

I'm Growing Old.

BY JOHN G. SAGE.

My days pass pleasantly away. My nights are blessed with the sweetest sleep.

I feel no symptoms of decay. I have no cause to mourn or weep; My face are impotent and shy.

I'm growing fonder of my staff. I'm growing dimmer in the eyes, I'm growing slower in my gait.

I feel it in my changing taste. I see it in my growing hair, I see it in my changing hair.

Am I my very laurels breathe. My aching muscles to steady gait, Thanks for the gleam of golden light.

Thanks for the years whose rapid flight. My aching muscles to steady gait, Thanks for the gleam of golden light.

Our Schools.

The following interesting paper was read before the late convention of county, city and borough school superintendents, which met in Harrisburg, in the Senate Chamber, on the 20th ultimo, by Superintendent R. M. MAGEE, of this county.

We do not wish to be viewed in the light of critic when we assert that there are many imperfections in the practical working of our public schools, and attempt more particularly to point out one of these defects, and prescribe means for its correction.

We herewith give briefly the outline of a plan, which, being modified in various localities to suit the peculiar disposition and feeling of the people, we think could be put into successful operation in almost every township in the State.

Admitting this, then, it becomes us to inquire into the cause, and here we may safely assert that, among the many obstacles in the way, the undivided labor system, more than any other, lies at the bottom of this, hence the remedy is obvious—the proper grading of the schools wherever it is practicable.

Mixed or ungraded schools must remain defective for the reason just stated, and fall far short of the standard intended by the system. Indeed the system recognizes them only where grading is impossible.

1. A SUITABLE PLAN AND MEANS FOR THE GRADING OF SCHOOLS IN RURAL DISTRICTS. Every village of sixty or more pupils should, and can, have its schools graded, if the proper means are adopted.

2. The division of labor consequent upon the grading of the schools would give rise to separate classes of teachers, whose duty it would be to prepare for some particular department, and whose attention, no longer divided upon all classes and grades of school, would be directed to a single object.

That it is cheaper, in such localities, at once to establish such graded system, is shown, not only in the reduction in the number of teachers required to teach the higher branches, but in the buildings necessary. One building, with two rooms, will not cost as much as two separate buildings, with one room each.

the buildings was destroyed by fire, and it became necessary for the district to erect another. A proposition was made to grade the schools upon the union plan, the village offering to donate the ground, and erect the building needed, if the board would appropriate \$2,000 toward it.

3. Much time is gained. It requires as much time to hear a class of two or three pupils recite, as if it were composed of fifteen or twenty members; hence a school graded and divided into two or three classes will receive a great deal more benefit than it could if divided into twenty or thirty classes, as is frequently the case in mixed schools, where we find from forty to sixty pupils under the care of one teacher, and these ranging in age from six to twenty years; and in studies from the alphabet to the higher English branches.

4. The discipline for different classes or grades of pupils should be different. Those incentives which influence the little child—the restraints and punishments which alone are suitable for the primary school—are distasteful to the young man or young lady who attends the same mixed school, and as utterly unfit for them as for the Parisian rabble, but let the schools be graded, and every grade thus formed can exercise its own distinct functions.

5. Better qualified teachers can be procured, and teaching rendered more effective; for it is certainly easier to find a teacher well qualified for one department, than one thus qualified for every grade. There are those who are peculiarly fitted, both by nature and education, to instruct in certain branches, but unqualified for others, for teachers, being human, have their "hobbies," in common with their brethren.

6. It facilitates the grading of teacher's salaries. By the present arrangement with a few pupils studying the higher branches in every school, teachers capable of teaching these higher branches are required for all the schools, and like salaries demanded for like quality of work.

7. It facilitates classification. In all well regulated, graded schools, the board of directors prescribe a general course of study for the several grades; but in ungraded country schools, in general, no such course of study is prescribed by the board, and teachers, for want of firmness, frequently allow the erroneous notions of persons who know nothing about the fitness of pupils for the different studies, to govern them in this important duty.

