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BY CLINKSCALES & LANGSTON.

TEACHERS' COLUMN.

J. G. CLINKSCALES, EDITOR.

Teachers may be able to translate Latin rapidly and correctly, and have no breadth of judgment, no quickness of personal apprehension, no ability of adapting himself to circumstances; in fact, almost none of the many possessions demanded in a good teacher. There are two qualifications found in the really successful administrator more important than the possession of a quantity of facts. The first of these is *judgment*, or what the people call *common sense*, and the second is a *knowledge of the materials with which he has to deal*. Common sense is generally supposed to be an inherited quality. This is a mistake. Of course the "potentiality" must be present at the start; there must be something that can be educated before an education commences. This must be admitted. But after this, correct training always gives common sense. Therefore we say that the most important thing in training school for teachers should give *common sense*. This acquired, school government becomes an easy matter. It is impossible to tell any teacher how he should act under all possible circumstances. His own mind must give him that information. At present thousands of teachers have not this culture, and the result is they fail as soon as they are brought in contact with pupils and their parents. They can "teach," according to their ideal of what teaching is, but they can do little else. It is usually said that their failure is due to a want of governing ability. They "know enough" but do not know how to apply it. This is the verdict of the world. The difficulty is in a lack of judgment education.

The better a teacher is educated the better he can teach: but this by no means implies that the more facts a teacher knows the better he can teach. He who can intuitively (as a result of culture) know his pupils' thoughts, appreciate their difficulties, meet their wants, know their peculiarities, and adapt his thoughts to their thoughts, his words to their comprehension, can teach: but he who cannot do this cannot teach, no matter how many books he knows. Learning and study are all important. Nothing can be placed before them, but learning and study must enlarge the conceptions, broaden generalization, ability, quicken the observation, make vivid and correct the imagination, and create a sensitive, ethical apprehension.

The special preparation for a teacher is a knowledge of child nature, and he must gain this through a study of his own nature. The study of one or two good books on psychology will not help him in this work unless he learns to know himself, and he must do this from the love he has for the study, not from "bringing himself by a strong effort of the will to devote a whole year to this subject"; but turning his thoughts within, in such a manner as to learn how the mind grows to maturity, and how it acts both during its maturing and mature states.—*School Journal.*

Why Girls Go Wrong.

Child Culture thinks that girls like boys the best, and that they will forsake father and mother, disregard the advice of their truest friends, and bring desolation to the hearts of all rather than renounce a dissolute fellow, or facts too potent to require proof. What is the cause of this? In well-to-do families the girls are spared every effort and deprived of every opportunity to exercise their will power, and consequently grow up wholly unprepared to exercise judgment, decision and action. The sentimental, poetic, delicious period arrives. The emotional nature, under the stimulus of awakening faculties, now become supreme, and the girl is wholly under its control. There should be no difference in a girl's and a boy's life until they are ten years of age. She ought to be equal of her brother in her out-of-door sports. Until they are fifteen years of age they ought to have the same training in school. As much ought to be expected from her as from him. After that time their education should differ, according to their different spheres of action. A true affection is an anchor to character, and if a girl's life were securely anchored at home she would not be easily driven out to sea. The father, rather than the mother, is or can be a favorite with the daughter. If a father wishes to fortify his daughter against folly let him retain her love and confidence. Not simply respect and esteem, but love. And to do this he must feel the love of the child until that love ripens into the genuine affection of a woman. Many fathers deceive themselves. They think their daughters do love them. They will think this when they cannot remember ever to have had a confidential interchange of thoughts, aspirations and secrets, such as we have only with those we dearly love and fully trust. They cannot remember when they had a career or anything but a formal kiss; and yet they think their daughters love them. Apply these tests: "We confide in those we love. Does your daughter reveal her heart to you? We like to be with those we love. Does your daughter long for your companionship? Does she really enjoy being with you? Will she forsake the society of others to be with you? If your daughter has loved you and confided in you from infancy and she ought to find, do you think she will forget all this and go contrary to your wishes? She will not fall in love, but will enter into love deliberately, and her father who has her confidence can counteract the leading if he sees fit. When a young man comes to steal her heart he will find the old gentleman at home. If he wants that heart he must ask for it and satisfy all parties concerned of his ability to treasure it. If he be a sneak thief he will soon be gone. If he be a true knight he will enter upon the conquest with a manly courage and bearing that itself is evidence of his worthiness.

