

Normal Review

1.

CALIFORNIA, Pa., SEPTEMBER, 1889.

50

second-class matter.
Sept. 2.
for admission to the
Wednesday, Sept. 4.
number of gentlemen
engaged rooms in the
were present during
term last year.
says at the Normal
grounds have been
ly as school days. In
room in the building
visible of the presence
of a workman. The
plasterer, the painter,
hanger, the slater, the
have contributed their
ent everything in and
buildings in perfect re-
pairing has been spared
to be done to contribute
to the comfort and pleasure of
and teachers upon their
school.
that among the changes
returning student will
re those made in the chapel.
flooring and walls have been
beautifully frescoed by the
skillful artists in that line of
to be found in this part of
the school. Full length pictures of
Washington and Lincoln appear on
the sides of the platform, while
pictures of Garfield, Franklin
D. Roosevelt and Webster look down
from the ceiling. The
chapel has also been beauti-
fied in a tasteful ming-
ling of cherry and ash. But we
omit no further description,
hoping each one to be delighted
with it as he enters the chapel.
Students are not unmindful
of their duties to secure the
best of the student. Every nook
and corner where disease-producing
germs possibly lurk, has been
overhauled and cleaned.

and teachers begin to gather for
the opening, to miss from among
them the face of Prof. Harper, who
leaves us to take charge of the
Natural Science Department in
Lake Forest University, Illinois.
THE REVIEW wishes him the high-
est success in his new position.
The chair of Natural Science
during the coming year will be
filled by Prof. A. S. Bell, of West
Virginia, a graduate of West Lib-
erty Normal School, and of Beth-
any College, W. Va. Prof. Bell
comes to us very highly recom-
mended and his thorough training
and successful experience as an ed-
ucator assure us that the depart-
ment he takes charge of will be in
good hands.
The subject of Manual Training
will, during the coming year, re-
ceive special attention. Miss Esse-
lius, a lady who has thoroughly
prepared herself for work of this
kind in the celebrated *slöjd* schools
of Sweden, has been secured to
take charge of this department.
Nearly all of the Juniors of '89
will return to complete the work of
the Senior year. Several of pre-
vious years will also be members of
the class. But a few have received
from boards of directors such
tempting offers, that, in a moment
of weakness, they have yielded, and
will not be with us.
The Senior class will be so large
the coming year that it will recite
in two sections. This will obviate
the necessity of depriving students
of recitation in any subject for the
sake of their practice in teaching.
This will be appreciated by Seniors
wrestling with Geometry, Physics,
Latin, etc., and who can not afford
to lose a single day's recitation,
much less four weeks.

Prof. Jennings leave
principalship of the Monc
schools for a better pos-
sibility. Prof. Jenn
burgh. Prof. Jenn
known to many reade
view from his conn
Normal for several
a special instructor
ghela Republican
as follows:
Prof. Joseph J
been principal of o
years has been elec
the Second ward
burgh, at a salary
That is a school
nine teachers.
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better than the
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Mr. Jennings
grow from 61
522 pupils, t
with 16 re
about 1,000
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Supts. Her...

Sierra Blanca.

ATTENGE STAPLETON.

Far o'er seas of land,
 In serene and grand,
 Of the Rockies stand,
 Sierra Blanca;
 Recorded time
 Solitude sublime.

Unfaded, long have told
 Of sunset gold
 Thy crest so old,
 Sierra Blanca;
 And is given
 The highest Heaven.

Artist rare
 In robe so fair
 Thy grace doth wear,
 Sierra Blanca;
 'Tis pall of night,
 Dark with jewels bright.

Once the Spanish cavalier
 Held thee in his heart so dear,
 Half in love, half in fear,
 Sierra Blanca;
 Martyr priests might happy sigh
 At thy glorious feet to die.

Over all the green plains wide
 Peace and joy do now abide,
 Happy homes below thee hide,
 Sierra Blanca;
 High uplifted childish eyes
 Liken thee to Paradise.

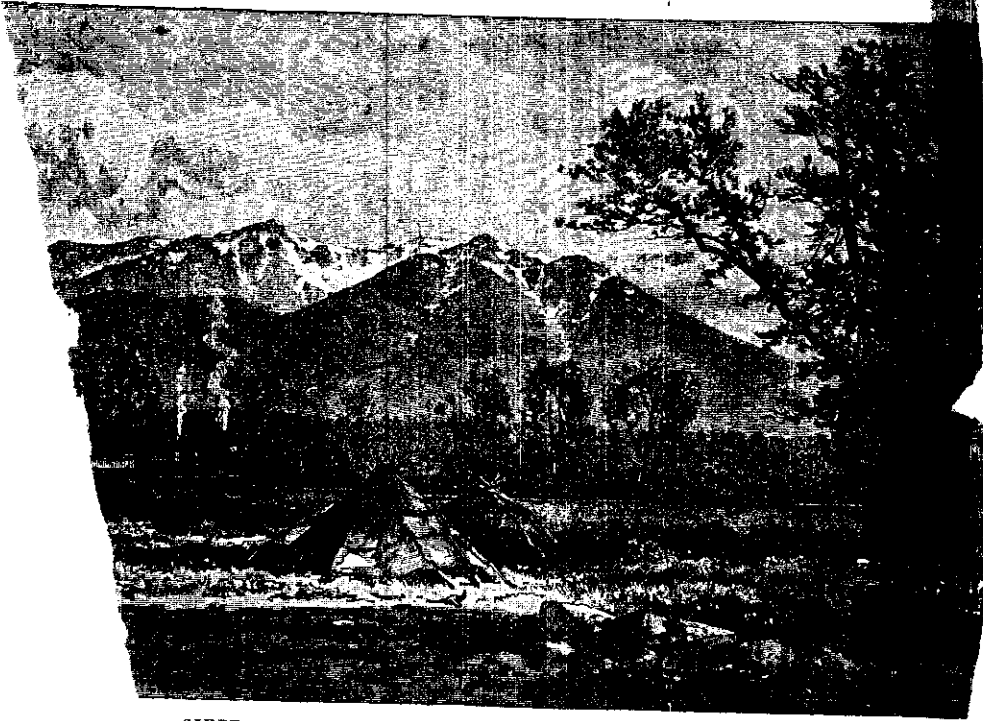
*The Sierra Blanca is on the line of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, and forms one of the many notable features of that wonderful Scenic Route through the Rockies.

Stories for Reproduction.

A DOG THAT COULD COUNT.

Old Fetch was a shepherd dog and lived in the highlands on the Hud-

some distance in the
 As the cows filed
 gate, he whined a little,
 a little, attracting attention.
 Then he stood on his hind
 fence surrounding
 standing on his hind
 between two of the
 looking at the herd
 time, he started off
 again on a full run
 long he heard the
 ringing of a bell, and
 appeared bringing in
 a cow at a rapid pace,
 on by frequently leaping
 catching her on her ears.
 The gate was again



SIERRA BLANCA.—The highest Mountain in Colorado.

son. When the sun was low in the west, his master would say to his dog, "Bring the cows home," and it was because the dog did his task so well that he was called Fetch. One sultry day he departed as usual on his evening task. From scattered shady and grassy nooks, he at last gathered all the cattle

and the cow, shaking her head at the pain of the dog's roughers, was led through it in a she did not soon forget then lay down quietly to rest time for supper.

A FOUR-FOOTED ROBB

Between three and four in the morning, one of the infants belonging to a

that the shop was closed, being, daunted, he lifted the door from its hinges, thrust his trunk into the room, and helped himself to apples, potatoes and even to the candies in jars on the shelves! What a burglar! In the morning it got all over town that there had been a robbery, but later it was learned that the robber was a four-footed creature—big enough to have carried off the whole shop, if he had wished. As for the shopkeeper, he recalled the fact that twelve years previous he had given a passing elephant a good meal of apples and potatoes. Possibly it was the same elephant. He went to the tent, and there recognized his acquaintance of twelve years before.

THE FRENCH SOLDIER'S CAT.

During the Crimean war, a little cat, reared in his mother's cottage, followed a young French soldier when he left his native village. The lad's heart clung to this small dumb member of his family, and he gave pussy a seat on his knapsack by day on the march, and a corner of his couch at night. She took her meals on her master's knee, and was a general pet of the company. On the morning that his regiment was first ordered into action, the soldier bade his little cat farewell, and left her in charge of a sick comrade. He had marched about a mile from camp, when what was his surprise to see Miss Pussy running beside him. He lifted her up on the usual seat and soon the engagement commenced. Twice did the soldier fall, but the cat clung fast hold. At last a severe wound stretched him bleeding on the field. No sooner did pussy catch sight of the blood flowing from her master, than she seated herself upon his body and began to lick his wound in the most assiduous manner. Thus she remained for some hours till the surgeon came up to the young lad and had him carried off to the tent of the wounded.

When he recovered consciousness, his first question was: "Shall I live?" "Yes, my good fellow," was the surgeon's answer, "thanks to your little cat: for if she

had not been too exhausted by the loss of blood to recover."

THE LEGEND OF THE POPLAR.

A princess had a jewelled cup, which was stolen and carried by a rogne into a forest, and concealed among the branches of the Lombardy poplar. The princess in distress appealed to a fairy queen, who by her magical power knew, of course all about it. The fairy went to the wood and questioned all of the trees in order until she came to the poplar. As the other trees indignantly denied having the cup, the poplar became frightened, and when its turn came, it too answered No, whereupon the fairy commanded all the trees to raise their arms erect and the cup dropped to the ground. As a punishment for the falsehood it had told, the poplar was condemned to keep its arms up forever, and so to this day we see it growing in that way.

A DOG'S INTELLIGENCE.

