WE VOL. XLVI.

Editor and Proprietor.

## MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 25, 1892.

NO. 23.

IN EXTREMIS. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

How can I go into the dark. Away from your clasping hand, Set sail on a shadowy bark For the slore of an unknown land?

Your eyes look love mine:

Your lips are warm n by mouth; I drink your breath in a wine Aglow with the sun of the South.

You have made this world so dear! How can I go forth alone In the bark that phantoms steer To a port alar and unknown?

The despriate mob of the dead, Will they bustle me to and fro, Or leave n e alone to tread The path of my infinite woe?

Shall I cry, in terror and pain, For a death that I cannot die

And pray with a longing vain To the gods that mock my cry? Oh, hold me closer, my dear! Strong is your clasp -ay strong. But stronger the touch that I fear: And the darkness to come is long

## BARBARA.

Lippincott's.

"If any relatives of the late James ton, be still living, they may hear of noon?" something to their advantage by applying to Messre. Dodd & Son, Solicilors. King street "

Barbara Reed set down the paper

mency in the family," "If you taink it worth while go to an advantage to you." Messrs. Dodd & Son and find out," lady, who was stitching at the table

"Or £5 more likely," supplemented etc.

the s itcher. Barbara laughed.

Mrs. Stewart; they would be very much She would scarcely know how to get more to my advantage."

"I know of something that would be more for your advantage than all the the up-shot. John Grant's indifference, n oney you are ever likely to get from not to say scept cism, on the subject, advertisements, if you had but the threw up his rival's superior qualities good sense to see it," returned that lady, in full relief; and yet there were times

to get her clock and bonnet, and set out for home She was the music mistress in Mrs. Stewart's school, and had been one of the most promisting pupils more binding than the merest friendin it before that; she was almost alone in the world, except for a distant aunt with whom she lived; and after school proposal to retain her for the young feel unsettled." girls' music lessons saved her from applying to strangers.

She was marching down the road, and her. The shadow vanished from her brow like morning mist as she

"What are you in such a hurry for? I could scarcely keep you in sight," inquired the newcomer.

It was the subject of Mrs. Stewart's

dmonition, her drawing masterclever enough at Lis profession, but of his industry and general dependableness she had n t the highest opinion. Not so Miss Barbara, who was fast developing a very warm sentiment for the good-looking young artist. "I am going home to deposit my

music, after that I think of making a journey into the city, to King street." "King street! that is an expedition," "Isn't it? But I have some idea of coming into a fortune, and that is the

place I am to apply to." Mr. Lawrence's face showed such genuine interest in the news that Barbara speedily told him all she knew perhaps with a little unconscious exaggeration, by way of justifying her

first announcement. "You will be sure and let me know the result of your expedition?" he said, earnestly w th a lingering clasp of her hand, as he left her at the corner of her own street. "I shall be most anx ious to hear, and no one de erves such fortune better than yourself,"

The dingy jolting omnibus that conveved Barbara to the city that afternoon might have been a royal chariot for all she felt of 't. She was absorbed in bright visions of her coming greatness. No more of those intersinable practings at Mrs. Stewart's for berself, no drawing lessons for some Who could tell but next May there might be a new member in the Academy, a new picture to attract alieyes? No man tied down to mere eaching could have a fair chance, Barbara's face glowed with the thought and see how things go!" that it might be her hand that should set the fettered genius free.

and. It was a brown, ungloved hand, and bore evdient traces of hard service, ing the same polite remarks about his Barbara gave the tips of her flugers concern and admiration of her. They rather coolly, contracting it with the did not go deep enough. well-shaped, yellow-gloved one that had pressed hers a little before.

legacy waiting for me; it was advertised posite line of conduct. the papers, and I am going to see the solicitors about it now.

John Grant laughed. "Well, I hope you may get it, Miss Farbara; for myself, I've never had bara stood still on the step, holding much faith in legacies, since I wasted her breath as she opened it.

"Messrs, Dodd & Son's compliments 25 shillings once in answering advertise-

ments about one," "That may have been a very different matter from this," returned Barbara, st fily. "I had better not detain you any longer, Mr. Grant."

