

THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER
—FROM THE—
Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.

VOL. X.

—FRIDAY, JULY 12, 1895.—

NO. 41.



E cannot see before us
The changing course we sail;
In mercy 'tis thus ordered,
Lest heart and strength should fail.

For when the sun is hidden,
And storms are sweeping o'er,
With not a star to steer by,
And distant far the shore,

Then we're inclined to murmur,
And doubt His guiding hand—
Tho' from His throne in heaven
He sees the longed-for land;

And in His own good season,
The storms that vexed the night
Are changed into the sunshine
Of His own glorious light.

MISS NANA AND MISS SHAFFNER,
GUESTS OF LADY HENRY
SOMERSET.

"EASTNOR CASTLE, LEDBURY,
June 25th, 1895.

Oh, the rest and quiet of this magnificent place after the turmoil of London!

We left London at ten o'clock this morning and reached Ledbury at half past one, and after a drive over country roads for three miles we came to the Castle, which is towered and battlemented in true castle style.

Miss Shaffner and I have a large room together—the pink room. The immense brass bed is covered with a handsome pink silk cover and has pink drapings from the ceiling, while the curtains, screens and dressing table are all in pink.

We have just had our lunch and at half after four we go to Miss Ackerman's boudoir for afternoon tea.

The English as you know are inveterate tea-drinkers and have tea at all hours of the day, but the afternoon is the most proper and in their eyes the most necessary time for it.

Lady Henry Somerset spends little time here at the Castle.

The Countess Somers, Lady Henry's mother, left the Castle only yesterday. Miss Ackerman, however, has been here so much that

she is quite lady of the mansion and is our most delightful hostess. We are in the private, family part of the Castle, which in our democratic eyes indeed seems quite stately.

The country is most beautiful and in the week we are here we are sure to have a feast for the mind and body and every sense.

Our reception at Lady Henry's home at Reigate was most delightful. The Priory and the grounds around are so home-like and handsome. The house was thrown open to us and the lawn was dotted with most attractive entertainments—from the tables for refreshments to the orchestra composed of young women, the choir from the college for the blind, etc., etc.

The guests numbered 1200, and Lady Henry's generous entertainment reminded me of Mr. Smiley's wonderful hospitality at Mohouk. Saturday, Miss Shaffner was ill, and so we did not go on the excursion to Windsor Castle, planned for the Convention.

In the afternoon I went with Miss Henderson to a concert at the Crystal Palace, where the Handel festival choir of 3000 voices sang Mendelssohn's 'Hymn of Praise.'

Madame Albani sang the soprano solo parts. It was an inspiration to hear those many voices singing as one, and they gave a most fitting rendition of that beautiful Oratorio.

Sunday afternoon the last meeting of the Convention was held in Exeter Hall—a farewell meeting. Miss Willard presided and called upon almost all the delegates for one minute speeches or a sentence; among the others Miss Shaffner, from China, said a few words.

I send you a descriptive book of the Castle, given me by Lady Henry."

From a Later Letter.

"EASTNOR CASTLE, June 28th.

Our visit here has been dreamlike and I dread the rapid flight of time which brings on

(Continued on the Fourth Page.)

THE INDIAN HELPER

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY

—AT THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.,

BY INDIAN BOYS.

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EDITED by The man-on-the-band-stand, who is NOT an Indian

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Miss M. Burgess, Manager.

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mail matter.

Do not hesitate to take the HELPER from
the Post Office, for if you have not paid for it
some one else has. It is paid for in advance.

An address by Edward Dick, a pupil of Ft.
Simcoe Training School, will be published in
the July *Red Man*.

J. H. Lonestar is earning his living by
painting at Odanah, Wis., at present. He
has worked some in the saw-mill since he
went home.

Robert Hamilton who is in Bucks County,
says: "There are several Red men in this
neighborhood, but they don't afford me as
much pleasure as the one you turn out at the
printing office. Please send it and charge the
same to my account."