Two dogs, near New York, were in the habit of going out together to hunt squirrels in the mountains. One of them in pursuit of some game, got his head fast between two rocks. He remained in this situation eight days, during which time his companion fed him daily. Watch, for this was his name, was observed to whine, and show great uneasiness; he would seize every bone and bit of meat he could find, and hasten up the mountain. He also went often to the master of his friend and by signs tried to induce him to follow him. At length the master began to notice the conduct of the dog, and one day said to him; "Watch, do you know where poor Alonzo is?" The dog appearing to understand him, sprang up and coaxed him to follow him, and so conducted him to his imprisoned companion. The poor dog was found to have suffered greatly, for in addition to being nearly starved, he had worn the skin from his neck in his efforts to free himself.

SABBATH BREAKING.

In the winter of '61-'62, while Jackson's forces were at Winchester, he sent a brigade to destroy the canal leading to Washington. The expedition proved a failure, and he

the fact that Sunday had been needlessly trespassed upon. So when a second expedition planned, he determined there should be no Sabbath breaking connected with it, that he could prevent. advance was to be made early Monday morning. On Saturday he ordered Colonel Preston, a time on his staff, to see if necessary powder was in reserve. The quartermaster could not procure sufficient quantity in Winchester on Saturday, but during the day it was procured. On Sunday morning the fact in some way reached Jackson's ears. At a quarter of an hour on Monday he dispatched an officer to Shepherdstown to procure powder, which was brought by summoning Colonel Preston, who said very decisively: "Colonel, I desire to see that the powder for this expedition is procured."

Too Smart for His Age

A teacher, the other day, had out as the subject for composition "The results of Idleness." One student laid upon the teacher's desk a sheet of paper, neatly folded without a single word written upon it. "What is this?" asked the teacher. "One of the Results of Idleness," replied the saucy fellow.

It is a marvel that Christian people will sit contentedly and see the Sacred Scriptures ruled out of the school room. Not merely shut out of the curriculum as a text book, but closed even as a volume of morals to be read before the children. The Bible is not sectarian. It is not sectarianism that needs it in the presence of youth as an educational power. It is Christianity itself in its general character, in its moral code, rising above all divisions of sects that is hurt and hampered when the Bible is shut out of the schools. Even non-believers admit the morality of Scriptures, and the number of those who reject its authority as precept for a rule of life are in a vast minority. Why, then, do Christian people consent to the rejection of the Bible from the schools?—*Mid-Continent.*

The Teacher's Personal

GEO. G. RYAN,
High School, Leavenworth, Kansas.

Personal power is a valuable possession. Without it, the general upon the battle, the lawyer before the minister in the pulpit, or the in the school room, must expect

many sources of power in. Some of these are external. of education when they agree to stand behind is reasonable in the of our pupils. This source is unimportant and should be appreciated. Time was a very long ago—when and school board insist- acher fighting his own gain, the laws are an- power. They put the

of the parent, for d give to the teacher in emergency almost parent could do himself. ce of satisfaction to the not only the board but the support him in his labor for

In addition to this, the ents themselves, when they send their children into our school rooms, ly acknowledge us as the teachers their children and give us the right over them as we may think best.

These sources are all external. are liable to vary. They are some- unsatisfactory, and often prove able when most needed and most nded upon. What every teacher is a source of power within him- from which he may draw daily lies. It is this sort of power to ch I wish to call attention in this r. Not the power which comes the trustee or the board, the state parent, but the power which is teacher himself, which is his to is to improve, his to sell in the kets of the world.

First of all a good physique is an portant source of power. I know t physical power is lowest in order value. And yet it will ever remain some importance as long as we have ls in our school rooms whose pa- s have instilled into them, from the le up, that muscle rules the world. are many pupils who have had a eular government at home. They respect physical power alone, unti er type wins their notice and ward. Not that physical power

that the teacher appears large and strong enough to effectually enforce her requests, if force were necessary, can not fail to produce a desired effect. Then, too, there is a sort of personal satisfaction in knowing, if worst comes to worst, that you can take hold of John or Mary and place them where you wish. I might add that the teacher whose health is poor or whose nerves are unstrung must expect to labor under a great disadvantage, especially with young pupils. They are full of life and have little regard for the aches and pains of others. They soon learn the physical condition of their teacher and cruelly increase her troubles. Older ones make some allowances, but children have sent many a teacher to an early grave. A sound body, then, is a great source of success in a teacher's work.

2. I need hardly add that a good education is a wonderful source of power. There is an impression in some quarters that the teaching of children does not require a very extensive knowledge. Under certain circumstances this impression may be a correct one. If the teacher's task be merely to store the child's mind with a few elementary facts, then the simple facts of the text book may be all that the teacher needs to know. But, happily, the great end of education is not a mere collection of facts, but power, and that teacher has the best education and can best educate a child who has the most mental power. If the teacher feel herself hemmed in on every side by ignorance; if she be unable to go five pages beyond what the prescribed course may call for, the very consciousness of this inability will have a reflex influence upon the teachers own mind. She becomes conscious of her own weakness, and she may be sure that her pupils will soon become aware of it also. There is a feeling of strength, a mental poise, a liberalizing of one's views of men and things, which belong only to the man or woman who has a liberal education. If then the teacher's education has been neglected; if she is barely able to get a certificate, and knows little beyond what that requires, she lacks a wonderful element of strength. Such teachers may have many other excellencies, but nothing can take the place of a good education. The power which it gives us in gaining and keeping the respect of our pupils can be obtained in no other way.

world, but deep down in the heart of the sinner there yet remains a genuine respect for integrity. I care not what the home training of the child may be; I care not what the example set by father or mother may be; the child will respect good character; the father and the mother will respect and expect a good character in the teacher of their child. They would not have the teacher do or say what they do or say themselves. So that teacher is wrong who imagines that the public have nothing to do with his habits of life outside of the school room. Our life is a public one. Most of it is spent in the presence of open eyes, and listening ears, and thirsty minds, and growing hearts. In the estimation of many a child, his teacher is the model of what a man or woman should be. Their minds are growing under our direction; their knowledge of the world comes in great part from our lips; their knowledge of men and women is largely determined and measured by the standard that daily lives and talks with them. If this standard be wrong their impression of the world will be wrong. If we have liberal views of right and wrong, they will imbibe a part of our thought and our opinion. It is a serious thing to know that we have an important part in shaping the lives and thoughts of thousand of immortal beings. But it is a fact, and we cannot change this fact if we would. From every necessity we are our brother's keeper. Talk as you would have your pupils talk. Act as you would have your pupils act. As far as possible, be the man or the woman that you would have the boys and girls about you become, when the responsibilities of this world shall rest upon their shoulders. The teacher who has a good character occupies a citadel of strength which the public cannot assail; has a storehouse of power which is of use to-morrow as well as to-day. Without this element of strength, nowhere will he long succeed in his profession.

4. Where is a good disposition of more value than in the school room? Not a day passes but that every teacher feels the need of greater control over her feelings and over her words and acts. A lack of this self-control is a weakness of the most fatal kind. In most cases our pupils are so much younger than we, that it is unfair to deal with them as we would with our equals in age or position. We

expect that our pupils will say do many foolish things; for they young, inexperienced, and have that control over themselves that who are older are expected to possess.

The teacher who is always calm dignified, who never responds in anger to whatever provocation a pupil furnish, in this respect at least is right. Such a teacher will wear. Such a teacher will grow in the estimation of her pupils about her. They will understand that she is far above them in this at least, that she can conquer passions, can return good for evil, can forbear to take advantage of weakness of her adversary, can pick up a fallen foe, can show herself to be a friend every where and every day. As with the nation, so with the individual. That government is the wisest which does not need to fight; it overcomes its enemies, not by battle but by prestige; not by the vicissitudes of war, but by the greater and more enduring victories of peace. So the teacher is strongest who controls herself with the least friction. There are many teachers who always present the appearance of being upon the war-path. Their pupils soon learn this weakness and derive pleasure in adding fuel to the fire, provided they do not get too close to the fire and become too much heated themselves. Such a disposition naturally effects one's language in the school room. Slang has no place upon the lips of any teacher at any time; and only it is decidedly out of place in the school room under any and all circumstances.

There is another variety of disposition which should be controlled as far as possible. Some teachers are constituted that they cannot get along without a few pets. This develops in the teacher a spirit of favoritism.

Whether the teacher actually shows partiality or not, many pupils think she does, and the teacher thus gains more enemies than friends. The teacher's pet is very apt to be a false friend; a friend because the pupil thinks it for her interest to show partiality makes false friends few, and enemies of the many. Absolute impartiality in word, in thought and in act, will make true friends of every pupil. The strong teacher looks beyond the day, the term, the year. She remembers that the pupils in her classes are changing and she is teacher still. In a few weeks the boy that annoys her

will leave her forever, and the girl of whom she is so fond to-day will forget to send her an invitation when she is married. Hatred and affection both are wasted on the passing breeze. The teacher who controls her temper and her feelings has added another important element of personal power.