8. It provides home instruction. In every community there are families who desire to educate their sons and daughters beyond the meager degree attainable in the common school, but who, in order to do so, are compelled to send them away to some distant institution, at a great expense, beside losing the benefit of home influence.

9. It secures permanency. It is not for the present only that we must provide; the schools of to-day will bear fruit only in the distant future, and the character and condition of society then will be the result of the schools we institute and control now—and in exact measurement with their efficiency.

10. Having considered the feasibility of grading the schools in the rural districts, we will briefly refer to some of the many advantages which result from such grading. 1. No school can make satisfactory progress where the elementary and the higher branches are both taught by the same teacher; the labor is too great in quantity, and too greatly diversified, for any teacher to do justice to himself in the school.

well; and in like manner with all the different grades—each has its own distinct and separate laws in regard to arrangement, adaptation of school furniture and apparatus, and methods of teaching and governing—the results, respectively, of long experience and special training. Thus dignity and importance are given the work of teaching, on account of its efficiency, and what was regarded 'as fit employment for a novice is held to be the legitimate work of an accomplished artisan.

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2. The division of labor consequent upon the grading of the schools would give rise to separate classes of teachers, whose duty it would be to prepare for some particular department, and whose attention, no longer divided upon all classes and grades of school, would be directed to a single object.

This principle of special education is being carried out in all the learned professions,—in law, we have our counselors and barristers, our civil and our criminal lawyers; in medicine, we have our surgeons and clinics, our ear, and our eye physicians. So with the teacher—the work of the infant school is a work of art, and one which the accomplished teacher of belles lettres and the languages might fail to do

The Stolen Note.

Except that he indulged too freely in the use of the intoxicating cup, John Wallace was an honest, high-minded and extraordinary man. His one great fault hung like a dark shadow over his many virtues. He meant well, and when he was sober he did well.

He was a hatter by trade, and by industry and thrift he had secured money enough to buy the house in which he lived. He had purchased it several years before, for three thousand dollars, paying one thousand down and securing the balance by mortgage to the seller.

The mortgage note was almost due at the time circumstances made me acquainted with the affairs of the family. But Wallace was ready for the day; he had saved up the money; there seemed to be no possibility of an accident. I was well acquainted with Wallace, having done some little collecting, and drawn up legal documents for him. One day his daughter Annie came to my office in great distress, declaring that her father was ruined, and that they should be turned out of the house in which they lived.

"Perhaps not, Miss Wallace," said I, "trying to console her, and give the affair, whatever it was, a bright aspect. 'What has happened?'"

"My father," she replied, "had the money to pay the mortgage on the house in which we live, but it is all gone now."

"Has he lost it?" "I don't know; I suppose so. Last week he drew two thousand dollars from the bank, and lent it to Mr. Bryce for ten days."

"Who is Mr. Bryce?" "He is a broker. My father got acquainted with him through Mr. Chandler who boards with us, and who is Mr. Bryce's clerk."

"Does Mr. Bryce refuse to pay it?" "He says he had paid it." "Well, what is the trouble then?" "Father says he has not paid it."

"Indeed! But the note will prove that he has not paid it. Of course you have the note?" "No, Mr. Bryce has it."

"Then, of course, he has paid it." "I suppose he has, or he could not have the note."

"What does your father say?" "He is positive that he never received the money. The mortgage, he says, must be paid to-morrow."

"Very singular. Was your father—?" "I hesitated to use the unpleasant word which must have grated harshly on the ear of the devoted girl."

"Mr. Bryce says father was not quite right when he paid him, but not very bad."

"I will see your father." "He is coming up here in a few moments; I thought I would see you first and tell you the facts before he came."

"I do not see how Bryce could have obtained the note, unless he had paid the money. Where did your father keep it?" "He gave it to me, and I put it in the secretary."