A welcome letter from Emaline McLean,
who went to her home in Seneca, Mo., this
summer has been received. She is living
with her sister and doing what she can. On a
recent Sunday she had a Sunday school class
of about twenty little children.

Andrew Red Duck who writes from Ft.
Lapwai, Idaho, says: "I was much surprised
on arriving to see so many white folks in here
that are renting land from Indians. They
are very kind to us." He saw Miss Minnie
Yandell, class '94, when he first went to Lap-
wai School but afterwards learned that she
had gone to her home.

Through John Baptiste, class '93, we learn
that Charles English, Jr. and James Black
Hawk are on the police force at the Winne-
bago Agency, and that Jack Wilson and An-
drew Balcomb spent the Fourth at Santee.
John and Albert Hensley were expecting to
enlist the next morning after he wrote which
was the third inst., although he says he may
not remain long on the force. The police now
are evicting renters who are living on the
reservation and not living up to the letter of
their contracts. He says they were ordered
to drive certain farmers off of the Indian
lands. The policemen are carrying out orders
and in one instance he followed, from curios-
ity, wagons that the police had loaded with
movable furniture and farming implements,
the belongings of farmers they were escorting
to the line. Children and women cried but
the police did their duty.

Anthony Austin writes to his Carlisle black-
smith instructor, Mr Harris: "I take the
pleasure of writing you this few lines to let
you know that I am still evaporating here
among the hills. Well, I am glad to tell you
that I have now worked at the Agency black-
smith shop getting fifty dollars a month. I
began to work at the first of the inst. Didn't
I told you that I am going to stick to the dear
old trade? I know it is good trade, that it the
reason I am still at it. I thank the Carlisle
for what little education which I received
from that school. Although I disgrace my-
self from it but still everybody bound to make
mistake in his or her live."

It is found that we can sell the Russia
leather Souvenirs for fifty cents, post paid,
instead of 60 cents as before advertised. The
paper covers are 25 cents, post paid. For
THIRTY cents we will send the HELPER for
a year to any address and the paper covered
Souvenir. The cover of this book contains a
photograph of one of our graduates of '95 as
he came to the school, and a contrast picture
of the same youth as he looked this Spring
when he took his diploma. The book con-
tains 61 of the best views of the Carlisle School,
including the interior and exterior of build-
ings, graduating classes and other interesting
groups.

Mr Sheaffer, of Sterling, Ill., says: "THE
HELPER has become an interesting fixture in
our Monday's mail. A failure to get it leaves
a void that no other publication can supply,
as Indian literature appears to be ignored by
all secular papers and indeed by most religious
weeklies. To learn their progress in acquir-
ing civil habits of life, the HELPER and the
Red Man are essential requirements. Please
find three additional stamps for which send
me the *Red Man* for July. That issue, 'Out-
ing' is too full of light on Indian advance-
ment to the higher life, to be kept under a
bushel in a dark. Will let the light shine by
distributing the few extras amongst our
clergy."

A letter has come from Thomas Jackson
from Unalaska. He had then fifteen hundred
miles to go before he would reach the mission
station on the Yukon River, where he has
gone with Mr. and Mrs. Provost. If he ever
were lonely and homesick at Carlisle, what
will he feel away off there? But Thomas is
not a babe. He knows how to make the best
of things and no doubt will do great good
among the natives of that far off land. It will
be remembered that Thomas was one of our
printer boys.

Miss Cummins, who is attending summer
school, at Bedford City, Va., says: "We have
one difficulty, and that is to tear ourselves
away from the different lectures in order to
have the required rest. We are anxious to
visit Roanoke, Peaks of Otter, (which we can
see from our hotel though eight miles distant,)
Luray and Natural Bridge, before we leave
this part of the country."

Miss Isabel Spencer Freeland, of Philadel-
phia, says, "The photographs of the school
never fail to awaken interest and comprehen-
sion in some degree of what education at Car-
lisle can do for the Indian."

Midges!

Fresh paint.

Cherry pie?

Welcome, bugle!

Lonely these days?

Of all things, a dirty carriage!

Sunday School picnics are the rage.

Isaac Metoxen has gone home to Oneida, Wis.

