

The Indian Helper.

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM
THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL.

VOLUME VI.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 5, 1891.

NUMBER 39.

WHEN the world, my boy, somewhere
There is a place made just for you,
Your future battle-ground is there,
And there is work for you to do:
Perhaps it is to sell the grain,
Perhaps to sow, maybe to grind—
Just think awhile—your quickened brain
Your place will find.

And be it high or be it low,
No matter where you find your post,
Oh, stick to it, my lad, and show
Your mettle, while you make the most
Of youth's fair hours. Learn to fill
Your place with honor. Know always,
To do your work, and do it well,
Is highest praise.

EXPLOITS OF SPOTTED HORSE.

(Continued from last week.)

Big Spotted Horse, skulking through the grass, was close upon the picket line of ponies, when one of the herd, keen of scent, arched its neck and was about to snort and stampede.

But quick as thought the Pawnee gave three sounds with his teeth and tongue—"Tut-tut-tut!" and tossed a pinch of charm medicine into the air.

The pony lowered its bristling mane and was subdued. It was no longer the wolf that approached, although the wolf skin was upon the man; and the horse continued its grazing.

In this manner, repeating the same maneuver several times, advancing inch by inch with the stealth of the panther, Spotted Horse reached the White Shield's lodge.

A beautiful *Caballo Pinto* was prancing at his stake; now and then taking a bite of grass and gradually edging away toward the lodge, as if conscious of some presence, and yet only some stupid crawling thing venturing out in the darkness and scarcely worthy of horse consideration. Thus the lariat stake came in direct line and within a dozen strides of the Pawnee.

Spotted Horse, the man, hailed the animal of his name with "Tut-tut" and blew a fine spray of calamus root from his mouth toward the horse.

It was a pleasing covenant between the sav-

age and the steed, for Spotted Horse, the animal, raised his nostrils with delight and trotted to the man in wolf's clothing.

Old mother White Shield, with her head under her blanket heard the restlessness of the animal; and with a tinge of female envy, exclaimed:

"Booh! Spotted Horse, you are as vain as a man. Because we bring you from the herd to keep you from the enemy, you want to be a chief. Booh! you are a fool, horse. Get away! You can't come into the house!" and with a very unlady-like gesture, she smote the lodge-cover with an old frying pan, and returned to her savage dreams.

The sound of the horse's trotting signified obedience.

The Pawnee showed his ivory teeth to the darkness.

"The opossum leads the pride of the Cheyenne herds away," he muttered as he severed the lariat and slowly receded.

So far having succeeded, the Pawnee put some dirt upon his head, extended his left hand upwards and moved his lips to his native syllables of: "Ah-te-us, te-uh-rus-kit-tuk-o, te-rus-tuk-oo-rah-tsa, id-y-tut-tooh-rok-eeest-a!" "Father, as thou art above, and powers of earth, ye I depend upon and follow."

Had the old woman come between the wolf and its prey, she might have been sacrificed.

But Spotted Horse was elated.

He was not after scalps, but four-footed treasures.

To be seen by the several bands of Pawnees, mounted upon the valiant Cheyenne's war horse, that White Shield had often ridden in battles against them; this satisfied the Pawnee's ambition.

When Spotted Horse got beyond hearing distance with his prize, he entered a grove of ash that skirted the river and mounted guard upon his horse.

The herds were apparently restless.

The Pawnees had collected their number and were moving cautiously with their herds, awaiting a signal from their leader.

Soon a horseman was seen riding zigzag in

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

The Indian Helper.

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

EDITED by The man-on-the-band-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 story of Spotted Horse given on the first page is one from his own lips, to a faithful friend.

"Enclosed please find stamps for an extra copy of the last issue of *The Red Man*. It is a splendid number and I read every article with the greatest interest." SUBSCRIBER.

A Pueblo girl is fighting her own way in Albuquerque, New Mexico, and writes:

"I am think so much of Carlisle school yet. When I go down town somebody will say, 'Say look this Carlisle Indian Girl.' Then I feel so proud to hear that I am Carlisle Indian girl."

