

The Indian Helper.

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM
THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL.

VOLUME VI.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 12, 1891.

NUMBER 40.

LIVE IT DOWN.

AS your life a bitter sorrow?
Live it down.
Think about a bright to-morrow.
Live it down.
You will find it never pays
Just to sit, wet-eyed, and gaze
On the grave of vanished days;
Live it down.

Is disgrace your galling burden?
Live it down.
You can win a brave heart's guerdon:
Live it down.
Make your life so free of blame,
That the luster of your fame
Shall hide all the olden shame:
Live it down.

Has your heart a secret trouble?
Live it down.
Useless griefs will make it double?
Live it down.
Do not water it with tears—
Do not feed it with your fears—
Do not nurse it through the years—
Live it down.

Have you made some awful error?
Live it down.
Do not hide your face in terror:
Live it down.
Look the world square in the eyes
Go ahead as one who tries
To be honored, ere he dies:
Live it down.

EXPLOITS OF SPOTTED HORSE.

(Conclusion.)

Just as the combined forces were about to attack their lone enemy, they were more than ever amazed to see the Pawnee rushing head-long toward the precipice.

In another instant Big Spotted Horse had disappeared.

At the miraculous disappearance of their prisoner, there was pandemonium amongst the Cheyennes.

"To the bank!" they wildly cried and charged upon the place.

No Pawnee was visible.

Truly, he had been cut off from all means of escape.

Gaining the verge of the high bank, he ran

with giant strides to a sink-hole upon the brink—his quick eye had noted its dark shadow.

Whilst the Cheyennes were charging up the slope towards the scene of transfiguration, the Pawnee was gliding down the declivity of 75 degrees incline, muttering: "The gods love their people."

There was scarcely time for the ending of the savage prayer, when the passenger of rapid transit struck the water, and was seen no more.

The Cheyennes were shouting and riding wildly along the shore, preparing for a search of the river.

Nothing marred the quiet current of the stream, excepting a bit of driftwood here and there, or a branch or leaf upon its pilgrimage to the Mexic sea.

The Pawnee had made a bundle of his indispensables—meat, bow-string, medicine, etc., prior to his precipitous change of elements; and plunging beneath the water, he buoyed the little storehouse upon the surface with one hand and using the other as a propellor, he took a sub-marine course, with a list to port, (along shore in this case), and after making several tacks with great dexterity steered for the foot of the bank, where cakes of falling sod had formed an alcove of long grass which trailed in the water.

The Cheyennes were leaving no stone unturned.

They lined the shores of the river, some on foot, others riding.

"He swims!" went the cry along the ranks.

"The wolf becomes the horned fish!" (A mammoth catfish in western rivers).

A dozen warriors, with long dog-wood canes were probing the edge of the water upon either shore, while the main body scouted the whole surrounding country and rode and swam down the stream.

Big Spotted Horse was up to the ears in the river under the grassy trellis.

Had he taken to the main current, and not even exposed more than his upturned nostrils to breathe, he would have been lost.

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

The Indian Helper.

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Miss M. Burgess, Manager

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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.

Do good with what thou hast or it will do thee no good.—William Penn.

Last week's number of the *Pipe of Peace* might well be called the *Pipe of War* as was suggested by one of the readers of the bright little paper.

Those wishing a copy of *Stiya*, address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa. Price fifty cents; by mail 57 cents.

Monday evening, Superintendent Backus gave the children an interesting and instructive talk, using "*Stiya*" for a text. It is a subject that cannot be too thoroughly discussed before the Indian children.—*Pipe of Peace*.

Josie Vetter writes a very cheery letter from Kickapoo Mission, Kan., where she has been employed as laundress for some time. She has been quite sick recently; we judge, from overwork, for Josie is a very willing and faithful worker. If she gets a month's vacation, she talks of visiting Carlisle, in which happy event her many friends here will rejoice to see the good face, again, of one of Carlisle's most worthy daughters.

