

The Normal Review.

Vol. I. No. 5.

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50c a Year.

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THE winter term opened January 4.

MISS MARGARET THIRKIELD, class of 1879, has our thanks for a handsome list of subscribers among the teachers of Monongahela City.

SUIT. SPINDLER, of Washington County, once a student at the Normal, recently made us a flying visit.

MR. H. B. MCKEAN paid the Normal a visit Friday, December 11th.

MR. F. F. THOMAS will return to the Normal in the Spring. He expects to bring several of his West Virginia friends with him.

THE entertainment in the Normal Chapel, December 19, by Stuart Rogers, was thoroughly enjoyed. Mr. Rogers, in some of his impersonations, is unsurpassed.

JOHN B. GOUGH has been engaged to lecture at the Normal in the Spring. Mrs. Livermore has been conditionally engaged, also, for a Spring date.

MR. GEO. B. JEFFRIES, class of '82, was recently admitted to the practice of law at the Uniontown bar. His examination is spoken of as highly creditable. The Normal rejoices in the success of its alumni.

THE morning chapel exercises are now held after the first recitation period, instead of before, as formerly.

MISS H. E. BROOKS, of the Normal Faculty, was one of the instructors at the Luzerne County Institute in December.

MR. W. S. BRYAN, class of '81, is teaching a successful term at the Gaut School, Upper Tyrone Township, Westmorland County.

MR. E. E. SCOTT, class of '82, is now a medical student in Chicago, and will graduate in April.

MR. J. F. JAMISON, class of '84, is teaching in Franklin township, county.

A successful institute was held at Masontown, Nov. 28, under the management of Mr. L. W. Lewellen, of the class of 1885.

A LIBRARY hall was dedicated at Lock No. 4, Friday evening, Dec. 11. Addresses were delivered by Hon. G. V. Lawrence, Col. C. W. Hazzard, Rev. W. L. McGrew, Prof. J. P. Taylor, and Prof. Theo. B. Noss. The hall is a very handsome one, and the collection of books already large.

MISS GRACIE GRANT, a former student of the Normal, was married in November to Prof. A. B. Orr, principal of the Tyrone public schools.

MISS BELLE V. JONES, of the class of '80, was recently married in Kansas to Mr. Warren Piersol.

EDITOR HAZZARD delivered his talk on "Switches" at Clover Hill on the evening of December 17th.

REV. D. H. MCKEE, of the class of 1878, is now pastor of the M. E. church at Fayette City.

OUR neighbors at Clover Hill have a lecture course. The lecturers are Prof. Messenger, Col. Hazzard, Hon. G. V. Lawrence, Boyd Brunriner, Esq., and Rev. Shaffer.

THE elements of geology and physics have been introduced in the lower grades of the Normal. Elementary chemistry will be introduced next term. Prof. Smith succeeds in interesting his classes in these subjects.

FALSE spelling and false syntax, as a means of teaching correct spelling and grammar, are false methods, though much revered, like many educational absurdities, for their antiquity.

SPARTAN parents caused their children to look at drunken helots in order to disgust them with intemperance, but the example is not followed by wise parents.

To impress deformities is a poor way to quicken the perception of the perfect and the true. What children need is persistent practice in doing things well.

READERS of the REVIEW desiring Normal catalogues for themselves or their friends, will please address the principal.

THE elements of geometry can be taught in a most interesting and profitable manner to young children. Making triangles, rectangles, solids of various kinds, the pupil can be led, under the guidance of the teacher, to apprehend most of the important terms used in geometry, without the irksome task of committing definitions. The effect on the pupil is most salutary. His inventive genius is quickened, and by concrete methods, he perceives and never forgets the various relations of forms, which so perplex the text book student.

OUR usual methods of teaching make impressions neither vivid nor lasting. They are a cramming process that represses rather than quickens mental action. Teaching should aim at stimulating the self-activity of the pupil. The doctor seeks to render his aid to his patient unnecessary. So the teacher should aim to make the pupil as far as possible independent of his help. The true motto is: *A maximum by the pupil, a minimum for him.*

The Schoolmarm's Story.

A frosty chill was on the air—
How plainly I remember—
The bright autumnal fires had paled,
Save here and there an ember:
The sky looked hard, the hills were bare,
And there were tokens everywhere
That it had come—November.

I locked the time-worn school-house door,
The village seat of learning,
Across the smooth, well-trodden path
My homeward footsteps turning;
My heart a troubled question bore,
And in my mind, as oft before,
A vexing thought was burning.

"Why is it up hil all the way?"
Thus ran my meditations;
The lessons had gone wrong that day,
And I had lost my patience.
"Is there no way to soften care,
And make it easier to bear
Life's sorrows and vexations?"

Across my pathway, through the wood,
A fallen tree was lying.
On this there sat two little girls,
And one of them was crying
I heard her sob: "And if I could,
I'd get my lessons awful good,
But what's the use of trying?"

And then the little hooded head
Sank on the mother's shoulder,
The little weeper sought the arms
That opened to enfold her.
Against the young heart, kind and true,
She nestled close, and neither knew
That I was a beholder.

And then I heard—ah! ne'er was known
Such judgment without malice,
Nor queenlier counsel ever heard
In senate, house or palace!—
"I should have failed there, I am sure,
Don't be discouraged; try once more,
And I will help you, Alice."

"And I will help you." This is how
To soften care and grieving;
Life is made easier to bear
By helping and by giving.
Here was the answer I had sought,
And I, the teacher, being taught
The secret of true living.

If "I will help you" were the rule,
How changed beyond all measure
Life would become! Each heavy load
Would be a golden treasure;
Pain and vexation be forgot:
Hope would prevail in every lot,
And life be only pleasure,

—Wolstan Dixey in *Treasure Trove*.

Value of Training.

Early in childhood, habits of self-reliance and self-help may be formed. The child should be taught to amuse itself, to wait upon itself, and to perform services, according to its strength and ability, for others. It is no kindness to a healthful child to wait upon it continually, when it is old enough to wait upon itself. Mothers do too much for their children what they should do for themselves. Consequences—you know too well.

Fathers shirk their duty in the matter by leaving all the training of the children for the mothers to do. While it is true that the mother is the chief trainer of the children; yet she cannot do the father's part. When the father fails to do his part toward the training of his children, it is forever left undone.

Yes, there is no place that can take

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the place of a good home training. Those boys and girls who are so fortunate as to have fathers and mothers capable of instructing them in the performance of whatever duties, and the acquisition of whatever accomplishments make home a place to be longed for and enjoyed are fortunate.

Their equipment for life is complete. Let me call your attention to the *God taught parents*, the birds.

Until their younglings can fly, they bring food and put it into their mouths, but no sooner are they fledged than they are pushed from their nests and compelled to exercise their own powers in taking care of themselves.

It is surprising what mere training will do in developing talent in children. There are those who have no aptitude for music, but persistent cultivation of the voice and ear does often make very passable musicians of those who seemingly had no talent in that direction. The same is true of drawing and painting. Of course if one loves music or mathematics or Latin, he will make easy and rapid advancement in those studies; but the fact that he does not like them constitutes no reason why he should not become more or less proficient in them.

Self made men, so-called, subject themselves to the severest training and discipline, and do not avail themselves of collegiate training simply because the force of circumstances prevents them from doing so. Parents should give their *children* all the training they can, and not money.

Skilled labor is wanted everywhere; in the composing rooms, in the editorial sanctum, in the shop, at the forge, at the piano, in the kitchen.

Skilled labor commands good wages, even in these hard times: but skilled labor comes and can come only by long and patient training.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Wonders of Nature.

ANIMALCULES, BIRDS AND INSECTS.

Powerful optical glasses reveal little animalcules of every possible shape, and some 500 times smaller than the naked eye can see, and yet islands are built in the ocean by these minute creatures. The proteus takes on all shapes and forms. The polifera may be dried for years and then revived. The hydra may be turned inside out, cut in strips, and each part becomes a

living animal, or several parts may be put together and form one of any desired shape.

More than 1,000 species of infusoria are discovered, some not more than one-forty-thousandth of an inch in diameter, and 500,000,000 may sport in a drop of water. They are herbivorous and carnivorous, have mouths, teeth, muscles, nerves, glands, eyes, and some have 100 or more stomachs.

These little animals of various shapes and hues may be seen in vinegar with the naked eye.

The trichina of pork will infuse themselves through the body in untold millions in a few days.

More than 7,000 species of birds are found, from

"The condor, the proud bird of the Andes," to the little humming bird. In shape and constitution they are wisely adapted to their element. The bones are hollow, light and strong, and their activity marvelous. Some, indeed, seem always in motion, like the wagtail.

The wild pigeon will fly 60 miles per hour for a whole day, swallows ninety miles per hour, the albatross 100, and the little swift 180.

A falcon of Henry IV. flew from Fontainebleau to Malta, 1,350 miles, in a day. The Sea-Frigate Eagle will catch a falling fish, breakfast in Africa and dine in America. The eagle descends on its prey in a cycloid, the swiftest possible line of descent.

Sight and scent are very acute in birds, so that the vulture will see its prey at a viewless distance to man, and scent it far away. Some can alter the focus of their eye for near and far sight. The fish-hawk lifts its prey high in the air, and breaks the shell by dropping it upon a rock.