We are in receipt of a programme of the closing exercises of the Presbyterian School for Girls, Muscogee, Indian Territory, on June 3rd. Miss Alice Robertson, formerly a clerk in the Captain's office is the Superintendent. The Man-on-the-band-stand feels sure that he would have enjoyed very much the exercises, had he been permitted to be present.

A bigoted world: One of the patrons writes of the young Indian girl living with them: "It seems as though F.'s whole world was a capital I." We hope this young girl will soon learn that the use of too much "I" is what drives from us our friends. Who can love a person, who is always saying, "I can do so and so," or "I did so and so," or "I" "I" "I" "I" this and that until it is disgusting to be with her?

All who get a peep at the picture of the little pappoose decorated and wound up in true Indian fashion tight to a board, or catch a glimpse of the pretty dimples in the laughing face of the baby think the whole picture one of the prettiest and most interesting they ever saw. The little baby has made many unknown friends among our subscribers. For five subscriptions and a one-cent stamp extra we will send the photograph, which is sold for twenty cents cash.

Our Quota,

Whole number belonging to the school 762: 462 boys and 300 girls. On farms, 304 boys and 139 girls. Present, 158 boys and 161 girls.

From One of our Bright Little Girls in Philadelphia.

"I still remember to mention your name (THE INDIAN HELPER) whenever I get an opportunity, and some friends here do not forget you either. I do not think you know how many friends you do have in this great city. I send you two subscribers and the money in postage stamps. On Wednesday this week, the Newton Girls' Grammar School, which I attend, gave an exhibition of their work in sewing as a specimen of progress. The girls decorated the rooms with a profusion of flowers and adorned the walls and blackboards with drawing, most of which were original designs. We made the room quite attractive. The teachers intended this entertainment for the pleasure of the parents; especially for the mothers. This is an excellent school. We are very busy now preparing for examination, which begins about the middle of next month. I am quite well and I love to go to school. I will still work for the INDIAN HELPER. I am your friend,
MARY BAILEY."

Among the visitors from a distance who were present at the graduating exercises and were guests of the school part of the time were; Mr. and Mrs. George B. Mellor, West Chester; Mr. and Mrs. Roland Myers, Ashbourne; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Stubbs, MeSparran; Jonathan Gill, Richboro.; Wm. H. Lefferts, Churchville; Albert Vanartsdalen, Breadysville; Thomas Beaus, Churchville; Mr. William E. Walton, Fallsington; Miss Howell, Yardley; Miss Landis, of Hummelstown; Mrs. Smith and Miss Briggs; Miss Woolstein N. J.; Miss Kelker, of Harrisburg; Miss Elizabeth Parsons, Penn Valley and her sister, and brother; Miss Ivens, of Tulleytown; Mr. and Mrs. George Hailman and daughter. There were over 200 visitors at the afternoon meeting, who with the students more than filled the spacious room. The usual enthusiasm was manifested as each member of the class performed his or her part and as the exercises proceeded, but as we have said elsewhere the full account must be given in the *Red Man*, for our columns are too short.

Now we are SURE of the new walks. Mr. Lewis Faber of town has the lowest bid and will soon go to work on them.

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 $4\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{4}$ 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 Navajos 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 9x14 inch card. Faces show distinctly, worth sixty cents.

(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

Good-bye, May.

Joseph H. Hamilton has joined the band. Yamie Leeds is the youngest member of class '91.

Let the graduating class study the truth of the little poem on 1st page.

The Wayside Gleaners entertained the graduating class last evening.

Thos. Barnett is a member of the Farmer's Alliance, and wears the badge.

Miss Longstreth and Miss Roberts, of Philadelphia were guests this week.

Last night Otto Zotom and John Tyler left, for their homes in Indian Territory.

Dr. Dixon spent most of last week in New York attending Friends' Yearly Meeting.

Mrs. Richard Davis with her two babies Richenda and Mary attended Commencement.

Miss Nana Pratt, having completed the course at a business college in Philadelphia, arrived home last Friday.

Mrs. Barker, of Pittsburg, a sister of Miss Hunt, was here Decoration Day and went to Gettysburg in the afternoon.

Miss Maud B. Cummins, of Brown's Valley, Minnesota, has taken Miss Bratton's place as Assistant Matron at the Girls' Quarters.

