

WHEN HE TAUGHT SCHOOL

Conductor Harding Tells of His Experiences as a Pedagogue at West Nicholson.

From the Railroad Employee. "Speaking of school teaching," remarked Conductor Harding as we sat one rainy evening in our comfortable rooms at the Hoboken depot, "reminds me of many years ago when I taught school at West Nicholson. I was a young fellow then and nothing turning out for me at the time I asked for a position teaching school. So one morning Uncle Dan Decker, of West Nicholson, drove up to the house and after the usual talk as to how the folks were, the crops, etc., he asked me if I did not want to take the school up at West Nicholson. I had heard of the place and how sadly the teachers had fared who had tried it before and I at once proceeded to inform Uncle Dan that I was one of the trustees of the fact. "Oh show!" he said, "there were wimmin teachers, it wants a man; you won't have any trouble with them; so after some talk I reluctantly consented to try my fortune teaching school at West Nicholson. The Monday following found me at the old wood colored school house at the cross roads awaiting, I confess, with an anxious heart for the arrival of my pupils. About ten minutes to nine they came flocking in, the girls rosy cheeked and bashful; the boys, many of them, large size (I wished they were only smaller), robust, strong, and more used to hard work than attending school; boys of that kind of timber that today fill many responsible positions in this busy world. There was Charley Nichols, now a conductor on train 7 and 8, Delaware, Lackawanna and Western; Will Worrall, passenger engineer on Utica division of Delaware, Lackawanna and Western; Will Reynolds, afterwards representative for Wyoming county in the legislature; Doc Reynolds, now proprietary, and many others who have been a credit to themselves and the little hamlet whence they came. The first day passed off quiet and peaceful and when the time came for closing in a brief speech, I congratulated the scholars upon their good behavior during the day and sincerely hoped that the present state of affairs would continue. I noticed, however, when I was speaking some very significant glances passed between the larger boys but I laid it more to their not being used to that kind of congratulatory than to any other reason. On my way to Amzi Smith's, now a resident of Binghamton, where I boarded the first week (we used to board around in those days) a short distance beyond Dan Spaulding's store, was a small patch of woods and as I was passing through these woods Ben Worrall, then a little shaver, and a brother of Amzi Smith's, came running out from among the trees and caught me by the coat. "Mr. Harding!" he cried, panting for breath. "You won't tell the boys if I tell you something, cause if you do they'll most kill me." "No, Benny, I said in a reassuring tone, I won't tell the boys. Now what's the matter?" "Well, the big boys Charley Nichols, brother Will, and the rest of them are going to 'do you' up tomorrow. They held a meeting in our barn last night and decided to give me a lesson. Worrall had to grasp me tight planned by force, and we went down on the floor accompanied by the desk which Nichols kicked over on us. War had come and the girls and smaller children ran screaming from the room. Managing to gain my feet, I found myself alone facing a gang of sturdy lads, who would not scruple to throw me out of the school room but probably duck me in the creek besides. For a moment it seemed a clear case of 16 to 1, but "What did you throw me down for?" screamed Worrall, throwing off his hand wagon coat and starting for me. Two forms darkened the doorway, the "old fighters" entered and the fun commenced. The boys had a very poor show and were cuffed right and left without ceremony; men who had many a time cleaned out bar rooms full of men who called themselves fighters did not have a hard job in cleaning up that lot of school lads. It was hard on me, but no one approved of my course afterwards more than their parents. Suddenly in the midst of the conflict foot locking the door so the boys could not escape we were giving them a good warning, there came a whirl and a rush and the water from the dam above the school came rushing in so that it covered the floor nearly two feet. It was a small dam and the creek had quite a deep bank or else the little building would have been wrecked. "How did that happen?" asked Harry Walker, who had been an attentive listener to the story. "Well the boys had stationed Wesley Worrall up there with an axe with instructions when the fun had got under full headway and the girls and small boys had got out, to break the dam and let the water down, and as Wesley was up by the church quite a ways off he did not know but things were going his way, so that accounted for the deluge. It cost a life, however. Dan Spaulding's old brindle cow was drinking at the creek, below the store, and the water carried her down to behind the school house, where she was drowned. The water and the fighters were too much for the boys and they yelled for mercy and the battle ceased. The school house was a sight to behold, desks were broken and as seats, water covered the floor and Nichols, he and the stove had become intermingled during the contest and of his elegant brass band suit nothing to behold, desks were broken and the collar of the coat and the pants would have disgraced a scarecrow. Worrall's coat that he had thrown off to fight me on the start was carried away in the flood and never recovered. He felt he had then carried his home on the blackboard. Well, my mission at West Nicholson for the time being was ended, and accompanied by the two fighters we went over the hill to where the horse and wagon were hitched and started for Nicholson by the back road. Of course it kicked up a big racket, but my course was generally approved, the boys had "got beat at their own game." Wesley Stark and old Reynolds laughed until they cried, and Dan Spaulding was the only one who got real mad. He started a law suit and the boys had to chip in and pay him for the old brindle cow. He said he didn't care so much for the real value of the "critter," but he had brought her from York state with him when he moved there. A couple of weeks later I received a letter at the postoffice addressed to me, when, on opening, much to my surprise, read as follows: Mr. Harding: Dear Sir: We, the undersigned and many more would earnestly request you to come back and teach our school again. We will use you like a gentleman and promise faithfully we will do so. We deserved what we got and we will show you we can be good scholars. Please come. Signed—C. M. Nichols, William Worrall, Kite Wise, John Shilby, Ben Travis and many others. Well I went back there and no man was ever better used, and I never shall forget when Christmas came how that night up at the church my name was called and how in a brief speech Doc Reynolds, on behalf of the scholars, presented me with an easy chair and how the boys flocked around and shook hands with me and wished me a "Merry Christmas," and many of them.

