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CARUE M. HICKS, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Somerset, Penn'a.

H. S. KIMMELL. H. S. KIMMELL, JR. DR. E. M. KIMMELL & SON offer their professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. One of the members of the firm can at all times, unless professionally engaged, be found at their office, on Main St., east of the Diamond.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of Medicine.—Office opposite Charles Krieger's store. apr. 22, '79-tf.

DR. H. BRUBAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence on Main St., west of the Diamond.

DR. A. G. MILLER, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, has removed to South Bend, Indiana, where he can be consulted by letter or otherwise.

DR. JOHN BILIS, DENTIST, Rooms above Henry Heffley's store, Main Cross St., Somerset, Pa.

DIAMOND HOTEL, STOYSTOWN, PENN'A. This popular and well known house has lately been thoroughly and newly refitted with all new furniture, which has made it a very desirable stopping place for the traveling public. Table and rooms cannot be surpassed, all better class, with a large public hall attached to same. Also large and roomy stabling. Glass boarding can be had at the lowest prices, by the week, day or meal. SAMUEL CUSTER, Prop. S. E. Cor. Diamond Stoystown, Pa.

3,000 Gallons PURE FERMENTED WINE, FOR SALE. A. J. Casebeer & A. J. Casebeer & Co.'s, Somerset, Pa., or at his SUGAR GROVE FARM, miles north of Somerset, the place of manufacture. The following is a list of the kinds in stock: GRAPE, BLACKBERRY, CHERRY, CURRANT, ELDERBERRY, WILD-CHERRY AND CIDER WINE. Will be sold in quantity to suit purchasers. Much used for medical and sacramental purposes; almost a beverage by those who use a pure wine.

Notice to Horsemen!

Just received a car load of Kentucky Saddle and Harness Horses, both single and double drivers, consisting of several pairs of

Fine-Styled Match Horses

All colors; good steppers; well broken; ranging from five to six years old. We guarantee them perfectly sound. Our single-footed rackers are

SPLENDID MOOVERS!

And all trot in harness. Persons wishing this kind of Horses will do well to call on or address—

I. ARMSTRONG & SON., Bruceton, W. Va.

mar3

ANNUAL STATEMENT —OF— SOMERSET TOWNSHIP,

For the Year Ending March 13, 1882.

ELI BOWMAN, SUPERVISOR, DR.

To gross amount of duplicate	$685 32
To amount due township from last year	47 59
Total	$732 91
CR.	
By labor	$546 82
By wages	86 45
By expenditures	3 93
By exonerations	4 80
By labor on last year's tax	13 77
By balance paid in Treasury	38 14—$732 91
Total	$732 91

MICHAEL SWANK, DR.

To gross amount of duplicate	$567 49
CR.	
By labor	$439 15
By wages	84 10
By expenditures	19 16
By exonerations	19 91
By balance paid in Treasury	4 17—$567 49
Total	$567 49

DAVID HEPPLE, DR.

To gross amount of duplicate	$641 22
To balance due Hepple	34 77
Total	$676 22
CR.	
By labor	$509 08
By wages	82 62
By expenditures	48 97
By exonerations	31 60—$676 22
Total	$676 22

SAMUEL SHAFFER, DR.

To gross amount of duplicate	$356 29
To balance due Shaffer	42 36
CR.	
By labor	$287 19
By wages	7 50
By expenditures	43 39
By exonerations	8 57—$298 65
Total	$298 65

ADAM S. MILLER, Clerk. CHAS. H. MILLER, SAML. LIVENGOOD, GEO. C. LICHTY, Auditors.

apr26

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE. Estate of Hiram J. Boyts, late of Conemaugh Twp., dec'd. Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to those indebted to it to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands will present them duly authenticated for settlement, on Saturday, the 6th day of May, 1882, at his late residence in Davidsville. DANIEL HOFFMAN, JOSIAH BOYTS, Administrators. mar29