We are printing the inside of *Red Man*, and will get the last side off the latter part of next week. Already orders are coming in for the June number on account of the graduating exercises. The essays of the graduates and Commissioner's speech in the presentation of the diplomas make the number of special value. Five cents for single copy or what is better fifty cents for the year, and then you will get a picture of the printers who set it up.

The Haskell Base Ball Team.

The *Topeka Daily Capital*, gives the Haskell nine a good send-off in its issue of the 1st. It says: "The Indians can teach ball to any amateur nine in the state. They are practiced, shrewd, active, skilful, cool players, and it will take a clever nine, indeed, to steal a march on them. Not only because of their being Indians is so much credit due them, but because their playing shows unmistakable evidence of genuine skill and proficiency." This reads well. Pick up, boys!

Three of the graduating class have determined to take a higher course of study and are looking forward to entering the Dickinson College Preparatory in the Fall. Now, let us look ahead four or five years and compare these wide-awake young men, eager to catch every opportunity to advance, with the rest of the class who stop school now. Five years from now, those who go home, if they do no more studying from this time on, will be men and women of small mind, dependent upon those who know more than they do, and they will find many, yes, many who know more than they do. They will be occupying positions, if any, of small responsibility and little pay and they will never be called in to consult, when great issues come up for discussion. They will be on the back seats, the underlings, the slaves of the better educated. They will feel all the while, "Oh, if I only had listened to the advice of Messrs. Knowledge and Experience when they so pleadingly cried 'Don't go home. You have not enough education yet.' If I had listened to my better judgment, I might now be up among the wise men of big thoughts and purposes. But see me! I must always be content to dig and delve in the low walks of life, just because I was in a hurry to get home, when I had a chance to grow." Such thoughts are almost unbearable. But these! These, who are not content to give up now, but wish to go on and on and on; after finishing the college course, in the natural order of things, will find places of trust, in the world; they will be looked upon as men of wisdom and understanding. Their advice and council will be sought and they will be working in lines which will enable them to grow still higher. "Up, up, up," is the motto of those who cling to education's ways. We hope that "down, down, down" will not mark the lives of those who are now giving up the ship.

Of class '91, Martin Archiquette, Charlie Dagenett, Yarnie Leeds and Levi StCyr are printers and could have set up and printed their own graduating essays. Yarnie and Levi could have copied theirs upon the typewriter. This knowledge of business was obtained while taking the regular school course. Are not these superior advantages? If dependent upon their own exertions for a living now, each one of the boys mentioned could earn a comfortable living at the trade he has partially acquired. Schools where the knowledge of a useful trade may be acquired while gaining the book knowledge necessary to take one through life respectably are few and far between. Let us be thankful that we are in such a place and make the very best use of the chance that is now ours! And let us stay long enough to get an abundant supply of useful knowledge and experience.

Samuel Townsend goes to Pawnee: A letter from Marietta where he has been attending college says that he has accepted a position under Miss Clarke who is allotting lands to the Pawnees, Poncas and Otoes.

Who is it that is settling the Indian question? The farmers of Pennsylvania. They say, "Come into our families and let us work together," and it is done.

Study hour no more.

The story of Spotted Horse's Exploits ends this week.

Henry Standing Bear has gone to his home at Rosebud Agency, South Dak.

William Beaulieu, typo, has left for a farm, but will return in September.

Miss Shaffner attended the Annual meeting of the Alumni Association of the Steelton High School on Monday.

Miss Cook and her school enjoyed a pleasant outing in the woods at Holly, on Saturday. Miss Wood accompanied the party, as a guest.

Miss Botsford and her school spent a very pleasant hour or two going through the large shoe factory in town, Wednesday morning.

It was almost an accident when the wheel came off the Herdic but not serious. A careful driver will always look over his wagon before getting in—springs, bolts and wheels and all.

The Photograph of Class '91 is most excellent. It may be had for thirty cents cash or for fifteen subscriptions for INDIAN HELPER, and four cents for postage.