Amzi's horse and buggy and started for Nicholson. There I hunted up two of the best fighters in that county, men who are dead and gone now, whom I will not name for that reason. They were the old-fashioned training day and night fighters, men who would rather fight than eat, and who had immortalized themselves upon more than one hard fought field of battle. After a brief interview, accompanied by a financial consideration, they agreed to come up by the back road and then down through Squires' woods so as not to be seen by the scholars. Then they would conceal themselves in the wood house adjoining the school until invited by a signal of mine to participate in the festivities. I then started back for West Nicholson not saying a word to any one else regarding my plans for the morrow. The next morning found me first at the school house awaiting the arrival of my "friends the enemy." I can see them now, though many years have passed, those big hearty fellows as they came trooping up the road, some carrying their rifles, some their axes, and making their arrangements as to my welfare. Good friends to me those lads in after years and some who are sleeping so quiet there in the little village churchyard are most sincerely mourned. Here the conductor paused a moment and our minds went back to our school days again. One of the listeners repeated these lines: And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt, With the shaded soot and grim, And the madder nook by the running brook, Where the children went to swim? Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt, The spring of the brook is dry, And of all the boys who were schoolmates There are only you and I. They came in and took their seats, continued Mr. Harding, and you never could have told by their quiet actions and innocent looks that it was only the brief calm before the fearful tempest to follow and it gave me great satisfaction to see from my position upon the raised platform through the window many two expected guests from Nicholson continually sneaking into the wood shed. I had just called a class to recite when Will Worrall suddenly jumping up cried out, slamming his book down upon the floor "I want to speak my piece!" "I always speak Tuesdays!" "I want to speak too!" yelled Nichols starting for the platform. "I always speak first." I knew that the war had commenced and to this day I cannot help laughing and I remember the scene. Both were upon the platform, Nichols swinging his arms and repeating in a voice that could have been heard at Springfield, "The Death of Napoleon." "Will was the night, yet a wilder night Hung around the soldier's pillow." And Worrall yelling at the top of his voice: "The death of Sir John Moore. Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note." I can never forget how those two lads were dressed. There had been a brass band down at Ploverville some time before and owing to a controversy springing up between the members, some wanting to play sacred music only and the others profane, not exactly profane, but gayer airs, and a consequence the band broke up and the suits were levied upon and sold at auction. So Nichols and Worrall's parents bought each of the boys one of the suits with but little consideration as to their fitness. As I stepped towards the platform Nichols springing towards Worrall gave him a shove and of course Worrall had to grasp me tight planned by force, and we went down on the floor accompanied by the desk which Nichols kicked over on us. War had come and the girls and smaller children ran screaming from the room. Managing to gain my feet, I found myself alone facing a gang of sturdy lads, who would not scruple to throw me out of the school