—Ayer's Cathartic Pills are suited to every age. They are mild and pleasant in action, thorough and searching in effect, and, being sugar-coated, are easy to take. These pills never fail to give satisfaction.

—One of the Western ranches is owned and managed by a woman. She is probably the cow belle of the West.

THE DRUMMERS.

Bill Arp Falls in With a Crowd of Them.

A traveling man ought to have all the comforts that are possible. I am not thinking about myself but about these drummers. I don't like to call them drummers, for it is not a very comely name and sounds harsh and slangy, but it started that way and sticks, and we mean no harm by it. A regular drummer used to be a fellow who beat the kettle drum to call up the boys and get them into line at the old fashioned muster. One played the drum and another rattled the drum, and when they began their music the captains of the militia would cry out: "Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Oh, yes! That belongs to Captain Jenkins' company, parade here—fall in men, fall in!" Then the boys would begin to straggle into line, some with guns and some with sticks, and some with constabls or umbrellas, and the line was as straight as a crooked fence and never got any straighter. Some stood up straight and some half bent and some squatted down; some had coats and some had none, and all were talking or laughing, but they were drummed up nevertheless. "Do you hear the drum, boys—let's go and fall into line," they would say, and so a drummer now is a man who draws the attention and makes the boys fall into line. I was talking to a merchant yesterday in Chattanooga, and a courteous young man came in with some cigars and took off his hat politely and asked himself and showed his cigars and asked the privilege of placing his brand in the show case for trial. He did it so nicely and was so pleasant that the merchant could not refuse. I was in another store and a young man came in to show his samples of cutlery, and he, too, was polite to the merchant and he, too, was asked to stop and I said: "I don't know; at the hotel I reckon," and he said: "No, do you go with us; the hotel is a fraud, and we have set up a nice, good old widow lady, and we all go there." So I followed them, and I never found a better place outside of my home. Everything was so clean and so nice. The fare was not expensive, but it was good. She had good honest sausage and lye hominy, and eggs fried on both sides, and loom in the middle, and good bread and good coffee, and buttermilk, and the plates were all glossy, and the knife handles felt like they were polished, and everything about and about, made a man feel like a gentleman. A man can live on sloppy victuals until he loses his gentility, and will tell a lie, or cheat in a trade, or use cursed words, or slander his neighbor. A man will partake of his surroundings and if he lives like a hog he will grow hogish. I knew a very nice young man whose mother was a pattern of neatness and propriety. Well, he married a girl who was pretty and smart and dressed very nice on Sundays and when company was about, but she was a slattern, nevertheless, and wore dirty stockings with holes in the toes, and dirty underclothes (they say she did) and that young man began to go down and down and lost his spirit and his gentility. Cleanliness is next to Godliness, they say, and I believe it.

A Letter From the Pope.

CLEVELAND, April 9.—The Catholic Universe this week will print this letter from Pope Leo XIII, acknowledging the jubilee gift of President Cleveland. The copy was forwarded by Cardinal Gibbons to Bishop Gilmore, of Cleveland: "To our Beloved Son, James Gibbons, Cardinal, Priest of the Holy Roman Church, Archbishop of Baltimore: Well beloved son, health and benediction. Among the countless congratulations which we have received from all parts of the world upon the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of our election to the priesthood, we have, as was natural, set more store by the evidence of courtesy and regard sent by the rulers of the nations. For by these marks of their good will toward the head of the Church they manifest, and thus we ardently desire, their kindly dispositions toward their Catholic subjects. Since then, the illustrious President of the United States has, through you, our beloved son, seen fit to exhibit a like courtesy, accompanying the expression of the same with a gift of a superb copy of the Constitution of that most powerful republic, he has in so doing afforded us a peculiar pleasure and satisfaction. Moreover, as it is fitting that we should return to his Excellency the expression of our gratitude, we commit the discharge of that duty to you, both on account of you exalted rank in the hierarchy of the republic, and of the personal esteem in which his Excellency holds you.

