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The Somerset Herald.

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Somerset, Pa.

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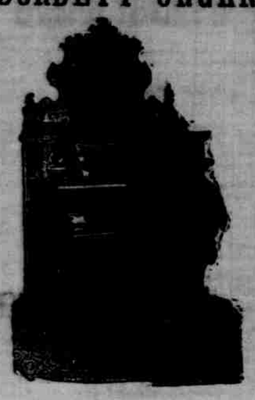

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WHAT THE CIRCUS DID.

We were a quiet and sober set,
Little accustomed to noise and fret,
Decent and modest at work or play,
And oh! so quiet in every way,
Before we went to the circus!

Nobody had ever seen us go
At all too fast, or at all too slow;
No matter how gally we talked or sang,
We never had used a word of slang
Before we went to the circus!

We went to church, or we went to school,
By the very most orthodox kind of rule;
For we were a people of Dutch descent,
And rather phlematic of temperament
Until we went to the circus!

Alas and alas! 'tis a woeful sight,
The way we are changed at the time I write!
Father is swaying against the breeze,
Hung by the toes from a high trapeze,
Trying to copy the circus!

The boys on their heads, with feet in air,
Are riding wild horses on each high chair;
Or down on their backs on the sidewalk brick
Are balancing tubs for a juggling trick;
The girls have painted their hands and face,
And got themselves up for an Indian race,
As they saw them do at the circus!

Mother high up on the table stands,
Swinging the baby with both her hands,
Swinging the baby with many a rub,
And brandishing him like an Indian club,
While baby himself, in a terrible fright,
Howls like a Zulu from morn till night,
Since we went to the circus!

Alas and alas! I can only say,
I wish in the night, I wish in the day,
I wish with my heart, I wish with my head,
I wish with my ears, which are nearly dead,
I wish with a sort of mute despair,
I wish with a shriek that would rend the air
We never had gone to the circus!

A HERO'S REWARD.

"It is cold enough to freeze the heart out of a miser and make the white bear dance with joy," grumbled Tom Orton, as he looked out of the window upon the snow cumbered streets. "How I wish I could stay at home to night and take care of you and the babies, Jenny. And I would, only for—"

He thought of how much poverty was pinching them, and would not sadden the hearts of those he loved by mentioning it.

"Only for what, Tom?" asked his wife from the bed where, ill herself, she was taking care of their two sick children.

"Only that they will be wanting me?" he replied. "You know it is Christmas Eve, and we have gotten up an extra entertainment.

"Yes, Tom, and a sorry day for us, now that I am sick, and the children wanting medicine and—" but she could not bear to add a feather's weight to his load—"and so much depends on you."

"I know," he replied, hastily brushing the moisture from his eyes and striving to conceal his anxiety, "but I am well and strong, Jenny, and the winter is nearly over, and you will all be well again."

"But if anything should happen you?" she questioned with a heavy sigh."

"Do you think there is much danger?" he said, repressing a sob as he thought how desperate would be their situation—of the rent due, the scanty store of provisions, the little fuel remaining, the more than a month of hard winter yet before them, the needs of a family that a poor man learns by the most bitter experience.

"But there is, dear Tom. No one is ever safe living the life you do. There are so many chances for an accident."

"Do not fear; I will take care of myself—will not run any extra risks, and as I have nothing to do in the latter part, will be home early."

He stepped to the bedside, drew the cover more closely about his wife and his children, kissed them, put the coal in the stove, though every lump was a golden ducat to a Shylock in his situation, attending to everything possible for their comfort, and prepared to face the cold and go to his nightly employment. Yet an uncommon spell seemed to claim him. He lingered fidgeted, and glanced uneasily at the clock.

"Is it not time you were off, Tom?" questioned she. "You know it is quite a walk."

"Yes, Jenny; but somehow I don't feel like leaving you alone."

"Oh, I'm used to staying alone;" and she was poor thing. "And you said you would be home early."