'And that is the man Mrs. Stewart thinks is worth balf a dozen of Alfred thinks is worth half a dozen of Afred Lawrences, said Bar ara to herself Lawrences, and Bar ara to herself Lawrences, and Bar ara to herself She had scarcely realized before how be had been counting upon it. as she walked into Lessrs. Dodd & Son's office. "It seems to be a decided There was nothing left now but to virtue in some people's eyes to have on a brave face and make the best of it. Her face was several shades longer

when she came out again. bad it in my pocket by this time," she said to herself, ruefulay. "Well, I about that legacy at last." "Well?" Mrs. Stewart must have parience for another week or so it is sure to be seathed then; only from her desk, pen in hand.

"It's not well," said Barbara, tryonly, I'd like to have something cer-

ain to tell Mr. Lawrence." Mr. Lawrence sympathized with her er than I am—a Mrs. Elizabeth Drake over the delay almost as deeply as she she gets it all—it was \$500."

she gets it all—it was \$500."

Mrs. Stewart laid down her the result of her visit the next day. Parbara was quite struck with the way he seemed to enter into all her

dea how much it was likely to be?"

"Not exactly," admitted Barbara; | but they were so cautious I could tell by their marner it was a good

"I don't know if that is altogether a criterion. These old lawyers are very it." sometimes. However, you

"Just what I expected, Miss Barbara," said he, cheerfully. "One is him. never sure of a chance of that kind "' "You don't seem to have had a for-

"Days!" echoed John. "A man in spoke Barbara, looking at him in our office has waited years, and is likely secrnful surprise. "It has been nothing but an upset and annoyance from Stewart was another painful the first."

thor in the path at this juncture. Barbara, my dear," she remarked one day, after school was dismissel, "If any relatives of the late James "were you paying any attention Handford, some time curate of Wids- whatever to the practice this after-

> The girl flushed scarlet. "I was beside the plane all the time,

she declared. "Your body was there, but your mind certainly was not. Now my with a jerk. "I wonder if that means mind certainly was not. New my me," she said thoughtfully. "My dear, you must really endeaver to jut grandfather's name was certainly James this unfortunate legacy out of your Handford and I know he was a curate, head for the present; you have been fit but I did not known there was any for very little since it was first mentioned. So far it has proved anything but

Ten days later came the much-lookedsuggested a sharp-featured, elderly for communication from Dodd &

"Of course I will! Why, there may paper, and would assure her the matter shall have our best attention," "We are in receipt of Miss Reed's

Barbara flung it Into her desk with a "I'd rather think of the thousands, be obliged to wait in suspense like this, disappointed face. It was tedious to through the time but for Mr. Lawrence's attention and warm interest in when Barbara felt just a little puzzled Barbara flushed as she left the room that Mr. Lawrence went no farther. With all his solicitude and looks that meant more than words, he never absolutely committed himself to anything

"I can't ask him," she said one day with whom she lived; and after school under her breath, as she walked slowly days en 'ed, it became necessary that home after one of these "accidental" she should do something toward keeping up the little household, she had been very glad when Mrs. S:ewart's stay away altogether. It makes one

Poor Barbara felt more unset led thouse is somewhat different from that still before she reached home. It was of her predecessors. She prefers solid gold brocade suit; but I am not really waving both hands and calling at the ber head well up, while she argued the matter out to her own satisfaction, when some one quietly fell into step bebut she soon discovered that he had quite forgotten the matter. There was something else on his mind, and he lost no time in saying very straight what it

> "I may not be able to offer you a fine house and h xuries," he said, "but I have saved plenty to be, in in comfort, and I think we might be very happy together if you would only try. I have thought about 't for the last two years, and worked hard to be able to tell you

> Barbara looked up at him with gennine tears in her eyes. "I am so sorry!" she said. "I never thought of such a thing -at least, not in earnest," as she remembered sundry remarks of Mrs. Siewart's. "Besides, there's lot of other better girls you

> might find," "That is not to the point," he in terrupted; "it is you, not other girls, I want. Try and think of it, Barbara. den't want to hurry you, but let me have a line as soon as you can tit means a good deal to me."

