



BLOOMSBURG NORMAL SCHOOL.

CONTINUED.

This report was announced to a large audience, which had assembled in the Chapel of the institution to hear it, and was received with the most lively satisfaction.

The following is the proclamation of the Department recognizing the Bloomsburg Literary Institute as a State Normal School:

COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA, DEPARTMENT OF COMMON SCHOOLS. HARRISBURG, February 22nd, 1869.

WHEREAS, in pursuance of the application to this Department of the Trustees of the Bloomsburg Literary Institute for the appointment of a committee to examine its claims to recognition as the State Normal School of the Sixth District, according to the provisions of "An Act to provide for the due training of teachers for the Common Schools of the State," approved the 20th day of May, 1857, the following gentlemen were appointed, viz: Hon. Wilmer Worthington, of the County of Chester; Hon. James C. Brown, of the County of Mercer; Hon. George D. Jackson, of the County of Sullivan, and Hon. Henry M. Hoyt of the County of Luzerne and,

WHEREAS, The committee so appointed, in conjunction with the State Superintendent of Common School, C. G. Barkley, Esq., County Superintendent of the County of Columbia, C. V. Gundy, Esq., County Superintendent of Union, and William Henry, Esq., County Superintendent of the County of Montour, the County Superintendents of the other counties in the district—Northumberland, Snyder, Dauphin, Perry, Juniata, and Mifflin—being unable to be present, after having, on the 10th day of February, 1869, visited and carefully inspected said Institute, and made a careful examination thereof of its by-laws, rules and regulations, and its general arrangements and facilities for study, reported unanimously that said Institute is entitled to recognition as a State Normal School, with all the privileges and immunities enjoyed by other institutions of like character in this Commonwealth:

Now, therefore, I, State Superintendent of the Common Schools do hereby give notice as required by law, that I have recognized the Bloomsburg Literary Institute as the State Normal School of the Sixth District, composed of the counties of Columbia, Union, Montour, Snyder, Northumberland, Dauphin, Perry, Juniata, and Mifflin.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto affixed the seal of the Department of Common Schools, at Harrisburg, the 22nd day of February, 1869. J. P. WICKERSHAM, State Superintendent of Public Schools.

It is not the purpose of the writer to follow chronologically the course of events in the history of the school. It is impossible, if it were desirable, to describe the struggles of the Trustees in continuing and carrying forward the work of building. The very large amount of money required, the falling off of subscribers, the want of prompt payment of those which were good, the talk of those who were not in sympathy with the movement, were all discouraging circumstances. The Trustees were therefore obliged to assume personally the cost of carrying on the work. They have had upon themselves at one time, as a personal obligation, more than twenty thousand dollars. Repairs, expenditures and deficiencies to the amount of from one to three thousand dollars annually, have been provided for by them, on their personal responsibility. They have given days and nights to the business of the school, they have borne for the public and general good, burdens which no man in the town has struggled under in his own business. When State aid came slowly or not at all, when subscriptions failed, when the daily pressure of the debts was al-

most unbearable, when Prof. Carver left us so unceremoniously without a Principal, the Trustees shouldered the work and accepted the responsibility. Sometimes it seemed doubtful on Friday evening whether there would be a teacher or a student on the hill on the coming Monday morning; but Professors Brown and Ferec were true as steel to their duty, and with the other members of the faculty kept off the daily threatened catastrophe. This is only a mere outline of the daily and nightly toil and anxiety, and no man needs to wish a closer acquaintance with the business. But the school was without a head, the Sheriff had sold the lease of Prof. Carver for his debts, and all parties were hanging by the eyelids. The Board called upon Mr. Wickersham for advice and assistance, and he met them on the 10th of December 1871, at the office of Col. Freeze. After a long and confidential talk upon the subject, Wickersham suggested Charles G. Barkley, Superintendent of Columbia County Common Schools, as a proper person for Principal; and on motion of R. F. Clark, Esq. he was unanimously elected. The Board of Trustees met at the Hall the next morning, December 20th, accompanied by Mr. Barkley and Mr. Wickersham. Col. Freeze announced to the Faculty and School the action of the Board in the election of a Principal, and Mr. Wickersham addressed them, warmly endorsing the selection. Some changes were made in the management and visible improvement occurred.