5. Again, good motives constitute another source of strength in the teacher. Fortunate is that teacher whose pupils have learned that she is better at heart than on the tongue. The world, however, usually takes the word and the act as indices of the motive, and pupils are very worldly. Now there are two ways, at least, of going to work in the school room. In one teacher's mind, the master of government seems to be the all-absorbing idea. She says (in pantomime) that those pupils shall be governed whether they learn to read or not. The motive which seems to inspire her acts is the motive of a governor, not a teacher. She thus appears to her pupils to challenge insubordination, and soon finds her challenge accepted more promptly than she desires. Another remembers that she is a teacher; remembers that she is in the school room to teach the pupils sent to her care; remembers that she is there for their sake, not that they are for her sake. The impression that she produces is that of a friend, who has come to work for their improvement. Her motive at once commends itself to them. They become interested in their work because she is interested. They feel that disorder is wrong, not so much because it is forbidden, as because it interferes with their work. She soon has the respect and confidence of her pupils. You may not always be able to hear a pin drop in that school room, for John may forget himself and be studying out loud, and Anna may be a trifle too anxious about the morrow's lesson; but she has a well governed school room, for she is the governor of their motives, not their acts. She thus possesses a power worth having, a power which saves a world of vexation and conflict. But no teacher needs imagine that he can for any length of time deceive his pupils. His motive must be genuine. His interest in their work must be real and continued; not an interest that revives at the opening of every school year, and grows dim before the year is half ended; not an interest merely in what the world may think of the school, but a real interest in the

daily work of each individual pupil, whether the pupil be bright or dull, rich or poor, white or black. Such an interest will be appreciated. Such an interest adds untold power to the personal influence of the teacher.

I have now called attention to five elements of personal power; a good physique, a good education, a good character, a good disposition and good motives. The teacher who possesses these elements in any degree of active operation is just the teacher superintendents and boards of education are looking after. Teachers differ in their success and so differ in value, in proportion as they differ in the amount of personal power which they possess.

In one respect there is little difference between the water on the street and the water in the hydrant at the corner. The chemist finds in each a fixed proportion of hydrogen and oxygen with a varying amount of impurities. But in another respect they are widely different. The water on the street has little power. It flows along in sluggish current; the slightest obstacle impedes its progress, and its impurity only increases with its flow. But the water in the hydrant has tremendous power, for it is connected beneath the surface with the reservoir on the hill. It can rise with ease to the tops of our highest houses, can propel powerful machinery, and can extinguish the most violent conflagration. So the ordinary observer, at first acquaintance may see but little difference between two teachers. If they be examined intellectually or morally, they will be found a fixed proportion of arithmetic, grammar and geography, with a varying amount of frailty and error. But the one may be weak, the other strong. The one may have learned nothing from experience; may have stored away no power for future use; may be doing to-day all that she is capable of doing. The other has a reservoir of power upon which she may draw at a moment's notice. She produces the impression upon her pupils of knowing more than she tells them.

It is stated that the labor of an illiterate is increased twenty-five per cent. by teaching him to read and write, fifty per cent. by fully educating him and seventy-five per cent. by giving him a thorough training. The statistics of three states of the union show that of those who can neither read nor write, one in every ten is a pauper while of those who can read and write, only one in three is a pauper.

To Help and Not to Hurt.

It is refreshing, in these days of manifold differences, to find some belief in which all agree, some principle which all will uphold. Such a one is the universally received obligation to help and not to hurt men. However widely men may disagree in interpreting this duty, there is not a single dissenting voice in regard to the duty itself. Were anyone to attempt to controvert it, his sanity would be called in question. It is true that men's conduct toward each other is so diversified, and includes such wide extremes, that it sometimes seems almost impossible that they can hold any common ground of moral allegiance, yet all alike would declare that duty required them to help, and forbade them to hurt, one another. As to their ideas of what helps and what hurts, they vary with every variety of circumstances and education, and with every degree of sensitiveness and intelligence. There is one common mistake made by some who are anxious to fulfill their obligations in this direction, in supposing that all done for self is to be ruled out as having no connection, and that only what is actually done for or against others can help or hurt them. Thus, it is sometimes said, "Such a thing hurts no one but myself," and the speaker truly believes it. Yet it is never true. Whatever hurts him in body, mind, or heart, hurts others also. If his health or powers are injured, his ability to assist others is lessened; if his character deteriorates, so must his influence. If he throw away advantages he cannot communicate them; if he do not develop himself, he cannot develop others. There are, indeed, few more effective means of hurting others than by injuring our own character, or lowering our own moral tone. Of course, in the same way, we cannot really benefit ourselves without benefiting others also. If we are cheerful, happy, and well, we brighten and invigorate them; if we gain knowledge, we communicate it; if we grow strong and courageous, we afford protection and infuse courage; if we are noble and true, others

breathing our spiritual atmosphere also become nobler and truer. Whether we intend it or not, we are always either helping or hurting others by our unconscious influence. Thus we can never stand aloof, we can never say, "Though I do not help, neither will I hinder," for we are always doing one or the other. There is a self-indulgence, it is true, that is often yielded to, at others' expense, but then it is also at our own. It may afflict them, but it also degrades us. In our actual efforts for others, it is not always so simple as it seems to help and not to hurt. The momentary help is sometimes a real hurt. This is often the case when in ministering to their lower needs we sacrifice their higher. Indiscriminate alms-giving entails more suffering than it relieves. In supplying food or warmth for a day it often weakens the powers and energies that should supply it for a lifetime. So the parent that looks no higher than the immediate gratification of his child is not helping, but hurting him. His character will not be thus raised, his powers will not be developed, his manliness will not be secured. It is self-controlled manhood and womanhood that is most of all needed in the world, and any help that tends to pull this down is a positive hurt, an injury that can never be repaired. To help without hurting needs more than a benevolent intention; it needs intelligence, forethought judgment, wisdom to deal with causes rather than with symptoms; to look to permanent well-being more than momentary gratification. Yet in thus exercising the intelligence we must also be ware of hardening the feelings or crushing out sympathy. The hearth may be piled high with fuel, but until the flame ignites it is cold and useless. So there may be intelligence and judgment, discretion and forethought, but until the flame of love inspires their action they cannot truly help mankind. The spirit of kindness must animate the whole being, and the mental powers must combine to guide and direct it before we can succeed in helping men and not hurting them. There must be no surrender of

effort, no resting on our own mere copying of others, however worthy they may be. There is one way best for all; each has distinctive abilities, and must exercise them as best he can. The needs of humanity are as varied as the powers to minister to them, and each one must do for himself in what way he can do his part. Neither must he that such a question can be decided once and forever. It is in constant revision, with every measure of light, and with every changing circumstance. His will ever keep rising, both of he must be and what he must do in order to truly help and not hurt those who come in any way within the sphere of his influence.

*The Black Canon.

FANNIE ISABEL SHERRICK.

The midday sun in this deep gorge
Resigns his old-time splendor,
His palace walls of dreamy gold
The rose hues warm and tender.
The cleft is dark below
Where foaming flows the somber river,
The wild winds sigh and blossoms shiver,
And violet mists ascending
Obscure the Orient glow.
O! rushing river emerald hued,
How mad thou art and fearless,
No frowning gates though granite barriers
Can curb thy waters peerless!
The silent gods of stone
Revoke their ancient laws of might
When through the gorge with wing-swift
Thy wind-tossed waves are speeding,
Each moment wilder grown.
The faint stars shine in broad midday
Through twilight mists, gold rifted,
Where opal streams make dizzy leaps
O'er jasper walls blue rifted.
Below no naiads dream
'Neath dim arcades, through sunless de
The nomad river lonely leaps,
Where castled crags rise skyward
Like watchtowers o'er the stream.
On massive cliff walls Nature's hand
Has turned time's sun-worn pages,
In faces carved and figures hewn
We trace the work of ages.
The gold-tipped spires sublime,
That pierce the sky like shafts of light,
But mark the measureless heavenward
Of Nature's own cathedral,
Whose stern high priest is Time.
In this grand temple, eons old
Her organ notes are pealing,
In gold-flecked arch and wave-worn a
The flower buds are kneeling;
Her altars echo prayer,
And when at dusk the cold moon shin
O! awful are the far white shrines
From earth to God upreaching
Through spirit-flooded air.

*This famous canon is on the line of
and Rio Grande Railway—the great S

Biography.

COTTON MATHER.

Cotton Mather was born in Boston, in the year 1663. His father, Increase Mather, was president of Harvard College, and as soon as Cotton was prepared, he entered this college and graduated from it, at the early age of fifteen, which is much younger than any who now enter it. The course at this time was not so comprehensive as now, and Cotton Mather had yet to devote his time to the study of theology. When he had finished his studies, he was ordained and appointed to assist his father in the church of which he was than the pastor. They worked together in the same church for many years, and when the "Salem Witchcraft" broke out, Cotton Mather persecuted the supposed witches more severely than any man of his day. Dr. Cotton Mather was the leading minister of the colony, and he said that these strange people ("cranks" we would call them) were possessed of an evil spirit; consequently, he, with other prominent men, caused some to be hanged and many to be imprisoned. A reaction now set in. These judges and ministers acknowledged their error, and some of them set apart fast-days, on which they would pray for forgiveness.

Mr. Mather's cruelty, during these trying times, is a blot upon his memory. Still, he was a great man, and wrote the first important book that was written by a native American. He was Dr. Franklin's pastor, and with him advocated the practice of inoculation for small-pox. It had just been discovered, and was used in the East with a great deal of success. Dr. Mather died at Boston in the year 1728, on the 13th day of February.

DEATH OF MRS. EX-PRESIDENT TYLER.

On Wednesday evening, July 10th, Mrs. John Tyler, wife of ex-President Tyler died at the Exchange Hotel in Richmond, Va. She returned from a visit to her son, Lyon G. Tyler, at Williamsburg, Sunday, and was intending to leave Monday to visit another son but was taken ill and died in a short time. She leaves four children—Lyon G. Tyler, president of William and Mary College, Virginia; Gardiner G. Taylor, of Charles City County, Va.; Dr. Lacklan Tyler, of Washington, and Mrs. William Ellis, of Montgomery County, Va.