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP. Notice is hereby given that the partnership lately existing between Joseph Bender and Edmund Bender, of Stoystown, under the firm of Joseph Bender & Son, was dissolved on the 21st day of April, 1882, by mutual consent. All debts owing to the said partnership are to be received by the said Joseph Bender, and all demands on the said partnership are to be presented to him for payment. JOSEPH BENDER, EDMUND BENDER. All accounts standing on the books must be settled within thirty days, or they will be collected by process of law. apr26

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Estate of Jacob Ripple, dec'd, late of Quemahoning Township, Somerset County, Pa. Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to those indebted to it to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands will please present them duly authenticated for settlement on Monday the 29th day of May at the house of the deceased in Hooversville. LEVI RIPPLE, Administrator. apr19

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Estate of Silas C. Keim, late of Salisbury Bor., Somerset Co., dec'd. Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to those indebted to the said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against it to present them duly authenticated for settlement, on Monday, the 15th day of May, 1882, at the late residence of the deceased. HOWARD H. KEIM, N. GEORGE KEIM, Administrators. apr5

NOTICE. The undersigned Assignee of George Fritz and wife has settled up the trust conferred upon him, by the assignment and paid all the debts presented to him, and there is a surplus, which he will pay to the Assignor at the expiration of 30 days, at which all parties can take notice. SOL. J. BAKER, Assignee. apr12-3t

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Estate of Jacob Horner, late of Somerset Twp., deceased. Letters of administration on above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against it to present them duly authenticated for settlement on Saturday, June 10th, 1882, at the late residence of deceased in said township. EDMUND HORNER, Administrator. may3

NOTICE FOR DISCHARGE OF ASSIGNEE. Solomon Baker, to George Barclay. Voluntary Assignment for the benefit of creditors. No. 5.9 April T. 1876. Petition of Assignee for discharge. Pursuant to an order of the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset County, I hereby give notice that the petition of George Barclay, Assignee of Solomon Baker, has been presented to the said Court for discharge as said Assignee, and that his petition will be heard on May, 23d, 1882, and the prayer of the petition granted, unless cause to the contrary be shown. By the Court, S. U. TRENT, Prothonotary. may3-3t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS, &c. John Dester and wife, to F. A. Werner. No. 142 Nov. T. 1878. In the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset Co. Vol. Assignment for the benefit of creditors. Notice is hereby given that the Assignee in the above case have presented their petition to the Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for an order directing the Assignee to recover the undisposed of property to the Assignee, and that the prayer of the petitioners will be granted unless objections are filed before May 23, 1882. By order of the Court, S. U. TRENT, Prothonotary. may3

THE WORLD-FAMED **BURDETT ORGAN** IS FOR SALE ONLY BY **I. J. HEFFLEY,** MUSIC DEALER, SOMERSET, PENN'A. ABOVE HENRY HEFFLEY'S STORE.

BEFORE BUYING TRY THE BURDETT! "IT IS THE BEST!"

It Defies Competition in Variety, Beauty & Price.

The superiority of the Burdett Organs is recognized and acknowledged by the highest musical authorities, and the demand for them is steadily increasing as their merits are becoming more extensively known. What everybody wants is the BEST ORGAN for the least amount of money:—Therefore everybody wants the BURDETT.

EVERY ORGAN GUARANTEED FIVE YEARS. Sold on Easy Monthly Payments and Low for CASH.

—ALSO— VIOLINS, GUITARS, ACCORDEONS, BANJOS, CLARIONETTS, PICCOLOS, FLUTES, FIFES,

And in fact everything in the musical line. The latest and most desirable Instruction Books for all instruments on sale. Blank Music Books and Paper of all sizes and kinds.

SHEET MUSIC & VIOLIN STRINGS a Specialty.

Organs Tuned and Repaired. Musical Instruction 210 per quarter. Send for catalogue. Soliciting your orders for "Everything in the Musical Line," I am, Yours Respectfully, I. J. HEFFLEY, Somerset, Penn'a. feb22-tf.