"Yes, yes."

An active sober man was he, and a skilled performer. He had been trained to the profession from childhood—knew no other, and under ordinary circumstances could easily keep his head above water. But the tenting season had closed unexceptionally early, the winter was hard, money was tight, and every place of amusement suffered in consequence. To these things were added sickness; and brave hearted as he was, he could not suppress a shiver of anxiety as the future stared him in the face.

He passed along the narrow street, and through more pretentious ones—passed by the house of millionaires and entered Broadway. That, at least, was brilliant and gay, as if there was nothing of poverty or human suffering in the world—as if none in the great city were familiar with hunger and sickness—as if there never was to be any awakening from a golden dream of luxury and pleasure.

"Ah! thoughtless wealth and fashion," he murmured, bitterly, as he saw fur-clad forms and pampered steeds and richly mounted harness and gilded sleighs, and costly robes dash along, "how much you will have to answer for in the day of final reckoning, for neglecting your poor, toiling, suffering brothers and sisters."

But he had no time to linger—the clock in the window told that, and with a sigh that his wife and little ones should not have their quota of good things of this world, he passed on.

Suddenly a confused voice—a wild tumult—the drawing away of teams on either side, or dashing into cross streets—startled him, and he knew something unusual was taking place. Then came the shout of "runaway! runaway!" and he felt that life and property or even both, were being whirled on to distruction.

"Are you mad? Do you want to be killed?" hurriedly asked many, as they ran to places of safety and he remained upon the curb-stone.

He gave no heed to the warning. He had braved death far too often to shrink from it in any event, and most certainly when at such a distance. His eyes were up the street upon a team of noble bays that were tearing along, mad with fright, and surging the sleigh from side to side—were running at their utmost speed, each striving to outdo the other, straining every nerve—were running away driverless. Had that been all he would not have troubled himself, deep as was his affection for blooded steeds, for he was not at that moment particularly in sympathy with wealth. It was quite another matter that chained him.

At the first outcry he had sprung to and half climbed a lamp post, and so obtained a clear view—one that thrilled his heart to the very core, caused his breath to be more deeply drawn and his pulse to momentarily cease to beat.

In the sleigh was a young and beautiful woman, pale with terror, and clasping two lovely children to her breast. Orton thought of his Jenny and their little ones, and resolved to save them. The impulse was noble, but how was it to be accomplished? Far beyond any human control were the frantic horses To attempt to seize the reins as they dashed past and to stop them would be madness—would be to be dragged down and trampled to death. He saw this—saw that the course of the horses would bring them directly upon him, and though the crowd furiously warned him of his danger, he stirred not, only braced muscles and nerves and set his teeth with determination.

"My God?" exclaimed a man, who, bolder than the rest, sprang forward, grappled and would have dragged him away. "You will be instantly killed!"

Tom Orton shook him off just as the horses reached him, watching his opportunity, seized upon the harness as they were sweeping past, sprung lightly upon the back of the nearest horse, grasping the reins, and turning to the affrighted woman and screaming children and shouted:

"Keep quiet! I will save you!"

And save them he did. Before a block had been traversed the horses were made to realize that he was their master, and the curb cutting deeply in their mouth brought them to a stand-still.

The crowd cheered lustily, the police assisted the woman and the children out and carried them in a neighboring store, and as soon as the former had in a measure recovered her senses, she asked for her preserver that she might thank and reward him, but he was not to be found. All that could be learned was, that as soon as the trembling steeds had been taken charge of by others he disappeared.

"Who could it have been?" questioned the lady, with still ghastly face and bloodless lips.

"Cannot say," answered the policeman, constituting himself spokesman; "but he was a brave fellow anyhow. I would not have taken the risk he did for thousands."

"A brave fellow, indeed," was the response; "and I would give very much to know his name and where he is to be found."

