

The Indian Helper.

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM
THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL.

VOLUME VI.

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THE LAST OF MR. OSBORNE'S PUZZLES.

God made Adam out of dust,
But thought it best to make me first;
So I was made before the man,
To answer God's most holy plan.
My body he did make complete,
But without arms, or legs, or feet;
My ways and actions did control,
But I was made without a soul.
A living being I became,
'Twas Adam gave to me my name;
Then from his presence I withdrew,
No more of Adam ever knew.
I did my maker's laws obey,
From them I never went astray.
Thousands of miles I go with fear,
But seldom on the earth appear.
Now, God in me did something see,
And put a human soul in me;
A soul of me my God did claim,
And took from me that soul again;
And when from me the soul had fled,
I was the same as when first made;
And without hands or feet or soul,
I travel now from pole to pole.
I labor hard both day and night,
To fallen man I give great light;
Thousands of people, young and old,
Will by my death great light behold.
No fear of death doth trouble me,
For happiness I cannot see.
To heaven I shall never go,
Nor to the grave, nor hell, below.
The Scriptures I cannot believe,
If right or wrong, I can't conceive,
Altho' my name in them is found,
It is to me an empty sound.
And now, friends, as these lines you read,
Go search the Scriptures with all speed;
If there you do not find my name,
Your search indeed will prove quite lame.

HOW FIVE MEDICINE MEN CURED A BABY.

This was on the Piegan Reserve, Alberta, this spring, 1891.

It was a little boy about two years old.

He had bronchitis, and was very ill, had been doctored for a long time, and no one expected he would recover.

"I found the child," said Mr B., "lying outside a 'sweat lodge' on a pillow."

(A sweat lodge, you know, is a little hive-like bower made of bent sticks covered over with skins and blankets; the Indians steam themselves by sprinkling water on hot stones.)

"The mother was sitting by the child tending it, and squatting inside the sweat lodge were the five medicine men.

At the back of the lodge, quite close to it, was a mound of earth, and a stick with a flag made of red handkerchief with a streamer of white.

I heard prayers going on inside of the lodge.

The medicine men seemed to be addressing the sun—they were praying for the sick child, for its parents, the family, all the tribe; and appeared to be offering a lot of horses for the recovery of the child.

After the first prayer, the father received the sacred pipe from the medicine men in the lodge and took it around and laid it on the mound at the back, as though presenting it to the sun.

There was a wreath of tobacco plant on the top of the lodge.

Later on, the father, by direction of the medicine men, brought the flag around to the front of the lodge, where the medicine men could see it.

The medicine men kept on praying.

Then the father took the flag and stopped at the four points of the compass, two or three feet from the lodge, holding the flag up.

Then he rolled up the flag, came back to the entrance, knelt and handed it in to one of the medicine men.

The mother was all this time sitting by the child.

Then the father and mother both came forward, the father holding the child; they knelt at the entrance, and were bidden to come inside the lodge.

I peeped in and saw the old medicine man, Osahki, take the furled flag, wave it over the child's head and make passes with it down the child's body.

They all kept on muttering prayers.

Then one of the men produced a green weed, worked it in his hands, and passed it around from one to another—saying prayers all the time.

They began in a natural voice, then broke into a monotone, and then into quite a musical chant.

I did not see them apply the green weed to the child.

Then they all ceased chanting and handed the child out of the lodge.

The father and mother went out.

The medicine men remained in the lodge and indulged in a sweat bath, I presume to purify themselves after touching the sick child.

The father heated the stones in the fire and handed them in to the medicine men with a

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

The Indian Helper.

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

Price:—10 cents a year.

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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.

Miss Morton sails for Europe, to-morrow.

If you want to be a thinker ask yourself a good many questions.

Good character is property. It is the noblest of all possessions.

The *Red Man* is fifty cents a year. Send for a year's subscription.

People who are not to be trusted in trifles are not to be trusted anywhere.