Mrs. Tyler was the second wife of the ex-President. She was born on Gardiner's Island, New York, and first met her husband in 1844 while visiting Washington with her father. At the invitation of the President they

attended a pleasure excursion down the Potomac on the war steamer, Princeton, during which her father was killed by the bursting of a gun. His body was taken to the White House, and Miss Gardiner was thrown a great deal into the society of the President owing to the peculiar circumstances attending her father's death. President Tyler's first wife had died shortly after he had entered the White House, and he paid Miss Gardiner marked attention, which resulted in their marriage in New York City, June 26, 1844. For the succeeding eight months of President Tyler's term she presided over the White House with tact, grace and dignity. After March 4, 1845, Mrs. Tyler retired with her husband to the seclusion of their country place, "Sherwood Forest," on the banks of the James river, Virginia. She remained in Virginia until after the civil war, her husband having died about the beginning of the strife, and then went to reside at her mother's residence on Castleton Hill, Staten Island. After several years' residence there she removed to Richmond, Va., where she died. Mrs. Tyler was a Roman Catholic in religion.

A FEARFULLY OBSTINATE MAN.

At the time Gen. Grant assumed supreme command of the Federal armies there were stationed in and about Washington some pet regiments. These troops were kept near the capital and out of danger by influences that need not be described. Grant at once ordered them to the field, and the order promptly created a stir. The next morning he called to see the Secretary of War.

"We will keep these regiments at Washington," said the Secretary, loftily.

"I have already ordered them to report in the field."

"We will keep these regiments for duty at Washington," repeated the Secretary, more peremptorily than before.

"I have already ordered them to report for duty in the field," again replied Grant, quietly.

"Who is in command, you or the Secretary of War?" was the angry response.

"I think the President is in command," coolly answered Grant.

"Oh, you appeal to the President, do you? Well we'll see."

They had it out with the President in short order. The Secretary opened fire:

"General Grant wants to appeal to you, Mr. President."

"Not at all. I have no appeal to make."

"Well, he wants to tell you something,"

"I have nothing to tell you."

"All right; i don't tell it I will." Then the Secretary proceeded to tell.

Up to the time he concluded the President had said not a word. When the excited Secretary came to an end Lincoln tilted back in his chair a little. "I tell you, Stanton," he remarked, "Mrs. Grant tells Mrs. Lincoln that her husband is a fearfully obstinate man, and I guess he's so obstinate that we'll have to let him have his own way."

BOYHOOD OF ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.

Admiral Farragut, one of our naval heroes, once related the following incident of his childhood:

When I was ten years old I was with my father on board of a man-of-war. I had some qualities that, I thought, made a man of me. I could swear like an old salt, could drink as stiff a glass of grog as if I had doubled Cape Horn and could smoke like a locomotive. I was great at cards and fond of gambling in every shape. At the close of dinner one day my father turned everybody out of the cabin, locked the door, said to me:

"David, what do you mean to be?"

"I mean to follow the sea."

"Follow the sea! Yes, to be a poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast; be kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital in a foreign land. No David; no boy ever trod the quarter deck with such principles as you have and such habits as you exhibit. You'll have to change your whole course of life if you ever become a man."

My father left me and went on deck. I was stunned by the rebuke and overwhelmed with mortification.

"A poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast. Be kicked and cuffed about the world and die in some fever hospital. That is to be my fate," thought I. "I'll change my life, and change it at once. I'll never utter another oath; I will never drink another drop of intoxicating liquor; I will never gamble." I have kept these three vows ever since. That act was the turning point in my destiny.

Philomathean Galaxy.

MOTTO—NON PALMA SINE PULVERE.

Editor, NANNIE B. HORNBAKE.

Now at the beginning of the term, when the dreaded examining committee seem so far away, when—if we listen to the teachers' unanimous vote—it is the time to do our hardest study, let us not forget our society work. Olio has shown us that she is no small and insignificant antagonist, and if we are to be again victorious, we must work with all our might and energies.

Miss Sadie Lilley, a former earnest Philo, and a member of the class of '89, will teach this winter at Wilna.

During the absence of Dr. Noss, the school will be under the efficient management of our vice-principal, Prof. J. B. Smith. With his intellectual ability and his power of gaining the respect of his pupils, the school will, no doubt, succeed admirably.

Mr. A. L. McKean, a resident of our sister Normal town, Lock Haven, visited California for a few days in July. He expressed himself much pleased with the town.

The laurel crown of victory was again placed on the head of Philo, the coronation taking place on the evening of June 27, '89. Of the seven performances, three,—the essay, oration, and the debate—were victories for Philo.

Miss Ray Whitsett spent her vacation with numerous friends at Dawson, Vanderbilt, and Perryopolis.

Miss Vada Billingsley, class of '88, will teach the Republican school the coming year.

Mr. R. C. Crowthers, a member of the class of '85 and now a member of the Senior class of Allegheny College, Meadville, paid us a short visit August 7.

Miss Nora McKay spent a few days at Millsboro recently.

We notice that a former student and Philo, Mr. C. N. Hawkins, has been elected by the board of Carroll

township to teach the Victoria school. The board is to be congratulated on its good selection.

Miss Ida S. Dague will teach at Scenery Hill this winter.

There have been periods when the country heard with dismay that "The soldier was abroad." That time has passed. Let the soldier be abroad; in the present age he can do nothing. There is another person abroad, a less important person in the eyes of some, but, nevertheless, the person whose labors have tended to produce this state of affairs. "The schoolmaster is abroad."

Of the fifty-two who passed the Junior examination successfully, twenty-eight are Philos.

We are sorry to lose one of our brightest Seniors, Mr. Archie Powell, who will teach this year.

Miss Maggie Gilmore, a graduate of '89, has been elected to teach the advanced room at Gastonville.

Mr. T. C. Hall, who was numbered with the students last year, spent several weeks with his sister, Mrs. Rev. Graham, at Brownsville recently. He left for his home at Darlington, Pa., August 5.

Miss Clara Singer, who gave such entire satisfaction as assistant in the Model Room last year, has been re-elected to teach in the same room.

Miss Ida M. Gumbert spent several weeks with her friend, Mrs. Thistlethwaite, of Centreville. Her visit was a most enjoyable one.

Mr. C. T. Graves, a member of our Senior class, spent his vacation near Clover Hill. His out-door exercise left its impression, as his altered looks will testify.

Miss Harriet Applegate, one of our most valuable members, spent vacation with friends at Monongahela City and vicinity.

Miss Minnie Paxton, class of '89, will teach the school commonly known as Cedar Hill the coming term.

The oration of our contestant, Mr. P. M. Weddell, was a masterpiece. It showed careful study and preparation, and was appreciated highly by the entire audience.

The general public has been favored by several letters written by Dr. T. B. Noss, which have been published in one of our county papers, the *Monongahela Republican*. They are both interesting and instructive.

Miss Birdie McDonough will teach the primary department at West Brownsville the coming year.

Miss Lulu Dowler, who has made such a good record as a first-class teacher, will teach "the young idea how to shoot" at Roscoe. Miss Bertie Sphar, a former student, will also teach at the same place.

Byron E. Tombaugh, a Philo of the class of '83, and wife, of Burgettstown, who have been visiting friends in Amwell and West Bethlehem townships will return to their home in a short time. Mr. Tombaugh is principal of the Burgettstown Academy, an institution which bids fair to be a splendid and well-patronized school in the near future. Forty students attended last term. The Fall term opens the 2d of September. During vacation Mr. Tombaugh has been looking up school directors—expecting again to be a candidate for County Superintendent. At the last election he received the next highest vote. He is one of the most widely known and popular teachers in the county.

We are glad to welcome Miss Eve Downer as one of our instructors. As a pupil she was a general favorite and as a teacher will prove, doubtless, more so.

Among the teachers elected by the board of East Bethlehem, we notice four Philos of last year; Misses Morton, Thistlethwaite, and Hawkins, and Mr. Henry Corneille.

Miss Ada Jenkins will teach in Brownsville again this year.

Clioian Review.

MOTTO—PEDETENTIM ET GRADATIM ORIAMUR.

Editor, ARCHIE POWELL.

Students, you are entering upon a whole year of school work. We can only say to you:—There is no royal road to learning. Be self-reliant and you will respect yourselves and others will respect you. Do your work fairly, squarely, and to the best of your ability; and then we can bid you God speed, with the assurance of your success in life. Welcome to the school! Welcome to Clio! and God be with you in your work.

Our hall has been recleaned and now presents a smiling face to welcome all earnest students to hard, profitable work in her classic shades.

Prof. W. S. Jackman, of the Pittsburgh High School has been offered a good position at Normal Park but refused it, as he did the principalship of the Indiana State Normal. Everybody recognizes the worth of Clio's alumni.

Prof. J. B. Smith, in his energetic manner, has assumed the management of the school, and is pushing it to success.

Miss Baker, a former Clio, has accepted a position at Powhatan Point, Ohio. We wish her much success.

Prof. F. R. Hall, is being warmly pushed by his many friends for the County Superintendency. If genuine worth and fitness count he will undoubtedly be successful. Clio extends her best wishes to one of her *best* members.

Miss Anna Jenkins, a former member, will teach near her home the coming winter.

Prof. E. L. Raub, a former member of the faculty, is now master of a Boston grammar school, with a salary of sixteen hundred dollars, with an annual increase of sixty dollars.

Peto Morgan, a former enthusiastic Clio, has accepted a position in the Irwin, Pa., schools, with a salary of five hundred and twenty dollars.

Alden Davis will attend Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa., this year. If his work there is as uniformly good as here, he will come away a learned man.

The improvements of our buildings this year will aggregate about two thousand dollars.

Prof. Robert A. Harper, who held the chair of the Sciences here, has accepted the same position in Illinois University. We are sorry to part with such a good teacher but expect much of his successor here.

Miss Lucy Hertzog is now studying medicine in Cleveland, Ohio.

George Darsie will attend Bethany College again this year, where he last year won the oratorical prize and did honor to California.