"In fulfilling this duty we desire that you should assure the President of our admiration for the Constitution of the United States, not only because it has enabled industrious and enterprising citizens to attain so high a degree of prosperity, but also because, under its protection, your Catholic countrymen have enjoyed a liberty which has so confidently promoted the astonishing growth of their religion in the past, and will, we trust, enable it in the future to be the highest advantage to the civil order of the world. You will be pleased to add that we will pour forth fervent prayers to God for your country's constant advance in the happiness of the President and his worthy household. Finally, to you, beloved son, and to the faithful entrusted to your pastoral care, we lovingly in the Lord, impart our apostolic benediction."

An Elegant Substitute

For Oils, Salts, Pills, and all kinds of bitter, nauseous Liver Medicines and Cathartics is the very agreeable liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs. Its advantages are evident—it is more easily taken, more acceptable to the stomach, more pleasantly effective, and more truly beneficial to the system than any other remedy. Recommended by leading physicians.

—Senator Reagan of Texas, has drawn a salary from the public since 1833, when he was surveyor of lands in Texas.

The Richest Child in America.

NEW YORK, March 31.—The richest child in America has just gone to Florida with her mother for a few weeks. My Sharpless is her name, and she is nine years old. Her closest rival is Jay Kingdon Gould, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Gould, and the grandson of Jay Gould. Young Jay may be richer than May after awhile, but just at present he is not. May Sharpless is estimated to be worth \$9,000,000 in her own name and right. Her guardian is Ex-Gov. Leon Abbott, of New Jersey. Even her guardian finds it hard work to keep track of all the wealth that flows into pretty little May's coffers. Before she is of age, if nothing happens, she will be enormously wealthy, and the man who secures her heart will become the husband of probably the richest woman on the continent ten years hence.

May Sharpless is the daughter of a late member of the famous dry goods house of Arnold, Constable & Co. Sharpless was the resident member of the firm in Paris, where he died. His daughter was born abroad. She is as bright as she is rich. She speaks French and English fluently, and is rapidly acquiring a thorough knowledge of German. She learns very rapidly, and is very fond of the stage. Her youthful talent has exhibited itself more than once in tableaux and private theatricals. Two summers ago she was at Sea Giff, a fashionable resort on the Jersey coast, with her mother, nurse and governess. Some theatricals were given, and May made a big hit in several sentimental parts. Her lover on the stage was little George Edd, son of the proprietor of the hotel and proprietor of the well-known Hotel Bellevue, in Philadelphia. Georgia was about May's age. During the same performance Miss Mamie Abbott, daughter of May's guardian, made a hit by her beauty and talent in a rendition of the "Mikado." May's histrionic talent is hard to restrain, as she wants to appear on the stage at every opportunity.

But it is May Sharpless's dolls that are the wonder of all who know her. She has probably the finest collection of dolls in her stock. Her dolls range in size from the smallest to several that are nearly as large as their owner. Two of them cost thousands of dollars apiece. Every summer Mrs. Sharpless and her child go abroad, and the latest Parisian invention in the doll line are purchased. The dresses for the largest and most expensive dolls are made in Paris by Worth. They are perfect fits and cost more than the average American girl, even in fashionable society, pays for her dressing. The dolls' wardrobes of Miss Sharpless are wonders. Each of the favorite dolls has half a dozen miniature trunks filled with dresses and other clothes. The underwear of the dolls is made of the best of lace and the finest of silk. They have the latest style of shoes, and wear the newest hair in bosomy. But gentlemen have hair, not of cornsilk, but genuine, and the hair, is dressed according to the existing fashion. Miss May takes down and puts up the hair and when she gives a doll's party, as she occasionally does at her home in this city, the dollies' hair is arranged by regular hair dressers engaged for that purpose. At her home here May has dolls' houses, carriages and a regular dolls' establishment. Her dolls' parties are well witnessed. Her dolls' parties are well witnessed. Her dolls' parties are well witnessed. Her dolls' parties are well witnessed. Her dolls' parties are well witnessed.