Misses Dittes and Cutter took a little fly to Harrisburg by the evening train on Decoration Day, to attend to business connected with the closing exercises.

Mr. Claudy has presented himself with a handsome bicycle on which he flies to and from his work, we are afraid quite to the envy of some of his co-laborers who wish they were so fortunate.

To Miss Hunt who engineered the stage trimming, and to Miss Merrit who assisted, the graduates are indebted for the most beautifully decorated stage of any class that has received diplomas, thus far. The speakers stood in the midst of flowers.

Frank Aveline was on from Newark to attend Commencement. Mark Everts returned to Newark with Frank and will try to find work at his trade in that big city. Frank has been working for several years there at the trade learned or started at Carlisle.

Jennie Eyre, of Lincoln Institute, Phila., was among the guests this week. Jennie who went to Lincoln from Carlisle seven years ago or more, is now quite a woman and says she graduates from one of the Grammar schools of Philadelphia, this year.

Miss Rebecca Miller, with her mamma Mrs. Miller of Pittsburg, is visiting Miss Paull, who is the baby's dear auntie. Such a cute baby as Rebecca can not fail to make many friends while here. Already she feels that she belongs to each one of the long line of girls as they march to their meals.

A full account of the graduating exercises will be given in the coming *Red Man*. Commissioner Morgan made a grand speech which will be printed in full and the graduating essays, all of which are good will appear in the *Red Man* which will be out just as soon as our "babes at the trade" can get it out. Send five cents for this number of the *Red Man*, or what is better, subscribe for a year. Terms fifty cents in advance.

Commissioner Morgan arrived Tuesday evening and left yesterday for New York.

The members of the graduating class received a number of nice presents from Susan Longstreth and other friends.

The graduating exercises of the week took two full days from our work, hence the delay of a day with the HELPER mail.

Miss Fisher entertained the teachers on Monday evening in honor of Misses Stanton and Wood who were about to leave the school.

The graduates and post graduates with the officers and teachers of the school were entertained at Captain Pratt's Wednesday evening.

Sarah Pratt came over from Steelton with her mamma Mrs. Mason Pratt, and her Grandma Mrs. Crane, to attend the exercises Wednesday afternoon.

The graduating class enjoyed a pleasant picnic and ride yesterday. Each took along a companion. The large coach was brought into use for the occasion.

Miss Wood leaves Carlisle next Monday, for her home in New York State. Again we suffer the loss of a most faithful and efficient teacher. Home duties call her.

Mr. J. B. Given is here from the great Eastman College, Poughkeepsie N. Y. He will remain a week then return to college to resume the finishing course.

Miss Georgie Bratton, who has been very acceptably associated with Miss Dittes at the Girls' Quarters during the last six months has been called to her home in town, and the school, the girls, especially the little ones will miss her very much. Miss Bratton promises to come out often to see us.

Frank Tourewy, Yamie Leeds and one of the small boys whose name we did not get, thought they would try rocking in the cradle of the deep and received a ducking in the cold spring at the farm yesterday morning. They fell from the boat and went into the water up to their necks, making great fun for the lookers on.

Some say that they have read "Stiya" in in the HELPER and don't care especially for the book. To all such we would reply, remember that the story has been revised, and the illustrations alone are worth fifty cents. They are of the finest and add greatly to the interest of the story.

In the death of Miss Mary McGonigal, of Carlisle, the First church Sunday School class of Indian boys whom she so faithfully and interestedly taught for many years, loses a staunch and dear friend. The boys who were favored to come under the instruction of one of such unusual ability, character and Christian grace cannot fail to carry the good seed of her sowing with them all through life.

Miss Stanton has been transferred from Carlisle to Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas. While Carlisle suffers greatly by the loss of so valuable a worker, Haskell will gain, and the Man-on-the-band-stand with her other good friends in the work rejoice that she is not leaving the service. We shall hear from her frequently. Haskell is near Miss Stanton's home which makes her present situation very pleasant.

(Continued From the First Page.)

front of them and the herd was put to a trot.

They were to leeward from camp.

Several miles were passed in silence.

