

Only a Girl.

I hear the sharp ring on the frosty way,
And I catch the gleam of a bright light,
Just a glimpse of a form in Quaker grey.
And then, the dear boy, he is out of sight.
Ah, out and away, are the sun and high,
While the early clouds are all rose and red.
And the air like a voice that is bright and clear,
And I'm only a girl.

I think of the hollow where leaves lie dead;
Of the faint trees' shadows against the sky.
Of the cool, clear stretch of blue overhead,
And the low, low meadows that rattle by.
I look on the road with its dusty track,
Where the wind-gusts meet to whistle and whirl.
And—yes, I may look for his coming back,
For I'm only a girl.

—Ruth Hall, in Outing.

THAT GOLDEN CURL.

Perry Dayton sat in his stuffy little office, glancing over a heap of letters which that morning's post had brought for the establishment of Messrs. Park and Hailey. He came to one addressed in a dainty feminine hand, and opened it with a little more curiosity than he had deigned to bestow upon the others.

"Enclosed please find—invisible hair net—color of hair sent. Address Miss Ella Terrel, Oakhaven, etc., etc."

"Miss Ella Terrel has lovely hair," thought the young man, examining the curl attentively. "It was golden brown, and shone radiantly in the beams of sunlight which at that particular moment came pouring in at the window."

"Perhaps, though, it is not her own hair."

However, he laid the letter and coil aside, resolving to match that invisible net himself.

He skimmed the letters all over, he betook himself to the compartment of the establishment devoted to such articles as the one required. Box after box he examined, and turned away dissatisfied. Here was the identical one at last. He carried it in triumph to the office and began to write:

"I have, my dear Miss Ella, at last found one to match your beautiful curl. I hope—"

"What odd boy I am writing! Why, Perry, old boy, you're clean gone!" he exclaimed, tossing the missive into the waste basket.

Enclosing the article in a wrapper, he addressed it and laid it with similar parcels on a shelf, at the same time consigning the curl to his vest pocket.

"Of course you are aware, Mr. Dayton, that some one must go north shortly to attend to that business in Liverpool; and as we place the utmost confidence in your judgment, Mr. Hailey and myself have decided that you are the one to go."

Thus spoke the senior partner, coming into the office where Perry was sitting. This happened a few months later. Perry's beaming face fully expressed his appreciation of this mark of esteem. He was to start in two days.

The next Wednesday morning found him taking breakfast in Liverpool. The business would probably keep him there a month or so. He had plenty of time to view the sights.

One evening he entered the office of a young fellow connected with the business house of Park and Hailey, and found him making an elaborate toilet.

"Why this unusual regard for thy appearance, eh, Trevelyan?" he exclaimed, advancing into the room.

"I'm going to a party. Don't you want to go?"

"Yes, where is it?"

"At Old Swan, four miles away. We will take a cab at eight, precisely."

The poor fellow wandered off by himself. His brain seemed on fire. He was desperately in love. Why had she always seemed so pleased to see him? He had thought so differently of her. He would go back and show her that this stranger's presence made not the slightest difference with him.

Arriving at the spot, he found Miss Ella alone. He approached, and made some remark about the weather. Oh, commonplace young man!

"I was just wishing some one would come, and had a vague idea that the nymph of the stream might venture to show herself if no one else appeared," she said.

"I will retire in favor of the nymph."

"No; I would rather see you now." Dayton's face lighted up for an instant. "Mr. Greydon has gone, and I suppose everyone else is off enjoying himself," continued Ella.

"I thought Mr. Greydon was a fixture; had come on purpose to see you—that is."

"Dear me, no!" laughed Ella. "He is on his way to Liverpool. He is to marry my cousin in August, and only stopped here to see papa."

"Miss Terrel—Ella—dear Ella! I have been such a fool!"

We will imagine the conversation that followed. Suffice it to say, there were two weddings in August.

He Was Lonesome for Cobb.

He leaned up against the counter in the office of the Tremont House, and asked Charlie Hilton if it was true that his side partner, George Cobb, had got married.

"Mr. Hilton said it was true," said Mr. Hilton. "Is he about?"

Mr. Hilton said he was not. That he had gone away on a trip. "Gone away on his bridal tour, I suppose?" He was informed that was true. Then the man looked about the place and finally said:

"Well, I reckon you may give me a room, but it seems awful lonesome to stop here without seeing George Cobb around."

"You are one of George's old friends?" said Mr. Hilton. "Yes; I used to go to school with George, and I always made it a point to come here and stop with him."

