons wishing the above premium will please send 5 cents to pay postage.)

For TWO Subscribers and a One-cent stamp, we send the printed copy of the Apache contrast. For ONE Subscriber and a Two-cent stamp we will send the printed copy of Pueblo contrast.

Persons sending clubs must send all the names at once.