Orders for *Stiya* keep coming in slowly. 50 cents is the price; 57 cents by mail. Address, HELPER.

William Little Elk has been heard from. He is at home, at Cheyenne Agency, I. T., has two bright little children, and is getting along well.

Otto Zotom writes of the deplorable condition in which he finds things at home for him, and wants to come back to fit himself to meet emergencies.

The encouraging(?) news comes that Tivis is wearing a blanket, and allowing his hair to grow long. If he wants to be a woman, let him be one. He cannot impersonate a more worthy being.

Some bright faced and neatly dressed Indian girls from the Carlisle school were the observed of all observers at the Union depot this forenoon. They were on their way to Philadelphia.—*Harrisburg Telegraph*.

Knox Nostlin sends in a subscription for a friend in the country. Have not all our boys and girls on farms got friends who want to subscribe? Tell them five little 2-cent stamps will secure the paper for a year.

"I purchased a copy of the book "*Stiya*" as soon as it came out and after reading it began loaning it to friends and acquaintances. All who have read it thus far have been pleased with it. I was glad to see the suggestion of Carlos Montezuma in the last INDIAN HELPER that a similar book about an Indian boy should be written."
SUBSCRIBER.

"Oh," said a thoughtless, careless young man when the subject of 'green-apples' and 'running through the wet grass' was up, "we have to die sometime, what is the use of being afraid?" True, and he thought he was very brave to make such a remark, but on the other hand it shows that he is a very SELFISH person.

He was only thinking of himself and not of the work and care and anxiety he gives the friends who love him, when by his own careless act he throws himself on the sick-bed. Think of others! Who really likes to take care of sick people? No one. We do it because it is a duty. The first and greatest duty to ourselves and to our friends is to keep well if we can. It is a disgrace to be sick when it is brought about by our own carelessness.

The curtains in the tailor-shop are not exactly new, neither are they old, but they help to brighten up the shop. In the tin-shop we found but one boy working. Mr. Walker says one is a great deal better than none. In the paint-shop, Mr. Norman was alone, and only Eustace was with Mr. Reighter. He was running the machine swiftly, while Mr. R. was cutting pants and coats for winter. The carpenter and blacksmith boys were very busy and two or three in the harness-shop were plying the needles with vim. It is not the time of the year for the Mau-on-the-band-stand to visit the shops. The boys are out on farms or working outside at the school for the benefit of the change.

Good-bye, "Old Chapel." The saw and hammer and ply of the carpenter showeth no mercy. The best of friends must part. You have been a good friend to the school, but your day is done and you must give way to a larger and better structure. We have had many good times and interesting experiences within your walls, and we are sorry to part with you, but as is the case with people, too often, when others take their places in life, the absent ones are apt to be forgotten in the turmoil of business or pleasure that follows. It will indeed be so with you, when the new offices which are to take your place shall be buzzing with business, you may expect to be forgotten.

We are pleased to hear from Susie Gray Howell who is living at her home at Pawnee Agency, I. T. that she is well. She writes for the HELPER to be sent another year. Susie married George Howell, a pupil of Haskell, and a pupil of the writer who taught years ago in Indian Territory.

The news of the death of Celia Pickara, some three months since, at the Kiowa and Comanche Agency, I. T., has just reached us. We remember Celia as one of our dear little girls. She grew into womanhood and led a useful life among her people up to the time of her death.

Scott Meacham is an enterprising pupil of Haskell. He is not satisfied with the HELPER but subscribes for the *Red Man*, and informs us promptly if the paper does not reach him promptly. He says they enjoyed the recent picnic at Ottawa, very much.

The boys at Northfield are expected back in a few days.

Not much base-ball this week on account of the rains.

Miss Dalrymple, of Silver Creek, N. Y., is visiting Miss Hunt.

Irene has been visiting a few days at the Coffey's just west of town.

Miss Booth is in town, having arrived from Hampton, Tuesday evening.