Barbara went home in a kind of daze. She had never thought so high of John Grant and his straightforward dependableness as at that moment; but, on the other hand, there was Mr. Lawrence, with his handsome face and dashing manner, and there was a little undefined sense of resentment Mrs. Stewart, who had always been a strong, if not entirely judicious advecate for John Grant, and—and then ment on the tables and mantels. Presithere was this probable fortune that might be coming to her. Barbara looked at the peaceful evening sky in showing his friends over the place, and sore perplexity as to what she ought

to do or what she really wished. "He said he didn't want to hurry me," she decided finally; "I'll just wait

For another week or two things continued to go in much the same fashion. The glow was still there when she Mrs. Stewart wore a chronic air of disturned into King street, and ran full approval. John Grant was invisible, against a plain, rather commonplace Only Mr. Lawrence was to the fore young man coming out of one of the with his sympathetic inquiries, but in buildings are under glass. There are warehouses. "Why, Miss Barbaral it's some mysterious way Barbara negan to nearly 5,000 varieties and about 50,000 not often you find your way to this find them irritating rather than flatterquarter," he said as he held out his hand. It was a brown, ungloved hand, response, "Nothing yet," and of hear-

"If he has nothing more than that to say, he ought not to have said it at ail ? "I came on some business, Mr. she reflected, contrasting it half un-Grant," she said. "I believe there is a consciously with John Grant's very op-

At last one Saturday morning, as she was setting out for Mrs. Stewart's, she met the postman, who gave her a blue, official looking envelope.

to Miss Reed, and beg to inform her that Mrs. Elizabeth Drake has been proved the nearest of kin, and consequently heir-at-law to the £500 left by the late Mr. James Handford."

Miss Reed folded up the letter and put it soberly into her jacket pocket

"Mrs. Stewart, she said, knocking at the door of that lady's sitting-room, "And I thought I should almost have before she began her morning practice, "I wanted to tell you I have heard "Well?" Mrs. Stewart looked up

> ing to smile. "There is some one near Mrs. Stewart laid down her pen and

patted the girl's shoulder kindly. "Never mind, Barbara; you may be glad to have missed it some da; it's not pleasant now. There are many "And they did not even give you an other good things in the world besides

"It would have helped very nicely, though," sighed Barbara,
"No doubt; but it's not to be, so just try and forget it. You know you are not utterly dependent upon

As Barbara crossed the hall to the can get that paper filled up and sent in school-room that afternoon she enand I would not lose any time about it, countered Mr. Lawrence. He was standing at the table buttoning his John Grant was the next person to light gloves. She saw at the first whom she had to explain her non-sucof her disappointm nt She hesitated one instant, then went straight up to

never sure of a chance of that kind till one actually has it, I wouldn't build upon it in your place."

"You see I am not come into a for tone after all," she said quietly.

"So it seems," he said, coldly, not looking up from a refractory button. tunate experience in that way," retort-ed Barbara, ungratefully. "It is only anyway. I thought it was to be five deferred in this case, and I am in no or six times that amount."

hurry for a few days."

"I wish I had never heard of it,"

"Y-es, rather a pity—disappointing, subject anent which I quite feel for and wa-te of time, too. Well, I'm goling into the country for a few weeks, Charles the First's head out of his

good enough for you, but if you wish hesitated over one of the others, so it - I'll try. It was not, perhaps, a great achieve-

ment in the way of composition for a more one realizes how peaceable, good, young lady who had been under Mrs. i.e., aristic, colors are-a fact which Stewart's guidance for so long, but it one of my old favorites in wall-paper perfectly satisfied the person it was way amply illustrates. The ground have often failed in that respect,

"Mrs. Stewart, that unfortunate legacy was something to my advan- with interlacing, fluttering ribbons of tage after all," Mrs. John Grant said blue! once, some months latter. "I don't know what Mrs. Elizabeth Drake did with it, but I do know I would not change with her. The missing it has brought me far more happiness than the gettting it ever could.'

## WHITE HOUSE FLOWERS.

profusion about the rooms of the Exutive Mansion, but studies, cultivates, and paints them. The White House conservatory contains over 150 varieties of the orchid, numbering in all perhaps 5,000 plants. Superintendent Pfister says, that when he took charge sixteen years ago, there were only half a dozen species of this flower on the grounds of the Executive Mansion.

Mrs. Harrison's taste in the matter of floral decoration for the White the roses mixed. If they are white, they are to be all white, and if red they be all red. Whatever must be shown in solid pieces, whether in baskets or bouquets. The limited capacity of the conservatory prevents the establishment of an inflexible rule a brown to suit the curtains, which, on this point, but the superintendent makes it his business to understand the wall paper. There is a wonderful naturally it is his constant study to even the same key of color.