Mr. and Mrs. Stevick and daughter Miss Laura Ellen arrived from Denver, Saturday night. Little Miss Laura thinks things around here are very funny, but *we* think she is very sweet. She has learned to walk since visiting us last year.

Mr. Given reports of Chester Cornelius who is also attending the Eastman College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. that he is in most excellent health, weighing 198 pounds. Chester was formerly a pupil with us and during the latter part of the time was Assistant Disciplinary.

Martin Archiquette, Robert Mathews, Levi St. Cyr, Yamic Leeds and Chas. Dagenett have been transferred from afternoon work to morning, while Benajah Miles and Joseph Hamilton work in the afternoon instead of morning. This is to even up numbers in the printing office.

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell have gone west, and will visit agencies in Montana and Wisconsin. They will bring back a party of pupils if they run across any who are anxious to come, but we have arrived at that stage of progress that applicants must be of excellent material both in health and scholarship to gain admission.

Minnie Perrine, Jean Miata, Mary Johnson, Dollie Wheelock, Celicia Wheelock, Elizabeth Wind, Mary Mitchell and Grace Moore left for country homes Thursday morning. The change of air and occupation will be beneficial to them, and we expect some of them back in the Fall even more rosy cheeked than when they left.

Miss Wood left on Tuesday morning for her home in New York State. Thus terminates at Carlisle the service of a faithful, true and interested worker. Miss Wood long before she came to Carlisle, was associated with the mission work among the Indians, having taught under the Presbyterian Board, at Albuquerque, N. M. and other places. When home conditions favor it, she hopes to enter the service again as a missionary.

Miss Wood's pupils go in Nos. 3, 4, and 8.

Miss Stanton's pupils have been placed in Nos. 4, and 8.

We are enjoying glorious weather and excellent health at present.

The school faculty and officers have been honored with invitations to President Reed's reception on the 18th.

The R. Y. A.'s with Frank Shively as Capt. and the Y. R.'s, Robt. Big Bear, Captain, are doing some fine ball playing for small boys.

The occupants of the room over the office were happy recipients of a lovely bunch of "daisies white and daisies rare" gathered by Agnes Cloud.

One of the most spirited games of ball this year was played Wednesday evening between the Red Men and Secrets. We did not learn the winners and we do not care, for there was most excellent playing on both sides.

At a meeting of the teachers and heads of departments on Monday evening, the name of each member of our school (nearly 800 in all) was called and his or her future welfare discussed.

The ball game to come off last Saturday in Harrisburg was a complete fizzle on account of the drizzle. Our boys were ready, but the managers of the inter-State league concluded it would not pay in the rain.

The Union Reserves and the Greenies had a game Wednesday evening that was more laughable than excellent. The overall boy made some very fine slides, and Thomas Barnett beat everything at the bat. Cotton Wood made one superb catch.

Eva Johnson has passed the High School graduating examination, averaging a fair percentage, there being five below her in the class. Had it not been for her arithmetic, which is hard for Eva, she would have stood much higher.

Solution of Mr. Osborn's puzzle 2: Take the amount given and add to it a number that will make the amount a multiple of nine. The number that you add is the number crossed out. See? P. G. T. crossed out 4. The amount given was 23. To make 23 a multiple of nine you must add 4, making it 27. Hence 4 is the number crossed out. It never fails. Try and see.

Carlos Montezuma, our educated Apache friend and doctor, graduate of Chicago Medical College, writes from the Western Shoshone Agency, where he is employed as Agency physician: "Your most valuable book, 'Stiya' for Indian girls, at hand. I would suggest that a similar work be put to press for boys. It would stimulate them to higher and nobler aim of civilization from the greater forces of reservation life, such as superstition, idleness, gambling uncleanness and ridicule. From my experience as a civilized Indian among the uncivilized, I found the book not exaggerated. The medicine men, the old superstitious creatures and the young men and women who are old enough to ridicule are the worst Indians whom I have to contend with. How hard it is to fight against ignorance and superstition in a closed up cage, (the reservation.)!"