Birds generally possess great intelligence and caution. Even geese are wise, and they never slumber. Ground birds will feign lameness and draw you away from their nests. Swallows and phebes will journey southward many hundred miles in autumn and return to the same place in the spring.

The long journeys of the carrier-pigeon are unaccountable to us. Birds are generally musical and fond of music. It is said that an owl once flew into a drawing-room to hear a piano, and the lark can be heard singing in the air above sight. It is an old tradition that birds choose their mates on February 14th, St. Valentine's Day, and that some grieve and die when a mate is lost.

Scott says:

"The widowed turtles matchless die."

The instinct that teaches them nest-building is wonderful, gathering suitable materials, twisting, curving, weaving, and sewing, choosing the best and safest places, leaving the entrance small to exclude marauders, and some plucking the down from their breasts to soften the nest.

Ostriches leave their eggs in the sand, and cuckoos lay in the nests of other birds, some of which are wise enough to throw them out.

Birds of prey produce but few young, but those preyed upon often produce many. More than 100,000,000 of pigeons or black petrels may be seen in a flock.

The most of birds migrate, some in single pairs, others in flocks, with leaders, as we see wild geese.

Insects are the most numerous of all land animals, embracing more than 100,000 species.

In these we see wonderful design, adaptation and intelligence.

The choicest gifts of animal powers are bestowed upon insects.

Their structure is so complicated that a Frenchman spent several years upon one and then left it unfinished.

A spider's web is composed of 4,000 strands, and a butterfly's wing is covered with a 100,000 scales, so thin that 200,000 of them would scarcely measure an inch. Most insects have six legs and four wings, some antennae, awl, proboscis, or sting.

The most perfect cambric needle shows roughness under the microscope, but the sting of a bee, though much finer, is perfect in form and smoothness.

Some breathe through orifices each side of the tail; some are dumb, while others have hearing and sight in acuteness.

The house-fly has two protuberances containing 8,000 eyes, and the dragon-fly has 27,000 distinct eyes, through any one of which he can see a cathedral 300 feet high and 700 feet off.

Bees give notice of the loss of a queen by rubbing their antennae against each other; ants make a noise by striking their heads against their corselets, and the various species of grasshoppers by rubbing their wings against their legs or each other. Insects excel in strength. The ant will carry fifty times its own weight, and the beetle will move 192 times its weight. The house-fly will make 600 strokes per second, and move 35 feet, and the dragon-fly will go 60 miles an

hour, stop instantly and move sideways without altering its position. If a horse could draw and jump like a flea, he could draw 100 tons and jump over the top of Chimborazo.

Many insects pass through four states—eggs, grubs, cocoon, and fly. A flock of locusts are more invincible and destructible than an army of men or a herd of lions. Some spiders build houses under ground, line them with satin and make them tight, and construct a door to open and shut.

Some white ants capture black ones and enslave them.

But of all little animals perhaps the bee is the most wonderful in its works and ways.

A whole article would be needed to give any adequate idea of this wonderful creature of God. E. P. M.

The Ice Palace.

In Greenland the people sometimes live in houses made of ice. Does it not seem strange? But it is true. They have no timber, out of which to build, and tents made of animals' skins would be too cold. They pile up great blocks of ice, and cement them by pouring water on them.

These houses are round, and from a hole in the top the smoke ascends, and they put a sheet of clear ice in the wall for a window. In summer, of course, these houses all melt. Then they live in tents made of sealskins. In 1739, the empress of Russia had built a grand palace of ice. It lasted until March, 1740. It was one story, and had three rooms and a great hall. The outside was ornamented with statues carved in ice. The yard was enclosed with an ice balustrade. At the corners were ice pyramids, and between these were cannon carved out of ice, and ice dolphins mounted on pedestals. There was also an ice elephant with a man upon his back. He had his trunk raised in air and spouted water out of it in daytime and burning naphtha at night. The cannon could be loaded with real powder and fired. Lighted up with thousands of torches at night, the palace looked grand indeed, and it was surely a wonderful work.—*Selected.*

Teachers' Salaries.

Henry Ward Beecher, in a late address, protests against any reduction in the salaries of our teachers. He says: "Since the cradle is the very root of human society, it is a wise remedy that all the children be educated; that the

means of education be made ample and convenient. I also hold that no parent has any such right to his child as that he shall withhold from him knowledge for the sake either of pity or prejudice, or superstition, condemning the child to all the disabilities that ignorance brings with it.

"Therefore, when I see the prodigality of legislative and of administrative bodies for material things—for sewers, which are very good things indeed, and for political instrumentalities—I wonder at their stinginess for that which comes home to the instinct and heart of wisdom and benevolence, their economy for schools, prodigality for politicians.

"Take care of the schools and take care of the teachers. You never will have the best schools until you make it the interest of men and women to devote their lives to taat business, just as professional men devote their lives to their occupations. Give the mayor less, give the aldermen less, if they have anything, if they have not they will get it. Reduce salaries everywhere, but increase them in the school.

THAT method of teaching which forces by mechanical methods the facts of grammar, arithmetic, geography, and history into the minds of pupils, is not education. It is suppression. A mind crammed with dates, rules, exceptions, theories, laws, and principles, may not be educated at all. When shall we come to understand this? Why do we persist in saying that we teach geography, when we teach only names and dates, and give the pupil no mental idea of the country studied? We are continually hearing in the school-room such questions as these: "How long is the Congo?" "What is the population of London?" "For what is Iowa especially distinguished?" when the learner has no idea of the Congo country, how London looks, or what the appearance of Iowa is. Real geography, as it exists in the mind of the learner, cannot be taught by a question book, or estimated by per cents. What is true of this study is true of all others. The mental conception of the fact must be different from the words used to convey the fact. Words! words! words!—everlasting words!! Hasten the time when teachers will understand that they are only useful as instruments by which ideas can be conveyed.—*Exchange.*

Our Experience.

BY MARY M. BOWEN.

"Mis Smith dear maddem i do not dezir to have my boy jonas haskens, spend his tim At Studdies that will do him kno good i am anksious fur him to git along in Rithmetic as it are hily Important, please keep him clost to 'This.

Very respectfully.

Samule haskens.

p s i dont want you to think hard uv this i think yore schule is, a Doing grand my boy is."

At this epoch the school may have been in progress a month. The "Jonas" in question, a bright, companionable boy of sixteen, has been snared in the meshes of the teacher's tact and has become docile as a pet fawn. Not in vain have the batteries of novelty and personal magnetism been set against the fortifications of common-place and narrow prejudice that have hedged the glorious young spirit planted in that hardy frame.

"Taint like nothing else, but its nice," Jonas tersely epitomizes, as a play-ground committee suspends judgment, just after dismissal.

The boys are in a maze of indecision. This school is a species so entirely new. If they "miss" in a lesson (and the lessons are no mistake!) likely as not, instead of being sent back to "get it over again," the teacher flies to work as though she were doctoring a cut finger and tells them all about it.

"Looks as though a fellow needn't work at all, unless he's a mind; but I'd hate to come under fire of them eyes, if I hadn't studied my level best—say, boys! ain't she a picture when she's a goin' through them-air *gimmenastics*, or whatever she calls 'em? Looks like a show-girl! I declare I don't know whether to laugh or git mad. Pap says I shan't go to school if I waste my time on such tomfoolery, but I don't see where to break ranks—she's got us all so much like spools strung on a string—an' besides, I sorter don't like to let a woman double-an'-twist herself into a knot that I can't match! I never seed such a school, nohow! I hain't had time to chaw a paper-wad or hook a string to a coat-tail these whole four weeks. Its like one 'ternal exhibition, an' a feller has to keep watchin' for fear he'll lose the best part.

"Pap wouldn't let me get a g'ography, but I could keep up, just by listnin' an' watchin', only he says I've got to finish higher 'rithmetic. I kalkelate all his interest now, an' measure the grain-bins, and I beat old Watkins last

winter on them question-box angles, an' I'd like to know something about something else, only, I 'spose"—

The speaker abruptly breaks off. The party disperses. These are questions—deeper questions than they have ever known—stirring into life in their young minds. The blessed spirit of a noble unrest is breathing upon them. The teacher sees it, feels it, prays a prayer of gratitude and takes courage, when there comes the letter of "samule haskens."

It is a point for which she is not wholly unprepared—this is not her first school. She deliberates, and finally tells Jonas to request his father to call, on his way home from mill.

The gentleman, shaggy-browed, horny-handed, honest-hearted, makes an early response. His consciousness of right purpose give him a self-sufficiency of judgment. The horizon of his life-sky is, alas! no wider than a circle bounded by his sinewy fingers.

He has proven to himself that all this pitiful dwarf and stint does not keep one from being upright and pure. There may be things beyond, but the old paths have sufficed for him and they are good enough for his. New-fangled things are not always safe. Squire Bodley's boys got ruin along with the college education he mortgaged the farm to give them, and now their whisky-bottles and fast-riding are in danger of demoralizing all the lads in the neighborhood.

Samuel Haskens makes a mental estimate of these truths as he kindly, but unyielding, listens to the little lady's well-weighed arguments. He feels, he admits; but he is "set." There is just sufficient of fact, ignorance and obduracy combined to render the case hopeless.

"Does Jonas improve as you could desire?"