Mrs. Cleveland's favorite flower was the pansy. The ladies have noted with interest that many of Ruth Cleveland's consideration (for they were poor, first garments were embroidered with "scrappy," and unlovable, yet no means wherewith to buy more), decided pansies. After President Cleveland's marriage the pansy became a regular fixture in the White House, where its delicate aroma was always dist nguishable. It is still cultivated in pro- paper. Soon after, I rejoiced with her fusion, but by no means so extensively

as in the years from 1885 to 1889.

The old employes of the White House and the superintendent of the or flowers. No occupant of the Executive Mansion has shown a greater knowledge or more refined taste on the It was sometimes amusing to the attendants and vexations to the florists to see the way he would disarrange their floral decorations. He was always seeking to harmonize the colors of the floral designs. He wanted flowers in every room, and the best that could be produced. It was not against sufficient, however, that they be supplied in profusion. There had to be a showing of good taste in their arrangedent Arthur spent a great deal of time in the conservatory. He delighted in pointing out the rare and beautiful

specimens. The White House conservatory oc-cupies about an acre of ground. There are eight greenhouses devoted to the growing of plants. The conservatory proper is divided into two parts, tropical and temperate. The system of heating, lighting, and ventilating is as near perfect as could be devised. All of the plants. Hundreds of very rare tropical plants are to be seen, as well as all the native or more commonly known flowers. Just at this time the E.ster lily is receiving special attention, and the specimens of this plant are both numerous and beautiful. The rose reaches its most perfect state in those grounds. On an average, 100 roses a day are placed in the White House, The President gets a basket almost every morning for his office. Occasionally the supply runs short, and something else is substituted. A fine basket of roses decorates the White House dinner table five or six days every week. Each lady at the table receives a half dozen, and each gentle-

man a boutonniere. The appropriation for the White House conservatory averages about \$5,000 yearly. With this sum the salaries of three men have to be paid, the nonses kept in repair, and soil and plants purchased. The conservatory, like the White House itself, is open to visitors. All the children in the District of Columbia have the privilege of going once a year. Owing to the limited space, persons who wish to inspect it must receive permission to do so. and they are accompanied by the superintendent or a guide. It is one of the attractions of Washington. Students of botany and floriculture who come to the city do not feel that their visit is complete unless they are able to spend an hour or two there.

AMELIA E. BARR lives in a pretty little cottage on the mountain side near Deer Hill, opposite old Storm King. Barr accomplishes the greater part of her work in the morning. sometimes in Summer rising as early as four o'clock to take up her pen. is said to derive an income of \$1,000 a year from her novels.

ELIZABETH R. PINLEY.

Love took a shred of golden hair, To string his bow.
He took it from a maid fair,—
He told me so.

Love stole a soft glance blue
To serve as dart.
He took his aim. His aim is true.
It pierced my heart.

Love knows a magic word,
My wound to heal.
Some day he li turn into a bird,
The sound to steal. If you my own sweetheart will be. Say only, "Yes,"
And Love will bring the word to me
My heart to bless.

A BIT OF COLOR.

"Y MRS. TALBOT COKE,

Color is just one of those subjects of which I say to myself "I really must not write about that again." Miss Reed, so good-afternoon if I don't out of mine! What pleasure "an eye chance to see you again."

"Good-afternoon," return Barbara, with a frigid bow, as she opened the choosing, say, drapery for a tea gown, School-room door,

A try note was dropped into the letter-box test same evening addressed to Mr John Grant.

"Pear John!" it ran, "I'm not half right one comes I wonder I ever even

utterly convincing is real barmony. The longer one studies color, the niended for, and much lottier epistles tawny in color, the pattern festoons of ave often failed in that respect.

A terrible description! Yet the reality is so blended, so lowtoned, and each color so good in itself, that it is the background I choose (when "driven into a corner" by a room of uncom-fortable coloring) to shed peace and comfort around. I have it (for love of it, and because it is such a good back-ground for certain embroideries) in my except vegetables, fruits or pickles. own drawing-room; and though over Mrs. Harrison is passionately fond of orchids. She not only has them in profession about the mantel piece I have made the bold stroke of a sort of canopy of gold plush lined with terra-cotta Louis XV. brocade, as a shrine for a treasured old portrait, there is still harmony with the many-colored paper, blue curtains, terra-cotta and gold Ottoman, gold divan, strews with many colored pillows, etc., because every color is good to begin with.

But many people, fearing discord, take refuge in monotony. "I have lately done my drawing room with enclosed

a temid yellow, suggesting a sour lemon rather than the beautiful "satisfying, warm-toned, buttercup yellow.