So would the policeman, that something of the glory might attach to himself. But the lady departed homeward without obtaining the desired information, and the sensitiveness of Tom Orton caused him to lose the one opportunity of his life to have risen above iron-handed poverty.

Meanwhile he was hurrying to business, more time had been occupied in the rescue than he thought possible, though applause was as dear to him as to all, yet he could not stay to listen, and as for risking his life for money, he had not even dreamed of such a thing.

Out of breath he dashed into the dressing room, and was received with a reproof for being late.

"Could not help it," he replied; "I saw a pair of fiery horses running away with a sleigh and a woman and two children; thought of my Jenny and my children and had to stop and save them."

He told his story very briefly, and modestly while getting ready; did not seem to think he had done anything wonderful, and soon was dashing down the arena upon a spirited steed "charming the world with wonderful horsemanship."

The audience applauded to the echo, and carried away by the excitement, he rashly determined to execute his most daring acts, those given only upon the greatest occasions, forgetting that the horse he rode had not been trained to them—was young and wild.

The result was soon painfully apparent. Though some were accomplished in safety, yet when he attempted to leap over a banner the fluttering frightened the horse, he bolted suddenly and Tom Orton was hurled heavily to the ground!

He endeavored to rise and make light of the pain, but a strange sickness came over him, the light flickered and grew dim, he grasped for air, and knew nothing more until somewhat revived in the dressing room, he heard familiar voices.

"O, God! what will become of Jenny and the babies," he gasped, faintly. "I am done for, and—and—" his tears and sobs choked him.

"Do not fear for them, Tom," said a dozen hearty voices, and as many grasped his hands as could obtain hold, "we will see that they are taken care of."

Many senselessly and carelessly condemn the ring and stage, but in the want and suffering their hearts shine upon the surface, such charity is shown that none upon the earth is brighter. Ah! if all humanity was true as the brother and sisterhood, whose lives are given for the amusement and intruction of others, there would be far less of suffering and trial in the world. It is charity that lasts beyond even the sad scenes at the "Little Church Around the Corner," and is blest by widow and orphan.

"Thanks, thanks," murmured the injured man. "But tell me the worst."

"A broken leg is all appears serious," answered a gray-headed man—a strange physician who had been summoned. "Though I cannot account for the cut upon your side, my man."

"Probably he hurt himself when he stopped the runaway horse," was suggested, and the story told.

"Humph!" A very dangerous business, next to foolhardy; not one in a thousand would have escaped alive," replied the physician, with pressed lips and flashing eyes. "Well, all that can be done now is to get him home. There I will make a more minute examination."

Very tenderly was the noble hearted fellow taken to his humble abode; the scene, when he was laid upon the bed, side by side with his sick wife and children, caused every eye to overflow with tears.

"Tom, dear Tom," said Jenny, as well as she could for her pitiful sobbing, "what will become of us—of the children? We will starve and die together."

"Not while we have hands," replied his associates, and every heart touched and every arm nerved to the utmost toward relief.

They all looked around anxiously for the physician—had supposed he had accompanied them. But he was not to be seen, and their grumbling became loud and deep.

"I can bear anything," said Tom, "but for you, Jenny, and the children," and he entirely broke down.

"And, I could curse that doctor for an unfeeling wretch," blurted out one of the most passionate. "But it is ever thus. We give our lives freely to please the public, and when anything happens they care nothing for us.

Tom groaned heavily. The sound woke his little girl. She raised up in bed, strained her eyes, clapped her tiny hands and shouted in true childish glee and wonder.

"Mamma! papa! See! see! An angel!"

All eyes were turned in the direction pointed, and in the doorway stood a beautiful woman, leaning upon the arm of the physician!

Yes, an angel had come to them. Tom Orton had risked his life to save that of the daughter of Dr. Armitage and his grandchildren, and the merest chance had given them them the knowledge of who it was.

But never was an equestrian feat better rewarded, and never a more charitable angel appeared upon earth, even upon the day when, alike upon the hill top and valley, it proclaimed: "Peace upon the earth and good will to men."

