

The Indian Helper.

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM
THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL.

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TURKEY TIME.

The day of feasting draweth near
And scores of turkeys soon must die;
Get one that's young and sweet and fat,
And stuff it full of this and that.
With fruits and berries sauces make
And add preserves and pies and cake.
Ask friends and kindred all to come
And eat Thanksgiving things at home.
Let not the cares of life distress,
But fill each guest with happiness.
Revive the joys of youthful days,
And for thy blessings offer praise.

A YOUNG PAWNEE SECURES A WIFE IN THE CAMP OF THE ENEMY.

Many years ago the Pawnees and Comanches were enemies, and the following story is told of how in those days a young Pawnee brave, at the risk of his own life, wooed and won a Comanche maiden.

The young Pawnee, with several companions, was on a horse-stealing expedition, and had approached a Comanche camp at the midnight hour with that intent. Stealing up to a tent, he was just in the act of cutting the ropes of two spotted horses when he heard a movement within, and looking in through a small opening, saw a fire burning and a young girl combing her hair.

He remained the greater part of the night watching her and taking note of all the things about the lodge.

Just before morning dawned, the party rode away with their stolen horses.

The young Pawnee said nothing to his comrades, but he was determined to see the Comanche maiden again, and having spent several months collecting a large supply of trinkets and ornaments, he persuaded his friends to go again on a horse-stealing expedition, his object being, as he said, to collect as many as possible "spotted horses."

They visited a number of camps night after night, and traveled great distances, but the young Pawnee could not find the "spotted horses" of which he was in quest.

At length, after a long time, he struck the right camp, told his companions he had seen

the horses he wanted, and bade them wait in a secluded place while he stole into the camp to get them.

The young Pawnee found the tent where the girl was, and, peeping in, discovered that the inmates were all sound asleep.

Creeping stealthily in, he hung up all his presents beside the sleeping girl, spread a blanket he had brought with him over her, and, wrapping another blanket around him, laid himself down near the fire as though to sleep.

In a little time the girl awoke, saw the presents hanging over her and a stranger lying by the fire.

Indian-like she was self-possessed, spoke in low tones to the intruder, and asked him whence he came and who he was, but his language was a different one so that he could not answer and remained as though sleeping.

Then the girl awoke her father.

The old man got up, lighted his pipe and began smoking.

The old man was the head chief of the Comanches.

The mother was now awake, and all three sat by the fire while the intruding Pawnee lay still in his blanket as though asleep.

After the old chief had got through with his pipe he sent for the other chiefs to come to his tent.

They knew that the young man was a Pawnee by the way his hair was cut; and the Pawnees were their sworn enemies.

What was to be done with the intruder?

The assembled chiefs passed the pipe from one to another, but no one would pass sentence on their bold enemy.

At last one of them bade the young man sit up and answer for himself, and he then told them the circumstances, how on his first visit he had stolen two horses from the door of the chief's lodge, had seen and become enamoured of the chief's daughter, and was now come again to the camp in the full determination either to take her away as his wife or to die for her.

While the chiefs were still deliberating, a

(Continued on the Fourth Page)

The Indian Helper.

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY, AT THE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA., BY THE INDIAN PRINTER BOYS.

The INDIAN HELPER is PRINTED by Indian boys, but EDITED by The man-on-the-land-stand, who is NOT an Indian.

Price:—10 cents a year.

Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.
Miss M. Burgess, Manager.

Entered in the P. O. at Carlisle as second class mail matter.

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.

The *Red Man* will be out the latter part of the month.

When will the boys and girls learn the value of their pennies?—*Pipe of Peace.*

It is a good time now to subscribe for the INDIAN HELPER, just before Christmas.

"Your little paper is very entertaining and I hope it will always have success."—SUBSCRIBER

DOING is the great thing; for if, resolutely, people do what is right, in time they come to like doing it.—*Ruskin.*

Don't you know what to get your friend for a Christmas present? Send him or her the INDIAN HELPER for a year.

Hurrah for Haskell! She has 350 boys and 157 girls; 507 in all. She is building a storehouse 100x45 ft., a work-shop 180x45 ft., an office building and 7 other buildings.

Come, young ladies! 'Tis true you are not soldiers in the real sense of the word, but you are divided off into companies and have sergeants and corporals, hence, at all times when in line for roll-call should maintain soldierly dignity. Did you ever see a line of soldiers talking when the roll was being called? Where are the officers with rosettes?

Every Indian boy and girl and man and woman who can read, and every intelligent man and woman in the country at all interested in the Indian question should read the Eleventh Annual Report of the Carlisle Indian School. It will be given in full in the November RED MAN of which we are printing a large edition for extra demands.

We are receiving many a quiet little letter from Jamestown, N. Y., with cunning little ten-cent pieces smuggled cutely down in the corner of the envelope. The Man-on-the-land-stand wishes every one of the immense Jamestown club would renew. Three or four hundred little ten-cent pieces rolling out in his old pocket would make him feel that his little paper was appreciated, and would help to pay his big paper and ink bills.