"Never had him do nigh onto so well!—glad to give you that praise, Mis' Smith. Jonas seems like a new boy, a'most. His mother says he's grown better, instead of wus, as is mostly the case with boys at school. He's powerful industrious at his night lessons. But what I wish to say to you, Mis' Smith, that I'm a'feared all these new ways an' things 'll finally upset him. Jonas has no use for mor'n a plain ed-dication—he's a plain man's boy. Now, while he's got sich an onusual good opportunity, I want him to stick to what'll be useful."

"You are so kind, Mr. Haskens, as to feel that Jonas has been helped, rather

than hindered, by my instruction. You must bear in mind that every teacher has her own special methods, and that to attempt to change is to mar, if not destroy, the effectiveness of the whole. Can you not afford to trust me so long as you perceive only favorable indications?"

"Why, certingly; I trust you a great deal—a great deal, Mis' Smith; an' as I was saying, I'm proud uv your good work, but then I just want Jonas kep' to the pint—that's all."

"There them motions, now, that you have the children goin' through. I kind o' think that's a dead loss o' time—speakin' plainly. What *good* does they do?"

"They serve to develop the body, my friend, and to preserve its natural grace and strength. Pupils shut in a close-crowded room require much careful attention, I think, lest they suffer physically, and you know that good health is the basis upon which all happiness as well as effective labor rests."

"No danger of my folks gitting poor health. We're proof agin disease. You puny wimmen folks may need such things, but you don't know us, Mis' Smith."

"Yes, as I was saying, you beat all the teachers that we ever got hold uv here, an' you may count square on my support—but just mind my advice about Jonas."

As the grizzly farmer goads his horse and winds slowly out of sight, the teacher groans beneath the burden he has left upon her heart. Better to meet a defiant and outright foe—better to face censure, sarcasm, abuse—better almost anything else than just *this* thing.

The decision of Samuel Haskens is law, and it pervades the district. The pleasure of having most of the children as her allies is overshadowed by the pain of knowing, that in a sense, she is arraying them against parental authority.

To break down one teacher is certainly an undertaking neither here-lean nor hopeless, if a community sets to work in earnestness and harmony. Children are saintly, and yet with home-influences properly exerted, it is not impossible to induce them to set up rebellion.

The issue comes at last. A wom with her neuralgic jaws swathed in a vail appeared at the door:

"Mis' Smith, I don't want my Mary Jane to write compositions—I just called, myself, to let you know."

The auriculars of the pupils mentally audit this statement. At recess it is reproduced for comment and for divers supplementary statements.

"An' Mis' Smith, ma said I needn't commit that recitation you gave me for Friday—she says its no use."

"Mis' Smith, pa says I am to go home Friday afternoons at two o'clock; that the reg'lar lessons is all that's any account."

"Mis' Smith, *my* pa says that there's nothing in the school law that allows you to require us to write essays"—

"Mis' Smith, nor to make us take voice-training, nor to write our recitations—an' he says its not safe for any teacher to set up against the law unless he wants to take the chances."

* * * * *

The trustees, grave, spectacled, astute, visit the school in a body. The chairman carries a copy of the Law in his overcoat pocket. With as much gentle sarcasm as is consistent for the tones of one holding the double dignity of school trustee and church deacon, he displays the pamphlet and inquires if she "has a copy of the same." There are some other inquiries, better punctuated by exclamation points than by interrogation marks.

"Where does the Law state?"

* * * * *

In the solitude of a quiet evening hour the teacher seeks a time for thought. What decision she finally takes, and this decision's outcome, depends largely upon which one of the Misses Smith she happens to be. But let her remember that soil once broken is never so hard again, and that in the aggregate her endeavor is not lost.

Salt.

Although salt is common to every household, but few understand its source or chemistry. Harmless in itself, it is composed of two corrosive poisons *chlorine* and *sodium*.

Chlorine is a greenish-yellow gas, with a powerful and suffocating odor; it is wholly irrespirable and very poisonous. Even when very much diluted with air it produces the most annoying irritation of the throat and air passages, producing stricture of the chest and the symptoms of a violent cold. The attempt to breathe the undiluted gas would be fatal. Sodium is a soft, white metal, in color very analogous to silver. It oxidizes in the

air, forming caustic soda. It floats upon water, which it rapidly decomposes, combining with its oxygen, and setting the hydrogen free. Taken internally, even in very small quantities, it would act as a violent poison. How strange that these two poisons united form a substance highly essential to civilization and life.

Salt is principally obtained from two sources, from the ocean and from natural salt-beds. Sea water contains a trifle over two per cent. of salt. In order to obtain salt from the sea the water is pumped into shallow reservoirs, where it becomes concentrated by the sun's heat and the winds. Salt is obtained from natural brine, or salt springs, at Syracuse, N. Y., western Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia, Michigan, and in the western states and territories. It is also obtained at Droitwich and Stoke in Worcestershire, and Nantwick in Cheshire.

Natural deposits, or beds of solid salt, are found in the earth at various places. "A hill of rock salt near Montserrat, in Spain, is 500 feet high. The island of Ormuz, in the Persian gulf, is formed of rock salt. The Indus, in the upper part of its course, forces its way through hills of rock salt rising in cliffs 100 feet above." At Northwick, in Cheshire; at Salzburg, Magdeburg, Berchtesgaden and Wimpfen, in Germany, and at Wieliczka, in Poland, the salt is quarried in blocks, or detached in the same manner that coal is separated in mines. The mines of Wieliczka are the most celebrated. These mines have been worked for centuries. The workings are at a depth of from 200 to 740 feet, and the salt at the deepest workings is very pure, and may be used as *it comes from the mine*.

Solid salt beds have been discovered at Marine City and St. Clair, on the St. Clair river, Mich. These beds are a trifle over 1,600 feet below the surface, and in working them the fresh water is forced into the salt rock from the river, which dissolves the salt and forces the brine to the surface. The brine is then evaporated in large iron pans.

The use of salt is universal with all nations, civilized and savage, and when one barbarous tribe trades with another salt is the first article of barter. It is highly prized by tribes who live remote from the natural sources of supply. Its use is also very ancient, and the same word is used to designate salt in most of the languages of the world.

The bible abounds with reference to it. Job (6th chapter, 6th verse,) said: "Can that which is unsavory be eaten without salt?" Mark (9th chapter, 50th verse,) said: "Salt is good; but if the salt have lost its saltness, wherewith will ye season it" In the sermon on the mount, (Matthew, 5th chapter, 13th verse,) Christ said: "But if the salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted?" The salt used in Palestine is very impure, and when kept in damp places becomes very bitter and unfit for use. This fact probably explains the words of Christ at that time.

Besides its use as an element of food, salt has numerous applications in the arts. It is the source of all the chlorine employed in bleaching. Carbonate of soda is now manufactured from common salt. This preparation is extensively used in the manufacture of glass and hard soap and for other purposes.

Salt is one of the chemical agents provided for man, and is indispensable to his existence and happiness. Nature furnishes it most bountifully, and its procurement and manufacture forms one of the great branches of industry of this and other countries.

F. M. GARLICK, M. D.

Pt. Sanilac, Mich.

"TACOMA," in the Indian vernacular meaning "the male one," "the masculine," is the name proposed for Washington Territory when admitted as a State. It is the Indian and Territorial name of the highest mountain in the United States, which Vancouver named Mt. Rainier, 14,440 feet in elevation, clad in perpetual snow, and not eighty miles distant from tide-water.

Normal Training.

BY PRESIDENT THOMAS HUNTER, PH.D.
Normal College of the City of New York.

Of all the evils from which the profession of teaching suffers, perhaps the greatest is, that teaching is not estimated and judged by Teachers, but by Lawyers, Physicians, Merchants and even Mechanics.

Suppose a teacher were to decide a question of law, or a mechanic a question of medicine, he would become a fit subject for ridicule; and yet teaching, which is one of the most difficult of the professions is often legislated for and criticised by men who have scarcely mastered the three R's. Even the Superintendents and county commissioners appointed by statute as the examiners of schools and teachers are not always teachers. This lack of professional knowledge on the part of those chosen by election or otherwise to administer the system of public instruction has, from the beginning obstructed the progress of the normal schools; nor is there a remedy for this evil, unless the great body of teachers form a guild for mutual protection, and exercise the right to exclude from the teacher's profession, the unqualified and incompetent.

As long as teachers allow their profession to be degraded by the easy admission to its ranks of the failures in other professions, by what the Scotch very aptly term "sticked ministers," so long will the public consider school teaching an unimportant and casual calling in which any educated or half educated person may engage.

Teachers Everywhere Should Insist that the Man or Woman Desiring a Position as a Teacher, Should Present a Diploma of Qualification from Some Competent Authority.

He should produce satisfactory evidence of character and fitness for the work. Until there is a radical change in the method of licensing teachers there can be little improvement in the methods of instruction. The normal school if properly organized and thoroughly administered ought to be the only licensing body.

If all teachers were compelled to produce such a diploma, in a few years the system of public instruction would be improved ten-fold; and a district school in the poorest and most remote county of the state would be as well organized and as thoroughly taught as the best school in the wealthiest city. It seems

strange that teachers should be so blind to their own interests as not to agitate everywhere the lodging of the power to license in the normal school, where it properly belongs.

Had the normal system been in existence when the public school system was first established, the power would naturally have been given to the former to examine and license all teachers. This granting of diplomas by a competent authority would raise teaching to a much higher plane, and would enable teachers to command a much higher salary. It has been a common saying that the low rate of salary has led to the employment of inferior teachers. But the converse of this proposition is much nearer the truth. It is the low standard of qualification that has led to the low rate of compensation.