Mr. Barkley continued in charge of the school until March 27, 1872, when at his own request he was relieved, and the Rev. John Hewitt was elected, and on Thursday March 28, the Board, accompanied by Mr. Hewitt, proceeded to the building. Mr. Barkley called the school to order, Mr. Freeze announced the election of the Principal, and Mr. Hewitt made an address, and took formal charge of the school. He continued to conduct it until the end of that school year, June 26, 1873, and the improvement begun under Mr. Barkley continued, closing the year in a condition much ahead of the opening in every respect. But, although all felt that the crisis in the affairs of the school was past, yet there was a large deficiency, and the Board was again obliged to sit day after day and night after night as a committee of ways and means. It would be most monotonous to repeat here what has before been said as to the pressing pecuniary difficulties. Again the Trustees were obliged to step into the breach and pledge their own names and means to satisfy creditors, and save the property and credit of the Institution. I am persuaded that the time and labor have not been fully appreciated by the community who are reaping the benefit of the expenditure. But let that pass! Dr. Griswold assumed the duties of Principal at the Commerce-ment in June, 1873, and it is not proposed here and now to speak of the management and success of the school under his administration; but it is only justice to state that he made it pay expenses—a thing it never did before. In May, 1874, at a meeting of the Stockholders, Hon. Wm. Elwell, Elias Mendenhall, Conrad Bittenbender, Leonard B. Rupert, Jacob Schuyler, John A. Funston, William Neal, John Wolf, and John G. Freeze, were elected Trustees; and on May 3, 1875, the same persons were re-elected, together with J. J. Brower, Hon. C. B. Brockway and Joseph Sharpless, the Legislature having increased the Board to twelve. At the same time the Superintendent of Public Instruction appointed on the part of the State the following named gentlemen, viz: Hon. C. R. Buckalew, Charles G. Barkley, D. A. Beckley, Col. Samuel Knorr, Hon. M. E. Jackson, and C. W. Miller, Esq.

On Wednesday, August 25, 1875, the school opened with the largest list of students ever entered upon its books, and we were one and all looking forward to an increasingly successful school year. But in a moment, as it were, all our hopes were dashed to the ground. On Saturday afternoon, September 4th, the Boarding Hall was observed to be on fire, and in two hours the magnificent building was a mass of ruins. It was a total loss, the \$30,000 of insurance being less than half the value of the building, not including

furniture and fixtures. But the Board of Trustees, with the efficient aid of the citizens of Bloomsburg, grappled with the emergency, and took immediate measures to begin the erection of a new, enlarged, and improved building. Their late experience now stood them in good stead, and they pushed the work with great energy.

The Corner Stone of the new Normal Boarding Hall was laid on Saturday, October 30th, 1875, and although the day was very inclement, there was in attendance a large concourse of people. The ensuing winter was an unusually mild and open one, and with the exception of a very few days the work of re-erection and construction went rapidly forward. So much so, that on Wednesday, April 26th, 1876, the building was formally dedicated to use, and opened for the admission of students, and the beginning of the spring term. After some time Dr. Griswold was superseded, and the Rev. David J. Waller Jr. was elected Principal. His administration of the school was very successful, and continued up to the spring of 1890, when Governor Beaver tendered him the position of Superintendent of Public Instruction, which he accepted, but continued in charge of the school until the end of the school year last July. Prof. J. P. Welsh, a graduate of the Normal, and of Lafayette College, and for several years Assistant Principal of the West Chester Normal School, was elected Principal by the Board of Trustees, and assumed charge in September 1890. During the year a large addition was built to the school, and nearly every room is now full. The school is in a flourishing condition, and the prospects are that the Spring term will bring so many students that they cannot all be accommodated in the Dormitory. The cut printed last week is a view of the Dormitory facing east. The cut in this issue is that of the Model School building.