Monotonous work — piling and sorting bricks.

Mrs. Capt. Pratt is visiting the girls in country homes.

Mrs. Mason Pratt attended the Reformed picnic yesterday.

The teachers' quarters are taking on a fresh coat of paint.

Ernest Hogue has gone to his people at Ft. Sill, Oklahoma.

Mr. St. Cyr is becoming quite an expert on his new wheel.

It was suggested that the outside of HELPER last week was well re(a),d.

Miss Miles is in Boston attending the Christian Endeavor Convention.

Misses Carrie and Marie Wonn, of Chicago, were among the visitors of the week.

Jacob Jamison and Bemus Pierce played with the Mt. Holly team on the Fourth.

It is picnic all the time at the Carlisle school, for we make a picnic of our work.

On Monday, Mr. Spray started on a tour of inspection among the boys in country homes.

Edgar McCarthy has a bicycle and is gradually getting the management of the unruly wheel.

Miss Campbell took in the State Teachers' Convention at Mt. Gretna, last Wednesday, and saw Miss Bender.

Miss Annie Lamberton of Carlisle, and friends from a distance were among the interested visitors on Wednesday.

Susie Reed has come in from the country not very well, and Rachel Morgan has gone to take her place.

Miss Richenda Pratt has gone to Ocean City for a few weeks, as a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Super, of Dickinson College.

The finishing touches of the Carlisle exhibit at Atlanta are being enacted. John Leslie is to have an exhibit of photographs.

Messrs. Wheelock and Flannery favor the few who are here these evenings with fine cornet duets in their practice together.

Some visitors have the strange idea that they make a non-English speaking Indian understand better by speaking very loud.

Mrs. Given is off on her annual leave, and will spend most of her time at Holton, Kansas. Miss Quinn is her substitute for July.

Master Dick Pratt looked like a little first cousin to Uncle Sam when he appeared in his first pants on the Fourth—red, white and blue. He is almost a man, now, he thinks, but when he gets on his little overalls, with numberless pockets then he is more than ever a man.

Gus Ance of Bucks Co., says he is still alive and wants *The Red Man*.

A Philadelphia subscriber says "I am a constant reader of the HELPER and assure you I have learned many lessons from the Indian boys and girls."

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Warner, and son, of Bishop Hare's Mission, Ft. Bennett, South Dakota, visited the school on their way west from New York this week.

Have you noticed the cheery flower-bed in front of the Y. M. C. A. hall started by Herbert Littlehawk and in his absence cared for by Spencer Smith?

Capt. Pratt is rustivating in the mountains of Colorado for a rest. He first attended the National Teachers' Association in Denver, and delivered an address.

Herbert Littlehawk has returned from Northfield. Delos Lonewolf, Alex. Upshaw and David McFarland went on to Boston to attend the C. E. Convention.

Huge piles of boxes in front of the carpenter shop indicate that the annual shipment of goods manufactured at the school, such as tin-ware and harness, is going on.

Nettie Buckles says that the lady with whom she lives wants to visit the school, but cannot at present, so she sent for one of the late Souvenirs which in looking through will be almost like a visit.

It would pay to step into the harness shop and take a look at the handsome set of harness made by the Indians for the Atlanta exhibit. The mountings alone are worth over \$50. Mr. Kemp the instructor is justly proud of the work on it.

Misses Ely and Burgess have twin wheels. They were riding on a by-street in town the other evening when an occupant of one of the steps was heard to exclaim: "Humph! The old woman can ride better than the daughter."

Most of our Episcopal boys and girls attended the St. John's Sunday School picnic, at Pine Grove, Wednesday. Among others Messrs. Redkettle and Lambert of the printing-office force. The day was perfect and all had a pleasant time. Miss Hill chaperoned the party.

While many places were rained down upon on the Fourth, we were blessed with a cool breeze without the rain until nearly all had retired, then the drops fell copiously and watered the grass that had been burnt and trod upon during the day. There was a good display of fire-works on the school-grounds.