They were upon the south side of the Arkansas, and scaling the hills eight miles above the village, when the dogs, horses and the rumbling earth gave the alarm.

With three hundred captured horses to guide, they headed toward the Cimarron till the main divide was reached, whence they turned abruptly to the northwest, plunged into the Arkansas off a five-foot bank, thirty miles above camp, made a meandering ford, and left the stream a league above.

It was about dawn by the time they reorganized beyond the river.

But there must be no resting before midday.

And on they sped, hiding the stars for a time with a cloud of dust.

Their leader remained alone and on foot, behind.

He had come the long distance solely for horses, and now to secure their escape he would do a little guarding of the rear in person.

Big Spotted Horse, seeing his herd well under headway, recrossed the river and beat a back track upon the enemy—an entirely original and savage proceeding.

He sought to delay the party in pursuit by a little Pawnee strategy in the form of meeting them half-way.

This Indian general divined that the valley would be swept as by a raging fire in the search for him, and he was jogging along at dog trot, when, truly enough, a whirlwind of horsemen were upon him.

Naturally he was taken to be some friendly ally, who had been unhorsed by accident.

Five hundred yards still separated the lone footman from the surge of mounted warriors.

The Pawnee was in a critical position, but he thought of the herd; and he was, in fact, never more at home.

Imagine the consternation of the Cheyennes upon seeing the man in front of them stop and madly gesture with his left hand to stay back, and the same time hearing three thrilling Pawnee war cries.

Every horse was stopped upon its haunches.

The Cheyennes were completely surprised and appalled.

They had expected a trail, a cloud of dust perhaps, beyond the river, when, here, almost at their lance points before them stood the enemy incarnate—Left Hand, the Pawnee, the wolf, the horse taker.

The war party was routed.

Many fled with the mysterious news.

"Strike him!" cried an old veteran, making a charge.

Two arrows pierced the warriors heart.

"The Wolf," apparently unarmed, in an

instant had drawn from under his wolfskin a small white bow of elk antler, and as the arrows sped in answer to the enemy's words, Big Spotted Horse was smiling.

Then followed a grand charge by the remaining warriors.

But again three twangs were telegraphed upon the Pawnee's magic bow string, and three arrows formed a continuous shaft upon their message of death.

Four Cheyenne horses were minus riders.

The next charge was made for camp.

The news of the lone "wolf" in captivity sped with electric economy of time.

A large party came to the front.

The Pawnee was upon the ground yelping and jumping about, and occasionally sending an arrow, swifter than eye could follow, upon its mission of defence.

The Cheyennes were planning for a new attack.

The Pawnee was amused at the disproportionate enemy's excitement and he said to himself: "The herd will get to the Yellow Banks."

The "wolf" was surveying the high bank that overhung the river.

The Cheyennes were about to attack and surround the captive, and, in case the Pawnee medicine resisted, to cut him off from the ford.

Spotted Horse studied the high bank.

Two hundred feet to water.

Never did student solve more difficult polytechnic problem. Space, minus bank, equals man in river. Done! The enemy were upon every other side.

(To be concluded next week.)

Enigma.

As I frequently have been seen in every department of the INDIAN HELPER except the Enigma I ask permission to appear there.

There are 5 letters in my well-known name.

My 1, 2, 5, 4 is what I have been to my family.

My 1, 5, 4, many are familiar with.

Mt 1, 2, 4, is the home of a little quadruped.

And my 1, 2, 4, is also often found upon the face among the whips that have no handles.

My 3, 2, is a personal pronoun.

My 1, 3, 2 we love to do when tired.

My whole the INDIAN HELPER seems anxious to sell. OLD SUB.

MR. OSBORN'S PUZZLES.

4. Prove that the half of 13 is 8; the half of 11 is 6, and the half of 9 is 4.

5. What relation exists between the door-mat and the scraper?

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Washington, D. C.

ANSWER TO MR. OSBORN'S PUZZLES: 1. Reverse the figures and multiply by 9.

2. M. L. crossed out 7; H. K. crossed out 5; F. A. R., 2; B. T. O., 9; W. R., 6; A. H., 8.

3. M [ajest]ly.

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 matter 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.