I claim for the normal system that

(1) It has led to a clearer and more careful study of the human mind and more especially of the emotional nature of the child;

(2) It has enforced the cultivation of the faculties in their natural order;

(3) It has enunciated certain canons of instruction;

(4) It has insisted on the cultivation of the physical and moral as well as the intellectual;

(5) It has compelled a more respectful attention to the individuality of the pupil;

(6) It has caused teachers to rely more upon observation and reason and less upon verbal memory, and

(7) It has greatly conduced to elevate teaching to the rank of a learned profession.

Let us see if these claims are just and susceptible of proof.

One of the Cardinal Principles of the Normal System is to place the Concrete before the Abstract, and the Idea before the Word.

Hence it has imparted an impetus to the study of natural history and the physical sciences in general, which has led to the improvement of school apparatus of every kind, so that the ordinary country academy of to-day is better supplied with superior appliances for instruction than the colleges were thirty years ago. The normal school was the first to respect the individuality of the child, and to make proper and humane allowance for mental and physical defects. The old system of teaching knew no better method than to reward the brilliant and punish the dull.

A Profession may be Estimated by Its Literature.

Whoever heard of the literature of pedagogy until the normal system created a demand for works on the science and practice of teaching. Some of the ancients, it is true, and a few of the moderns, have written more or less vaguely on the theory of education, but not one of them on the practice; not one of them has produced a work which would aid a young teacher in the organization and management of a new school.

Quintillian and Locke, Maria Edgeworth and Rousseau, have told us how to teach a single child or a single class, but they have failed to inform us how to govern and teach a school. Owing to the requirements of the normal school many valuable works on pedagogy have been produced in recent years which the world will not willingly permit to perish.

Though no educational Blackstone has yet appeared, Spencer, Bain and Fitch in the old world, and Mann, Page and Wickersham in the new, have, by their works, elevated professional teaching and forced school authorities to a better conception and performance of their duties. Such has been the influence exercised by these writers and by many others, that it is not now an unusual thing to find intelligent examiners asking candidates what books they have read on the art and science of teaching. Prior to the introduction of the normal system, such a question would have been considered quite irrelevant, if not absolutely absurd. Now, in every properly organized normal school, text-books on pedagogy are as necessary as text-books on geometry.

But some man will say, surely you do not mean to supply the district common schools with professional teachers; the cost would be enormous; and the people would not stand it. In the first place, it may be stated in reply that, poor teaching is very costly—is very dear if given for nothing—nay, is dear if the poor teacher should pay a fee for the privilege of trying to teach. It is always true economy to employ an able teacher at a fair compensation; and the more remote and ignorant the people are the greater the necessity for such an instructor. "They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."

I do not care to discuss the question of education from a financial point of view, nor to repeat the trite sayings concerning the money saved by educa-

tion, in reducing the cost for the punishment of crimes resulting from ignorance. It is not a question of money, but a question of morals. Public schools and republican liberty are one and inseparable; the existence of the one is interwoven with the existence of the other; they live and die together. Hence I have no patience with those who dole out money for the public schools as a miser doles out his gold to the physician who has saved his life.

In order that the great system of public schools should be economically administered it is essential that trained and educated teachers only should be employed. But another man will say, what is to become of the poor graduate of college who wishes to earn a little money by teaching, while he is studying for the ministry or the medical profession? And what is to be done with the educated woman of good family, who has lost her bread-winner? Let them take care of themselves as best they can. Let the former chop wood, and the latter scrub floors, if need be, but they have no right to obtain a living at the expense of the children's education and future success.

The work of the teacher is too responsible and too sacred to permit the employment of such temporary teachers, whose hearts are not in their calling and whose sole motive is a selfish one.—Teachers' Institute.

Few people have any idea of the quiet work being done by Bradford Smith, of Detroit, in his supervision of juvenile delinquents, who, but for his untiring zeal and many years of unrewarded labor in the interest of these misled boys and girls, would in hundreds of cases be forced into a criminal life through contact with older criminals and the evil influences of prison associations and memories. It is a fact that a host of now prosperous young men and women in various parts of the country can look back over their past lives and mark the day and date when they were "given a chance to do better," and placed under the supervision of Bradford Smith. He who makes two blades of grass grow where before but one found subsistence, is a public benefactor; he who leads from the edge of the precipice of crime and holds back from the declivity the weak ones, until they grow strong; in their own sense of individuality and responsibility, is the greatest benefactor of the age.—*Ec.*

THE newspapers are generally copying the remark that "Mrs. Hayes, Mrs. Garfield and Miss Cleveland were all school teachers." The same may be said of several Presidents, any number of Senators, and more than half of the Supreme Judges. There is something acquired in the life of a school teacher which fits men and women for the highest and best duties of citizenship. There can be no better training given to any young man or woman than as the school-room teacher.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

"If we are to have another contest in the near future of our national existence, I predict that the dividing line will not be Mason and Dixon's, but it will be between patriotism and intelligence on the one side, and superstition, ambition, and ignorance on the other. Let us all labor for the security of free thought, free speech, free press, pure morals, and unfettered religious sentiments, and equal rights and privileges for all men, irrespective of nationality, color, or religion."—*General Grant.*

Playing Animals.

Bears wrestle; the cat family have sham battles; dogs run and romp; colts, calves, lambs, etc., merely run, or, at most play "tag;" the otters have elaborate "slides," on banks of wet clay, and the game is precisely like coasting with sleds among boys; squirrels evidently have a great deal of fun among themselves in the woods. All the higher orders of the animal creation have their sports, and some of them regularly organized games.

It has been discovered that the fishes are not exceptions. A favorite playground for the trout in the streams near Carson, Nev., is the Mexican dam, where the falls are eight feet in height. They glide up the dam, seeming to swim up the sheet of falling water, plying their fins like buzz-saws. As they fall in the shallow water on the other side they are gradually washed back over the falls, and go down only to try again.

ARCHDEACON FARRER in his recent address at the opening of John Hopkins University, made a strong plea in favor of an education adapted to the times as they are and not as they used to be. He said that "a man may be a perfect scholar in the old, narrow sense, and yet very imperfectly educated in the new." He claimed that the cause of all the evils that ever afflicted man-

kind can be traced back to the natural error, that it is our duty to preserve and not improve. He argued that all minds should not be stretched upon the same Procrustean bed. Minds differ, and there should be respect for knowledge that is not in the line of our thinking. "I need not," he said, "go back to the poet who said he had looked through the six books of Euclid, and did not think there was much in them, or to the mathematician, who, after reading "Paradise Lost," said "it did not prove anything." He urged the duty of promoting self-education as the only real education, and stated that Charles Darwin learned little or nothing except what he had taught himself by private experiments in chemistry. The headmaster sharply reproved this habit instead of encouraging the ardent mind of the boy. Whenever there are workers and adaptations there should be encouragement. A child should not be forced to walk in a road uncongenial to his tastes.

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON said: "The highest end of education is not to dictate truth, but to stimulate exertion, since mind is not invigorated, developed, in a word, educated, by the mere possession of truths, but by the energy determined in their quest and contemplation."

My little boy had never seen a coal mine. I told him that our coal came out of the ground. "How do they get it up? In a bucket?" "No." "Up steps?" "No." "Up a ladder?" "No." By this time he was excited all over. "Well, how do they get it up?" It was easy to see all this time that he was comparing it to a well. I said, "In a wheelbarrow." "Why, they couldn't get a wheelbarrow up!" I said, "Sometimes they use a car." Now he had been in cars and passed through tunnels, and the word "car" was suggestive. He exclaimed in great joy, for he felt he had made a discovery: "Do they go in like going into a tunnel?" It was a passage from the known to the unknown. Children can only learn by resemblances to, or differences from, what they already know, or by coming in contact with the object. In spite of us they will get words without corresponding ideas, and the chief business of teachers is to place pupils in such relations as will secure ideas and thoughts, not words merely.

J. N. DAVID.

PHILOMATHEAN GALAXY.

CLARA G. STIFFY, Editor.

MOTTO—NON PALMA SINE PULVERE.

MR. W. D. CUNNINGHAM, a former ardent Philo., is teaching in East Huntingdon township, Westmoreland county. He will return to the Normal to enter the class of 1887. The pages of the *Normal Review* he writes are, "The Halls in Which I Meet My Friends."

A VAIN man's motto is: win gold and wear it. A generous man's: win gold and share it. A miser's: win gold and save it. A *sensible* man's: win gold and use it.

WHAT a rare gift is manners! How difficult to define; how much more so to impart.—*Bulwer-Lytton*.

It is a gift we may all have, and until it is ours a passport into good society will be denied us.

But true politeness does not consist merely in the number of the bows we make, and the number of times we say "thank you!"

To be truly polite and courteous one must be careful and thoughtful, and most of all, must have a kind heart.

Saturday Night.

How many associations, sweet and hallowed, cluster around those words—"Saturday evening."

It is indeed but the prelude to more pure, more holy, more heavenly associations, which the tired frame and thankful soul hail with new and renewed joy at each succeeding return. 'Tis then that the din of busy life ceases; that cares and anxieties are forgotten; the wornout frame seeks its needed repose, and the mind its relaxation from earth and its concerns; with joy looking to the coming of a day of rest, so wisely and beneficently set apart for man's peace and happiness by the great Creator.