Mr. Hilton came out from behind the counter and took the stranger by the arm and led him into the exchange.

"We want to make you feel at home," said Mr. Hilton. "Although George isn't here—what are you going to take?"

"Well, when George was here we used to take cider, but I don't think cider will make me forget the loss of George Cobb. I reckon I'll take some of the old stuff."

They poured out and put away some of the nectar, and stood in silence before the bar a few minutes, when the man said: "I miss George more than ever."

"Take something more," said Mr. Hilton. "Well, I reckon I will, seeing as it's you, for I miss George awfully."

said the man as he filled up the glass and threw the contents down. After a few minutes' silence the man said: "I never felt so lonesome in my life. It always seemed so much like home to come in here and see George Cobb's face looking over at me. I wish I hadn't come here."

"Several weeks," said Mr. Hilton. "Have something more." The man said: "Well, now, you are making it awful homelike for me, and to show you I appreciate what you are doing I don't care if I do," and he again poured out into his glass up to the brim and drank it down.

After a moment's smacking of the lips he said: "We ought to drink to George's health." Mr. Hilton agreed that that was the proper caper and suggested that they take another, which was accepted, and again the man covered the bottom of his glass and sipped it down.

"Very good stuff," he said.

"How long do you stop with us?" asked Mr. Hilton.

"Stop with you?"

EDUCATIONAL.

Ingenious Method of Drawing the Curiosity and Attention of Pupils. Valuable Hints from Various Sources—Long Distance Teaching in Australia.

CURIOSITY.

"Curiosity is as much the parent of attention as attention is of memory. To teach one who has no curiosity to learn, is to sow a field without plowing it."

A Methodist minister, on being asked why that denomination indulged in such lively music, answered that they didn't believe in letting the wicked world have all the good tunes. So it may be said of harnessing in that unconquerable attribute to human nature, that turned everything topsy-turvy in Edenic days, to help do the work of the school-room in reconstructing this same fallen humanity.

It has the logic of the *similia similibus* theory for a foundation, and the favorable testimony of our best thinkers and teachers in the practice of it. Prepare the presentation of a new subject never so carefully, if it comes before the class as a set of affirmatives, they will accept it with the spirit of the good deacon who slept all through the sermon because of his implicit confidence in the soundness of the preacher.

Such a unquestioning acceptance of facts by a class is the death warrant of its interest and attention, and results as fatally to its enthusiasm as the calm sleep of a man freezing to death. Let the teacher put ingenuity to work, and devise some way in which a lesson can seem to contain some hidden thing that the children are to seek for, and it skillfully done, not much of a clue need be given before the class will be digging for it, under the sharp spur of curiosity, which, strange to say, has as much impelling force in boys as in girls, the popular heresy to the contrary notwithstanding.

A good principal once came into our school-room and gave a first lesson in decimal fractions. Taking a half-sheet of paper and a pair of scissors, he stood before the child and silently began cutting it into slips. Gradually the rustle of the school-room died away. Everybody wondered. As piece after piece of that mysterious paper fluttered down on the boy's desk in the front row, the wide-eyed children held their breath in suspense as to what it could all mean; and when he had gathered them all up again on a book-covered, making a restored whole out of the ten parts, he held it up to a hundred watchful eyes in a room so quiet that the ticking of the clock alone broke the silence.

Not much difficulty in holding the attention of the class after that. To borrow our text figure, curiosity had ploughed the field, and the seed would fall on good soil. Each of these ten pieces were cut into ten others, and these in turn into ten more tiny bits, with the same impenetrable air of mystery. Of course explanations and blackboard work followed, but the class had been led by curiosity alone to walk pleasurably into that bottomless sea of infinitesimals, without knowing that they were in the very Styx of waters, or ever finding it out afterward.

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"disrespectful deportment" which are given in the reports made to me as the two most common causes for the infliction of corporal punishment, by a few of the teachers for whom the words of the good book should read: *Teachers, as well as "Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath."*—A. H. Phillips, Ph. D.

Many prominent English physicians claim that there is an alarming increase of nervous diseases owing to overpressure in the schools. Rev. Edward Everett Hale, at the same time, urges the wisdom of keeping children in the schools only during one-half the year, suggesting that they be required to take a course of industrial education during the remainder of the year.

The cause of education will certainly be benefited by these suggestions and criticisms from intelligent persons on the outside. Many measures have lately been undertaken to make the school-room attractive and to relieve the child of the feeling of oppression while in the enforced suit of knowledge, and it is coming to be understood that a variety of employment is the best means of properly developing its latent faculties.