room but probably duck me in the creek besides. For a moment it seemed a clear case of 16 to 1, but "What did you throw me down for?" screamed Worrall, throwing off his hand wagon coat and starting for me. Two forms darkened the doorway, the "old fighters" entered and the fun commenced. The boys had a very poor show and were cuffed right and left without ceremony; men who had many a time cleaned out bar rooms full of men who called themselves fighters did not have a hard job in cleaning up that lot of school lads. It was hard on me, but no one approved of my course afterwards more than their parents. Suddenly in the midst of the conflict foot locking the door so the boys could not escape we were giving them a good warning, there came a whirl and a rush and the water from the dam above the school came rushing in so that it covered the floor nearly two feet. It was a small dam and the creek had quite a deep bank or else the little building would have been wrecked. "How did that happen?" asked Harry Walker, who had been an attentive listener to the story. "Well the boys had stationed Wesley Worrall up there with an axe with instructions when the fun had got under full headway and the girls and small boys had got out, to break the dam and let the water down, and as Wesley was up by the church quite a ways off he did not know but things were going his way, so that accounted for the deluge. It cost a life, however. Dan Spaulding's old brindle cow was drinking at the creek, below the store, and the water carried her down to behind the school house, where she was drowned. The water and the fighters were too much for the boys and they yelled for mercy and the battle ceased. The school house was a sight to behold, desks were broken and as seats, water covered the floor and Nichols, he and the stove had become intermingled during the contest and of his elegant brass band suit nothing to behold, desks were broken and the collar of the coat and the pants would have disgraced a scarecrow. Worrall's coat that he had thrown off to fight me on the start was carried away in the flood and never recovered. He felt he had then carried his home on the blackboard. Well, my mission at West Nicholson for the time being was ended, and accompanied by the two fighters we went over the hill to where the horse and wagon were hitched and started for Nicholson by the back road. Of course it kicked up a big racket, but my course was generally approved, the boys had "got beat at their own game." Wesley Stark and old Reynolds laughed until they cried, and Dan Spaulding was the only one who got real mad. He started a law suit and the boys had to chip in and pay him for the old brindle cow. He said he didn't care so much for the real value of the "critter," but he had brought her from York state with him when he moved there. A couple of weeks later I received a letter at the postoffice addressed to me, when, on opening, much to my surprise, read as follows: Mr. Harding: Dear Sir: We, the undersigned and many more would earnestly request you to come back and teach our school again. We will use you like a gentleman and promise faithfully we will do so. We deserved what we got and we will show you we can be good scholars. Please come. Signed—C. M. Nichols, William Worrall, Kite Wise, John Shilby, Ben Travis and many others. Well I went back there and no man was ever better used, and I never shall forget when Christmas came how that night up at the church my name was called and how in a brief speech Doc Reynolds, on behalf of the scholars, presented me with an easy chair and how the boys flocked around and shook hands with me and wished me a "Merry Christmas," and many of them.

THE LEADER 124-126 Wyoming Ave.

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DELAWARE AND HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD TABLE On Monday, Nov. 23, trains will leave Scranton as follows: For Carbondale, 6.45, 7.55, 8.55, 10.15, a. m.; 12.00 noon; 1.25, 2.50, 3.50, 4.50, 5.50, 6.50, 7.50, 8.50, 9.50, 10.50, p. m. For New York, Philadelphia, etc., via Lehigh Valley Railroad, 6.45, 7.45 a. m.; 12.00, 1.20, 2.20, 3.20, 4.20, 5.20, 6.20, 7.20, 8.20, 9.20, 10.20, p. m. For Pennsylvania Railroad points—6.45, 7.45 a. m.; 12.00, 1.20, 2.20, 3.20, 4.20, 5.20, 6.20, 7.20, 8.20, 9.20, 10.20, p. m. For Atlantic City, 6.20 a. m.; 12.00, 1.20, 2.20, 3.20, 4.20, 5.20, 6.20, 7.20, 8.20, 9.20, 10.20, p. m. For Long Branch, Ocean Grove, etc., at 6.20 a. m. and 12.00 p. m. For Reading, Lebanon and Harrisburg, 6.20 a. m. and 12.00 p. m. For Pottsville, 8.20 a. m. and 12.00 p. m. For North River, at 9.10 (express) a. m., 1.30, 3.30, 4.30 (express) p. m. Leave Philadelphia, Reading Terminal, 9.00 a. m., 2.00 and 4.30 p. m. Sunday, 6.25 a. m., 12.00 p. m. Through tickets to all points at lowest rates may be had on application in advance to the ticket agent at the station. H. P. BALDWIN, Gen. Pass. Agt. J. H. OLHAUSEN, Gen. Supt.

RAILROAD TIME-TABLES PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD. Schedule in Effect June 14, 1895. Trains Leave Wilkes-Barre as Follows 7.30 a. m., week days, for Sunbury, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and for Pittsburg and the West. 10.15 a. m., week days, for Hazleton, Pottsville, Reading, Norristown, and Philadelphia, and for Sunbury, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Pittsburg and the West. 3.17 p. m., week days, for Sunbury, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Pittsburg and the West. 3.17 p. m., Sundays only, for Sunbury, Harrisburg, Philadelphia and Pittsburg and the West. 6.00 p. m., week days, for Hazleton and Pottsville. R. B. WOOD, Gen'l. Pass. Agent. S. M. PRESTON, General Manager.