I remember once, being very much interested in a poor lady, the pansy. The ladies have noted with with whose possessions I, after much when a letter arrived saying "a friend was going to have my room done up for me by a local man; but I shall keep to your coloring." I thought no more conservatory recall with interest and pleasure President Arthur's fondness letter with a bit of marone sergepinned you, General!"

I thought to more the conservatory recall with interest and pleasure President Arthur's fondness letter with a bit of marone sergepinned you, General!" to a slip of bricky terra-cotta paper, to again was pinned a pale

surply-pink ceiling-paper. "It does not look as nice as I expected," she wrote, alluding to this matter. little flight of fancy of the local decorashown as a specimen of my coloring. But perhaps in no color do people make such mistakes as in blue, because no color is so misleading. A beautiful blue paper is unrolled before your yes, and you are already beginning to think if it will go with the blue touches in the carpet, and how about that new blue brocade cushion on the sofa and the pottery on the mantelpiece, when, with that well-known and appalling dop on the floor, down goes another roll of green turquoise, beneath which the edge of the first paper appears not blue at all but almost a Wedgwood grey and the discord at once tells you that if the former is your choice, good-bye to all your favorite touches of turquoise about the room.

Often and often does one of the victims of such a mistake send me a bit of this delusive blue-lovely till you see a better one!—with the plaint "nothing will go with it," though as a matter of fact, it is beautiful with all shades of

gold, copper, or Indian red. Of course, the safest way in choosing a blue or pink paper, for those not born colorists, is to settle on some pattern, say of brocade, which is the kind of blue or pink "ambitioned," clinging to it through all the bewildering beauty of "the new papers," for

My illustration shows a very

easy method (for those unable afford a good overmantel, or with my own love of something less commonplace), of bringing a bold bit of color into a room. Let us imagine the color of the room. The wall-paper is the coppery "plume" pattern I so often mention, with a sun shiny yellow ceiling, the paint being of red-brown, panelled with "Jewel Effect" leather paper. We call in the service of a handy carpenter and bid him make us a shaped mantel-board with projecting round ends and a plain narrow over-shelf, for the adornment of which we furnish him with the con venient fretwork edge, to be bought now at a few pence per foot. We then hang tiny Siam silk curtains, in a rich hang tiny Siam silk curtains, in a rich coppery-brown, at each end of the shelf, and paper the shrine thus formed with the survey town looking "Lord Effect" Where the answer of dreaming shells. coppery-brown, at each end of the shelf, the sumptuous-looking "Jewel Effect" leather paper. The mantel-border, in the centre only, affords a chance for a quaint piece of foreign embroidery; or, if we cannot compress that of a bold.

And harking the water's kiss, Content have I dreamed alone, in the glorious thrail of a day like this.

And a wistful want unknown. quaint piece of foreign embroidery; or, it we cannot compass that, of a boldly executed bit of our work, or of Lustra
painting in blue on velveteen to suit

There speed the out-bound snips.
Here syeth the sunshme warm.
With the spent waves pressing their the fue little curtains, the tone of which should be the same as the ground

of the embroidery.

The over-shelf we will arrange with a copper tray from Cairo, a yellow

bottle, etc.; any odds and ends in short which harmonize with each other, and with the quaint background.

On one of the rounded ends we put a big, yellow pot with browny foliage and golden tulips, on the other a turquoise vase with spray of greenery. A pea-cocks feather fan, yellow spot, Indianred frame, brass lot , and tiny grand-father's clock in modern marqueterie, make up a pleasant bit of warm to an eye perhaps accustomed to a marble mantelpiece gilt-framed mirror, dabaster clock under a glass shade, pair of Sevres candlesticks ditto, the Leaning Tower of Pisa in yellow marble, grate and fender, and such like chill treasures.

Of course, for perfection the eye should stray down over tiles of plain greeny turquoise to a beautiful scrolled iron copper fender, near which gleams one of the "idealized" copper coal scuttles, in the which my artistic eye delights.

MOTHER B'S PICKLES.