FASHIONABLE CUTTER & TAILOR!

Having had many years experience in all branches of the Tailoring business I guarantee satisfaction to all who may call upon me and favor me with their patronage. Yours, &c., WM. M. HOCHSTETLER, Somerset, Pa. mar8

WANTED, SALESMEN To canvass for the sale of Nursery Stock. Unequaled facilities. No experience required. Salary and expenses paid. 500 acres of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, etc. April2 W. & T. SMITH, Geneva, N. Y.

LOW PRICES!

RELIABLE GOODS.

Entire Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded.

OUR enormous sales, the last few weeks, show how our Attractive Styles and Reasonable Prices are appreciated. If you want things that are really Good and Cheap our establishment is the place at which they are to be found. Please read our price list carefully, then call and be convinced that we do as we advertise.

Men's Clothing:

Mens' Every-day Suits, $2.70.
Mens' Knockabout Suits, $3.00.
Mens' Worsted Suits, $4.50.
Mens' Cassimere Suits, $6.00.
Mens' Light Suits, $7.00.
Mens' all-wool Cassimere suits, $9.25.
Men's Cassimere Suits $7.10
Mens' All-wool Cheviot Suits, $9.50.
Very Fine Dress suits in Fancy Worsteds, Cheviots and extra fine Cassimere trimmed with fine Serge or Italian, from $10 to $16.70.
Extra Fine suits, lined with fine Satin and Silk Serge, from $16 to $25.
Mens' Working Pants, 68 cents.
Mens' Union Pants, 72 cents.
Mens' Worsted Pants, $1.40.
Mens' Fine Worsted Pants, $2.50.
Mens' good Cassimere Pants, $2.70
Mens' Fine Dress Pants, $3 to $4.
Mens' Extra Fine Dress Pants, $4 to $6.
Boys School Pants, 62 cents.
Boys' Knockabout Pants, $1.10.
Boys' good dress Pants, $1.25 to $2.
Boys' Extra Fine Pants, $2 to $3.

FOR want of space we can only enumerate a few articles out of our Clothing Department, save our Hat and Furnishing Goods Departments, Mens' Middlesex Blue Flannel or Grand Army Suits, all-wool, color guaranteed; made so that button may be changed at pleasure, for $9.00.

WOLF'S - - - WOLF'S One-Price Clothing Establishment, Main Street, JOHNSTOWN, Pa.

LOOK HERE! When you come to JOHNSTOWN, do not fail to call at the **PEOPLE'S STORE!!** NO. 3 MORRIS ST. TO MAKE YOURP URCHASES! We keep constantly on hand a full line of goods usually kept in a First-class **GENERAL STORE!!** which we will sell at a VERY LOW margin for profits. *GIVE US A CALL!* ALBERT TRENT, Manager. mar24-3m

WALTER ANDERSON, MERCHANT TAILOR, COR. WOOD ST. AND SIXTH AVENUE, AND NO. 226 LIBERTY STREET PITTSBURGH, PA. feb19

ALBERT A. HORNE. J. SCOTT WARD. **HORNE & WARD,** SUCCESSORS TO EATON & BROS., NO. 27 FIFTH AVENUE, PITTSBURGH, PA. SPRING, 1882. **NEW GOODS** EVERY DAY SPECIALTIES —IN— Embroideries, Laces, Millinery, White Goods, Handkerchiefs, Dress Trimmings, Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets, Muslin and Merino Underwear, Infants' and Children's Clothing, Fancy Goods, Yarns, Zephyrs, Materials of All Kinds for FANCY WORK, **Gents' Furnishing Goods, &c., &c.** YOUR PATRONAGE IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED. ORDERS BY MAIL ATTENDED TO WITH CARE AND DISPATCH. mar5

CHARLES HOFFMAN, **MERCHANT TAILOR,** (Above Henry Heffley's Store.) LATEST STYLES and LOWEST PRICES. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. SOMERSET, PA.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls are making great pay. Reader if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. Dec.18-1y.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co. Portland, Maine. Mar.18-1yr

$72 A WEEK, $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Maine. Mar.18-1yr

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

Woman can Sympathize with Woman. Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

Yours for Health Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humor there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 23 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. Mention this Paper.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

Sold by all Druggists.