"Who was in the room when you put it in the secretary?" "Mr. Bryce, George Chandler, my father and myself."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Wallace. He looked pale and haggard, as much from the effects of anxiety as from the debauch from which he was recovering.

went to Bryce's. He had to stay in the office to post books, or something of the kind." "How did he get in?" "He has a night key," said I. "I must see Chandler," added Mr. Wallace; "I will go for him."

In a few moments he returned with the young man, Chandler, who, in the conversation I had with him, manifested a very lively interest in the solution of the mystery, and professed himself ready to do anything to forward my views.

"When did you return to the house on Thursday night?" "About twelve." "Twelve!" said Annie; "it was not more than ten when I heard you."

"The clock struck twelve as I turned the corner of the street," replied Chandler, positively. "I certainly heard some one in the front room at ten," said Annie, looking with astonishment at those around her.

"We're getting at something," said I. "How did you get in?" "The young man smiled, as he glanced at Annie, and said: 'On arriving at the door, I found I had lost my night key. At that moment a watchman happened along, and I told him my situation. He knew me, and taking a ladder from an unfinished house opposite, placed it against one of the second story windows, and I entered in that way.'

"Good! Now who was it that was in the parlor at ten, unless it was Bryce or one of his accomplices? He must have taken the key from your pocket Mr. Chandler, and stolen the note from the secretary. At any rate I will charge him with the crime, let what may happen. Perhaps he will confess when hard pushed."

"Acting upon this thought, I wrote a lawyer's letter—demanded against you, &c.—which was immediately sent to Bryce. Cautioning the parties not to speak of the affair, I dismissed them."

"Bryce came." "Well, sir, what have you to say against me?" he asked, slyly. "A claim on the part of John Wallace for two thousand dollars," I replied, poking over my papers, and appearing supremely indifferent.

"Paid it," he said, short as pie crust. "Have you?" said I looking him sharply in the eye. "The rascal quailed. I saw that he was a villain."

"Nevertheless, if within an hour you do not pay me two thousand dollars, and one hundred dollars for the trouble and anxiety you have caused my client, at the end of the next hour you will be lodged in jail to answer a criminal charge."

"What do you mean, sir?" "I mean what I say. Pay, or take the consequences."

"It was a bold charge, and if he had looked like an honest man I should not have dared to make it."

"I have paid the money, I tell you, said he; 'I have the note in my possession.' 'Where did you get it?'"

"I got it when I paid the—" "When you feloniously entered the house of John Wallace, on Thursday night at ten o'clock, and took the said note from the secretary."

"You have no proof," said he, grasping a chair for support. "That is my lookout. I have no time to waste. Will you pay or go to jail?"

"He saw that the evidence I had was too strong for his denial, and he drew his check on the spot for twenty-one hundred dollars, and after begging me not to mention the affair, he sneaked off."

I cashed the check, and hastened to Wallace's house. The reader may judge with what satisfaction he received it, and how rejoiced was Annie and her lover. Wallace insisted that I should take the one hundred dollars for my trouble; but I was magnanimous enough to keep only twenty. Wallace signed the pledge, and was ever after a temperate man. He died a few years ago, leaving a handsome property to Chandler and his wife, the marriage between him and Annie having taken place shortly after the above narrated circumstances occurred.

IGNORANCE OF FUTURE A BENEFIT. You know as much as is good for you. For it is with the mind as it is with the senses. A greater degree of honor would terrify us. We saw things in retrospect, we should be afraid to move. Our knowledge is suited to our circumstances. Were we informed beforehand of the good things provided for us by Providence, from that moment we should cease to enjoy the blessings we possess, become indifferent to present duties and be filled with impatience. Or suppose the things to come were gloomy and adverse, what dismay and despondency would be consequence of the discovery! And how many times should we suffer in imagination what we now only endure but once in reality! Who would wish to draw back a veil which saves them from so many disquietudes?

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

Paris is said to be unusually full of Americans. In Mobile shavings are extensively used in street paving. A Texas jury sentenced a man to "hung by the head until dead."