His Own Funeral Sermon.

ATLANTA, Ga., April 8.—Three thousand persons met at the little church twenty miles from this city in which the Rev. Nathaniel Pridgeon acted as pastor. Three months ago Mr. Pridgeon, who is 84 years old, announced his purpose of preaching his own funeral sermon on this day. This eccentric announcement was followed by an order for a special coffin made of Georgia pine, not painted, and made secure by chain and padlock. The coffin was taken out to the little church yesterday, followed by a curious crowd, who sat around it all night after the manner of an Irish wake. Dr. Pridgeon was off by daylight and examined the coffin critically, testing it by placing himself in it. Your reporter then took occasion to find out from him the reason of his strange freak.

"Young man," said he, "eighty-four years have passed over my head. I have heard sermons preached over people like the crop is sown, and I have heard men praised and good men half praised. I have preached the Gospel for fifty years. I know my own faults and my own good points. I have determined not to have men talking over my dead body about things they do not know. I made up my mind to preach my own funeral sermon, and to lay I will whip the carnal Pridgeon and I will extol the spiritual Pridgeon. When at last my eyes are closed in death I want my body to be put away quickly under the blessing which I will pronounce over myself to-day."

A Few Reflections on Corn Raising.

A. B. Coleman, of Caldwell county, Ky., says in the *Rural New Yorker*: "The corn crop of this country can be doubled without increasing the amount of fertilizers at present used, or the acreage. This statement will doubtless be questioned by a large number of intelligent farmers. There is no other crop in the United States about the cultivation of which there is such a difference of opinion, or the best way of cultivating which is so little understood. Three-fourths of the farmers who grow corn at all cultivate it too much or improperly. By cultivation I mean the work given the crop after it is up and growing, and not the preparation of the soil before planting. Corn requires but comparatively little cultivation if the soil has been properly prepared before hand, and whatever work it receives should be given when the crop is quite young. Thoroughly breaking and pulverizing the soil are the most important considerations. The cultivation should begin as soon as the corn is cleverly up with either a harrow or cultivator, and the work should be continued until the crop is laid by. If the corn is planted in checks, one good plowing each way will secure a good growth, other conditions being favorable. It should be laid by before it is knee high, and the last plowing should be very shallow. A turning plow should never be used in a corn field after the crop is planted. The modern one-horse turning plow has destroyed millions of bushels of corn, and the same may be said of the long-shank double-shovel. The turning-plow leaves the field in ridges, while level culture is the proper thing. The double shovel will go too deep in spite of the plowman, and mutilate the young lateral corn roots. Every time these roots are bruised or broken the corn is damaged. Root-pruning is an advantage to a barren fruit tree, but it should not be practiced in the cultivation of a corn crop.

Consolation in Sorrow.

A lady dressed in mourning and having a look of Bostonian refinement and reserve got on a Chicago train bound for Denver one day last week. A way out in Kansas near Dogwood Creek, there boarded the train a native of the soil in the shape of a woman in a green gaiter dress, a blue and red shawl and a yellow nubia. She dropped easily and gracefully into the seat in front of the lady in black, turned around, stared hard for a moment and then said: "Widder?" "I—did you speak to me?" asked the lady in surprise. "Yes'm—widder?" "Yes?" "Thought so. Quite recent, eh?" "Yes." "What ailed him?" "Consumption." "Linger a good while?" "I—yes." "Much s'gry?" "Yes, indeed." "Coughed a sight, hey?" "Oh, yes; but I—"