The Board of Trustees is constituted as follows: President, William Neal; Secretary, F. P. Billmeyer; Treasurer, H. J. Clark; Trustees, William Neal, Dr. Jacob Schuyler, E. R. Drinker, C. G. Barkley, John Wolf, D. A. Beckley, C. W. Miller, L. E. Waller, F. P. Billmeyer, J. M. Clark, Geo. E. Elwell, E. C. Wells, N. U. Funk, L. S. Kuhn, A. Z. Schoch, L. S. Wintersteen, Dr. W. M. Reber, J. C. Brown.

The Faculty is composed of Prof. J. P. Welsh, Principal; J. M. Coughlin Vice Principal; William Noetling, H. A. Curran, G. E. Wilbur, J. G. Cope, C. H. Albert, F. H. Jenkins, O. H. Bakelless, D. H. Hartline, I. W. Niles, Mrs. Welsh, Enola B. Guie, Sarah M. Harvey, Clara E. Smith, S. E. Hughes, K. E. Harvy, Miss Perley, R. Stiles, Steward; Mrs. Stiles, Matron.

Husband and Wife. Have more than once been saved by timely use of Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs, after all other remedies have been tried in vain. The Balsam stops decay of the lungs and cures influenza and acute and chronic coughs. There is no other medicine in the world that acts so promptly, certainly none that does its work so thoroughly as Kemp's Balsam. All druggists sell it. Large bottles 50c and \$1.

ECLIPSES IN 1891.—In the year 1891 there will be two eclipses of the sun and two of the moon, besides a transit of Mercury across the sun's disk. A total eclipse of the moon will occur May 23rd, invisible here. An annular eclipse of the sun will take place June 6th, visible in the western portion of the United States. There will be a total eclipse of the moon November 15th which will be visible, beginning at 9:45 p. m. The transit of Mercury will occur on May 9th, and will be visible in the western part of the United States.

Brook trout fry will soon be ready for distribution from the Pennsylvania State hatcheries at Allentown and Corry. Two thousand fry will be sent free of expense to the nearest railroad station of each applicant. Applications may be made to the following Commissioners: H. C. Ford, No. 1, 823 Vine street, Philadelphia; James N. Long, No. 75 Fifth avenue, Pittsburg; H. C. Demuth, Lancaster; S. R. Stillwell, Scranton; L. Streuber, Erie, or W. L. Powell, Harrisburg.

AT THE TURN OF THE ROAD.

The glory has passed from the golden-rod's plume, The purple-hued asters still linger in bloom; The birch is bright yellow, the sunachs are red, The maples like torches aflame overhead. But what if the joy of the summer is past, And winter's wild herald is blowing his blast? For my dull November is sweeter than May, For my love is its sunshine—she meets me to-day!

Will she come? Will the ring-dove return to her nest? Will the needle swing back from the east or the west? At the stroke of the hour she will be at her gate; A friend may prove laggard—love never comes late.

Do I see her afar in the distance? Not yet, Too early! Too early! She could not forget! When I cross the old bridge where the brook overflowed She will flash full in sight at the turn of the road. I pass the low wall where the ivy entwines; I try the brown pathway that leads through the pines; I haste by the boulder that lies in the field, Where her promise at parting was lovingly sealed.

Will she come by the hill-side or round through the wood? Will she wear her brown dress or her mantle and hood? The minute draws near—but her watch may go wrong; My heart will be asking: What keeps her so long? Why doubt for a moment? More shame if I do! Why question? Why tremble? Are angels more true? She would come to the lover who calls her his own! Though she trod in the track of a whirling cyclone!

I crossed the old bridge ere the minute had passed. I looked; but my love stood before me at last, Her eyes, how they sparkled, her cheeks, how they glowed, As we met, face to face, at the turn of the road! —[Oliver Wendell Holmes, in the Atlantic.

A NOTABLE BLIND MAN.