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD SYSTEM. Anthracite Coal Used Exclusively. Insured. IN EFFECT NOV. 15, 1896. TRAINS LEAVE SCRANTON. For Philadelphia and New York via D. & H. R. R. at 6.45, 7.45 a. m.; 12.05, 1.30, 3.30 (Black Diamond Express) and 11.20 p. m. For Pittsburg and Wilkes-Barre via D. & H. R. R. at 6.00, 8.08, 11.20 a. m., 1.35, 2.40 and 8.47 p. m. For White Haven, Hazleton, Pottsville and principal points in the coal regions via D. & H. R. R. at 6.45 a. m., 12.05 and 4.41 p. m. For Bethlehem, Easton, Reading, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations via D. & H. R. R. at 6.00, 8.08, 9.25, a. m., 12.30 and 4.00 p. m. For Tunkhannock, Towanda, Elmira, Ithaca, Geneva and principal intermediate stations via D. & H. R. R. at 6.00, 8.08, 9.25, a. m., 12.30 and 4.00 p. m. For Gettysburg, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Chicago and all points west via D. & H. R. R. at 7.15 a. m., 12.05, 3.30 (Black Diamond Express), 9.50 and 11.20 p. m. Pullman parlor and sleeping car Lehigh Valley chair cars on all trains between Wilkes-Barre and New York, Philadelphia, Buffalo and Suspension Bridge. ROLLIN H. WILDER, Gen. Supt. CHAS. S. LEE, Gen. Pass. Agt. Phila. Pa. A. W. WOOD, Gen. Pass. Agt. Scranton Office, 39 Lackawanna avenue.

Central Railroad of New Jersey. (Lehigh and Susquehanna Division.) Anthracite coal used exclusively. Insured. cleanliness and comfort. TIME TABLE IN EFFECT NOV. 15, 1896. Trains leave Scranton for Pittsburg, Wilkes-Barre, etc., at 8.20, 9.15, 11.20 a. m., 12.45, 2.00, 3.00, 5.00, 7.10 p. m. Sundays 9.00 a. m., 1.00, 2.15, 7.10 p. m. For Atlantic City, 6.20 a. m. For New York, Newark and Elizabeth, 6.50 (express) a. m., 12.45 (express) with Buffet parlor car, 3.05 (express) p. m. Sunday, 2.15 p. m. Train leaving 12.45 p. m. arrives at Philadelphia, Reading Terminal, 6.20 p. m. and New York 6.00 p. m. For Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton and Philadelphia, 6.20 a. m., 12.45, 2.00, 3.00 (except Philadelphia) p. m. Sunday, 2.15 p. m. For Long Branch, Ocean Grove, etc., at 6.20 a. m. and 12.00 p. m. For Reading, Lebanon and Harrisburg, 6.20 a. m. and 12.00 p. m. For Pottsville, 8.20 a. m. and 12.00 p. m. Return from New York, foot of Liberty street, North River, at 9.10 (express) a. m., 1.30, 3.30, 4.30 (express) p. m. Buffet parlor car p. m. Sunday, 4.30 a. m. Leave Philadelphia, Reading Terminal, 9.00 a. m., 2.00 and 4.30 p. m. Sunday, 6.25 a. m., 12.00 p. m. Through tickets to all points at lowest rates may be had on application in advance to the ticket agent at the station. H. P. BALDWIN, Gen. Pass. Agt. J. H. OLHAUSEN, Gen. Supt.

Del., Lack. and Western. Effect Monday, October 19, 1894. Trains leave Scranton as follows: Express for New York and all points East 1.40, 2.50, 5.15, 8.00 and 9.55 a. m.; 1.10 and 3.25 p. m. Express for Easton, Trenton, Philadelphia and the South, 5.15, 8.00 and 9.55 a. m.; 1.10 and 3.25 p. m. Express for Harrisburg, 6.10 p. m. Express for Binghamton, Oswego, Morris, Corning, Bath, Danville, Mount Morris and Buffalo, 12.20, 2.35 a. m. and 1.55 p. m., making close connections at Buffalo to all points in the West, Northwest and Southwest. Bath accommodation, 9.15 a. m. Binghamton and way stations, 1.06 p. m. Nicholson accommodation, 5.15 p. m. Binghamton and Elmira express, 5.55 p. m. Express for Utica and Richfield Springs, 2.25 a. m., and 1.55 p. m. Ithaca 2.25 and Bath 3.15 a. m. and 1.55 p. m. For Northumberland, Pittston, Wilkes-Barre, Plymouth, Bloomsburg and Danville, making close connections at Northumberland for Williamsport, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and the South. Northumberland and intermediate stations, 6.00, 9.55 a. m. and 1.35 and 6.00 p. m. Nanticoke and intermediate stations, 8.09 and 11.20 a. m. Plymouth and intermediate stations, 2.40 and 8.47 p. m. Pullman parlor and sleeping coaches on all express trains. For details, information, pocket time tables, etc., apply to M. L. Smith, city ticket office, 28 Lackawanna avenue, or depot ticket office.