HAVE you ever noticed that the greatest men who ever lived, they whose characters we all love to study and imitate, are not the ones who knew the most, who acquired

the greatest number of facts? But they were men who endeavored to lead the thoughts of man upward toward the Divine.

They were men highly cultured as well as highly educated.

This is something we, as students, should keep ever in mind, that while in the pursuit of an education which will fit us for a profession, it is also necessary for us to cultivate a kind heart by doing good to those around us, ever remembering that "the good men do lives after them."

PROF. SMITH (in Senior Class)—Why are the days in summer longer than those of winter?

Mr. O. S. Chalfant—Because it is hotter in summer, and *heat expands*.

Why can Philo. fight all her battles without any aid? Because she has so many *Strong Arms* which we call *Armstrong* among her members.

If Philo. cannot boast of the three graces—Faith, Hope and Charity, she can boast of Grace and Hope among her members.

Which society has a heavenly body for a member? Philo. (Luna Chalfant).

Who is the Lytle member? (Lizzie); who is the Singer? (Clara); who the bird? (Robbins); who can leave a letter off her name and be a boy? Miss (Boyd).

The other day the class in School Economy discussed the question whether the world can better afford to dispense with the minister or with the teacher.

It was decided unanimously against the minister. The following were the arguments advanced: The minister comes before his congregation only one day out of seven; while the teacher meets the children five days in the week. The minister deals with the grown-up people, while the teacher deals with the children. The impressions made

in childhood are the most lasting; the most difficult to be erased; hence the teacher exerts the wider influence.

It was claimed, also, that the ministry is not a higher calling than is teaching, to one who is true to himself, to his fellow-men and to God.

THE entertainment given by Prof. King in behalf of the Philomathean Society was a grand success.

The readings were interspersed with vocal and instrumental music by the music students of the school, which added greatly to the enjoyment of all present. Prof. King, throughout his selections, gave evidence that he was "master of the situation," his rendering of the selections from Shakespeare being exceptionally fine.

The society meanwhile realized quite a neat sum, which will go to the fitting up of a new hall in the latest "Parisian style."

WE are very sorry to learn that Miss Reed cannot be with us during the winter term on account of the illness of her sister, who desires her presence.

While we feel sure that *duty* calls her home, yet under other circumstances we would not be willing for her to go. She leaves a host of friends behind, who unite in wishing her all the happiness the Father seemeth best to grant her.

PHILO. society during the past term has gained many accessions to its membership. The deepest interest has been manifested in regard to all the affairs of the society. The work was well and faithfully performed, increasing each week in interest. These facts betoken a bright future, which we hope to enjoy with a number of former members who will be with us the coming term.

CLIONIAN REVIEW.

MOTTO---PEDETENTIM ET GRADATIM.

S. P. WEST, Editor.

REV. JOHN CARTER, a former Clionian, is now preaching in Texas.

MR. JAS. A. WAREFIELD, formerly a zealous member of the Clio Society, now a student at Allegheny College, recently visited the Normal.

CLIO'S ranks are still lengthening, the number of active members now enrolled being 62, and each meeting brings new accessions, either of old or new members. Among our number are 36 ladies and 26 gentlemen.

THE Clionian REVIEW has always been an important feature of the society's work. It has always been marked by the elevated character of the articles in its columns; but sometimes in the press of work its columns were somewhat neglected as to quantity; and to guard against this, and to insure not only quality but also quantity, its editor will henceforth have six assistants, regularly appointed.

AMONG the reforms wrought in the management of Clio, the following during the present term are worthy of note: The writing of notes, billet-doux, etc., and passing them from hand to hand during performances, have been prohibited; also, members have heretofore been rather dilatory about handing their written performances to the critic for correction. This law has been enforced.

CLIO seems to be especially well supplied with musicians this term, both vocal and instrumental. This is a very valuable acquisition, as all will agree that nothing else will relieve the monotony of the regular work as music will.

NOTWITHSTANDING we have had some unusual expenses, Clio is financially about square with the world.

A KIND word spoken is not like the snowflake which we see fall

upon the water, and in a moment sink forever beneath the undisturbed surface; but like the pebble which dropped into the water produces a wave. This wave upon the river of life goes on widening beyond the banks of time till it touches the shores of eternity.

THE salutarian elected to serve at the opening of the winter term is Mr. Wm. McConegly.

THE time agreed upon for the contemplated Clionian entertainment is on the fourth Saturday evening after the opening of the winter term.

TWENTY-SIX of the thirty-five seniors are Clios.

WHAT grows less everytime it is told? A woman's age.

THE department of music offers superior advantages in voice, piano, and harmony studies. Students desiring a thorough education in these specialties will find here what they want at one-third less cost than at any school doing the same class of work. None except earnest students—those who expect to do thorough work—are desired; dilettanteism will not be tolerated. Special pains is taken to form right habits, and to correct wrong ones. A systematic and progressive three years' course is provided, preparing pupils for fourth year of any conservatory course. Pupils desiring to pursue the study of music alone will be received at same boarding rates as normal pupils.

Junior Geography Class.

Prof. Fenno—Miss Ruple, what country is opposite us on the globe?

Miss R.—I don't know, sir.

Prof. F.—Well, suppose I bore a hole through the earth and you were to go in at this end, where would you come out?

Miss R. (with an air of triumph)—Out of the hole.

Locals.

Ladies' Cur. Kid W. B. H. Flexible Sole Shoe, only \$2.50 at
ABELL & REEVES',
Coal Center, Pa.

Gent's full stock Calf Shoe, button or lace, only \$2.50 at
ABELL & REEVES',
Coal Center, Pa.

Silks, Cashmeres, Silk Velvets, Velveteens, Tricots, Jacquards, full line of medium and low priced dress goods, underwear, notions, laundered and unlaundried Shirts, at the lowest prices ruling. Satisfaction guaranteed at

ABELL & REEVES',
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JAMES B. VANDYKE,

Corner of Third and Union Streets,
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keeps constantly on hand a full line of Dry Goods consisting of Dress Goods in Cashmeres, Brocades, Worsteds, Ladies' Cloths, Tricots, Mourning Cloths, Satin Berbers, Nuns' Veiling; also, Plain and Brocade Velvets and Velveteens, Black and Colored Silks.
Also, a full line of Notions, Ladies' and Gent's Collars and Cuffs, Handkerchiefs, Neckties, Scarfs and Bows.
Dress Trimming in Furs, Fringes, Laces, Braids, and Clasps.
Fur Muffs, Collars, Capes and Turbans.
Also, full line of Millinery Goods, Hats, Bonnets, Caps, Plumes, Tips, Wings, Birds and Breasts.
All the Best Brands of Corsets.
Ladies' and Gent's Underwear, Hosiery and Gloves.
Also, a full line of Children's, Misses' and Ladies' Wraps, elegantly made and trimmed. Particular attention to special orders.
Dressmaking a Specialty.
Our goods were all bought for cash, and will be sold for less money than any other house in the Valley. Call and examine our stock and prove what we say.

W. H. WINFIELD,

—Dealer in—

Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils,

BRUSHES AND VARNISHES,

Fancy Toilet Articles, Sponges, Perfumes, Blank Books, School Books, Stationery, Jewelry, Silver Plate, Violin and Guitar Strings, etc.

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Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps,

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS,

Trunks and Valises, to be found in any city in the world can be had at LYNCH'S, in California.

Boots and Shoes on all laets. Latest styles in Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods.

Don't buy till you call and see our stock.

First and Second Reader Scholars.**How to Use This Paper in School.**

The object of supplementary reading is to afford the pupil an occasional relief from the incessant drill in the regular text book, and to sharpen the reading appetite. Bear in mind it is not designed to take the place of the text book, but to aid it. That supplementary reading is a great help in schoolwork, is sustained by every live teacher who has used it in his classes. Teachers can better determine how often to use this paper to advantage, after actual use, but probably about three times a week will be productive of the most good. It is suggested:

1st. It is necessary to have at least as many copies of the paper as there are scholars in any one class.

2nd. Before permitting a class to recite a given lesson, read it carefully yourself, and make a list of questions that will aid the class in developing the subject matter of the article. Generally give the scholars time to read the lesson carefully before reciting, but occasionally read "at sight."

3rd. Do not permit the scholars to take the papers home with them until after finishing, but collect them immediately after each recitation.

It is the aim to grade the reading matter with the ordinary reading books, but have it contain entirely different thoughts and ideas.

School work should be merged into everyday life work as soon as possible. Teachers should remember that with classes above the primary grades, the main object of reading is to get information.

How Ned Watched for Santa Claus.

"I shall just keep awake till Santa Claus comes," he said, Christmas eve.

Such a kind friend should be seen and thanked, Ned thought. And it would be so much nicer to speak to him, than to write a letter and put it up the chimney.

So after he had hung his stocking close by the chimney, he undressed and went to bed. Then he fixed his eyes on the fireplace. He waited a long time for Santa Claus to come. The house grew still. He could not hear his father and mother talking downstairs. What hard work it was to keep his eyes open!

By and by he heard a slight noise in the chimney. He was wide

enough awake then. He sat up in bed and listened. Santa Claus was surely coming! He heard a rattling, a scratching, as though some one were coming slowly down chimney.