(Continued From the First Page.)

And our hero would be consecrated to Cheyenne honor in tradition and song; and our readers had been without his little life sketch.

The Cheyennes were pressing upon their object, but blindly.

What eye failed to see, scent and sound and touch would discover.

Spotted Horse was an active observer of all that transpired.

Behind his little screen his fine bright eyes were a camera of Nature's own perfection unto the scene; and the look of tranquility and triumph upon that savage face must have been reward indeed to the entrusted "gods."

The Cheyenne upon horses bore lances and bows and arrows, ready to strike on sight or suspicion.

The waders were taking soundings at regular distances along the shore, expecting to punch the ribs of their amphibious brother-in-color but arch-enemy in the water.

A little bunch of leaves, here gently eddying, there twirling with the current, drifted along the southern shore.

This trifling incident was not heeded by the savage youth wading under the cliff.

Two Cheyenne dogs, more coyote than dog, came paddling down the river, sniffing toward the shore.

The first flash of fear now smote the Pawnee's breast. (The Pawnees locate the mind in the breast.)

Reaching quickly to the bundle, now tied upon his head, he took out a piece of buffalo meat and thrust it through the improvised stockade and uttered the soft sounds, "Pp-pp-pp!"

The dogs turned into port and Big Spotted Horse addressed them: "Blessing, brothers! It is you that I do fear! Have pity! We are one! But for you, brothers, fathers, I am all misery!"

The first arrived dog guest sniffed the meat and grinned.

(He had only been served with bones at home).

The animal nodded and swallowed.

A bait was tossed to his friend.

Both blinked in reply to the playful eyes under the little commissary behind the grass.

Leave of dog-absence was granted for two; and the tarrying voyagers resumed their journey with great conservatism toward the remainder of the dog fleet.

Bits of meat were floating ahead of them. The dogs pursued their manna.

The Pawnee was saved.

Upon the instinct of canine hunger and gratitude rested the great warrior's salvation. At least, so he believed and ever maintained.

At the sound of a moccasin tread upon the bank, Big Spotted Horse inflated his lungs and sought a lower level.

Hidden though he was, still it was better for the Pawnee welfare that all objects be assimilated by the agency nearest at hand. He dove, and by holding to a thick grass root, he turned his stomach upward to wait developments.

The Cheyennes were probing the shore at

distances of four feet. Nothing had resisted the points of the canes more than the soft bed of the river.

Our hero had taken the tide at its flood, and trusted to be led on to savage fortune.

He covered his body with mud and gravel.

Another probe of the dogwood feelers and he would be skewered.

The Pawnee was ready.

An inch of gravel coated his abdomen.

Down through the grass and water came the rod, with four vigorous telegraphic punch-uations: — :—, which was translated at the end of the cable: "Now fiend, I have thee on the hip!"

But there was a discrepancy.

This living Nautilus was struck midships, abaft the epigastric rigging, and its pliant hull was indented by the collision.

The cane sank in this soft bottom also, and there was the natural grating of sand as it touched.

The Cheyennes passed on, much chagrined and discouraged.

The search waxed hot. The Cheyennes grew desperate. Every effort had been fruitless. The day passed. Big Spotted Horse once more had triumphed over his most formidable foe—The Southern Cheyennes.

(The End.)

ANSWER TO MR. OSBORNE'S PUZZLES:—4. Draw a horizontal line through the centre of XIII; draw a horizontal line through the centre of XI; draw a horizontal line through the centre of IX.

5. A step farther.

MR. OSBORNE'S PUZZLES.

6. Why is the letter "S" like a Military Furnace?

An Old Enigma.

My first is useful at every front door.

My second is one of the grains.

My third is what every one wants.

My whole is one of the United States.

Make a sentence out of "Presbyterian."

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Stiya.

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 9×14 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 contrast.