A Standing joke, sure, this time! Mr. Standing who had invited guests for tea Wednesday evening ordered the finest fried oysters the town could afford, but the man who brought them was piloted by an Indian boy to the room of Miss Stanton, (a name somewhat similar in sound). She, thinking she had received a present from some unknown friend, invited in her neighbors to partake of the delicious feast. The mistake was discovered in time, however, to save a few for the rightful guests who claim that the oysters were truly super-fine, and that they had a great abundance.

A letter from Pawnee Agency says that Frank West is herder for the Pawnee school and gives entire satisfaction. The writer says, "We workers among the Pawnees are proud of Carlisle for the good she has done our Pawnee boys and girls and wish her much success. Susie Gray is our assistant seamstress. Frank West asks to send his regards to all his Carlisle friends and says he sometimes gets homesick for you."

Ben. Thomas writes that he is in Albuquerque at work and staying at the Mission School. James Miller, Frank Paisano, and Francis Ortis are there attending school. James says it is true that he was whipped by the Acoma officers just because he would not give up his citizen's dress, but he says he will never give up if they whip him to death. Three cheers for James! Ben writes a cheerful letter.

We are glad, through a personal letter, to learn of the whereabouts of Commissioner and Mrs. Morgan who are on their way home from California, the Pacific Coast Indians being the last they have visited in their extended tour over the reservations. They have met with many Carlisle pupils in the various tribes they have visited and feel that the trip altogether has been one of great benefit.

ONE DOLLAR will be given on Christmas day for the best little story written by a Carlisle boy and girl about life at home. The story must not contain more than one thousand words and may be shorter. We have many bright boys and girls who could write a true story. Try for the DOLLAR, and for the honor.

Who should drop in late Saturday night as we were running press but Mr. Ed. McFadden on his return from Baltimore where he had been sent from Amherst, Mass., as a delegate from his College Fraternity, to attend a convention. We were pleased to see him looking well and happy.

Good accounts come from Mt. Vernon Barracks, Alabama, of Talbot and the others who have just arrived there from Carlisle.

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 to Standing Order for the HELPER.
Address THE RED MAN Carlisle, Pa.

Wind!!!

How it blew!

Tuesday night!

Snow out west.

Plank walks again?

Exhibition to-morrow night.

Next Thursday will be Thanksgiving Day.

Presley Houk has entered the printing office.

A graduate returned from the country this week, a failure.

"Ignorance is the worst thing in the world, next to wickedness," says a great writer.

The boys and girls in the "art class" are enjoying their Monday lessons with Miss Longly.

In Numbers 9, 10, and 11 school-rooms, "Black Beauty" is very much liked as a supplementary reader.

The girls are frequently found in small groups these days making pretty little fancy things for Christmas presents.

The little poem on first page was printed in our columns once before, but we do not know of any other good Turkey piece.

A delightful way of doing Missionary work: Go to the Second Church to-night, eat a good supper and pay twenty-five cents for it.

Miss Cheyney has left, and Carlisle loses a thoroughly competent manager of the dining-hall, and a genial social co-laborer.

Mark Evarts, Thomas Metoxen and Isaac Cutter have made as handsome a set of plain double carriage harness as one often sees and they have reason to be proud of their work.

Some people are very pleasant and sweet and good and nice when they have pleasant work to do, but when asked to do something they don't like to do, then look out! What cross bears they are! And how silly.

The art class has to thank Charley Dagneett for the nice port-folios in which they now preserve their drawings. It was a new sort of work for Charley but he is not the kind to say I can't do a piece of work because I never did.

The Invincibles have challenged the Girls' Endeavor Society for a debate, but the girls declined owing to the press of other business just at present. They will be glad, no doubt to meet the Invincibles on some future occasion.

Miss Parton, matron of the Genoa Indian School, Nebraska, visited the Carlisle school on her way west from a vacation rest in New York. Mrs. Parton, of Hudson, N. Y. accompanied her sister this far, to see the workings of our school.

Inquiry is made, when are the Invincibles or Standards going to have a public debate? The fact is the Invincibles are aching for one, and from the way they are discussing the Tariff in secret sessions we are sure that some of their pent up feelings will have to come out sooner or later.

O, see it snow.

Are you going?

To the Missionary Supper, to-night?

Miss Campbell is taking temporary charge of the dining-hall.

William Petosky has entered the printing-office to learn the trade.

Capt. and Mrs. Pratt spent a few days in Philadelphia and vicinity this week.

"Oh, dear! Do YOU have to wear glasses?" Thus saith many a one to his neighbor.

"Uncle Sam" beats all the fire engines in town in getting water from abandoned plugs.

Zippa Metoxen's birthday party on Tuesday evening at the hospital was a happy little affair.