He hardly dared breathe. There it was again! rattle—rattle—scratch—scratch, and down dropped—Santa Claus? No, a tiny brown mouse, which scampered into a small hole under the mantel-piece.

Ned was terribly disappointed. He lay back on the bed with a sigh. And then he must have fallen asleep, for the next thing he knew it was broad daylight. His stocking was as full as could be. So Santa Claus must have come and Ned did not see him after all.

—*Anna M. Talcott.*

A Dog, a Cat, and a Boy.

"Mam-ma," said little Ted, "I am hungry."

So mam-ma went to the shelf, and took down a loaf of bread and cut off a good thick slice. Then she put some butter on it, and Ted took it and trotted away. But in a short time he was back a-gain.

"All gone," he said, "and I am hungry."

"Why, Ted," she said, "you can't have eaten all that great piece that I gave you!"

"All gone," said Ted, "More!"

So mam-ma cut off another slice; but this time she watched her boy, and what do you think she saw? Why, there sat Trip, the dog, by him. Each time that Ted took a bite he broke off a large piece for Trip, who wagged his tail and seemed very much pleased. Mam-ma thought that her good bread

would not last long at that rate.

When it had all gone Trip and Ted had a romp, and then Ted lay down and took a nap.

When he waked it was time for his dinner. So he was put up in a high chair, and a big bowl of bread and milk was set in front of him. "Trip can't get to him there," said mam-ma, "so I will go out on the porch and see how my bird is."

All at once she heard Ted laugh, so she stood still to listen. Then she heard him say, "No, no, puss; you don't play fair; it's my turn. Stop, puss, I say! Trip and I always take turn and turn about. Stop, I say!"

She ran back, and there was puss up on the stand beside him, drinking up the milk that was to have been for her little boy's dinner.

"Shoo! shoo!" she cried; and puss, who knew that she had no right to be drinking there, jumped down in great haste and took to her heels out of the door. Trip, who had watched it all with great wrath, flew after her, barking with all his might, and kitty had to climb a tree to get rid of him. Then he came back to the house a-gain.

Mam-ma had to throw out all of the rest of the bread and milk, and make a new bowl-ful; but Ted thought that it was all great fun, and he laughed and chuckled to himself about it so much that it was quite a long time before he finished his dinner.

Baby Bunting's First Christmas.

Baby Bunting was six months old before she had a Christmas or a New Year. So when the first Christmas came she didn't know

what it meant. And when she saw the Tree all covered with candles and apples, and little baskets of candy, she smiled, and then laughed, and then crowed right out loud, and shook her little fat hands at the pretty sight; while mamma and papa and sister Nora all danced around Baby Bunting's carriage.

Then they began to take the lovely presents off the Tree; and there was a fine clock for mamma, and a pair of slippers for papa, and sister Nora had a sweet doll; while Baby Bunting herself had a warm little muff, ever so many dainty pairs of stockings, a pair of baby shoes, a lot of lively picture-books, and so many more presents beside that it would take too long to tell you about all of them.

Sister Nora was happy with her big wax doll; and she named her Sally Bunting, and brought her to the side of the carriage to make a call on her little sister, Baby Bunting.

Baby was so pleased with this, that she almost talked; and it seemed to sister Nora as if she really *did* talk to Sally; and perhaps Sally, the doll, could hear this baby-talk plainer than anyone.

If no one else knew what Baby Bunting was talking about, she herself knew; and I am sure she was saying that Christmas was the best day she had seen for six months.—
Treasure Trove.

What Little Ones Can Do.

I know you little ones think it is hard for you to be good, and that there is no way you can help papa or mamma; but it is not so. You can

and you do, help both mamma and papa.

Do you not think it will help poor sick mamma to see your bright, happy face peep in at her door as you come home from school?

Do you not know it makes her happy to see you happy? Then there is little sister to take care of, you can always do that; and when it is done as if you *really* wanted to do it, and not in a cross, ugly way, you must know it pleases mamma by the glad look in her dear, sweet face.

I saw little Bess, who is only two YEARS old, go up to her sick mamma the other day, take hold of the cover on the bed with her dear little hands, and try to pull it up around her mamma's neck; then she put her soft hands on mamma's face and said, "Mamma, mamma."

She wanted to tell her mamma she knew she was sick, and she felt sorry for her.

Her mamma looked so pleased, and said, "Dear little Bess, you want mamma to get well, don't you"; then she gave Bess a good kiss, and the dear child was very happy over it.

And little boys, you can help too. Don't you know that the noise you make when you come into the house hurts papa's head, and makes it hard for mamma to keep the room quiet? All these things are *LITTLE* things, but they are just the *little* things by which you can help your parents.

Then you can help your teacher, too, if you wish. If you do just as she tells you, get your lessons, do not LAUGH and talk in school,

listen to her when she speaks, and always tell just what is the TRUTH.

If you do these things then you will be a dear, good child, and a help to your teacher. Just think how much *harm one bad* boy can do in school, and then think how much *good one* boy can do, if he always does right.

If you do *right*, you will have the love of all around you, and all will want you near them; if you do wrong, you will have only a few friends, and they will be as bad as you are. Little ones, will you help your mamma and papa and teacher? AUNT RUTH.

An Alphabet of Proverbs.

A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft.

Boasters are cousins to liars.

Confession of a fault makes half amends.

Denying a fault doubles it.

Envy shooteth at others and woundeth itself.

Foolish fear doubles danger.

God reacheth us good things by our own hands.

He has worked hard who has nothing to do.

It costs more to revenge wrongs than to bear them.

Knavery is the worst trade.

Learning makes a man fit company for himself.

Modesty is a guard to virtue.

Not to hear conscience is a way to silence it.

One hour to-day is two to-morrow.

Proud looks make foul work in fair faces.

Quiet conscience gives quiet sleep.

Richest is he who wants least.

Some faults indulged are little thieves that let in greater.

Trees that bear most hang lowest.

Upright walking is sure walking.

Virtue and happiness are mother and daughter.

Wise men make more opportunity than they find.

You can never lose by doing a good turn.

Zeal without knowledge is fire without light.

For Third Reader Scholars.

The Return Ball.

All the children in Miss Jackson's school had rubber return balls. I mean, all except Susie Grant.

"Why don't you have one, Susie?" said Mabel Lee.

"I can't," said little Susie, with a very sober face.

When school was done five girls started to go down to the candy store. All at once Mabel said, "Let us put our money together, and buy Susie a ball."

"Yes," said Flossy Grant, "poor Susie has very few toys. Her mamma has to work hard to take care of her children."

So the girls went to the toy shop and bought the best ball they could find for fifteen cents.

The next day Susie found the ball in her desk, with a card, on which was written, "For dear Susie, from her friends."

You may be sure Susie's happy face made five other girls happy.

The Little Cloud.

A little cloud was floating about up in the blue sky. It was a bright summer day, when everything should have been very happy. But I am sorry to say the cloud felt sad and unhappy.

What was the matter? Well, I will tell you.

The cloud was talking to itself in something like this way:

"I am so little, what can I do? Here I go floating about tossed by every puff of wind. I can't even choose my own path. Why doesn't the wind blow me out of the world? Now, if I were a bird, I could sing a sweet song, and everybody would be glad to hear me. If I were a sunbeam I could steal into some dark room, and make it bright and beautiful. Oh, how I wish I were a flower! anything would be more useful than just a cloud too small to do any good."

Now, it happened to be a very warm summer day. The grass was parched and dusty, the flowers hung their heads, and even the brook was too tired to do more than move very feebly along. It had quite forgotten its merry little song.

But help was near. All the clouds in the sky moved together, and soon came tumbling down in rain. Our little friend was among them, and did his share. I am not sure that he knew it, but that does not matter. More than one thirsty flower, more than one dusty grass blade was refreshed by the cooling drops.

Nothing is too small to be useful.
—[Selected.]

Watching for Faults.

"When I was a boy," said an old man, "I was often very idle, and used to play during lessons with other boys as idle as myself. One day we were fairly caught by the master. 'Boys,' he said, 'you must not be idle—you must attend closely to your books. The first one of you who sees another boy idle will please come and tell me.'"

"Ah," I thought to myself, 'there is Joe Simmons, that I don't like; I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his book, I'll tell.'"

"It was not long until I saw Joe look off his book, and I went up at once to tell the master."

"Indeed," said he, 'how did you know he was idle?'"

"I saw him," said I.

"You did; and were your eyes on your book when you saw him?'"

"I was caught; the other boys laughed, and I never watched for idle boys again."

If we watch over our conduct, and try to keep it right, and always do our own duty, we will not have time to watch for faults or idleness in others.—[Selected.]

Calling Up the Flowers.

Mother Spring awoke one morning, feeling that it was about time to get up and look after her children.

She looked very sweet in her light green gown and snow-drop bonnet.

Soon all the little flowers, asleep in their beds under ground, heard the long soft note that Spring blew on her pipe.

"Goodness me!" said Daffodil, tumbling up in a great hurry. "I can't let any one get ahead of me!" So she pushed up out of the

ground, and stood there in her spring suit of green and gold.

"Come sisters," said a little pale Snow drop, "we might as well get up together." And they rose with clasped hands.

"O you darlings, always faithful!" cried Spring, kissing their white cheeks.