Mr. Goodyear is in Bucks County, looking after a few of the farm boys.

Tessie Browning, who for several years has been living with an officer's family on Governor's Island, has joined our school ranks.

Johnnie Given was quite sick on the Fourth, but we were glad to see him able to fly around at the time of starting west on Tuesday evening.

Miss Bennett is here from Bucks County keeping house for her brother Mr. Bennett, while Mrs. Bennett is home for a little vacation.

The four-horse coach filled with Captain's family and guests from town drove out to Holly on the Fourth. The party took supper at the inn.

We have before us the neat little programme of the closing exercises of Harrison Institute. This is what the Chemawa Indian School is now called.

Yamie Leeds of the home going party was kind and thoughtful to keep us informed of the progress of the party as they went along. He wrote from Pittsburg, and also from Colorado Junction.

Kiasel Hakum writes that she is working at the station at Laguna, N. Mex. for Mr. Rubindaie. She cooks, washes dishes and makes pies and cake, and she wants the HELPER to help pass away the leisure moments. She shall have it.

Our Fourth was a very quiet one. Oh, there was plenty of noise, taking the firing of fire-crackers large and small and the shouts of laughter all day long which followed, but nothing special was carried out. In the evening a small display of fire-works, around the flag-staff, was much enjoyed. Each one seemed to have a thoroughly good time celebrating as he or she pleased.

The storm Friday afternoon was frightful to behold, and some of the serious few on the grounds thought surely we were to be visited by another cyclone. The roar in the clouds was simply terrible. It was caused by hail, which fell in large quantities a mile or two to the north of us. The crops on several farms near were greatly damaged, but the school crops were uninjured.

Poor Comanche, handsome and big as he is, was terribly frightened at the portable engine a day or two ago. He tried to throw Mr. Foulke, who was urging the horse to go near the engine. Comanche jumped and snorted and reared and whirled but George was master because he possessed the brains and *knew how*. No matter how large our bodies, if we have little brain power we can master but little. George's body is much the smaller, but through tact, kindness and skill he made the powerful beast obey him.

The potato-bugs must go when the small boys get after them.

Miss Hunt and friend have gone to the sea shore for a few days.

Miss Luckenback spent the Fourth and the following Sunday in Harrisburg.

We are in the midst of hay and wheat harvest, but the rain of Tuesday and Wednesday hindered progress.

Mrs. Blackson and three assistants, all of Carlisle, are now catering for the teachers' club and doing it very acceptably.

Miss Phillips came out from town Tuesday evening to take charge of the small boys' quarters, during the absence of Mrs. Given.

Mrs. Given and Johnnie and Miss Annie Moore left Tuesday evening to visit friends in Kansas. They expect to be absent a month.

Miss Laura Jordan, who has been assisting in the culinary department of the teachers' club, has left for other fields of usefulness in the town.

The new walk at the present writing reaches from the gate to Mr. Standing's house. The two days' rain of the week, interfered with the growth of the work.

Esther Long Star is inquired after by friends, and we have to say that she is one of our good little girls who can be trusted, and she is very well.

The dining-hall gets the steeple in which the bell hung on the old chapel. It is perched upon the front gable end of the building, but so hides itself behind the tree, that few will see it.

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell have arrived, bringing with them 12 boys and 14 girls from Oneida, Wis. Dennison Wheelock and Josiah Archiquett were the only old pupils. Dennison returns to prepare for college.

We hear through the late comers from Oneida the doings of many of our returned pupils. Jemima Wheelock was one of the first inquired after here, and every one says she is thoroughly business. Charlie Wheelock has one of the dearest babies that ever lived. Martinus Johns is making a good living at the wood business. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell say that they were royally treated while among the Oneidas.