How nicely the girls marched from chapel Sunday afternoon! was remarked by more than one observer.

Have you visited the new store-house, yet? Mr. Goodyear is getting things arranged very conveniently, and thinks it is splendid to have enough room and light.

William Petosky, one of the new pupils from the Chippewa country, Michigan, led the meeting Sunday evening, very acceptably.

The girls march out from inspection Sunday mornings to piano music played by Veronica, and seem to take pride in keeping step.

The telephone between the stable and office, the box of which was burnt out during one of the severe electric storms of the summer, is now being re-wired.

The boys and girls who have studied well in the last three months will be rewarded at the end of this month by promotions to higher grades or to higher classes in the same grade.

The small girls are very much interested in the story that is being read to them Sunday evenings. Wonder what little girl will remember the story well enough when done to tell it all, in her own little words?

The several circles of the King's Daughters are uniting their efforts in preparing for a Fair to come off some time before Christmas. They are making many nice things to sell for the benefit of the poor and needy in different parts of the world.

If you want a GOOD supper, go to the Second Church, to-night and take along a little twenty-five cent piece to pay for it. Then while eating take solid satisfaction in the thought that you are at the same time helping on the missionary cause. Mr. Goodyear has tickets for sale.

Chauncey Yellowrobe, has been to Washington on a short visit, where he interpreted at the examination made in the Indian office of the Indians travelling with Buffalo Bill. Acting Commissioner Belt says of Chauncey: "We thank you for sending so capable an interpreter as Yellow Robe was found to be."

noise was heard outside the tent and in shuffled the girl's grandfather.

He had been listening outside.

"Give me the pipe," he said, "if you men cannot decide, let me do it.

I do not wish to condemn to death the man whose blanket my granddaughter is wearing.

I have heard that there is a tribe up north that is raising from the ground something that is long and white, and something that is round, and that these things are good to eat.

Now before I die I want to eat of these things, and I want my granddaughter to go and take her seat by this man.

Since I was young we have been enemies, but now I want the two tribes to join hands and be friends."

The young Pawnee then, at a motion from one of the chiefs, got up and put a trinket or an ornament on the breast of each one of the assembled braves, and thus the matter was happily settled, and he was allowed to take away his wife.

A smart-looking Georgia boy, with a cigarette in his mouth, called at a prominent business house and applied for a place. His application was refused, whereupon the proprietor said to him:

"The next time you want a place do not go into a house smoking one of those things."

After the boy had gone the man of business remarked:

"I need several boys, and I like that one's face, but I would not employ any boy who smokes those things."

Moccasin is an Ojibway word, the ordinary name of these people for a buckskin shoe; for correct pronunciation the accent should be put on the first syllable. It is derived from *mago*, to compress, and *sid*, the foot—*magosid*, foot compress."—*The Canadian Indian*.

The slighting of any piece of work, however unimportant, leads to neglect of more important things, and soon everything the hand touches is passed over carelessly. Habitual neglect makes a bad workman.

A man who gives his children habits of industry provides for them better than by giving them a fortune.—*Whatley*.

Good thoughts are no better than good dreams unless they are executed.

We all enjoy the Friday morning's mail for that means INDIAN HELPER mail, and well may it be said,

"Time does not change its identity,
Nor years dull its variety." SUBSCRIBER.

SIX THINGS.

We are told in the *Youth's Companion* six things which a boy ought to know:

First. That a quiet voice, courtesy, and kind acts are as essential to the part in the world of a gentleman as of a gentlewoman.

Second. That roughness, blustering, and even foolhardiness are not manliness. The most firm and courageous men have usually been the most gentle.

Third. That muscular strength is not health.

Fourth. That a brain crammed only with facts is not necessarily a wise one.

Fifth. That the labor impossible to the boy of fourteen will be easy to the man of twenty.

Sixth. That the best capital for a boy is not money, but a love of work, simple tastes, and a heart loyal to his friends and his God.

INDIAN SILVERSMITHS.

Both the Pueblo Indians and Navajoes in New Mexico, are adepts in working in silver.

You give a Pueblo Indian or a Navajoe Indian a silver dollar and he will make almost any ornament you like out of it, but he will charge you another dollar for the making.

A Navajoe belt worn around the waist, is a broad leathern strap adorned with from seven to ten large silver discs, each about four inches in diameter, and each worth about \$4.

The belt, therefore, is worth from \$30 to \$40.

Enigma.

I am made of 8 letters.

My 5, 6, 4, is a tool for ball-players.

My 4, 3, 2, 7, is an implement to work with.

My 8, 2, 1, 4, is a high room.

My whole is what the Carlisle Indian boys are enjoying very much these days.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: The Dear Old Mule.

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 premiums will please enclose a 2-cent stamp to pay postage.)

For FIFTEEN, we offer a GROUP OF THE WHOLE school on 9x11 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.