"Over-pressure" occurs only when there is long application in a given direction. A child rarely needs rest; it needs change.

The public school teacher has a hard task. His patience is sorely tried. For that very reason it is all the more desirable that he should be restrained from inflicting corporal punishment on other people's children. It is said, and perhaps truly, that some boys can be governed only by force. In that case they are better out of the public schools. Their example is harmful to other scholars. The schools of this city bear practical testimony to the fact that whipping is not indispensable to good management and obedient, well-disciplined pupils.

We believe public sentiment is opposed to corporal punishment in the common schools, and that it ought to be abolished everywhere as a relic of barbarism repugnant to the intelligence of the age.

N. Y. World.

If there is one class of people in all the world that merits more sympathy than another, it is that class of children who have for a teacher a *chronic cold*. A man or woman whose milk of human kindness has curdled has no business in the school-room,—indeed, will find few places where his services are needed. The weak teacher will invariably try to cover up his weakness by finding fault with others.

—Mo. School Journal.

The teacher should not talk too much, too much talking wears the mind and dissipates the attention. There should be frequent questions to awaken thought and allow the pupil to develop knowledge for himself. Such an exercise will do more to attract and hold the attention than the most eloquent discussion of the teacher. Anything that arouses mental activity will secure attention.

—Dr. Edward Brooks, in Va. Ed. Journal.

A Scientific Novelty.

The "Botha Schloss," in Berlin, contains at present a scientific novelty of particular attraction, namely, a monster movable globe, made of copper, the work of a blind clock-maker, on the construction of which the energetic man spent seventeen years of his life.

The globe, which represents earth, turns on its own axis by means of a mechanism. An artificial moon moves round the globe in twenty-eight days and six hours, while a movable metal band, on which the hours are marked, indicates the mean time in the different parts of the earth. Round the upper part of this immense globe, which weighs a ton and a half, and whose surface measures 126 feet in diameter, spins a railroad car (capable of holding six persons), which serves to give a better view of the regions of the north pole. The painting of the globe is done in oil, and necessitated the employment of two men during one entire year. The sun is represented by an apparatus lighted by an intense Drummond calcium light, which enables the spectator to watch the origin and change of the different portions of the day, the early dawn, the twilight, eclipses of the sun and moon, etc. Connected with the interesting show are cosmical lectures.

Sir John and His Learned Dog.

Sir John Lubbock continues his curious experiments with his dog, and he hopes in time to make the creature as accomplished as the average biped. It is about eighteen months since he began the education of the wonderful poodle, "Van."

His idea was that the dog, if he wanted anything, should ask for it, and as his bark might not be intelligible, a series of cards were arranged by which he might make known his desires. Thus a card labeled "Food" is laid within his reach, and when he is hungry he takes it up in his mouth and brings it to his master. In the same way, if he wants to go out, he picks up a card with the word "Out" upon it, and brings that up. Another and very favorite card with him is labeled "Bone," for its presentation is followed by the bestowal of a toothsome morsel.

The pieces of card-board are about ten inches long and three inches wide. Having succeeded in teaching the animal so far, Sir John has been lately trying experiments in order, if possible, to teach it to distinguish color. But this has hitherto, he says, proved a failure. One circumstance, however, militates against the success of the education movement—Sir John's recent marriage to a young and beautiful woman.

Before that event Van used to sleep in his master's room, and many opportunities for giving lessons were found. Now Van is banished to his own mat, and has grown sulky. At all events, the color experiment has failed.

"I am afraid that George is giving too much attention to the classics," remarked an old lady. "Why do you think so?" asked the old gentleman. "Because when he was home the other day I overheard him tell young Smith he played base ball a great deal, and that his studies were mostly all Greek to him. But I am glad the poor boy plays ball occasionally."

—New York Sun.

PUBLIC OPINION.

Never allow pupils to spell a word wrong; if they do not know it, train them to know that they do not know it.

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Text-books are as essential a part of the appliances of the school-room as fuel and furniture, and in the nature of the case, there is no reason why they should not be classed in the same category, and paid for out of the same fund.—Penn. School Journal.

Fine school-houses are fine things, but fine school-houses are not fine schools. I have seen poor schools in good houses, and good schools in poor houses. Let us have both fine houses and good schools if we can, but if not both, good schools at all events.—The Educationalist.