Miss Allie Baker has been elected to a good position in the schools of Powhatan Point, Ohio.

Miss Lizzie Morgan will again assume her place in the schools of Monongahela City.

Just as we go to press, we learn of the marriage of Miss Donetta Newkirk, '77, to Mr. W. H. Winfield, of California. The happy pair have our best wishes on their wedding tour through Canada, as in their journey through life.

Another Young Man Wins.

Louis B. Wilson, a particularly bright pupil of the California Normal, and for a while assistant teacher to Mrs. Eva D. Kellogg in the model school, has been quite successful in the West, and as a Monongahela Valley product we are glad to note his election to the faculty of the High School of St. Paul, Minn., chair of mathematics, at \$1,200 a year. Pretty good record for one of "our boys" of the Normal, and that he will make his mark even in the pushing city of St. Paul, we doubt not.—*Monongahela Republican*.

Mrs. Eva D. Kellogg of Boston, the accomplished teacher formerly of the California Normal faculty, whose broad sympathy and progressive views of education have won for her a national reputation, has been elected to the management of the Normal School at Sioux City, Iowa. She has magnetism, experience and rare good sense as a teacher of teachers.—*Exchange*.

Mrs. Kellogg will have charge of the largest city training school in Iowa. An entire building has been set apart by the board of education for a practice department, with a picked, permanent teacher for each room. The members will study and observe with Mrs. Kellogg the first half of the year without teaching. The last half will be devoted to criticism, teaching under the eyes of the best teachers. The basis on which diplomas are to be granted will be the candidates' ability and skill to teach.

Miss Annie E. Acklin, '82, has been elected a member of the faculty of Ozark College, Greenfield, Mo. We congratulate Miss Acklin upon the well-deserved promotion.

We clip the following from the *Somerville (Mass.) Citizen*:

"E. L. RAUB RESIGNS.—After filling the position of Principal of the Edgerly School, Somerville, for about a year, E. L. Raub has been elected sub-master of the Andrew School in Boston, and left to take that position Thursday last. He had not sought the place, and as he had no certificate the supervisors held a special examination. Mr. Raub's election is a high compliment to his ability as a teacher, and his excellent standing in the difficult examination is very creditable to his ability as a scholar. His departure is deeply regretted by parents and pupils, but all join heartily in wishing him success in his new field of labor. His salary in the new position is \$1,500 a year."

Prof. Raub was a member of the Normal faculty in '84 and '85.

The Geography Class.

If the capital of the United States were removed to a central point, it would be in the Pacific Ocean, about 600 miles northwest of San Francisco. It is now a fact that the United States laps nearly half way around the world, and that, as with the possessions of Great Britain, the sun never sets on her dominions. Alaska, the north-western part of the United States, has between 800,000 and 900,000 square miles of land surface, and is nearly as large as the United States east of the Mississippi.

WONDERS OF THE SEA.

The sea occupies about three-fifths of the surface of the earth.

A mile down the water has a pressure of a ton to the square inch.

It has been proven that at a depth of thirty-five hundred feet waves are not felt.

At some places the force of the sea, dashing upon the rocks on the shore, is said to be seventeen tons to the square yard.

The temperature is the same, varying only a trifle from the ice of the pole to the burning sun of the equator.

The water is colder at the bottom than at the surface. In the many bays on the coast of Norway the water often freezes at the bottom before it does above.

If a box six feet deep were filled with sea water, and the water allowed to evaporate in the sun there would be two inches of salt left at the bottom. Taking the average depth of the ocean to be three miles, there would be a layer of pure salt 230 feet thick on the Atlantic.

Waves are very deceptive; to look at them in a storm one would think the whole water traveled. The water stays in the same place, but the motion goes on. Sometimes in storms these great waves are forty feet high and travel fifty miles an hour—more than twice as fast as the swiftest steam ship. The distance from valley to valley is generally fifteen times its height; hence a wave five feet high will extend over seventy-five feet of water.

THE WHELPING ICE.

Hunting the Seal Off the Treacherous Coast of Newfoundland.

Thousands of seals are found in patches on the floes, but when one patch is exterminated the men often have to wander far from the ship in search of more prey, and it is then that their early training in copying comes in advantageously. Occasionally the sealers go eighteen or twenty miles away from the vessel over the ice, and in all places it may not be

equally strong. Sometimes the pans are scattered; then the experienced copyist will use a slab of ice as a raft, guiding it into the desired position with his gaff, and so ferrying himself across the "leads" or open water. At other times the "lolly" or "sludge" is soft, but will bear just one foot at a time, so the hunters spring rapidly over till they find a more secure pan on which to take breath. When they have gone far and have to drag their "tows" of skin a considerable distance back to the ship, it may happen that where the ice has been all secure on the journey out the sealers find a gap too wide to jump lying right in their homeward path. But even if no floating pans are within reach, they are at no loss what to do; the "tows," each containing five or six sealskins with the blubber attached, are flung into the water; the blubber causes them to float and the men use them as stepping-stones across the open water. Accidents, of course, occur from time to time, and men often go through the "lolly" or miss their footing and come in for a cold bath, which, considering their filthy condition, may not be altogether an unmitigated evil; but it is rarely that any of them are drowned, as help is always at hand. Occasionally the whelping ice approaches so close to the shore that the landmen come in for their share of the spoil, and then even the women and children eagerly join the scene of carnage. In the spring of 1883, at a place called Bett's cove, one woman secured five-and-thirty seals in one day, and at Twillingate many women killed heavy loads of seals, the people going twelve miles from land on the ice to reap this harvest. When the ice remains tightly packed for any length of time in the bays the seals sometimes crawl on to the land, and at Bonavista Bay it has happened that as many as 1,500 seals have been killed among the bushes on one of the islands. A few years ago the seal ice came close to the town of St. John's, and the inhabitants sallied out to reap the benefit. As they went seaward in the morning some of the hunters saw a man with his gun beside him sitting on a hammock of ice not far from the mouth of the harbor. At his feet lay a dead seal. They went on in quest of their prey, and walked so far out that it was late in the afternoon before they returned. Happening to pass by the same spot they saw the man still sitting on the same hummock and the seal lying as before. They went up to him. The man was dead, sitting upright stark and staring, frozen hard as the ice on which he rested.

AMERICAN CORK OAK.

The growth of cork oak in California is not a matter of experiment; its success was demonstrated long ago. The distribution of cork acorns by the Patent Office, about twenty-five years ago, may not have accomplished much in other parts of the country, but it gave us a start, and there are now trees yielding cork and bearing acorns at a number of different places in the State. There are trees growing on Mr. Richardson's place at San Gabriel. There are samples of cork and acorns shown at the San Francisco citrus fair by H. A. Messenger, of Calaveras County. There are trees of similiar age in Senoma, Santa Barbara and Tulare, and perhaps other counties. The State University is growing seedlings from California cork acorns, and will likely have trees for distribution next year. There is no doubt of the adaptation of the tree to that State, as the widely-separated places above named all furnish proper conditions for its growth. It is, of course, a crop for which one has to wait some time, and therefore needs patience in the planter.

All the corkwood of commerce comes from the Spanish peninsula, where trees abound not only in cultivated forests, but grow wild upon the mountains. The tree is like an American oak, with leaves similar to the oak, and acorns. It takes ten years for the bark to become a proper thickness to be manufactured into bottle stoppers, life-preservers, or seine corks. When stripped from the tree, it is to be boiled for two hours, cured in the sun for a week, and pressed into flat pieces for baling and shipping. The denuded trunk, like a hen robbed of her eggs, does not sulk or quit the business, but throws out a fresh covering for fresh spoliation. One tree has been known to yield half a ton of corkwood. One pound of cork can be manufactured in 144 champagne corks. The baled cork is sold to cork manufacturers.

The most extensive cork manufactory in America is in Pittsburgh. Besides the ordinary demands for cork bark, a good supply of the buoyant material, after being burned to make it still lighter than the original material, is shipped to Canada and New England, where it is made into seine corks. The average annual importation of corkwood into this country, entirely at the port of New York, is 70,000 bales a year. A bale weighs 160 pounds, and is worth, on this side of the water, \$20, making a total value of the importation of \$1,400,000. It comes duty free.—Ohio Valley Manufacturer.

Miscellaneous.

EDISON'S FAR SIGHT MACHINE.

The Electrical Review is authority for the statement that Mr. Edison hopes with one of his numerous inventions to be able to increase the range of vision by hundreds of miles, so that, for instance, "a man in New York could see the features of his friend in Boston with as much ease as he could see a performance on the stage;" that, Mr. Edison says, "would be an invention worthy a prominent place in the world's fair, and I hope to have it perfected long before 1892."

A CUSTOM HOUSE.

New Orleans boasts the largest custom house in the world. It was begun in 1848 and over thirty years elapsed before it was finished and ready for use. It is built of Quincy granite, the interior being finished in finest marble. It has 111 rooms; the height from the pavement to the top of the cornice is 80 feet, and to the top of the light on the domb 187 feet.

The domb itself is 49 feet square and 61 feet high; estimated total cost of building, \$4,900,000.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

An idea of the vastness of the Paris exposition may be gained from the area it covers. Although the buildings are closely grouped, the total ground surface is about seventy acres. The buildings are noted for strength, lightness and beauty. Nearly \$9,000,000 have already been expended.

With the exception of Germany, Turkey and Montenegro, every civilized or semi-civilized nation in the world is represented. Great Britain and Russia make the best foreign exhibits, and the United States makes a magnificent showing. South America is well represented, and there is a grand display from China, Japan, Siam, Morocco and other eastern countries. —Golden Days.

PAID IN HIS OWN COIN.