English Servants.

Two old classmates meeting in New York, one inquired of the other about a mutual friend. "What has become of X——? I heard he had married a rich wife." "Yes, and the last time I saw him he was keeping a negro boarding house on Fifth Avenue." This was a pleasant sarcasm at X——'s extravagance in having five or six colored servants. In England the intended irony would have no force. Mr. Richard Grant White tells us that in the "great houses" which he visited, and he did not see the greatest establishments, there are between twenty-five and thirty servants. These are employed *inside* the house, while *outside*, that is in the stables, the garden and the grounds, there are nearly as many more.

One cause for boarding and lodging such a servile corps, is that the rule in those houses is: 'A place for every servant and every servant in his place." So well defined is each servant's duty, that he knows just what pertains to his place, and is very punctilious about doing nothing that does not belong to it. This rule, has, however, its inconveniences which have introduced a new functionary called the "old man." His duty is to do whatever it is no other servant's duty to do; that is, everything any thing ordered.

The service, judging from Mr. White's experience, is simply perfect. When invited to a great house he was told that a carriage would meet him at the station on the arrival of a certain train. He hardly left the train when a very respectable-looking person, not a footman, stepped up and said:

"Lord——'s carriage is waiting for you, sir."

On arriving at the house he was met at the door by a dignified person in black, and asked if he would go up to Lady——'s room. She received him warmly, and offered him tea from a tiny table at her side.

Mr. White was shown to his room by the host. As soon as he had left, a very fine-mannered person, in a dresscoat and a white tie, appeared and asked him for the keys of his trunk. He did everything for the guest, except to wash his face and hands and put on his clothes. He laid out everything in a row, opened and laid out his dressing case, and actually turned his stockings. When Mr. White returned to his room for the night, he found his trunk unpacked and his clothes put into the wardrobe and drawers. Everything was arranged as if he were going to stay a month, instead of two days. His morning-dress had ben taken away to be carefully brushed, and if found necessary, put in order otherwise. In the morning the same servant came, opened the window, drew the bac-curtains, prepared the bath, laid up the things, turned the stockings and did everything but bathe and dress him.

Large as was the retinue of servants in this house, they kept out of the way, except when their services were needed. Mr. White says he rarely saw a servant except at dinner and when he dressed in the morning and in the evening. But the instant he rung for one he appeared.

METHODS OF INSTRUCTION.

BY A. C. HOLBERT.

CHAPTER I.

When anyone sets out to give directions as to how anything should be done, it is commonly supposed that he deems his "methods" better than those in general use, or at least worthy of attention. I may here and now explain my reasons for writing this series of articles, and, if possible, relieve myself of any liability to the charge of egotism. My reasons for publishing are:

1st. In twenty years' constant work in the school rooms of different States I do think that I have some few methods that are worthy of attention, more particularly on the part of the comparatively young or inexperienced teacher.

2d. I consider that in the teacher's profession methods should be common property. We are all working for the same end—the perfection of the race of man; it then is the absolute duty of every teacher to make his methods public. If they have accomplished good in his hands, they may do the same in the hands of another. I know that in my earlier days in the school room I wasted valuable time from not having practical ideas derived from practical teachers. Institutes are intended to do much in this way; they do much, but the teachings of our county institutes are seldom of much benefit during the session in which they are held. The reason of this is that the institute commonly comes at the wrong time. Teachers have usually got their schools in running order—their work arranged—and a radical change will unsettle the running of the school.

I remember, when I was quite a number of years younger than I am now, I attended an institute in which many good things were said, and one thing that particularly arrested my atsention, and caused me to resolve to adopt it. My school was running well. My term was half out, but when I returned home I was full of the idea I had got at institute, and I at once attempted to put it into practice. My school for the remainder of the term was a failure; it did not accomplish what it should have done, at least; it was just the same as though another teacher with different methods had come in. I taught the same school the next winter on the plan I had got at the institute, and it was a success. I learned from that experience to be very careful how I made radical changes during a school term, and I commend the same to you.