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

—A citizen of Georgia has a hen that lays only on Sunday.
—\$324,000 postal cards have been used in the U. S. the past five years.
—Four thousand Irish emigrants have just sailed from Queenstown for America.
—In Vermont it is misdemeanor to smoke a cigar on the streets on Sunday.
—A man in Dubuque, Iowa, who claimed that he was the devil has been locked up as an impostor.
—The latest idea in New York is a butterfly show, at which 100,000 specimens will be exhibited.
—The consumption of sugar in the United States last year was 1,392,909 tons, the largest for six years.
—During the recent religious meetings in Augusta, Ga., a Chinaman was converted to the Christian religion.
—A speech was made a few days ago in the Canadian Parliament in favor of annexation with the United States.
—The total production of coffee in the world is about 650,000 tons, of which Brazil alone produces about 380,000 tons.
—Ten cents an acre was all a farm of 954 acres brought recently in Green county, Alabama, when sold under mortgage.
—A Brooklyn woman has completed a crazy quilt with 24,781 pieces in it. Her husband is said to button his suspenders with a horsehoose nail.
—The London *Lancet* tells "how to lie while asleep." If it will teach some people how to keep from lying when awake it will do a public service.
—A Richmond sister says: "I am tired of so much talk about the women question. We have had our way in the past and intend to have it in the future."
—"Do you know the gentleman?" asked a lady of her little girl, in referring to the minister who was making a pastoral call. "Of course I do," said the little dear. "He does the hollering at our church."
—The other day at Fresno, Cal., a swaggy black to three lambs, two white and one black as the ace of clubs. When the mother saw this color offspring she stamped on and butted the poor little fellow until it was dead.
—There will be an exhibition in Paris next year intended to illustrate all the religions of the earth, past and present. Idols, manuscripts, and all tangible symbols of religious will be shown in a museum building, which is expected will cost \$200,000.
—The Farmer's Alliance seems to be a popular organization in many States and up to this time it has not attempted to monkey with elections. They have many subordinate Alliances in North Carolina and the farmers seem well pleased with the benefits received.
—A Richmond, Mich., woman lost her watch a few days ago. She could not find it, but wherever she went she heard that watch tick. This nerved her on to greater efforts, and she turned the house upside down in her search—and then found the watch in her bustle.
—A few days ago the wife of William Sparks, of York county, was bitten on the foot by a small black spider. Very soon the foot began to swell and there were very alarming symptoms compelling the lady to take to bed and call in a physician. At last accounts her condition was serious, but hopes are entertained that she will not die.
—The two hundred years lease of sixty acres of New York city is liable to prove a bonanza to the heirs, and if not to them it will at least prove fat picking for the lawyers. The estate is valued at twenty million dollars, and any lawyer with a finger in the pie that don't get rich will hardly be credited with sense enough to refuse a dog fight.
—A Missouri farmer learned that a grand jury was about to indict him for working on Sunday. He didn't try to evade the charge, but on the contrary had his four sons summoned as witnesses against him. He was fined \$1 and a total of \$5. But as the mileage witness fees of his sons amounted to \$10.40, the family cleared \$5.40 on transaction.
—Here is a new danger. John G. ton, of San Francisco, sometimes commenced taking phosphorus for nerve tonic. He found the drug braced up his system at first, but a little later began to impair him. Last week he was admitted to a hospital in a pitiable condition. His teeth had dropped out and his lower jaw was crumbling away. Physicians are giving him stimulants but he constantly begs for a few phosphorus. The case is a new medical phenomenon, and the phosphorus habit will have to take its place with the opium habit.
—It is interesting in Cleveland always calls her husband "President." Mr. Cleveland addressed his wife as "Frank." Martha Watson in her younger days called her husband "George," but in the last twenty-five years of her life she always addressed him as "General." While in the House Mrs. Hayes called her husband "Mr. Hayes." Mrs. Lincoln and Garfield always addressed their husbands respectively as "Abram" and "Frank." Now the question is: What would President's wife, according to precedent seem to give an answer.
—The oldest woman, family known as Granny Rose, died at Davidson College, N. C., on April 11, at the age of 131. She was born in 1756, and was owned and raised by the grandfather of David A. Sloan, who is now in his eighty-first year. Her age is well established. Her mind gave way several years ago. She became blind and deformed, and has finally died of old age. She did not complain of feeling unwell up to within an hour of her death. A peculiar circumstance in her life was that she would occasionally out of teeth, and she had just finished an entire new set a few days before. People who are conversant with her life in history for the years give these facts in regard

Wild Cattle of Oregon.