FOR SALE BY C. N. BOYD, DRUGGIST, Somerset, Pa.

MAY.

"* * * While the jolly hours bring on propitious May."

I hear the footstep of the frolic May,
Tripping as on that holiday
When Love with berries of the bay
Was crowned to sing a roundelay.
Sing, all ye choruses and choirs
That lift unto the love-tuned lyres
The music of their magic wires,
To May, to May a roundelay!

I hear the gentle murmurs of the Naiad,
And the far whispers of the Dryad,
In Echo's answers never tired,
With love and mirthfulness inspired
To sing to May a roundelay.
Sing, spirits of the rasty air,
In dingles, dells, or rocky lair,
In haunted hollows everywhere,
Sing to the May a roundelay!

I hear the soft sea waves that ebb and flow
Where ancient Triton's horn doth blow,
In blasts now loud, and long, and low,
Unto the hill, re-echoing slow,
To May a merry roundelay.
Sing, O ye spirits of the waves,
That sleep in hidden curves and caves,
Where Doris with her Nereus laves,
And sings to May a roundelay!

I hear mezzonean zephyrs rise and fall,
Chanting to May their madrigal,
And fountains, rivers, brooks, and all
Repeat their carols to the call
Of May to sing a roundelay,
Sing, spirits of the balmy breeze,
That lift to life the budding trees
That blow the blossoms o'er the leas,
To merry May a roundelay!

I hear in whispering woods and genial groves
The measures of their happy loves,
And in the coverts of the coves
The melodies of turtle doves,
Making to May a roundelay.
Break forth and sing, spirits of mirth,
Hid in the bosom of the earth,
That wake to-day to happy birth,
And chant to May a roundelay.

Sing, sing, O heart, unto the breath of Spring:
Sing, for all life is on the wing,
And Nature's notes incessant sing,
And Echo's answers backward fling,
To merry May a roundelay!
Sing, spirits of the sky and sea,
That hold the charmed Memnonian key
Of music's mighty mystery,
Make to the May a roundelay!

DID HE PROPOSE?

"I couldn't do it," said Martyn Ellerslie, with a shudder. It was just the seductive hour before the gas jets are lighted and window blinds are pulled down—the delicious twilight, when grate fires shine like burning masses of ruby, and people sitting beside them grow mildly confidential. It was snowing a little outside; all the better, for the click of the crystalized pearls against the glass filled up the silence, and made the cosy warmth of the room luxuriously delightful. And Martyn Ellerslie's pleasant brown eyes, fixed full on the fire, saw—no one can tell what or how much they saw!

"Suppose she should say 'no,'" he burst out, seemingly *apropos* to nothing at all.

"Suppose she shouldn't," observed Guy Barnes, dryly.

"I tell you, old fellow, it's exactly like having a tooth pulled out. Your friends stand by and say, 'Be a man; it's nothing!' It isn't they who are under the doctor's forceps."

"Complimentary to Miss Clen."

"Nonsense. You know what I mean. But really and truly, I've tried and I can't do it."

"Very well," said Barnes, indifferently; "then it is an understood thing that you are to live and die an old bachelor."

"I didn't say that."

"Oh, I beg pardon. You expect Fanny is going to propose to you; that's it."

"You are a heartless miscreant," Ellersville cried out, half laughing, half impatient, as he sprang to his feet and tossed the remnant of his cigar into the fire, "and I shall not waste any more words upon you—unless, indeed, you'll go round to the fair with me."

"Where Fanny Clen has a stand? Not if I know it. The money market is rather tight with me just at present, and these fancy fairs are no better than a den of robbers, where a defenceless young man is concerned."