His Remarkable Work in Writing a Self-entitled Book. Living at 66 Union street, Jersey City Heights, is a blind gentleman who enjoys the distinction of being one of the foremost mathematicians in America. His aptitude for the higher branches of mathematics amounts to a positive genius, for he has accomplished greater results in this branch of science than many of the most distinguished college professors.

Besides being a mathematician of the first rank, Lewis B. Carl is a superior classical scholar, an excellent theoretical chemist, and a fair musician. Yet he has never seen the light of the sun, for he was born without sight. How it has been possible for a man so handicapped in the race of life to outstrip the majority of his competitors is a wonder. The story of his life furnishes a remarkable example of perseverance and patient industry applied to the attainment of noble ends. Mr. Carl was born at Whitestone, L. I., June 15, 1843. When he was 11 years old he was sent to the New York Institute for the Blind at 9th avenue and 54th street. Here he remained seven years, during which time he showed such a marked aptitude for study that he was recommended to him a thorough classical education, with the view of fitting him for the profession of tutor. He was sent, therefore, to the Fairfield Academy at Flushing, L. I., to prepare himself for college. In 1866 he entered Columbia, and was graduated from that university in 1870. Seth Low, now the president of the college, graduated first in the class. The second honors were awarded to Mr. Carl.

While in college, the attention of the blind student was called to the fact that there was no work in English of recent date treating on the calculus of variations. Differential calculus was taught in the higher classes, but the more abstruse branch of the science was neglected for lack of any text books on the subject. Mr. Carl set himself to the task of supplying the deficiency. For six or seven years he studied everything that had been written on the subject in the French and German languages. Thus equipped, he entered upon the more laborious work of composition, and after three years of close application finished his book. It appeared in 1881, under the title of "A Treatise on the Calculus of Variations," and created a profound impression among mathematicians, both in this country and abroad. Few of the learned men who praised the work for its lucidity knew of the difficulties under which the author had labored.

Good Domestic. A good housekeeper makes a good servant. Now, don't think that I am going to "let loose" on the frayed, ragged, utterly worn-out servant girl question. I am not. I just want to say—hush! It acknowledges enough to call a blush to the cheek to hear a woman say there are no good servants; to hear her bemoan the fate that sends a cyclone sweeping through domestic felicity, just because one forlorn human being has come to attend the throttle lever that only moves the regulating valve of good housekeeping. It acknowledges more than to see a man or woman eaten up by the green-eyed monster—jealousy. Jealousy of another person is self-depreciation and admits of argument, says the Chicago Herald. When a woman confesses that she can not procure a good servant it is proof conclusive that the throttle lever will not do its work because the engine itself is all out of order. The locomotive that runs the household must be in perfect running order before any outsider can come in and turn on and turn off the steam with satisfactory results. A good systematic housekeeper, one who has the complications down to a science, will at once convince the worst kitchen fiend that there is one, and but one, way to run the machinery of that household. The "fiend" may be without previous experience, or she may be a stray waif from a Vanderbilt mansion; experience or inexperience will go for naught. The intricacies of the new machinery must be mastered and the power of the strange locomotive must be respected.

A GREAT INVENTOR.

He made a new invention nearly every other week, But something always ailed it, and it always seemed to sulk; Its functional activity was somehow very weak, Its whole vitality was low; the blamed thing wouldn't work. He made perpetual motion things, but they would never move; And even he made a big machine for flying through the sky, But there was a slight obstruction in the piston rod or groove, And the only trouble with it was he couldn't make it fly. And he made marine toboggans for sliding on the sea, A very pretty compromise of bicycles and boat; And on the second trial trip he said 'twas his idea; The thing would slide tremendously if he could make it float. And he made a panacea that would cure every ill, The long sought life elixir, to the world so long denied, He took the medicine himself, a large, green-looking pill, And twenty minutes later he laid him down and died.

—[S. W. Foss in Yankee Blade.

HUMOROUS HITS.

The office of a dentist is also a studio. While he is drawing, those about him are making music and dancing. Snow is reported in the Indian country. There is also some prospect of considerable slaying there.—[Boston Herald.

A vigilance committee, a rope, and a rope will make every desperado rise to a point of order.—[Binghamton Republican.