In regard to the articles of which this is the opening chapter, I will say that the greater part is not original with me. The careful reader will see much in them that he has perhaps before seen elsewhere; he may even find passages not enclosed in the marks of quotation which he knows are taken from the works of others. When such shall be the case, I trust he will attribute the matter to an oversight, and not to any intention of plagiarizing; in some instances I have not marked quotations because in the works from which I got them they were marked in single quotations, indicating quoted quotations. I trust, however, that the number of such cases is few.

In regard to authorities, I may say that I have consulted about twenty different educational works. Among them are Page, Mann, Hart, Northard, Ogden, Holbrook, Habert, Spencer, Bain, Johonnot. Wickersham, Brooks, Baldwin; the "Metaphysics" and "Logic" of Sir Wm. Hamilton, have rendered me aid; Tyndal and Mandsley are quoted from in a few instances. Educational journals have not been neglected, and I have obtained some valuable hints from the prefaces to textbooks, in fact I think authors' prefaces are too generally neglected by teachers. Whenever and wherever I have found anything that could be of service to me in the preparation of this series of articles I "have made a note of it," and though I have been "cramming" for a year for them, read everything I could get my hands on with a special view to their preparation, and made careful and extensive notes during my reading. I find that my work has been left in many places imperfect. With this I shall pass at once to the subject in hand—"Methods of instruction."

There is an old recipe for cooking a goose which begins, "First catch your goose;" so in this, first place secure your school, but I suppose that done. Now you want to make your preparations for your first day. Remember, the first day is the all-imporant one. The impression made on that day will largely decide the success of your efforts as teacher of that school. Prepare for it then; visit your future room; note the seating, conveniences, &c. Arrange in your own mind how you will seat your school. See that all things are decent and in order. On the morning of your first day, I advise you to be present early; see that the house is properly warmed, and also ventilated. Have all things at hand that you may need—chalk in abundance, pens and ink, paper, pencils, and if possible your own text books that you will teach. If you are a religious man I presume you will open your school by reading the scriptures and offering a short prayer; take care you make it short, too; you do not or should not wish to weary your pupils in the first fifteen minutes of your acquaintance. If you are simply a moral man you will perhaps use some other method. I have often opened my school on the first day by a ten minutes' talk on attention, the text being the following from Sir William Hamilton: "Attention is the voluntary direction of the mind upon an object with the intention of fully apprehending it."

My fellow teacher, read the preceding passage again and again; there is a world of meaning boxed up in those few words. They form the best definition of attention that I have ever seen. Webster, the standard of definition, says much more, and says it not half so well. Note one thing, "attention is voluntary." What do we learn from this? I learn simply that attention cannot be forced. You will not get it by begging for it, pleading, preaching, praying or flogging for it. You may excite an interest, and when the interest is excited attention, in the full sense of the word, may follow; if the interest be deep enough, it must follow. I consider interest and attention to be different actions of the mind, interest is involuntary; attention, on the contrary, is voluntary. Another thing I wish you to note specially, and that is that interest precedes attention. There can be no true attention until interest is excited. Then if you desire attention, and what teacher does not, excite interest and you will have attention; I stake my reputation on it; it cannot be otherwise.