And Martyn Ellerslie went on his way alone.

The hall was all a glitter with gaslights and fragrant with flowers when he got there; and pretty feminine sparks lurked each behind her table when laiden, was all smiles and dimples, while the throng of victims ebbed and flowed around them.

Mr. Ellerslie found himself greeted with acclamations.

"You will take a share, Mr. Ellerslie?"

"Do please put your name down here, Mr. Ellerslie; there are only ten blanks left."

"Oh, Mr. Ellerslie, you are the very one we are waiting for. I've kept seven for you—seven is always a lucky number."

"Mr. Ellerslie! don't, pray, spend all your money until you've taken a share in this mammoth doll, with a trunk full of clothes."

And thus our hero was flung hither and yon on the waves of the fair, drawing nearer, however, with every description, to the table over which shone the blue stars of Fanny Clen's eyes.

But when he got there he was smitten with a sudden silence.

Fanny looked wonderingly up.

"It's a fine evening," he hazarded.

"Is it?" asked Fanny. "Why, I thought it was snowing!"

"So it is," said our hero, growing very red, and overturning with his elbow a crimson Venitian flask (for which he immediately had to pay a sovereign,) "I—I mean it isn't a very fine evening."

"Oh!" said Fanny.

"Yes," said Martyn, feeling acutely that he had made a donkey of himself.

Then he went away, and did not see Fanny Clen again the whole evening—probably she was the only person in the whole room that he cared a fig about seeing at all. But so unkind is fate to love and lovers.

Just as he was edging his way out of the place, in a very dispirited and dejected frame of mind, there was a rush and a flutter, and he heard his own name called in all the notes of the human gamut.

"What is it?" he asked, vaguely staring around him.

"You've drawn the big doll!" cried little Sybil Percy, dancing up to him, and laying in his arms the huge waxen abomination, with its flossy yellow curls and imposing pink and white complexion; while somebody else brought the big trunk and little band-box. "It's just travelling with a wife said Sybil, mischievously.

"But what the—ahem! what am I to do with it?" asked our bewildered hero.

"Give it to me or somebody," said Sybil, inwardly hoping he would act promptly on the suggestion and bestow the prize on her. "Any one would be delighted to receive such a present."

"Do you think she would?" asked Mr. Ellerslie, vacantly, and then he went away.

"Great stupid fellow!" cried Sybil, spitefully, and she tipped back to her table.

"I never saw such a goose," said Laura Barrington, who had three sisters of her own at home.

"But what am I to do with it?" said Martyn to himself, as he traversed the wintry gloom of the midnight streets. "Oh, I have it! I'll give it to Fanny Clen and she can make a Christmas present of it to her little black-eyed cousin!"

He laid the doll, rejoicing, on a sofa, and went to bed, sinking into dream land just about the time that Fanny Clen was taking the hair-pins out of her magnificent golden hair before the dressing bureau in her own apartment.

"Why Fanny, what ails you?" cried Dora, her eldest sister. "You are crying?"

"I'm so tired," guiltily confessed poor Fanny.

And she wept herself to sleep, thinking how foolish she had been, and that of course Martyn Ellerslie didn't care a straw about her. Why should he?

Mr. Ellerslie rose the next morning full of his momentous resolve, and made such a toilet that the very landlady's little boy, seeing him go out with a big doll, neatly encased in her pasteboard box, under his arm, ejected, profanly,—

"Oh my eye, what a swell!"

The black-eyed, little cousin admitted him. Yes, Cousin Fanny was at home—would he walk into the parlor?

And our hero, before he had fairly made up his mind in what terms to bestow his gift, found himself bowing to a fair-headed vision in a sunny little room, surrounded by heads of cut flowers.

"How do you do, Mr. Ellerslie?" said Fanny, coloring and smiling; "I am making bouquets, you see, for to-night."