Creole is not used by Americans unless referring to people of Spanish or French descent. The Americans in Louisiana outnumber those of French descent, and the native Americans of the state never call themselves creoles. The word creole is of Spanish origin, and was used during the old Spanish colonial rule in Spanish America; and as this city of New Orleans was for a long period under Spanish dominion it was but natural that the French and their descendants born here who comprised a considerable portion of the population should adopt the term.

To conclude, I will copy a portion from the "History of Mexico and Texas," by the Hon. John M. Niles, member of the senate of the United States, in 1843: "The existence of various castes, or mixed races, which now constitute so large a portion of the whole population of the country, is the consequence of the subjugation of the natives. The whole population of the Spanish colonies is divided into classes; the natives of old Spain, settled in America, were denominated *chaptones*, or *grahones*; they claimed the first rank and engrossed most of the places of power and profit, merely on account of their birth; the descendants of European Spaniards in the colonies were called *creoles*, and although they enjoyed the same civil rights as the natives of old Spain, they were treated as a distinct and subordinate class, and entirely excluded from all situations of any importance. Of the mixtures, the mestizos are the descendants of a white and an Indian; the descendants of an Indian and a negro are called *zambos*, and these castes produce other mixtures of different shades of color and degrees of blood too various to be divided into distinct classes."

—New Orleans Picayune.

Wanted Sympathy.

The real, solemn fact is that nobody, man or woman, statesman or tramp, can strike an icy spot in public and go cavorting around to bring up with a crash on the flagstones without feeling more or less poisoned against the whole world. At such a time any words of consolation you may offer are like cranberry sauce offered to a man with the lock-jaw.

Yesterday as a woman of fifty years and 180 pounds was passing the City Hall she struck the spot which had been looking for her ever since the first freeze-up. An exclamation of astonishment was followed by a yell of alarm, and while she was wondering what made the sidewalk bob around so she sat down in four Paris styles. Close behind her was a philanthropist, and as he rushed to her assistance he said:

"Never mind, madame. The day is coming when everybody will be provided with air-cushions, and a fall will make our porous plaster stick the tighter. Allow me to send a messenger for a derrier to hold you on your pins again."

She refused his offer and after a struggle reached her feet. Then she seized the fence with one hand, and waving the other in the air she screamed out: "Air-cushions! Derrieks! Pins! Porous plasters! You old bow-legged, bald-headed bean-pole, if my husband doesn't hunt you down and make you eat your ears I won't live with him another day. Go on with you."

The broken-hearted man went on.—Detroit Free Press.

In spite of Signor Brignoli having resided so long in America and the fact that he married an American lady, he never learned to speak our language with any degree of fluency or correctness. At one time when he was staying at a hotel at Long Branch he missed his hairbrush; unable to find it he rang his bell, and when his servant appeared he said, in a very curious tone: "Yesterday I was a hairbrush; to-day—where am I?"

Tennessee has now sixteen coal-mines in successful operation. It is said that the Sewanee coal-mines are the best ventilated mines in the State, if not in the South. They have as many entrances, connected with each other, that the atmosphere in them is not only delightful, but the temperature remains the same all the year round. Miners wear the same clothing in the mines during the Winter months that they wear in the Summer. Twelve hundred and thirty men are engaged in these and the South Pittsburgh mines, and 600 more miners would be employed if they were to be had.

The superintendent of the New York Women's Protective Union gives an interesting account of the wages of women belonging to the union. Attorneys of the ballet and utility get from \$5 to \$7 and from \$18 to \$30 a week. Milliners each from \$6 to \$18, dressmakers from \$6 to \$8. Housekeepers get from \$30 to \$100 per month. This includes a month. Trained nurses earn \$20 to \$30 a month, and copyists get from \$4 to \$12 a week. Saleswomen earn \$3 to \$12 a week. Teachers of languages earn from 25 cents to \$1 an hour. Telegraph operators get \$540 a year.

"I have," says a well-known New York Professor, "taught the art of riding in Germany, where the unemotional German race is persevering enough, but lacks the fearless dash and energy of the American girl. I have traveled and observed the English women as they appear when on horseback, seen the Andalusian maidens cantering over the campaigns on their bushy-tailed steeds, and watched the French matrons as they paraded past on high-stepping chargers on the Bois de Boulogne, but for graceful position and perfect ease in the saddle I will place the American girl against them all."

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"disrespectful deportment" which are given in the reports made to me as the two most common causes for the infliction of corporal punishment, by a few of the teachers for whom the words of the good book should read: *Teachers, as well as "Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath."*—A. H. Phillips, Ph. D.