Having opened your school, you are now ready for the work of "organization." I presume that you have decided on some particular basis of classification, and I will suppose that basis to be reading. You say, all who can read in the fifth reader raise their hands. Ten hands are raised. "You may all go to the board and write your names." Copy the names into your class-book before you dismiss the class. Now you may examine them on the principles of elocution and reading. You may have each one of them read a selection, which you have made days before perhaps, and from the character of the answers and of the reading you decide on how many and which of them you shall admit into the fifth reader. Bear in mind here, you are making this classification; see that you make it thorough. Let no motive whatever induce you to admit a pupil to a class for which he is not prepared. The same methods may be pursued with the other readers—having each one write his name on the board and then copying into your class book. In arithmetic the plan is essentially the same, but after the examination on principles I go to the board and write out ten examples, covering the range of knowledge which the pupils should possess of the branch. Those examples I want cleared by them at once. The ease and readiness, &c., with which they do this tell me much of their qualifications. It may be necessary to adopt a temporary organization. In fact I have never yet taught a school in which such an organization was not necessary, but get your school upon a permanent basis as soon as possible.

Rules and punishments. There are two extremes. The first is, multitudinous rules, and unlimited floggings for every violation of them. The second is, no rules and no floggings. The miniature image of God must, under no circumstances, be profaned by a rod. There is a golden mean—make necessary rules, do necessary flogging, and "when done, if 'tis done, 'twere well 'twere well done." A boy sometime gets the devil into him, and nothing on earth known among men will suffice to exercise the ancient Henry save about four feet of good limber beech, the young growth, applied without any mind to "spare for his crying."

One of the very best rules I ever saw is that rule which some persons call the "eleventh commandment"—mind your own business. Properly understood it is a rule which a man or woman, a boy or girl, can "live by and die by." Properly followed no duty will be left undone, for it is a man's business to perform all duties. No man will wrong his neighbor, for it is a man's business to live right with God and man. The rule will have to be explained, but when explained properly I have never known it fail to appeal to the minds of pupils in a manner that no other rule I have ever seen has done in my hands. Here is another rule; have it printed on cards and posted in conspicuous places in your school room. "Study to keep quiet." This rule is the "strive to enter in at the straight gate" of school discipline. Quiet is necessary. How shall you better secure it than by having every pupil study to keep so? But while you insist on quiet by the pupils, see that you are quiet yourself. Many a school is demoralized by a loud-talking, noisy teacher. Never let your voice rise above the ordinary conversational tone. "Give your commands with the falling inflection." Remember, however, there are two kinds of quiet. A dead man is very quiet, but he does nothing. He is gradually disintegrating. A dead school is the same. There is the quiet of death and the quiet of work or business. Cultivate the latter, banish the former. Corpses are not agreeable objects, and the corpse of a school is no exception. "Allow no walking on tiptoe." It is an unnatural posture. Don't do it yourself nor permit it in your presence.

Tactics is a term applied to the management of soldiers—to the drilling of soldiers—but it may just as properly be applied to the drilling of pupils. By a carefully arranged system of tactics, much of the disorder and confusion of the schoolroom are avoided. I have found the following a very useful system:

Teacher first explains the meaning of the different signals used somewhat as follows: 1. When the class is called the members will remain seated, as the calling of the class is intended merely to give notice that the class is about to recite. At the word "ready!" all will be prepared to attend to the next command, which is, "rise!" at this command the pupils each step into the aisle nearest them, and face in the direction they will move. At the next word, "pass!" all move quietly promptly to the recitation seat, when they "face," or take the proper position to be comfortably seated at the word "seats." There is no crowding; there is no rush; there is a minimum amount of noise. Allow no tiptoeing; arrange your class symmetrically. There are two forms: you may place your tallest pupils in the middle and the shorter ones on each side, thus having a regular decrease in height from the middle toward each end of the class; or you may place the tallest pupils at the head of the class, and have a regular decrease to the other end. I prefer the first because I think it forms a neater looking class.

Dismissing classes is done in the same manner. "Ready!" "rise!" "pass!" are the commands. When they reach their seats, all remain standing until the command "seats!" when they resume their seats.