A strange breed of wild cattle is found in the high hills skirting the Ute valley, Oregon. In the mountains near Riddles and Rosebud, they are probably the most plentiful, but they do not venture down in the valley much. They stay on the hills and get water from the living springs which rise there. For the growth of oak and fir in these mountains. There is heavy underbrush, too, so it is a hard matter to get them. They are in bands of six or eight, usually, but in a herd of forty or fifty get together and lie down in the same yard—that is, they sleep in the same spot, which is usually a secluded spot among the trees. A band of wild cattle have been known to get together on a cleared place like this every night for a couple of years. When feeding there are always a few bulls to act as sentinels. While the cattle graze in bands of half a dozen or there are, nevertheless, close to other bands so that an alarm from any one of the bulls, which usually freed on higher ground, they all run away together. The cattle are of all colors and wilder than deer. It is a hard matter to get a shot at them for the reason that their scent is so keen. They can smell a man a long distance off. They got wild in 1833, when old man Riddles and two or three others of the first settlers came to the valley. Their cows wandered off and could not be found. After two or three years all the pioneers had to do when they wanted beef was to rig out two or three pack animals and go up into the mountains. The cattle had to be killed on sight, the same as a deer or bear, for they could not be driven down their coast. Once killed, they were quartered, packed on horses and carried down.

How to get Married, Sure.

A dream of youthful femininity, which is not always confessed but which will not down before all the modesty and innocence of maidenhood, marriage. During the heyday of life the hope to marry is rarely so pronounced as the matrimonial years have grown serene. It is to guard all women with life yet free from the disadvantages of spinsterhood that we reproduce the remarkable letter which Mrs. Frank Leslie keeps lithographed wherewith to refuse the innumerable offers of marriage that fill her voluminous mail.

Didn't Sell Him.

A gentleman, while riding through the Mississippi river bottoms, stopped at a negro cabin to get a drink of water. Noticing a very fine setter dog, the gentleman said: "That is a beautiful dog." "Yes, sah, 'bout ez putty ez dog ez dar is in dis here neighborhood." "You haven't any use for such a dog as that?" "No, sah, dat's er fact." "Suppose I were to give you \$5, put a rope around the dog's neck and lead him away?" "Wouldn't bear no plaint outen me, sah." "The man gave the negro \$5, took up a rope, secured the dog and led him off. He had gone about two miles when he was met by a planter, who, looking at the dog, exclaimed: "Look here, what are you doing with my dog?" "You must be mistaken, sir. This is my dog. I gave an old negro \$5 for him just now."

Rapid Progress.

It is not to be wondered at that in the olden times men lived slowly, though the stage coach was fast enough and that two days was quick time for a journey from New York to Philadelphia, and four days from New York to Boston, a journey now made in little more than four hours; that public libraries were unknown and the annual almanac took the place of the daily newspaper. We live in a different world from that of our fathers. No other race has ever known its like. It has witnessed transformations surpassing the greatest of miracles. It has seen cities spring up on the prairies and become magnificent centers of business and population in less than a score of years. It has seen one of the greatest cities of the world, the rival of the oldest and grandest centers of foreign wealth, rise in its might at the ocean gate-way of the empire State. What will the twentieth century see? Will its restless people be satisfied with present means of communication and intercourse? Will electricity, with its marvelous development, continue to unfold its weird resources and afford the vital energy that shall banish time and distance altogether? Will nations learn to leave the arts of war to the past and submit to the arbitration of peace? Will the cry of human liberty ring around the world without once reaching the ear of the slave? Will the divine dispensation be sufficient to bring unity to the Christian churches? Will poverty be banished, ignorance and superstition give way to the march of civilization and Christianity, and will the millennium dawn? Whatever may be the future, man's position to-day is truly one of unparalleled grandeur. The night that ushered in the new year of 1890 will witness the most magnificent celebration of modern times. The whole world will unite in welcoming the new year and the birth of the twentieth century. May all our readers be spared to witness the scene and participate in its unpictured and unwritten glories.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

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