"Why don't you shave yourself and save time and money?" "Because I can't bear to cut an old acquaintance." —[Tid Bits.

The scientist who claims the wind can not be seen evidently has had little or no experience with sight drafts.—[Edinburgh Gazette.

"What is the solution of the negro problem?" demanded the orator. "Four-eleven-forty-four," replied a man in the audience.—[New York Sun.

Teacher—Can you tell me what a secret is? Little Girl—Yes'm. It is something somebody tells everybody else in a whisper.—[American Hebrew.

"Talk!" exclaimed Pansy, "she can't say a word. Why, I talked to her half an hour last night and she never opened her mouth—except to yawn." —[Brooklyn Life.

He'd Never Get It.—"Drop me a line," yelled the drowning man. "What's the use?" said the humorist on the dock. "There's no postoffice where you are going." —[Life.

The messenger boy dates back to Solomon's time; Vide Proverbs x. 25: "As vinegar to the teeth, and as smoke to the eyes, so is the sluggard to them that send him." —[Boston Courier.

"By Jove," said the artist; "the wolf is at the door, my last painting's gone for rent, and I'm hanged if I can think of anything to paint!" "Paint the wolf," suggested the janitor of the studio.

Uncle George, who was full of brusquerie and humor, was delegated to give the bride away. So he stood up before the vast congregation and announced her age as 32.—[Binghamton Leader.

He Did Not Know.—"Would you like to go to heaven when you die?" asked a Boston Sunday school teacher of a small resident of the Hub. "I don't know," replied the little fellow dubiously; "is it as nice as Boston?" —[Judge.

Watts—Now, if I understand correctly, the first principle of socialism is to divide with your brother man. Potts—Then you don't understand it correctly. The first principle of socialism is to make your brother divide with you.—[Indianapolis Journal.

Wilson—I despise a hypocrite. Tomson—So do I. Now, take Jackson for example; he's the biggest hypocrite on earth. I'd kiss that man. "But you appear to be his best friend." "Oh, yes; I try to appear friendly toward him. It pays better in the end." —[Brooklyn Life.

Greek in Modern Athens.—Professor Digma (instructing young ladies in Homer)—Now, Miss Beaconhill, can you tell us why Achilles sulked in his tent? Miss Clytemnestra Beaconhill (slightly confused)—Er—ah—I believe it was because his fiancée flirted with Agamemnon! —[Pack.

Mr. Charley Younghusband—Why, what's the matter? Mrs. Younghusband (in deep anguish)—I gave—a—a—tramp—a p—p—piece of my fresh home made bread—and—he gave it to Rover. Mr. Charley Younghusband (consoling)—Well, I wouldn't cry about a little thing like that. Mrs. Younghusband—You don't u—u—understand. I'm crying about Rover—he is dead—boo—boo—hoo! —[Life.

Caught.—"Tell me, dearest Emma, will you be mine?" "Will you always let me have my own way?" "Always, dearest." "And my mother may live with us?" "Willingly." "And not ask for a latch key?" "I would rather throw it in the sea." "And give up your club, and always be at home to dinner?" "Always, and on the minute." "Then you must excuse me, but you are not at all the sort of man I should wish for a husband." —[Fliegende Blätter.

A Whitmanian Pan to the Oyster. Using the oyster, mollusk accephalous, Order lamellibranchiate, and good to eat. Createur bivalvula, being testaceous; Beast ovoviviparous, and delicious tucker of the palate! From Virginian waters and from Chesapeake, And also from New Jersey; Blue Points and East Rivers; Then animal of slow growth and rapid consumption. With vascular gills and gaped favior, Of thee I sing. Tell me not of clams from Clamville, Feed me not on terrapin, or E'en upon the duck with canvas back, Or high-priced peaches of a failed crop, I would gulp down the luscious bivalve, With proper seasoning and a serene conscience. Then placed denizen of the greeny wave, and Of the table of the epicure, Peasants in thy praise I sing, And—waiter, bring me another dozen fried. —[Wm. H. Siviter.

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