For the blackboard the commands are somewhat different, the first is "board!" when all pass quickly and quietly to the board; "erase!" the board is cleansed for work; "write!" "attention!" the class at once, without waiting to finish a figure, face the teacher; "seats!" is the command to send them from the board to the recitation seat. Bear in mind, at the word "attention!" you want attention, and you must insist on having it then, not in a few seconds after. It will take some days to get your pupils drilled into this work, but you will find it pays. Allow no lagging! Require all to move promptly. Some teachers require their pupils to march to counting, I prefer the method I have given. It can be applied in our country schools as they exist to-day, and when carefully followed, will, I think, answer every purpose. Other methods might be given, but as I deem this all-sufficient, I refrain. When your pupils are in class, permit nothing to be attended to but the recitation. If you have not sufficiently interested your class to enable you hold their attention, strive to do so. If you cannot do so at all make way for some one who can. Pupils answer only when called. This is imperative. You must reach every pupil in the class during each recitation, and should reach each more than once. If you cannot do so your class is too large, you must divide it at once. "Use concert recitation sparingly, very seldom I should say. Concert recitation in general is merely a cloak to cover the defective knowledge of a portion of the class.

When you read a question, call on someone to answer; should he fail, "hands up! how many can answer?" call another; call frequently on those who do not raise their hands. The reason is, you wish to find out how much work has been done; one who raises no hands indicates that he has failed to do work. Why has he so failed? This is a matter for your inquiry. Allow no prompting. Show the pupil that this is a dishonest practice; if they deceive you, they have been guilty of falsehood. Ask how many of them would not be insulted if any one should tell him, "You are a liar," and show that the prompter and the one who consents to be prompted are both really truly and liars, and nothing less. The first wish is to convey the impression that his friend knows the lesson, and the one who submits to be prompted thus to convey the same impression. Peeping on the book comes in the same category. Communications must be made, it seems, and how to make them with the least amount of trouble has engaged the attention of every writer on education, so far as I know. My idea is that during study hours there should be no communication about anything whatever. No whispering. If a communication must be made let it come first to you, and from you to the other party. For instance, a boy wishes for something which is in another's possession; he comes to you, "Teacher, will you ask James Blank to return me my pencil?" you go to James get the pencil and hand it to the applicant. All is done quietly, no one is disturbed. I merely use this as an illustration. I have also used the plan of giving three minutes at the end of each hour for such things. They can then be attended to, and at no other time. If a boy neglects to attend to the matter, then let him wait, it will not hurt him, besides if he suffers inconvenience to-day he will "mind his business" better to-morrow. Be firm in this matter of communication. Be firm everywhere.

You must have a plan when you enter the school room. I have endeavored to aid you in forming a good one. Should your plan differ from mine, no matter. Only make your plan a good one, and follow it. Do everything with a purpose. Seat your school with a purpose; the purpose of preventing disorder and idleness. Just here is where the advantage of the temporary organization is seen. If you are a stranger, especially, you can find out the peculiarities of each pupil and seat so as to counteract the evil. Use punishments enough. I have no sympathy with sentimentalism which would tend to the contrary. Notice, I say punishments. Do not punish every offence in the same way, "variety is the spice of life." Strive to make your punishments logical consequences of actions committed. If a boy breaks a window, a logical consequence is—he gets a new one. If a boy is disposed to cause disturbance, a logical consequence is—he is placed where he cannot do so.

Truancy I do not punish at all, I do not deem it my affair. Truancy is an offence against the domestic economy. I report it to the parent and he uses his own pleasure. Generally speaking, when persistent truancy occurs, there is something about the school which excites dislike. Find out what it is, remedy it if you can. Can you expect to make a boy love a place, which he already dislikes by punishing him for manifesting that dislike? Answer the question, and let your answer govern your actions.

Being asked concerning the Oil, Mr. August Kickhusch informed the questioner that St. Jacobs Oil had proved an excellent and most useful remedy in every family that had used it. A large majority of cases pronounced incurable have been entirely cured. 1. *Vausau Central Wisconsin.*

Sufferings of Immigrants to Manitoba.

WINNIPEG, Manitoba, April 6.—A train on the Canadian Pacific Railway, with 800 immig