THE ROAD TO WEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

The road to honor and wealth, boys,
You all would like to know,
The secret in a nutshell lies—
Just pay your way as you go.

Don't borrow of your chums, boys,
A nickel now and then,
The debt will keep increasing,
And be dollars when you're men.

Just practice self-denial, boys,
And keep your conscience clear,
It is the road to happiness,
And wealth, too—never fear.

Don't go in debt to rum, boys,
'Twill hold with iron grip,
When once it fastens on your throat
You can't give it the slip.

Don't let tobacco chain you,
And keep your brain impure,
'Twill steal away your pennies,
And keep you always poor.

So keep your courage up, lads,
And fight old Satan down,
He's waiting 'round the corner—
But just greet him with a frown,

He'll sink and quail before the eyes,
Of purity and truth,
And turn his coward back on you,
If you're a proper youth.” —Selected.

IS THE FARMING WHICH OUR BOYS LEARN IN THE EAST OF ANY BENEFIT TO THEM?

"It is all nonsense and time thrown away to teach Indian boys to farm in the east," said an Industrial teacher of an Agency school to a Carlisle employe who chanced to be visiting a certain Agency in the northwest.

"Ah!" said the visitor, "I should like to hear your reasons."

"Well," said the Industrial teacher, "farming in this country is so different. Returned pupils cannot put into practice what they learn on an eastern farm. The character of the soil here is not the same, and we manage things in a way that farmers back east never heard of."

"I presume that is true in regard to some things," said the visitor, "but do you think that it is impossible for them to adapt their Eastern farm education to the western soil and ways?"

"I think they never can," answered he.

"I see you have a very excellent farm here in connection with your school."

"Yes 'm."

"I see the boys take hold of the work much in the same way I've notice boys in the east perform that kind of labor."

"Yes, I think they do."

"I suppose the seed must be placed in the ground here, much the same way it is planted in the east."

"Very much the same way."

"And as the plants grow, the weeds have to be kept out, as eastern farmers keep them out."

"Certainly."

"I see your boys cutting and hauling in hay, and I see grain stacked in the field, and the work seems to be done as I've observed Eastern farmers do it."

"All you say is true, madam."

"I don't know much about farming, but I should say you certainly have made a success of it, here."

"Yes, indeed. Our farm is the best of any in this section of the country."

"Who taught the Indian boys to do this work?"

"I did. I did," said the enthusiastic teacher.

"Where did you get your farming experience."

"I was raised on a farm in New York state."

The visitor was much surprised at this revelation, and had no more to offer on the subject.

If he could use his eastern farm education in making a good farm, why could not an Indian?

We will leave the readers of the INDIAN HELPER to judge for themselves whether or not our Carlisle boys, now on farms in Bucks

Continued on Fourth Page.
We have another very interesting letter from Mr. Seger, which is full of news about Carlisle pupils at Cheyenne and Arapahoe Agency. The letter will be printed in full in the October Morning Star.

**Singing Teacher:** "What time was this piece written in?"

No response from Indian class.

"What time?"

Still no answer.

"Time, TIME! Don't you know time? In what time was this piece written?"

A long, earnest, anxious look at the clock was the only evidence the teacher could gather from the class of new-comers before her, that they understood the question.

Persis Bighair says in a letter from Quaker-town, N. J., where she is living and doing nicely in a good family: "We dry peaches every day. We got two barrels full before you got one full of subscribers." We hope our little white friends will not let Persis beat them. There are 7000 readers of the Helper, and if every one would send in ONE new name, we'd beat Persis yet.

A letter from Joseph Schweigman, Rosebud Agency, says, that he is now following the same business that his cousin Peter Douville is—clerking in the store. Williard Standing Bear and Jos. Guion are hauling hay for themselves. He says the Carlisle didn't stay in Esther Side Bear very long, for she is wearing Indian dress again. The most interesting item of his letter, however, is that he and Winnie have now a little girl baby, which we are all pleased to hear about.

Mr. Lewis Johnson, Tuscarora, who came from Wayland Seminary, Washington, to spend his vacation here and learn something of printing, left Tuesday to resume his studies in that Institution. Mr. Johnson proved himself in every way faithful, agreeable and efficient. He learned to set type and manage the presses, besides this gained several pounds in weight. His many friends at Carlisle wish for Lewis, success in his every undertaking.

Adam Metoxen, Henry Russell, Harvey Townsend, Ota Chief Eagle, Henry Standing Bear, Walter Carrier, Otto Zotom, Lilly Cornelius, Jennie Dubray, Frank Dorian, Winnie Conners and Lorenzo Martinez, returned from farms this week to attend school here this winter, while 34 boys and 6 girls went to the country to go to school with white children.