Here a whole bed of Violets were tying on their purple bonnets. Brave Dandelions were rising and blowing their bugle notes. In the hollows, whole troops of May-flowers were showing their sweet pink faces.

Everybody was up and stirring, except one lazy little Cowslip.

"O, I'm so sleepy," yawned the flower turning over again. "I don't believe it's time yet."

"Come, hurry, child, every one is getting up," said Mother Cowslip, smoothing her green silk cloak. But the little one was already fast asleep again.

"Come, little Yellow Ball," cried one of her sisters, "you will be late."

"Let me alone," said the flower, crossly, "I won't get up until I get ready."

"And they did let her alone. But when, a long time after, the lazy Cowslip stood on her feet, yawning and rubbing her eyes, she heard bad news. Spring had given her children a party, and she had been left out.—[Selected.]

The Doll's Doctor.

One day Hattie and Rose took their dolls, and went out in the garden to play. They ran about for a while; then Hattie said, "Let us play 'house,' Rose. My house will be here under the tree, and your house will be over there, near the fence. Then you can bring your doll to see me and my doll." "All right," said Rose. And off she ran with her doll.

In a little while she was back to see Hattie. She said, "Ding, ding," and Hattie said "Come in. Oh, Rose, how do you do? And how is your dear Maud?" "She is well, thank you," said Rose. "Put her down here near Nell, and then we can sit down and talk," said Hattie. They put the dolls down on the

grass, near the tree, and told them to be very still.

Just then they heard Willie call them. "What does he want, I wonder," said Rose. "Let's run and see," said Hattie. So off they ran, and left the dolls in the garden.

When they got near the house, they saw Willie at the door. "Come, girls, said he, "mamma is going to send me over to Aunt Fanny's with some things, and she says that you may come with me, if you wish. We may stay all day, and papa will come and take us home in the evening." "Oh, how nice that will be!" said Hattie. They went into the house to get their hats, and were soon ready to go.

It was a fine, bright day, and the children had a very nice time at Aunt Fanny's, playing with Frank and Mary, their cousins. After tea papa came to take them home. It was dark when they got home, and the little girls never thought of the dolls. In a little while, it began to rain; so they were out all night in the rain.

In the morning, when Willie went out in the garden, he found the dolls and brought them in. Their pretty dresses were spoiled, and all the paint was washed off their faces. When Rose saw them she was almost ready to cry, but Hattie only laughed, because they looked so funny. "Let's play that they are sick," said she. "And I will be the doctor," said Willie. He ran off and got papa's hat and cane. Hattie took the wet dresses off of the dolls, and put them to bed.

Soon Willie came in to see them. "Oh doctor," said Hattie, "our dear children are very sick; they were out in the rain last night." "I think they must have caught cold," said Willie, "but, if you take good care of them, they will soon be well again. Keep them in bed, and give them some hot tea, and do not give them very much to eat. I will call again this evening to see them." The girls said they would do all that Willie told them. Then he said, "Good-day," and went away.

When he had gone, Hattie said, "Let's make them some new dresses, Rose, while they are in bed. Mamma said she would help us." They went to work, and, with

mamma's help, soon made two nice dresses for the dolls.

In the evening Doctor Willie came again to see them. "I think they are better," said he. "But they look so pale," said Rose; "before they got wet their faces were as red as they could be." "I will paint them," said Willie; and he ran off and got his box of paints, and soon made the dolls faces as red as before. "Now," said he, "you may take them out for a walk; it will do them good."

Then Hattie and Rose put the new dresses on the dolls, and took them out for a walk. They never again left them out all night in the rain.

L. T. M.

—[School and Home.

Playing With Rover.

Jaky Follett had come over to stay with little Zoe Dix two whole hours, one sunny afternoon in autumn.

Daisy Golden-Hair, Zoe's beautiful wax doll, and the doll-carriage were at once brought out, but Jaky did not like to play with dolls.

"Let's have Rover. He won't break, nor melt, nor nothing!"

"And he won't bite, either!" cried little Zoe. "He's gooder'n anything! Aint you, Rover?" And Rover, who had stood by wagging his tail and waiting for his little friend's leave to join them, barked and capered, as though he knew all about it.

First, they played hide-and-seek, and this is how they did it. Jaky would hide Rover's head in a currant bush, or under a big burdock, and bid him hold still; then he and Zoe would scamper off to hide somewhere. At the first sound of "co-ooo-ooop!" Rover would out from his blind, and, aided by his keen nose, would soon seek them out, wriggling all over with delight.

The best of it was, Rover was always willing to be the "blind," and seemed to enjoy the sport as much as Jaky and Zoe.

"We'll play go-a-visiting now, Jaky," said Zoe, and bringing out one of her old frocks and a big gingham sunbonnet, they began to dress Rover.

With much pulling and squeezing, and many yelps and *ki-yis*

from the poor fellow, the frock was drawn on and buttoned adown his back, his fore paws just peeping through the sleeves, and his tail, in spite of many hard twists from Zoe, still persisting in standing up straight, causing a great peak in the dress-skirt behind.

The big sunbonnet was then tied beneath his chin. How Zoe laughed to see his brown eyes peeping from beneath its flapping brim!

"He looks as if he wanted to laugh, too!" cried Zoe. "And he would if he could only see himself."

Grasping either fore paw, the children took Rover between them and started toward the hen coop, to pay Mrs. Speckle a call.

At that moment the rumbling of wheels was heard, and Rover began to growl, in spite of cuffs from Zoe.

He had one failing; he *would bark* at every one that passed. The sound came nearer, and the next moment Pete Gill and his donkey, with a cart full of pumpkins, came in sight at the top of the hill.

This was too much for Rover, and jerking away from the children, he stumbled blindly out toward the road, tumbling over the doll-carriage, and tripping himself in his dress-skirt, while Zoe ran after him, scared and ashamed, shouting, "Stop, Rover! stop! O Jaky, he'll scare the donkey! I know he will!"

And indeed he did, for the next moment, catching sight of the queer object, the donkey shied into the ditch, and over went the cart, the pumpkins rolling and bouncing down the hill.

Rover set off at full chase after them, with bobbing sunbonnet and flapping skirt, growling and gnawing at their smooth sides and trying to stop them, while Pete rolled on the ground and laughed till tears stood in his round eyes, and his cheeks were as red as two peonies.

"An' sure, Miss Zoe, ye'd a' made a foin girrul of 'im if 'twa'n't fur his bark!"

Jaky and Zoe were glad that no greater harm came of it, and helped Pete pick up the pumpkins, while Rover sat on the bank lolling and blinking comically from under his sunbonnet.—[Selected.

Fourth and Fifth Reader Scholars.Grant—The Man.

At the close of the war, and after Lincoln's death, President Johnson issued orders, through Secretary Stanton, for the arrest of all the prominent officers of the Confederacy. The moment General Grant heard of this he jumped upon a horse, rode to Secretary Stanton's office, and asked the Secretary if he had issued any such orders."

"I have issued writs for the arrest of all the prominent rebels, and officers will be dispatched on the mission soon," replied the Secretary.

"General Grant appeared cool, though laboring under mental excitement, and quickly said:

"Mr. Secretary, when General Lee surrendered to me at Appomattox, I gave him my word of honor that neither he nor any of his followers would be disturbed so long as they obeyed their parole of honor. I have learned nothing to cause me to believe that any of my late adversaries have broken their promises, and have come here to make you aware of that fact, and would also suggest that these orders be cancelled."

Secretary Stanton became terribly angry and said:

"General Grant, are you aware whom you are talking to: I am the Secretary of War."

Quick as a flash Grant answered back: "And I am General Grant. Issue those orders at your peril!" The orders were not issued.

In regard to the same matter, President Johnson summoned General Grant and told him that he wished the army to be employed to arrest the members of the rebel administration, the rebel congress, and rebel state governments, as well as the rebel army and naval officers. "I intend to hang every mother's son of them," said the President. "I will not employ the army for any such purpose," replied General Grant, "nor will I let it be employed for any such purpose." "But," said Johnson, "I am, by the Constitution, commander-in-chief. What will you do if I give you such orders?" "Disobey them," quietly rejoined Grant, "and state my reasons to Congress and the country. The soldiers of the south accepted my parole, which, by the laws of war and of the United States, I was authorized to give. It guaranteed that they should not be molested if they laid down their arms, went home, and

obeyed the laws. They did so. I will stand by that parole, and the first court martial you order would be one to try me, for I will not issue such orders as you suggest, and I will issue orders against them, for the purpose you state." This reply, so wise and so firm, put an end forever to the plan of revenge.

General Longstreet, Grant's enemy in the War, said of him: "Grant was a modest man, a simple man, a man believing in the honesty of his fellows, true to his friends, faithful to traditions, and of great personal honor. He was thoroughly magnanimous, was above all petty things and small ideas, and, after Washington, was the highest type of manhood America has produced."