ERIC AND WYOMING VALLEY. Effective Nov. 1. Trains leave Scranton for New York, Newburgh and intermediate points on Erie, also for Hawley and local points at 7.05 a. m. and 2.25 p. m., and arrive from above points at 10.25 a. m., 3.15 and 8.30 p. m.

NEW YORK AND WESTERN RAILWAY. SCRANTON DIVISION. In Effect October 4th, 1896. Table with columns for Stations, Trains Daily, Except Sunday, and Times.

Houses for Sale and for Rent. If you contemplate purchasing or leasing a house, or want to invest in a lot, see the lists of desirable property on page 2 of The Tribune.

Retiring from Business. \$50,000 WORTH OF STOCK TO BE DISPOSED OF. THE GREAT FIRM OF DAVIDOW BROS., BROKERS AND JEWELERS, 217 LACKAWANNA AVENUE, who have been here for a number of years, have decided to close out the entire stock of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, Fine Cut Glass, Bric-a-brac, Statuary, Lamps, Clocks, Vases, Fire Arms, Musical Instruments, Fine Cutlery, Optical Goods, Etc., at enormously Low prices, on account of going into the manufacturing business in New York City. The goods will, and must be sold. It will pay you to call and see the astonishingly low prices to which we have marked the goods down. We have the finest stock of Holiday Goods that can be obtained in the city, at convincing prices. LOOK AT THESE FIGURES CAREFULLY. Diamond Rings, worth \$125.00 marked down to \$75.00. Fine Diamond Ear Rings, worth \$150.00, marked down to 75.00. Fine Diamond Rings, worth \$35.00 marked down to 20.00. Fine Diamond Rings, worth \$25.00 marked down to 10.00. Fine Diamond Rings, worth \$10.00 marked down to 4.50. Solid Gold Misses' Rings, worth \$2.75, marked down to 1.00. Solid Gold Rings, worth \$2.25, marked down to 75c. Children's Solid Gold Rings, worth 75c, marked down to 25c. Fine Eight-day Clocks, worth \$8.50, marked down to 3.75. Fine Eight-day Clocks, worth \$3.50, marked down to 2.25. Alarm Clocks, worth \$1.00, marked down to 63c. TEA SETS. Four-piece \$10.00 Tea Sets for 6.50. Four-piece \$7.50 Tea Sets for 5.00. Fine Castor, worth \$3.50, for 1.60. Pickle Castors, worth \$2.75, for 1.25. Butter Dishes, worth \$3.50, for 1.75. All these Goods are Genuine Quadruple Plate. We have the largest stock of Watches to select from in the city. Elgin, Waltham, Springfield, Hamden—all the best makes in gold, silver and nickel. Here are a few prices: Gents' 55-pennyweight 14k solid Gold Watches, fifteen jeweled Elgin movement patent regulator, worth \$60.00, for \$35.00. Gents' solid Gold 10k Watches, jeweled movement, worth \$35.00, for 17.50. Gents' Gold Filled Watches, 20 years' guarantee, worth \$25.00, for 12.50. Ladies' and Gents' Gold Filled Watches, Elgin or Waltham movement, worth \$18, for 7.50. Ladies' sterling silver Watches, worth \$5.50 to \$6.50, for 2.75. Gents' silver Watches, worth \$10.00 and \$12.00, for \$4.50 to \$5. A large stock of 1847 Rogers' Knives, Forks, Table Spoons, Ladles, Crumb Trays, Oyster Forks, Fruit Knives, and a great many other articles too numerous to mention, cut down to less than half the price for which they can be obtained from any of our competitors. This marvelous reduction is made as the time is short, and the immense stock must be sold before the first of April. All pledges must be redeemed before that time. Store fixtures for sale. DAVIDOW BROS., Brokers and Jewelers, 217 Lacka. Ave