Miss Botsford of Cherokee, N. C., formerly of Carlisle, was a guest of Miss Hamilton on the Fourth. Misses Hamilton, Botsford, Carter, and Bowersox left on the fifth for Chautauqua, N. Y., to attend Summer school. From a letter received before going to press we judge they are having a good time, not to say giddy.

Watch out for tramps on the rail-road. Carlisle boasts of being an enterprising town, but how about the little back alley the town calls a street and the greasy railroad which are the only ways her enterprising inhabitants have of going to and from the institution that has advertised the town more than any enterprise of the town?

(Continued From First Page.)

Monday and our departure from this beautiful spot.

We have been out driving each afternoon and have had some lovely views of the country as we wound over the hills to Malvern, a famous resort here, and yesterday in our pilgrimage to Mrs. Browning's former home.

We have also passed by Jennie Lind's home nestled on the side of the hill.

Yesterday morning, Miss Shaffner, Miss Trigg (a Finland woman who is here) and I took a most charming walk in the shaded paths around the lake, and then out over the daisy and butter-cup covered meadows. The country folk have learned that we are staying at the Castle and they look at us curiously when we pass. We meet such strange figures, but their hut homes with the thatched roofs are so picturesque set amid the inevitable English flower garden, that one does not feel, though they are poor, that they suffer with poverty.

Yesterday, too, we went into all the bedrooms and all over the Castle and out on the towers.

The rooms are full of associations, but pervading all is Lady Henry Somerset's personality. For seven years she lived here with her young son, and the books, pictures and Scriptural verses here and there found, tell of the deep, deep thought she had then and which she is now giving to the world. Of all the rooms, I love to come here to her boudoir, which is where she spent much of her time and which overlooks on one side a lovely garden and from the other there is a view over the lake and hills."

CHEERY PACIFIC COAST NEWS.

Supt. G. W. Myers, of the Siletz, Oregon, Indian School speaks thus pleasantly of our News letter and of his own school, under date of June 25:

The HELPER is a very precious and interesting letter to the boys and girls of Siletz.

When I sent you the last names I thought you had all the subscribers from here that you would get this year. But here are five more names who realize that if they depend on some one else they won't have a HELPER to read during vacation.

We close our school on the 28th, and have prepared a very good program for an entertainment on the evening of the 27th.

The preparing for the closing exercises and thoughts of going home on vacation with the coming of the 4th, makes life in this school all excitement.

Yes, we're going to have the 4th, too, away out here on the Pacific coast and that, too, on

the Siletz Indian Reservation. This has been a very interesting and profitable year for this school.

The enrollment reached 94, being the greatest number ever enrolled at any time in the history of the school.

The average attendance being 87 plus.

From the present outlook better results are expected next year. These people have already realized that they must educate."

ALMOST A HUNDRED.

Your venerable subscriber, Mrs. Polly Kilburn, passed to her spirit home June 21st, at the age of 97 years, 6 months 27 days, beloved by all who knew her; she had been failing for some time, but retained her mental faculties to the very last.

I recently saw a sampler she worked on white velvet eighty-six years ago. It was very nicely done with colored silk. There were the usual Alphabets in three styles her name and a verse all surrounded by an ornamental border. I give the verse which expresses quaintly what is as true now as then:

"The youth with greatest talents born,
Is rough while unrefined,
Learning will every soul adorn,
And polish every mind."

June 15, 1899.

L. M. POMEROY,

STERLING, MASS., June 26, 1895.

DON'T.

43. In the parlor or when sitting with others DON't keep shifting your feet about. Cultivate repose.

44. In introducing, DON'T present ladies to gentlemen; gentlemen should be presented to ladies.

45. DON'T touch people when you have occasion to address them. Catching people by the arms or shoulders or nudging them to attract their attention is a violation of good breeding.

Enigma.

I am made of 8 letters.

My 4, 6, 6, 3 opens.

My 1, 2, 5, 8 loves spring chicken.

My 7, 2, 5 is the way a lion likes his meat served.

My whole is something that the average Carlisle Indian boy or girl is not afraid of.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Building operations.

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