This man that in defense of honor defied both Secretary of War and President, was yet a respecter of all rightful authority. Years after he had himself been President, and after having received the admiration of kings, one night, on his way home in New York he met the experience thus described by a New York paper:

"The Masonic Temple was on fire. There were great crowds on Sixth avenue and in Twenty-third street, and they gave the police plenty to do. When a short, chunky man with a cigar set firmly between his teeth and the huge collar of his top coat reaching above his ears, tried to hustle past one of the policemen that guarded the Sixth avenue approach, he was siezed and unceremoniously bounced off the sidewalk. The officer didn't prod him with his club as he probably had a good mind to do, but as he got a fair grip on the collar of that coat and yanked its owner into the street, he gave him some wholesome advice, unasked, on the subject of blockade running. The man in the overcoat answered never a word, but jogged across the street, both hands thrust into his side pockets, and tried to pass by Booth's Theatre. But here another policeman got his eye upon him, and was reaching for the tall collar when he was dumbfounded by seeing his roundsman straighten up and salute in military style: "This way, General! Make room there for General Grant!" The crowd and the blue coats made room at once, and the General, with a nod of recognition, jogged on his way toward Fifth avenue in the snow and slush, looking neither to the right or left, but followed by hundreds of eyes, among them the policeman's, who silently thanked his stars for his narrow escape from giving

the ex-President a taste of his club as a blockade runner."

When the policeman "yanked" the great General into the street, Grant knew he was a trespasser, and the officer was doing his duty; that was enough. He was not one to resist the law merely because it interfered with his personal convenience; and you may be sure he would have been the first to recommend that police officer if called upon.

The Battle of Trenton.

Christmas will soon be here, and many children are looking forward with delight to the happy times which it will bring. Some, too, are thinking of pleasant days which are past. I want you to think with me for a few minutes of the Christmas night of 1776. How many of you can say just how many years ago that was?

You are aware that at that time our nation had only come into life about six months before; and that it was very doubtful yet whether it would live. Large armies from England were here fighting to subdue us, that we might not be free from that country. You may read in the histories how, all the previous summer and fall the Americans had been beaten in battle after battle. The great city of New York was held by the British, as well as Trenton and many other towns in New Jersey.

There yet remained one large city in the hands of the Americans. That was Philadelphia, and the brave Washington, with his weary troops, occupied it. Only the Delaware river flowed between it and the victorious British army in New Jersey. There were but few boats in the river, or the city would not have remained long as ours.

But soon the river would be frozen over; when nothing could prevent Philadelphia from being taken. But on Christmas day it had not frozen, and on that night it ran full of floating ice, so that it was dangerous for any boat to be upon it. Washington well knew that it was very dangerous to attempt to cross the river at such a time; but something must be done.

At Trenton, on the other side of the river, were many Hessians, who were German soldiers, hired by England to fight the Americans. If only they could be surprised. Washington thought he would try this. He divided his army into three divisions, taking command of one division himself. They were to cross the river at different places, and all attack the city at once from different sides.

All the boats were collected and the soldiers placed on board. Only Washington's portion of the army was able to get over. There was no time to lose, and once on the other side, he divided those few men into two parts and marched toward Trenton to enter it from two directions.

The Hessians had thought themselves secure from any attack, for British soldiers were all around them, and a large river full of floating ice in front. You may be sure then, they were surprised to see a great many American soldiers running into Trenton about 8 o'clock on the morning of Dec. 26th.

They threw down their guns and asked for mercy. Scarcely a shot was fired. Nothing was necessary now, but to place the captives in boats and take them to the other side of the river. This was done before nightfall.

Your Histories will tell you how the great Revolutionary War went on and on for many years afterward, first one side and then the other being successful; though finally the Americans triumphed. But for the successful surprise on our enemies on that Christmas night we should be extremely grateful.

W. W.

The Arkansas River.

The Arkansas river, the Nile of America, is the thirteenth river in length in the world, and the third in the United States, being put down at 2,000 miles. Such rivers as the Ohio, Platte, Columbia, Kansas, etc., are nowhere when compared with the ashen stream whose shores were a few years since as desolate as those of the Soudanese stream to which it has been compared. The Arkansas lies for near half its length in the States of Kansas and the Indian Territory, and in Arkansas. That portion of it, some five hundred miles in length, which lies in Kansas, traverses one of the most remarkable valleys in the United States; wide, rich, treeless, and with a long, bright year that made it both a summer and winter feeding ground for the countless herds of buffalo which used to graze there.

This valley now presents the scene of one of the most remarkable miracles of modern civilization. Fifteen years ago, its ever being subject to human uses was a preposterous supposition. It was nothing but sunshine, wind, grass, silence, and a wide and shallow stream slowly crawling over leagues of sand. For hundreds of miles on either hand

lay the green billows of the prairie, roamed over by innumerable herds of buffaloes, and hunted over by the plains Apaches. There was one lonesome road, sometimes a hundred yards wide, sometimes narrowed to a single path. This was the Santa Fe Trail, now almost forgotten, because men, following out the commercial idea suggested by it, built a railroad there, now called the "Santa Fe route across the continent." The consequences of that bold experiment were very important. The buffalo and Indian are alike gone, and some three hundred thousand people have found homes there. The population is constantly increasing, cities are growing, cultivated country is widening out, and vast herds of cattle have taken the place of the shaggy herds that once fed there almost undisturbed. People from the Eastern States, who expect little or nothing beyond the Missouri, and who have happened to take the Santa Fe Route across the continent are astonished at the sunny prosperity on every hand. It is a remarkable lesson as to the oneness, the *homogeneity* as they say, of the American people. The people read the same periodicals and fashion magazines, and get before breakfast the same press dispatches, dress, eat, talk and feel just as do the people in Philadelphia, or Oshkosh or Chicago. Wherever a great railroad has been constructed, any where in the western wilds, people are abreast with the world. The boys and girls who live in towns that have been hatched within five years between two mountains, or that have sprung up beside some Western stream, look, as they go to school, like the boys and girls of La Fayette or Indianapolis.

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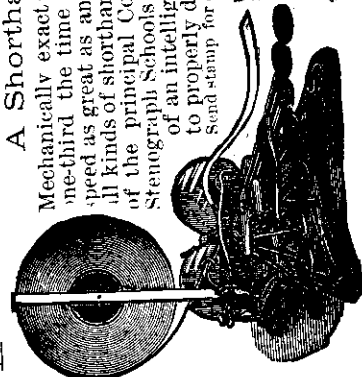
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What To Do With Poor Readers.

1. Encourage them by having them read easy, interesting stories.
2. Have them learn new words in advance.
3. Drill in *silent* reading, and giving the thought.
4. Let them follow good readers and do what they *can* do.
5. Purview lessons by pronouncing words backwards.

THE pupil should ever be led to principles through the medium of examples. He should begin in the concrete and end in the abstract.

HORACE MANN says: "Unfortunately, Education amongst us consists too much in *telling*, not in *training*."

THE nine famous old schools of England are Eton, Rugby, Winchester, Harrow, Shrewsbury, Charterhouse, Merchant Taylors', St. Paul's, and Westminster.

NO CLASS of persons are so poorly paid as good teachers, or so much overpaid as poor ones.

LET NO one teach in a dry, hard manner—the dry, hard matter of the text-book; but so teach that his instruction may come to the pupils warm and glowing with interest.

TELLING is not teaching. What the pupil is told is likely to lie as dead matter in the mind. It is the knowledge he gains for himself that is assimilated and organized. The teacher's function is to prompt discovery in the pupil.

A BILL has been introduced into the Legislature, prohibiting the granting of certificates to teachers under eighteen years of age. Another bill has been introduced making two years the minimum term for which a teacher holding a provisional certificate shall be employed and three years the minimum for one holding a professional certificate.

THERE is no magic by which one may become a good speller save persistent practice. We have a hard language to contend with. As English combines the excellences of various other languages, it unites in itself also their difficulties. Ban-

ishing the spelling-book will not (as some fondly think) solve the problem. The spelling-book rightly constructed and rightly used, has a place in the school-room.

AN earnest purpose in a teacher is better than large knowledge. Herbert Spencer says, "Vigorous health and its accompanying high spirits are larger elements of happiness than any other things whatever." To protect and promote the health of children, teachers should be careful to keep the school room at the proper temperature, 68 to 70 degrees Fahrenheit—and ventilate it properly. Parents should have their children warmly clad. The scanty clothing of many small children will bring its harvest of pain by and by. Heat is life, cold is death.

LOUIS AGASSIZ was versed in six languages; was fond of teaching; was patient and sympathetic. His voice, look, manner, clear explanation, fluent speech all commanded attention. He taught from objects, not from books. He gave pupils an experience of their own before presenting that of others. He was proud of the title, "Louis Agassiz, Teacher."

PERHAPS the greatest evil in the home and school-training of children is to be found in the crude and unstudied punishments that are commonly inflicted. A natural penalty should be sought for every offense of the child. Blows and scoldings are the ever ready punishments of ignorant and unskilled parents and teachers. One who scolds habitually loses all his moulding influence over children. Slaps, scolding looks, harsh tones, and needless thwartings of children's wishes make criminals. Caresses, smiles, gentle words and the gratifying of proper desires make noble and sweet-tempered men and women. Children should always be in loving sympathy with their parents and lean toward them as plants toward the sun.

THE spring term, commencing March 29, promises to be more largely attended than any former term in the history of the Normal.

LYNCH, in California, sells a gentleman's shoe for \$3, equal to any \$4 shoe you ever saw.

LADY students should ask to see Lynch's \$2.50 shoe, equal to any \$3 shoe in the market.

BOARD and tuition at California costs teachers \$4 per week, or \$168 per year. Students can enter at any time.

THERE is more educational value in commending the true than in criticising the false. Negative teaching is not so good as positive. Better show how to do it than to show how not to do it.

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