John Randolph, of Roanoke, or of Virginia, whichever you please, was remarkable, if for anything, for his overbearing and haughty disposition. Though of Indian descent, he considered himself quite superior to ordinary mortals, as, indeed, he was in many respects. Or, perhaps, it was because of his descent from Pocahontas, the

daughter of an Indian chief, or king, as some historians called him, that he considered himself justified in his aristocratic pretensions. But men of this kind sometimes find their match at most unexpected times and from unlooked-for quarters, and such was the case with Mr. Randolph on one occasion.

He was traveling on horse-back through an unfrequented part of Virginia, and found it convenient to stop for the night at a wayside inn. His fame had preceded him, and much attention was shown by the landlord to his distinguished guest. In the morning, when Mr. Randolph was about ready to resume his journey, the tavern-keeper innocently ask him where he was going, an unwarrantable liberty, in the opinion of the haughty Mr. Randolph, who turned upon him in his usual crusty manner, saying:

"Sir, have I not paid my bill?"

"Yes", said the landlord, "you have paid your bill."

"Well," said Mr. Randolph, "is it any of your business where I am going?"

The keeper of the inn could make no reply, and Mr. Randolph rode off in silence; but he had gone only a few rods, when he came to where the road forked and was in great doubt which road to take. In his dilemma, Mr. Randolph rode back and asked the still disgusted landlord which of the two roads was the right one, whereupon the landlord replied:

"You have paid your bill, Mr. Randolph, and you may take any road you please."

SENATOR INGALLS ON PROHIBITION IN KANSAS.

Kansas has abolished the saloon. The open dram-shop traffic is as extinct as the sale of indulgences. A drunkard is a phenomenon. The bar-keeper has joined the troubadour, the crusader, and the mold-builder. The brewery, the distillery, and the bonded ware-house are known only to the archaeologist. It seems incredible that among a population of 1,700,000 people, extending from the Missouri River to Colorado, and from Nebraska to Oklahoma, there is not a place where the thirsty or hilarious wayfarer can enter, and laying down a coin

demand his glass of beer. This does not imply that absolute drought prevails everywhere, or that "social irrigation" has entirely disappeared. But the habit of drinking is dying out. Temptation being removed from the young and the infirm, they have been fortified and redeemed. The liquor-seller, being proscribed, is an outlaw, and his vocation disreputable. Drinking being stigmatized, is out of fashion, and the consumption of intoxicants has enormously decreased. Intelligent and conservative observers estimate the reduction at ninety per cent; it cannot be less than seventy-five.

Prohibition prohibits. The prediction of its opponents has not been verified; immigration has not been repelled, nor has capital been diverted from the State. The period has been one of unexpected growth and development. —*The Forum for August.*

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—Some Persian women smoke cigarettes made of tea.

—In England check-reins are now entirely out of use, being forbidden by law.

—The electric light is making great progress in Berlin, the number of lamps now in use there being about 25,000, against 850 at the end of 1886.

—The four pages of honor attached to the English court get \$750 apiece, their only duty being to attend the drawing-room receptions during the winter season.

—A new and curious sect has recently grown up in Africa, the bena-riamba, or "sons of hemp," a society of hemp-smokers, who, calling themselves "friends," are bound together by ties of mutual hospitality.

—It is reported that several of the oldest and most respectable London clubs are in want of both money and members. The new clubs are so numerous and possess so many fresh attractions that the old ones find it difficult to compete.

—The way of the amateur dramatic performer is not always paved with roses by the London press. The Queen very calmly says that a recent performance "was of the kind usually described as 'wonderfully good for amateurs,'" and describes the one professional actress present as "a dove among crows."

The Weight of a Word.

Have you ever thought of the weight of a word
That falls in the heart like the song of a bird,
That gladdens the spring time of memory and
youth

And garlands with cedar the banner of Truth,
That moistens the harvesting spot of the brain
Like dewdrops that fall on a meadow of grain,
Or that shrivels the germ and destroys the fruit
And lies like a worm at the lifeless root?

Words! Words! They are little, yet mighty and
brave;

They rescue a nation, an empire save —
They close up the gaps in a fresh bleeding heart
That sickness and sorrow have severed apart.
They fall on the path like a ray of the sun,
Where the shadows of death lay so heavy upon;
They lighten the earth over our blessed dead.
A word that will comfort, oh! leave not unsaid.

Bill Nye on Education—A Clever Little Satire.

"Tutor," Tuscon, Ariz., asks,
"what do you regard as the best
method of teaching the alphabet to
children?"

Very likely my method would
hardly receive your endorsement,
but with my own children I succeed
by using an alphabet with the
name attached, which I give
below. I find that by connecting
the alphabet with certain easy
and interesting subjects the child
rapidly acquires a knowledge
of the letter, and it becomes firmly
fixed in the mind. I use the fol-
lowing list of alphabetical names
in the order given below:

A is for Antediluvian, Anarchis-
tic, and Agamenon.

B is for Bucephalus, Burgundy,
and Bullhead.

C is for Cantharides, Confucius,
and Casabianca.

D is for Deuteronomy, Deuter-
onmy, Delphi, and Dishabille.

E is for Euripides, European and
Effervescent.

F is for Fumigate, Farinaceous,
and Fundamental.

G is for Garrulous, Gastric, and
Gangrene.

H is for Hamestrap, Honesuckle
and Hoyle.

I is for Idiosyncrasy, Idiomatic,
and Iodine.

J is for Jaundice, Jamaica and
Jeu d'esprit.

K is for Kandilphi, Kindergarten,
and Ku Klux.

L is for Lop-sided, Lazarus and
Llano Estacado.

M is for Meningitis, Mardi-Gras
and Mesopotamia.

N is for Naragansett, Neapolitan,
and Nixcomorouse.

O is for Oleander, Oleaginous,
and Oleomargarine.

P is for Palebotomy, Phthisic,
and Parabola.

Q is for Query, Quasi, and Quits.

R is for Rejuvenate, Regina and
Requiescat.

S is for Simultaneous, Sigauche,
and Saleratus.

T is for Tubercular, Themistocles,
and Thereabouts.

U is for Ultramarine, Uninitiated,
Utopian.

V is for Voluminous, Voltaire,
and Vivisection.

W is for Witherspoon, Washer-
woman and Woodcraft.

X is for Xenophon, Xerxes, and
Xmas.

Y is for Yadle, Yahoo, and Yel-
low Jacket.

Z is for Zoological, Zanzibar, and
Zacatecas.

In this way the eye of the child
is first appealed to. He becomes
familiar with the words which be-
gin with a certain letter, and be-
fore he knows it the letter itself has
impressed itself on his memory.

Sometimes, however, where my
children were slow to remember a
word and hence its corresponding
letter, I have drawn the object on a
blackboard or on the side of the
barn. For instance, we will sup-
pose that D is hard to fix in the
mind of the pupil and the word to
which it belongs as an initial does
not readily cling to the memory.

I have only to draw upon the
board a Deuteronomy, a Delphi, or
a Dishabille and he will never for-
get it. No matter how he may
struggle to do so, it will still con-
tinue to haunt his brain forever.
The same with Z, which is a very
difficult letter to remember. I as-
sist the memory by stimulating the
eye, drawing rapidly, and crudely
perhaps, a Zoological, a Zanzibar,
or a Zacatecas.

The great difficulty in teaching
children their letters is that there
is really nothing in the naked alph-
abet itself to win a child's love.
We must dress it in attractive col-
ors and gaudy plumage so that he
will be involuntarily drawn to it.

Those who have used my method
say that after mastering the alpha-

bet, the binominal theorem and the
rule in Shelly's case seemed like
child's play. This goes to show
what method and discipline will
accomplish in the mind of the
young.

INTELLIGENT people everywhere
are discussing courses of study.
This is an excellent sign of progress.
For many years there has been a
growing dissatisfaction concerning
the teaching of the fictions of gram-
mar, the impractical parts of arith-
metic, and the senseless memorizing
of nonsensical dates in history. The
conviction has been long growing
that our schools should prepare for
the work of the world, and since so
large a number of pupils leave the
school room at an early age, foreor-
dained to earn their bread by the
skill of their hands, the schools
so in the best possible manner. *The
school should touch the world as it
is.* The people begin to feel this
fact, and the time is not far distant
when it will become a popular de-
mand expressed in a way stronger
than words. Most Boards of Edu-
cation have settled down in a sort
of complacent self-satisfaction, in
the conviction that no more im-
provement is possible in the course
of study governing their schools.
They will open their eyes in amaze-
ment, one of these days, when they
find new Boards elected for the sole
purpose of sweeping all existing
curriculums of study into oblivion.
Reforms are often destructive. It
is the part of wisdom to foresee
evils to come, and wisely prepare
for them. It is not possible to fore-
cast and modify a cyclone. The
best that can be done is to dig cy-
clone cellars, into which to retreat
when the tremendous wind begins
to blow. But it is possible to fore-
cast educational cyclones, and it is
also possible so to modify their de-
structive effects that when they
come they will only blow away the
dust and rubbish of antiquated
humbugs.

In discussing this subject no bet-
ter question can be asked than,
What ought our sons and daugh-
ters to learn in order to be best pre-
pared for that station in life the
majority of them will occupy.

We will classify only that which is needful and must be learned before the age of fourteen:

They should learn to read, understandingly, ordinary English. They should be able to write a fair hand, and spell correctly all words usually met in ordinary discourse.

They should have a minute and accurate knowledge of the world near them, a good knowledge of our country, and a correct general idea of the entire world, and its relation to other worlds.

They should be able to add, subtract, multiply and divide rapidly and correctly, and know as much more of arithmetic as touches the actual world of business and life—*no more*.

They should know all the common forms of animal and vegetable life they meet.