Go to strangers for charity, acquaintance for advice, relatives for nothing. An Oregonian got lost in the woods recently and went fifteen days without food.

Henry Clay's old home, Ashland, Kentucky for \$90,000. Butter is now imported from Australia to England, and is said to arrive in large quantities and in good order.

A Philosopher who married a val but amiable girl, used to call her 'Mrs Sugar,' because, he said, 'she was sweet but unrefined.'

Mr. G. was a most in venerate pun-lying very ill of cholera, his nurse proposed to prepare a young tender chicken.

"Hd'n't you better take an old hen said G. in a low whisper—he wanted to speak louder—for she would more apt to lay on my stomach."

A lad in Hartford, whose fifth birthday occurred last week, asked his parents if the schools would keep open that adding, 'They didn't on Washington's birthday.'

An army of bees are said to have swarmed into a church in Gloucester, Mass., recently, during divine service, but retreated when the sexton shook a contribution-box at them.

A country paper, speaking of a street organ playing of a soldier with arms, who worked the crank with a foot, happily says: 'His playing was above the usual average; he threw solo into it.'

A physician said of a quack that was such an ignoramus that if he took a lantern and go down inside patient he couldn't find out what matter was.

Little Howard R.—came into a room where his mother had hung up clean curtain, and made the a-tu-tu-observation, 'Oh, ma, the window has on a clean shirt.'

'Mother, send for the Doctor? 'We my son!' 'Caso that man in the parlor is going to die—he said he would, sister Jane would not marry him—a Jane said she wouldn't.'

Relationships are far-fetched sometimes both in Ireland and Scotland. 'Do you know Tom Duffy, Pat?' 'Kish him, is it?' says Pat, 'sure has a relation of mine, he once wanted to marry my sister Kate.'

A drunken man fell asleep by the roadside, where a pig found him, began to lick his mouth—'Was kissing me now?' 'What a capital thing it is to be in company with women!'

We have artificial teeth, artificial eyes, nose, and artificial religion morality. We believe that some young ladies must wear artificial heads, as road of a young lady whose 'head turned by a young man.'

An Indiana man took laudanum marking that he had an engagement with General Jackson at four o'clock. Active exercise on the part of a stomp pump caused the engagement to be broken.

A plain, honest fellow applied yesterday to a Wall street attorney for advice. After detailing the circumstances of the case, he was asked if he had stated the facts exactly as they occurred. 'Yes sir,' said he, 'you've put the lies in yourself.'

Deal gently with those who draw them back by love and persuasion. A kind word is more to the lost than a mine of gold. Think of this and on your guard, you who would chase the grave an erring brother.

DELICIOUS FRENCH WINE. An American traveler desiring, while in Paris to take a bath, his physician recommended a wine bath. In the employ of an establishment was a colored man who had known in America, and him he inquired how they could get to give a wine bath for seventy cents.

Why, massa, said the negro, the wine has been in the bath for one week and you are the thirty-eighth person who has bathed in it.

Well, I suppose you throw it away when they are done with it? 'O no, massa; they send it down stairs for the poor people, who bath in it twenty five cents.'

'And then what do you do with it? Bottle it up, and send it to America when they sell it for French wine.'

The gentleman has lost his relish for French wines.

WOMAN'S 'THIRTY POINTS.'—An old Spanish writer says that a woman quite perfect and absolute in beauty has thirty points. Here they are:

Three things white—the skin, the teeth, the hands.

Three black—the eyes, the eyebrows, the eyelashes.

Three red—the lips, the cheeks, the nose.

Three long—the body, the hair, the hands.

Three short—the teeth, the ears, the feet.

Three broad—the chest, the brow, the space between the eyebrows.

Three narrow—the mouth, the waist, the instep.

Three large—the arms, the hip, the calf.

Three froo—the fingers, the hair, the lips.

Three small—the breast, the nose, the hand.

Song of a man going to have a tooth drawn: 'How happy I would be with other.'