Through Mrs. Campbell we learn that Nancy Cornelius is at her home at Oneida, Wisconsin. Her mother is suffering with eye trouble. Nancy will see her safely through an operation of some kind at a city hospital near, after which she expects to return to her nursing field, at Hartford, Conn. It will be remembered that Nancy graduated with honor from the Training School for Nurses, in Hartford.

Miss Sarah Pratt was over on Sunday to visit her little cousin, Miss Laura Stevick, of Denver. Miss Sarah, who is three months younger than her cousin, being impelled no doubt by the superabundance of activity shown by the little fair-haired Denverian made her first effort at standing alone, and accomplished the feat. Both are very attractive babies, and their mammas and papas and grandmammas and grandpapas and aunts and uncles and great aunts and great uncles have a right to be proud of them.

(Continued From the First Page.)

two-pronged stick, the prongs being united by a net-work of twigs.

The child recovered.—[*The Canadian Indian.*]

It is safe to say that this child would have recovered had not the Medicine men gone near it. In fact they hindered its speedy recovery.

The writer has seen innocent children fairly murdered by Indian medicine-men.

One instance comes to mind of a dear little baby having its ears filled with mud, which, with the drumming, powwowing and bad air of the small tent killed it.

The medicine man's influence for holding a tribe down to ignorance and superstition cannot be estimated.

Every medicine-man is a hindrance to the progress of the tribe.

The white medicine-man or doctor cannot become such without hard study in a medical college, where an opportunity is given to study how the bodies of people are made.

They find out about the heart by taking out the heart of a dead man and studying it.

And so with all the different organs that make up the body of a person.

We were amused at one of our boys who is about to study medicine.

He was called in by the doctor at college to see a dead man's head cut off. He fainted and had to be carried out of the room.

The next time he did the same thing.

Again he tried it and managed himself a little better, but the fourth time he was as brave as any one in the room and could even help cut the muscles and find where they were.

This shows that the real doctor gets his knowledge by actual experience.

What would an Indian medicine man have done with Stacy Matlack, whose leg was broken a few weeks since?

Stacy would probably have been lame all his life, had he broken his leg while at home last summer, if he had been dependent upon Indian doctors.

Our medicine man knew exactly what to do, and to-day Stacy has a well leg.

No doctor can cure every disease, but the doctors who have taken the white man's course of study in college are better able to cure diseases than an Indian medicine-man who can not read or write and knows nothing about the wonderful mechanism of the human body.

He may seem to do wonderful things, and it

is so easy to believe what we see rather than to give our reason a chance to work, that people are often deceived.

If we always use the best REASON we have we shall be able to keep out of the way of this hindrance to progress,—the Indian medicine man.

"ONLY A PRINTER."

Not a Trade to be Ashamed of.

"He is only a printer."

Such was the sneering remark of a leader in a circle of aristocracy—the codfish quality. Who was the Earl of Stanhope?

He was only a printer.

What were Prince Edward William and Prince Napoleon?

Proud to call themselves printers.

The present Czar of Russia, the Crown Prince of Prussia and the Duke of Battenburg are printers, and the Emperor of China works in the private printing office almost every day.

William Caxton, the father of English literature, was a practical printer.

What were G. P. Morris, N. P. Willis, James Gales, Charles Richardson, James Parker, Horace Greeley, Charles Dickens, James Buchanan, Simon Cameron and Schuyler Colfax?

Printers, all, and practical ones.

Mark Twain, Amos Cummings, Bret Harte and Opie Reed are plain, practical printers, as were Artemas Ward, Petroleum V. Nasby and Sut Lovingood.

Senator Plumb of Kansas, James S. Hogg of Texas, are both printers, and the leader of science and philosophy in his day made it his boast that he was a jour printer.

In fact, thousands of the most brilliant minds in this country are to be found toiling in the publishing houses of large cities and towns.

It is not every one that can be a printer—*brains are absolutely necessary.*—[*Century.*]

Answer to puzzle 11 of last week: Eusybius (You-see-by-us)

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 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 contrast.