Of technical grammar—*none*; but of language expression, both oral and written, *as much as possible*. This will include letter writing and description of common occurrences with ease and facility.

They should learn all possible about the body, its common diseases and the simple remedies, nourishing foods, rules for keeping well, as well as the conditions of health and long life.

They should learn to use all their senses, especially their hands and eyes. In order to get this most important discipline there should be systematic and constant exercise in the industrial arts from the kindergarten until the day school is left. This should not be for the purpose of preparing them for special trades, but in obedience to the fundamental law that there can be no training of the mind except through the senses, so the more thoroughly the senses are trained, the more thoroughly must the mind, as a natural consequence, be also trained.

They should learn the story of American history; not a dry memorizing of dates, but real historical knowledge of facts, causes and effects. They should also learn something about the history of the world.

They should have a love for good literature. This can very early be

taught if the right instruction is given.

They should learn the essential features of village or city, state, and general government. One half of our pupils will become voters, all will be citizens.

They should learn the effects of tobacco and alcohol in the body and mind. If a pupil is properly and early taught, he will never either drink or smoke. It will be impossible, unless he naturally lacks some of the essential elements of manhood and womanhood.

They should learn honesty, punctuality, truthfulness, industry, good manners, cleanliness, and a reverence for God and the rights of others. They should reverence the person of Christ, and learn humbly to study His religion.

They should know the value of money, and able to say *no*, and *yes*, and *stick to it*.

This may seem to some a formidable catalogue but study it carefully, and tell what one particular can be omitted. There is food here for much thought.

MR. PULLMAN, of palace-car fame, was lately asked whether he did not think the railway carriages so numerous built for the general public by his workmen, unnecessarily elegant and rich. "I consider such cars educative to the masses," was his reply; "to many a man or woman it is a look at comfort and luxury that is their ideal. They dress themselves better to travel, behave more courteously in a handsome vehicle than in a tasteless and cheap one." Is not here a lesson for teachers? Is it as well to learn arithmetic from a greasy book, in a dirty room, as from a clean and tasteful volume with beautiful surroundings. There certainly is a growing love for the beautiful everywhere, and the school room that is not cheerful, clean and ornamented is behind the times. Yes, more, it is a continual object lesson, educating the young to undervalue much that makes life worth living. In other words it is degrading, not elevating. There are some things in this world that are of more value than arithmetic, grammar, and geography.

THE attempt to discount the results of school instruction by making a collection of the blunders and absurdities of a minority representing the ignorant and feeble-minded portion of a large class or school, may be very amusing, but can hardly be realized as just and fair. This is what has been done by Mark Twain, in his article, "English as she is Taught," and by other public writers of less humorous expectation. Certainly if many answers given by pupils of public schools, or by elder persons under examination, could be taken as the average of class intelligence, we might well question the value of school work, nor would it be any satisfaction to consider that the results are not less deplorable in private institutions where the cost of education is greater to the parent.

That there are faulty methods of teaching, involving imperfect comprehension of knowledge, is doubtless true. There are also instances where impressions made upon the mind are exceedingly vague and cloudy, and the pupil struggles through a misty atmosphere of knowledge in which the ideas are as distorted and unreal as objects seen through the mist and fog of a dreary landscape. Those persons, however, represent only a small class of the great numbers under instruction.

Differences equally great in the character of mind may be noticed in all conditions of life. Take an audience of one hundred or five hundred adults who have been attending a lecture upon some familiar subject, literary or scientific, and by way of examination let them answer some twenty or more questions prepared to test their knowledge of the subject. It is quite possible that some of those answers would hardly be regarded as fair tests of the intellectual attainments even of the average intelligence of the company.

Students trained to accuracy in the acquisition of knowledge and to facility in expressing the exact thought in becoming words have acquired a power which is not possessed by the young and inexperienced, and it is not fair to assume the imperfections of progress as the results of education. R.

The Philosophy and Poetry of Tears.

Upon one point all poets seem to be agreed—tears, beautiful in a woman are unbecoming in a man.

Byron says:

Oh, too convincing, dangerously dear
In woman's eye the unanswerable tear;
That weapon of her weakness she can wield
To save, subdue—at once her spear and shield.

Now this was not always so. Once it was quite allowable for men to weep; and it was just about this I happened to be thinking when I remarked to our chemist that tears were a curious thing. For it is not easy to understand how 98 H₂O and two parts of serum and albumen can be expressive of pain, sorrow, joy, anger, love, and the rest—not to mention the want that is made known by "the infant crying in the night." It is still less comprehensible how the lachrymal gland, capillary attraction and the orbicularis muscle, so out of the range of the *beau monde*, should be subject to the sway of fashion. Such, however, seems to be the fact. When it was fashionable for men to weep, the organs promptly supplied tears; while now that it is not considered good form, they are as inert as a politician's conscience. "And Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his voice and wept." This early Scripture instance is not only noteworthy on general principles, but is remarkable for two special considerations: (1.) What in the world had Jacob to weep about? (2.) Of two customs of contemporaneous antiquity, it is strange that one should survive in full vigor to the present time, and that the other should have been so completely lost. It is as modern as yesterday that Jacob should kiss Rachel, but not for countless centuries has it been recorded that after the gracious act Jacob falls to weeping! Later, at meeting with his brother Esau, Jacob wept; but the circumstances were very different, and he had ample justification for his tears. The family of Jacob inherited a lachrymose facility. Joseph, that superb historic man, with the large heart, must have also had a large lachry-

mal gland and an active orbicularis muscle, for his weepings were very frequent. But they were upon such becoming occasions that we feel inclined, through sympathy, to weep with him; whether when he turns his face to the wall to conceal his falling tears, or retires to his chamber to allow their gush, or puts all strangers out of his dining hall that he may weep his fill with his repentant brethren, or falls in reverential grief upon the face of his dying patriarch father. Of Moses we read only once that he wept, and that was a babe, in his lonesome cradle among the bullrushes; any modern child might do the like. He was not infrequently angry, and often cried unto the Lord, but he shed no tears. David wept three times—at parting with his beloved murder of his son Amnon, and once Jonathan, when he heard of the again upon the cruel death of the lordly Absalom. He wept only three times in the presence of others, but David had the emotional nature of a poet, and his psalms reveal him weeping in secret, often and bitterly. Weeping was not, however, confined to holy men of old. Homer's ungodly heroes were great blubberers. Not only Ajax, Eneas, Ulysses, Idomeneus, and their peers, together with the Achians generally indulge in the luxury of woe, but that brutal athlete, Achilles, sheds lovesick tears when his sweetheart is taken from him; and his *alter ego*, Patroclus, cuts a sorry figure when he undertakes to persuade the surly, cross-grained warrior to return to the fight. When Virgil gathers up the Trojan relics, out of which he composes his epic, his wandering hero finds many occasions for weeping, and he bountifully improves them all, except one—when gracious tears were due to forlorn Dido, pitiously begging not to be left behind, deserted. But with hard, dry eyes, he pleaded the Fates against the Sidonian queen. When afterward, in the region across the Styx, he met her injured shade, *lachrymas demisit*. But, very justifiably, Dido deemed the apology too late, leaving the hero to his usual resort of 98 H₂O *lacrymans longe*. Sylla, Cæsar, Pompey, Brutus, and the

rest had to keep a sharp lookout for their lives and fortunes, and could not allow their eyes to be blurred. Cicero occasionally melted, but this was only to spread a liquid varnish over his eloquence. Marius sniveling amidst the ruins of Carthage, is an apocryphal exception. In short, for men to shed tears, once deemed altogether appropriate, is now considered only a weakness. This may be attributed, undoubtedly, in part, to acquired self control. But only in part; for not only is the habit discontinued, but the inclination no longer exists in force, and for one-half of our population the lachrymal apparatus is wellnigh eliminated. Darwin's theory of evolution is just reversed in this process of devolution or revolution, or whatever may be the fitting term. An organ, by continued use has not been developed, but destroyed. It may, however, illustrate the survival of the fittest, as being the result of advancing civilization. For it may be stated as a general fact that the higher the pitch of refinement, the less the fall of tears. This is true of both sexes, but especially of men, and in men in proportion to the fullness of their manhood. Children, of whatever sex, cry at their own cross will, but the schoolboy will hardly shed tears when he is flogged; the young man is ashamed to weep when he is hurt by a fall, except into love; while the full-bearded adult has completely triumphed over feeling. All these statements are true with a difference among nations, due to climatic, historic, or other influences. One of the mysteries of tears is that though, as the ministers of emotion, they start to assuage sorrow, yet when a mighty grief strikes us they withhold their relief. Petty troubles not only express themselves but are garrulous; the great are silent from sore amazement. Friends, brothers, sisters, and children can weep over the pallid face; but the wife or mother looks on her dead with wild, unmoistened eyes. Niobe is turned into stone; and, most dreadful of all, she is conscious that she has been petrified to her inmost soul. —*Atlantic Monthly*.

A GREAT UNIVERSITY.

The Probable Effect of Such an Institution on Our National Life.