"Exactly so," said Martyn, and then he reflected how much more appropriate a remark he might have made and turned very red.

"Pray sit down," said Fanny.

"I—I—the fact is Miss Clen," said Mr. Ellerslie, plunging in sheer desperation into the midst of his subject; "I have called—I hope you won't be vexed—you have only to say so if you don't like it."

Fanny dropped her sprig of heliotrope, and looked up in surprise.

"I know it isn't of much consequence," went on Martyn, turning the pastebaord box round and round in confusion, "but if you'll acccept it—I've known and esteemed you so long, and—"

The damask roses deepened on Fanny's fair face. It had come at last, then, the proposal she had anticipated so long and anxiously.

"Not of consequence! Oh, Mr. Ellerslie!" she repeated reproachfully.

Would you care for it?" he demanded, quite oblivious in the embarrassment of the moment that he hadn't even named the gift.

"Care for it!" the tears sparkled in Fanny's eyes. "When you know that I love you, Martyn."

And she ran straight into the arms of our astonished hero.

When he went down the doorsteps he was an engaged young man, how and when he scarcely knew, himself. And as fate would have it, the first personage against whom he stumbled was Guy Barnes.

"Hello!" said Guy. "What's up?"

"Don't speak so loud," said Ellerslie, passing his arm through that of his friend. "She's engaged to be my wife."

"Who is? The divine Fanny, the fariest of her sex?"

"Of course! who else should it be?"

"But I thought you couldn't screw your courage up to the proposing mark?"

"I didn't propose."

Guy Barnes started.

"You—didn't—propose! Then how could she have accepted you?"

"That's just what I can't exactly comprehend myself," said the puzzled lover. "We are engaged—that is certain—but I can't for the life of me remember when or how I proposed."

"But of course you proposed," observed Guy. "People always do get a little flurried, you know."

"Do they? Well, I suppose that was the case with me. But I don't remember—"

"Oh, don't be such a ninny!" said Guy Barnes, impatiently.

"I wish I could remember just what I said, though," obeserved Martyn.

And even after he was duly married he never could quite recall whether he proposed or not. But as long as dear little Fannie was all his own, what did it signify?

Mr. George Barnes, of Bagnall & Barnes, South Water street, said that his wife had been a severe sufferer with neuralgia for years and had tried many remedies in vain. St. Jacobs Oil is the only thing that brought her relief.—*Daily Chicago Times.*

Cheyenne has at present seven churches and not a single concert saloon. A good deal of the old pepper has been taken out of Cheyenne.

METHODS OF INSTRUCTION.

BY A. C. HOLDREN.

CHAPTER I.

Reading may be said to be of two kinds, viz: personified reading and simple reading. I am not aware that any elocutionist makes this division of the subject, but it suits my purpose, hence I adopt it.

Personified reading is that in which the reader endeavors to adapt his tone, gestures, expression, etc., to the sentiment of the piece. For instance, if a person be represented as calling, the "pitch" is raised; if he be represented as angry, in grief, or terror, there is an attempt to make, not only the voice, but the features, convey those emotions as they may respectively occur. Some elocutionists call this "dramatic reading." I prefer my own classification. Simple reading is, as its name implies, merely giving the language of the author, with due regard to inflections, accent, etc., but without any aid from personification, and with no intention of producing a dramatic effect. Some authors style this "pure reading;" one calls it "good reading." I prefer the term I have given, else I would not have used it.

Having thus secured a classification, it now becomes our duty to determine which of these two kinds of reading is to be taught in the public schools, or whether both are to be taught.

In order to determine this, it is only necessary for us to recognize the fact that not one pupil out of every hundred in the public schools will depend upon his elocutionary powers to secure a livelihood, while every single pupil expects to be able to read in such a manner that he can understand what he reads, and be understood when he reads. This alone determines the matter. Simple reading is what is demanded in the public schools. Time spent in drilling your pupils until they can go through the ranting performances of our trained public readers, is wasted. One of the very best readers I have heard for a long time is a little girl who was trained by her parents at home. She possesses a very good pronunciation, speaks clearly and distinctly in a voice which many a high-toned young damsel would think too loud for refinement; but to my ear there is more true refinement in speaking so that one can be heard, than in inconveniencing your listner by not enabling him to hear, and she has no idea whatever of personification. Were I her teacher, she never would have.