**Talks and Thoughts**, edited and printed by the Hampton Indian boys and girls, has come again. It is always welcome and read with interest.
Cool, these morning!
Is it Indian Summers?
Too much Centennial!
How much do you weigh?
The Gymnasium is growing.
Who tried to cut the card, last week.
Regular calisthenics have begun again with the girls.

The Girls' Quarters are white washing on the inside.

Quite a party of boys are going to York tomorrow to help celebrate.

Is your time out on the Helper? Better renew quickly, so as not to lose a paper.

Dennison Wheelock will take subscriptions for the Helper or Star from boys or others on the grounds.

Mr. Sanno's cows know where to find good grass, but they are not very welcome at the place they go.

The Little Boys' Quarters have gone up fast this week—one half of the brick work is done to second story.

Bruce Hayman is having a good time among friends in Millville, Columbia Co., Pa., where he once lived for a while.

Miss Nana Pratt resumed her studies, yesterday, at Metzger, from which she has had a years' unavoidable interruption.

What the young Indian girl, whom we left last week crying on the banks of a little stream in Dakota, did, when she got over her cry, will be given next week.

Annie Kowuni, Emily Leon, and Seichu Atseye helped to count the Indian Helpers this week. They are little girls, but they can count a hundred as quickly as anyone.

Miss Longley, who has been visiting at Capt. Pratt's for a few weeks, yesterday resumed her duties as teacher of drawing and painting at Carlisle's popular young ladies' Institute.

Mrs. Herbert Johnston, of Philadelphia, is spending a few weeks at the Campbells'. Our pupils remember Mrs. Johnston better as Miss Heysinger, and those who know her give her a hearty welcome.

Henry Kendall, one of our Pueblo young men of promise, left Carlisle yesterday to enter the preparatory school of Rutgers' College. This is a rare opportunity and no doubt Henry will do his best.

A new order which takes some time off of work hours and puts a little more on school went into effect, Tuesday morning. A boy or girl who only has to work four hours, ought to get on FAST in the line of study and reading.

The Morning Star for October will contain Capt. Pratt's Eighth Annual Report.

Wilkie Sharp, Billy Norkok, Kish Kawkins, Harvey Warner, Bertha Nason, Maria Analla, Julia Long, Julia Logan, paid this week for Helper another year. Who next?

One of our girls who doesn't understand very well, was asked to wash the store-room window. She washed the stove, instead, but made a good job of it.

The cooking class has begun in earnest, and will do solid work this winter. Mrs. Lutkins intends making bread-baking the main feature. Our girls must learn to make good bread.

The large boys are indebted to little Iola Rawson, of Norwich, Conn., and to Miss Cutter, for a handsome large chromo now hanging "solitary and alone" in their capacious assembly room.

Calvan Red Wolf writes from his home at Cheyenne Agency, I.T., that he can't get along without the Helper. When he does not receive his own to read he borrows Ernie's. But if we do not intend sending his he would like his ten cents back. That is right! We will look up his name and see what is the matter.

Miss Annie Moore, the charming young niece of Mrs. Dr. Given, with whom she has been spending the summer, departed Monday morning for her home at Holton near Leavenworth, Kansas. She will visit friends on the way there. Miss Moore made many and lasting friends while with us, and is greatly missed by all.

Richard Davis, Staley, Wm. Morgan, Wm. Tivis, Joel Tyndall, Frank Lock, John Loubroosh, Wm. Brown, Otto Zotom and Kish Hawkins, left for Lancaster, on the ten o'clock train yesterday morning, to attend the Pennsylvania Y. M. C. A. Convention, as delegates from our school Association. J. B. Given accompanied the party.

Jesse Woodward, of Washington, who has been spending several weeks at our school with his mother, left for that city, on Tuesday, where he will go on with his college preparation this winter. The mutes, Geneva Delodge and Mary Primeaux, returned, to their old place at the National Deaf Mute College, in Washington. The little girls spent a pleasant and we hope profitable summer with us.

We are pained to hear of what might have been a very serious accident to Rev. Dr. Brown, at his daughter's home in Iowa. He was about to leave there to come east when the day before his anticipated start, he stepped through one of those "villainous" trap doors which an occasional house has in the floor. Falling headlong six feet on a hard stone floor, and cutting a great gash in his head, it is a wonder, but cause for extreme gratification to his many friends and relatives that no bones were broken or lasting injuries incurred.
and other counties, who are doing credit to themselves and to their race, by earning an honest living, free from the support of the United States Government, will use to advantage, no matter where they may live in after years, the useful experience they are now gaining.

There is something in spending ones young life in a place where all his surroundings keeps him on the move in the right direction continually, and where there is no MEDICINE to entice him away from what he needs to be doing, to grow strong rapidly in the way he has learned to like best.

A long experience in a community of wide-awake business people, will drive into an Indian boy the spirit of work and enterprise, and the skill which will soon make of him a competent business man, and Forever, if you please, no matter where he settles, than any other system ever yet heard of.

Who has a better way?