Andrew D. White, formerly president of Cornell University and afterward Minister to Germany, is vigorously insisting on the establishment at Washington of a great university. After explaining the unusual facilities for university work given by the Government's libraries and laboratories and museums, he says in the course of an article in the Forum: "I fully believe that within a few years such a university would be one of the most useful and flourishing in the world, and that it might fairly expect finally to equal in the numbers and character of its students, as well as in the attainments and reputations of its faculty, the University of Berlin—the highest point which any university organization has yet reached. The City of Washington is rapidly becoming a great metropolis; it is developing the atmosphere which is to give character to the executive, the judicial and especially the legislative business of the Nation. What shall that atmosphere be? Shall it be made by luxurious millionaires, anxious only for new fields in which to display their wealth? Shall it be an atmosphere of riotous living, without one thought of better things? Shall it be redolent merely of political scheming and stock-jobbing by day, and of canvas-backs and terrapin by night? In such a future, legislative cynicism and corruption, and eventually, perhaps, executive and judicial cynicism and corruption, will be of course; for they will present the only means by which men can adjust their lungs to the normal atmosphere. Shall it not rather be a capital whore, with the higher satisfaction and graces of civilized living, there shall be an atmosphere of thought upon the highest subjects, of work in the most worthy fields, of devotion to the noblest aims? Such an atmosphere a great university with the men and work involved in it would tend to develop, and in it demagogism would wither and corruption lose the main element of its support. We may well suppose that some considerations of this kind passed through the mind of him whose great name our capital bears, and that these were among the thoughts which prompted him to urge, again and again, the founding there of a university worthy of the nation."

—There are now 101 geographical societies in the world. France comes first with twenty-nine, Germany next with twenty-two, and Great Britain third with nine societies.

Poison Made from Dead Ants.

Not the least interesting episode in Mr. Stanley's wonderful story of his last journey in the "Dark Continent" is his account of the poisoned arrows used with such deadly effect by the natives against his followers. The exact nature of the poison used remained an enigma until he discovered in one of the villages several packets of dried red ants, and learnt that the poison was procured from them. The insects are dried, ground to powder and cooked in palm-oil, and the mixture is applied to the points of the arrows. The noxious compound owes its power to formic acid, which exists in the bodies of ants, in certain caterpillars, and even in stinging-nettles. When pure, this acid has a most corrosive action on the skin, producing blisters which are difficult to heal. Its action was no doubt especially deadly to those whose frames were already much weakened by hunger and over-exertion.—Chambers' Journal.

Electric Mountain Railway.

One of the most interesting achievements in modern engineering is the electric mountain railway recently opened to the public at the Burgenstock, near Lucerne. The rails describe one grand curve formed upon an angle of 112 degrees, and the system is such that the journey is made as steadily and smoothly as upon any of the straight funicular lines. The Burgenstock is almost perpendicular; from the shore of Lake Lucerne to the Burgenstock is 1,330 feet, and it is 2,860 feet above the level of the sea. The total length of the line is 938 meters, and it commences with a gradient of 32 per cent., which is increased 58 per cent. after the first 400 meters, this being maintained for the rest of the journey. A single pair of rails is used throughout, and the motive power, electricity, is generated by two dynamos, each of twenty-five horse-power, which are worked by a water-wheel of nominally 125 horse-power, erected upon the river Aar at its mouth at Buochs, three miles away, the electric current being conducted by means of insulated copper wires. The loss in transmission is estimated at twenty-five per cent.—N. Y. Sun.

—The president of Michigan University remarks in his annual report that "a larger proportion of women than of men are taking by choice the full classical course," for the practical reason that there is a demand for their services in teaching Greek in preparatory schools.

UNSCRUPULOUS SHARKS.

A Lawyer Explains How They Swindle Inexperienced Women.

I was visited the other day by a young lady who had been swindled by one of those college concerns that exact an enormous fee for teaching something, and guarantee a situation. After the fee is paid, graduation is postponed on one pretext or another, additional fees are extorted, and the pupil never gets the situation. The concern can't get any body a position, and in fact never attempts to do so. I went to see the man running the business, and he showed me the contract the woman had signed. It was so carefully worded that the law would have given my client no redress, and I had to go back and tell her so. She was surprised when I told her of the nature of the contract. "Why," said she, "I had no idea that was the paper I was signing." "Didn't you read it?" I asked. "Yes," said she, "but I didn't understand it, and he told me that it bound him to find me a situation." There was nothing in the contract about a situation, and she had to submit to the loss of her money. These concerns cheat hundreds of people in the same way every year. Their victims are generally women, and they are always so shrewd in evading their contracts that the law can't take hold of them. A similar swindle, whose success depends upon a woman's dislike to reading legal documents, is worked by fellows who peddle rugs and pictures. They visit houses when they know no men are about, offering their goods on the easiest conceivable time-payments. After the lady consents to buy, a contract, containing a great quantity of matter, printed very finely, is presented, and the lady signs it, assured that it is only a matter of form. Some weeks afterward she has learned that she has bought the goods on quite different terms from those represented to her, and she has to pay twice as much as she thought she would. She objects, but there is a contract, signed by her. And the salesman—well, the salesman never collects or delivers goods, and the lady never sees him again. His sole work is getting people to sign those contracts of his.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

INTERESTED PEOPLE.

Advertising a patent medicine in the peculiar way in which the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam for coughs and colds does is indeed wonderful. He authorizes all druggists to give those who call for it a sample bottle free, that they may try it before purchasing. The large bottles are 50c and One dollar. We certainly would advise a trial. It may save you from consumption.

We send sample copies this month to a large number of graduates and others who are not subscribers. Don't you think you can get 50 cents' worth of interest and profit from the *NORMAL REVIEW* during the year? If so, let us hear from you. *This means you.*

If you are in arrears for the *REVIEW* for the past year, will you please remember that printers must be paid, and that paper costs money, and pens do not grow on trees (neither do scissors), nor ink flow from the ground. So we should be glad to have every delinquent subscriber square up. Does *this* mean you?

This number of the *REVIEW* will reach many who have been students of the Normal during the past or previous years, and are now teaching or expecting to teach during the winter. If you will be kind enough to drop the *REVIEW* a postal, stating where you are located, what position you hold, etc., it will make an interesting item for the next number of the *REVIEW*. Will you not help us in this way?

Nearly every member of the class of '89 has secured a good position. Next month we hope to be able to publish a complete list.

Miss Rena C. Holland, class of '84, was married on the 8th of August to Mr. Robert H. Hook, of Uniontown, Rev. John Waters officiating.

And Miss Jennie N. Fritzius, '87, of Braddock, is now Mrs. Dr. G. H. McGeary, of Homestead.

And Miss Belle Finley, '83, of Webster, becomes Mrs. Belle Rankin.

The *REVIEW* wishes all three couples a happy voyage on the sea of matrimony.

Prof. W. D. Cunningham, '87, writes:—"The teaching corps of West Newton is taking on a Normal complexion in which California is sharing well. Among the assistants for next year are five Normal graduates against one last year. Of these, three (Miss Ada Stephens, '88, Misses Meenes and Brown, '89) are from California, and two (Misses McFadden and Brownlee), are from Indiana. I was re-elected, with an increase in salary."

Among the teachers of Dunbar township we notice the names of T. A. Humbert, Oscar Anderson, and Belle Snyder, who have been students within a year or two, and of Jennie Ache, of this year's class.

Homestead believes in Normal talent. J. C. Kendall, '80, is the principal. The vice-principal of one of the three wards is Miss Minnie Jones, '83, and of another Miss Mattie Cleaver, '83. Among the other teachers are Anna M. Powell, '87, Bertie Jones, '83, and Emma Menk, a Junior of '86.

Lafayette City employs Miss Maggie Thickfield, '79, and Miss Meta Blair.

Dr. and Mrs. Noss, at this writing, are in the midst of their European trip. Just at present, they are probably ascending the Rhine, or climbing the mountains of Switzerland. At the opening of school they will be in Italy. Up to Sept. 10 they may be addressed at Rome, Italy, then, to Oct. 1, at Munich, Bavaria; and from that on at Berlin, Germany.

The Normal was well represented at the State Association at Altoona. Dr. and Mrs. Noss, Prof. Smith, Miss MacPherson and Prof. Cunningham of the faculty; Prin. Humbert, of the Connellsville schools and Mr. Hockenberry, of Tyrone, of the alumni; and Misses Shaw and Fee of the students of the past year, were present. The paper on Training Schools, by Mrs. Noss, was well received, and the discussion that followed was the most spirited that occurred during the meeting of the Association.

Fayette Well Represented.

Vacation will soon be over and the teachers who were successful in passing the Junior examination at the California State Normal, will go back to do their final year's work. Alex. Johnson and J. M. Layhue will take the examination for admission into the Senior class, at the opening of the fall term, thus making Fayette's total representation at the Normal twelve. It is a good school and has done a great deal of good for Fayette county.—*Uniontown News.*

"Sample Copy."

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An unusually large number of candidates will present themselves at the Fall Examination for admission to the Senior class.

Prof. W. S. Jackman, of the Pittsburgh High School, formerly of the California Normal, has refused a very flattering offer from the Cook County Normal School at Chicago. The offer included a salary of \$2,500, a house, and a place for botanical gardens.

Pittsburgh may congratulate herself that the offer was declined. Prof. Jackman is acquiring a national reputation as an educator, and the city can not afford to lose him. His impress will be felt more deeply in the future than in the past upon the educational work of Pittsburgh.

Miss Ruff is spending her vacation at Winchester, Va.; Miss MacPherson is at home at Barnesley, Pa.; Prof. Bryan has been with his own and Mrs. Bryan's parents; Miss Ewing spends several weeks at Chautauqua; Prof. Hertzog has been absent from California only for a short visit to Fayette county; while Prof. Hall seems to have been making a thorough study of the geography of Washington county.

Mr. Froman Speers, a student of last spring term, has accepted a position as station agent on the McKeesport & Belle Vernon R. R.

Mr. Walter Mitchell, '78, goes from Wellsburg, W. Va., to take charge of the schools of St. Clairsville, O.

Huntington township, Westmoreland Co., employs Miss Bessie Blackburn and Messrs. M. S. Crise, Mathias Shupe, and J. S. Weaver.

Miss Mary Guffey, a Junior of '86, teaches at Coal Valley.

C. E. Baker will be in charge at Beallsville.