As public school teachers, I hold that we have no business with the ranting performances of public readers—intended merely "to split the ears of the groundlings."

The proper place to begin the teaching of reading is before the child knows its letters. "To learn A, B, C, is felt by the young child to be very irksome;" of course it is. What idea is there in the term A to a boy of six years? None. I wonder that the old "master" did not strike the idea, the true idea, after the experience I shall give.

"What is that?" pointing to the letter A.

"A harrow," answered the boy.

"What is that?" pointing to B.

"An ox-yoke," answered the urchin.

I did not hear any more. "I say the tale as 'twas told to me," but I think it to be a very suggestive one.

Children may be taught to read most of the lessons in any ordinary first reader, and will not necessarily know a single letter of the alphabet by name. Teachers need drill in this regard, but it can be done.

I will illustrate my meaning. Show a child a "pen." He knows what it is, of course. You may tell him a story of the particular pen you hold in your hand. Make a picture of the pen on the blackboard. He will recognize it. Tell him there is another way of making a pen on the board. Paint it for him in Roman capitals thus:

P E N .

Make him know that those hieroglyphics (to him) mean and are pen. Put the word through all possible transformations, PNE, NEP, NPE, EPN, ENP, until he at once recognizes the form PEN. Is it not plain to any one that you have given that child the knowledge of form, which enables him to recognize these letters and a word in about the same time that would have been requisite to enable him to recognize one letter by the old plan? Then you can bring him down to the small letters very easily, after he thoroughly knows the Roman, by printing the word for him thus:

p e n .

Little drill will be requsite; so you will have taught him six forms. But while you have been teaching this word you will, if you do your duty, rather, perhaps, if you understand your business, teach a number of other words, A, the, writes, steel, gold, quill, on, paper, with, ink, black, red, blue, green and *ad libitum*. I have taken this word at random; any other will do as well as a basis—cat, dog, hen, etc. One very fine set of "elementary reading charts" are based on the word cat.

The point in the matter is, you must not attempt to teach the names of the alphabet until you have taught the forms. Neither must you expect any marvelous result from a half day's teaching. "Rome was not built in a day." You can only attain to great results by toil, by constant and unremitting drill, drill, drill. Remember

"Nothing great is lightly won,
Nothing won is lost."

"Keep them at work." Here is the key-note to successful teaching, and here, too, is a means of keeping your small pupils at work. After a recitation, in which you have printed upon the board a number of words for them, send them to their seats to reproduce your forms on their slates. Give them correct copies, too; don't forget this: "What is put into the first of life is put into the whole of life." You and I, my fellow teacher, whoever you are, are haunted by errors acquired from the teachers at school. We cannot lay these ghosts; like Banquos, "they stretch on till the crack of doom, and will not down at our bidding."

Some teachers may deem the method I give above as a method suitable for teaching spelling, but not reading. I can only say if it is suited in any degree for spelling, it is much more adapted to reading; try it and then decide. But not all our pupils are of so primary a grade. "For this and all other blessings may the Lord make us truly thankful." The point to be attained in pupils of all higher grades than indicated above, is to enable them to recognize a word at sight. There must be no hesitation. If there is, you obtain a drawling utterance at once ridiculous and absurd. No one must stop to spell a word. The name of the word must spring from the tongue as the picture of the word is formed on the retina of the eye. Hand any ordinary newspaper to a commonly good reader and request him to read a portion aloud. If you notice carefully, mistakes and hesitancy will occur in those words only with which he is wholly unacquainted or not familiar. The object, then, is to render the boy familiar with as many words as possible. To give him a good vocabulary—how shall this be done? This is the important query. I think it can best be done by carefully reading the best productions of different authors. I know no other means that will so surely develop one's command of language. In connection therewith the use of writing materials must not be neglected. When the word is once caught writing will rivet it fast and make it ours forever. In conjunction with all this, I need scarcely mention the constant use of the dictionary. An eminent author on education, says: "The very best teacher I ever knew was a lady, who, in passing to and from among her pupils, constantly carried an unabridged dictionary under her arm, and used it, too." This looks laughable, does'nt it? But do not forget that there is more common sense than absurdity there. The dictionary is in itself a library; pupils in our schools do not consult this monitor one-tenth part so much as they should consult it. Bear in mind, this book is intended for use; use it, then. Whilst I am upon this subject of the dictionary, I will say, and with sorrow, too, I am satisfied that there are many pupils in our schools who cannot determine the proper pronunciation of a word with the dictionary in their hands. They have never been taught the "diacutical marks." There are few of our school readers which attempt to teach these marks; in fact I am acquainted with but one series that does so. This is not as it should be. The unabridged should be in every school, and every pupil should be taught how to find any word in it, and how to determine its proper pronunciation after finding it.

There are certain errors into which the inexperienced teacher is likely to fall, and I will notice a few of them here.

1. Permitting those members of a class who are not reading to become inattentive.

2. Permitting members to read in sing-song tone.

3. Interrupting a reader in order to make corrections of various kinds.

4. Permitting yourself to be interrupted by the school at large while hearing a recitation.

5. Too much concert reading. Concert work is too apt to be only a cloak for the poorly prepared.

6. Not enough written work.

7. Permitting pupils to assume an unnatural tone.

8. Failure to drill on the elementary sounds to sufficient extent or entirely.

9. Failure to insist on distinct enunciation of word elements.

10. Permitting pupils to "slur" unknown words.

11. Failure to enforce attention to committing definitions.

12. Permitting a lounging posture in class.

13. Hurrying "through the book" too rapidly, and thus failing to secure thoroughness.

I might extend the list, but I think that a baker's dozen will suffice. Pray you avoid these and your work will be better.

With this I close the subject of reading. My next chapter will be on geography.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

From Our Special Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 29.

The President is away at Fortress Monroe witnessing the maneouvres of some ships of war, and, cannot practice at targets. Congress is proceeding with its usual humdrum slowness towards the end of the session.

The interest of the press, and consequently of the country, is centered in the investigation that is going on before the Committee on Foreign Affairs. This is the circus. Mr. Blaine is the leading performer. Congress is merely a side show now.

Yesterday Mr. Blaine told Mr. Belmont, who has been conducting the examination, that he had spoken untruthfully, and that he was not a gentleman. Mr. Belmont replied that he was a bully and a coward, and that he would settle with him in private for his insulting language. To day the quarrel is the absorbing subject of conversation at the Capitol, and about the Hotels; opinion being somewhat divided on political lines, but not all Republicans in Washington are Mr. Blaine's friends, many of them taking sides with Conkling in a quarrel of very old standing. It is very generally believed that Mr. Belmont will challenge Mr. Blaine, and the almost universal opinion is that Mr. Blaine will pay no attention to the challenge. Mr. Belmont is a young man, the son of the millionaire of that name, who has figured prominently for years in New York Democratic politics. Last night he called upon Senator Butler, from South Carolina, who is a remote relative of his, and requested him to act as his friend in an affair of honor between himself and Mr. Blaine. Senator Butler called some of Mr. Belmont's friends together, and they prevailed upon the latter gentlemen to wait until this morning before sending a blood thirsty message. It is very probable that Mr. Belmont will rise in his seat to-day, and tender his resignation as a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, assigning as a cause that in his endeavor to get a clear story from Mr. Blaine he was not upheld by his colleagues, but that, on the other hand, the witness had received the support of the commitee.

A colored man spoke on the flo