To many women and to very many men since the war the name of Mother Bickerdyke has been the name of the modern Madonna, the mother of man, the woman whose breast has pillowed more stricken heads and closed more

dying eyes than any other in all the world, perhaps. When Mother Bickerdyke reigned in her big hospital kitchen at Chattanooga she made frequent visits in an army wagon drawn by mules to the and country homes and farms across the ing country homes and farms across the ing one impulse of restraint or The home rule of Ruskin's mother mountains, over terribly rough roads respect. Their language is in a

During the cold winter her hospital boys did very well, but in March, as storms drenched the trees and earth about the camp, they sickened and many died. Some were furloughed and sent North, but many were left behind. Eighty thousand Union soldier had tramped over the Tennessee mountains, but only a few remained except the wounded and sick. Mother Bicker-dyke took to Huntsville all who were left, and she had charge of the large military hospital. But scarvy foll wed the dreadful privations of

Mrs. Porter took charge of the boys, and the mother started out for supplies. She spoke in public halls and churches, with appeals for her "dying boys." She receives gifts of dried truits in Nashville; the little children sent her barrels of potatoes and the aid societies gave her jellies and canned goods. She stopped at the Capital on her way North, spending a week with friends and beg-

ging vigorously.
One day while General Grant was in Washington on business with the President, he was driving with some yellow paper, gold serge curtains, and gentlemen on Pennsylvania Avenue your Golden Drop muslin ones, the when he saw just in front of the horses, colors on the table. She does not want pleased with it. What do you sug- top of her voice: "General! I say, General!"

Now it is safe to predict to begin with that the paper will be what I call The horses were pulled up suddenly. The gentleman who was driving said "Who in thunder is that?" But before the words left his lips the

General, with a smile, leaned out, ex-"Why, Mother Bickerdyke! How makes it his business to understand the tastes of the President's family, and smount of discord to be had out of Army of Tennessee! What do you

"Pickles!" "Pickles!" repeated the General. "Yes, sir, pickles! My boys and your boys are dying for pickles, and you're just the man I want to-day! We need 500 barrels shipped South this minute!"

eral Grant. "Pickles you shall have and right away, too. Go back to the boys they need you!"

The gentleman from the State De- nicknames for Miss Grey. partment who roce beside him that day simply Miss Grey. The school had laughed at the whole affair. General found its mistress. Grant simply said: "It's no laughing matter. When Mother Bickerdyke wants anything it has to be found, and for a quiet school that he otherizes the the room of the Empress Maria tor, "but he says the contrast is all right, so I suppose I shall get used to it." I have often wondered if that blood-crudhing little room used to be that dozens of officers, means to an end; that it is in no sense to an end; that it is in no end to an end; that it is in no end to an end; that it is in no end

> And that night more than 500 barrels of pickled encumber, onions, beans, cabbages and tomatoes were shipped cising for growth and development. Frince Hohenlohe, from the Capital by order of Gen. U. S. Grant, Commander-in-chief of the

THE rush to get into new territory s equalled only by the haste sometimes subsequently displayed in get are in such physical subjection as to high-born Italian nuns wrought it for ting out.

tying glass.

tive value to every farmer and every whose children did not move a foot, business man. dently a good-sized delinquent list

subscribers." mite bombs used by Paris anarchists are made in the Windy City.

made from the hides of delinquent

WAKENING. CHARLES WASHINGTON COLUMN.

The broad white curve of the beach, That lies like a bended arm; The amorous waves that seem ever a-reach To kiss it and die a-calm. And still the hovering sky.
And still the splendid day.
And the far white sails, and the seaguli's cry,
And the sun-path over the bay.

On the white shore's bended arm. Then for what is the day more fair?
Why bluer the depths of space?
Oh, the sun on the gold of a woman's hair—
The love in her eyes—her face.

Moorish pot, turquoise blue Kishi SHOULD BE ATTRACTIVE

SCHOOLROOMS OUGHT TO BE MADE INVITING.

Good Order? ITTLE children should be happy in school. An effort should be made by the teachers and parents to put them into this frame of mind. There are scores of ways in which this may be done. The most suggestive, probably, iles in making

the surroundings

Wherever you see a flower in a cettage garden, or a bird-cage at the cottage their eyes. There are rounded hills asement, you may feel sure that the inmates are better and wiser than their neighbors." The observation has lost one of its force. Our environments singularly shape and control, within sertain limits, our thoughts and feelings, and not unfrequently our purposes and actions. We despise shabby and ter, speaks of her as "having great neglected surroundings, be they walls, power with not a little pride," and floors, furniture or premises, and storm adds that she was "entirely conscienand rush through them without feeland through deep mud, to gather in strange tongue, and grates upon rations for "her boys."

strange tongue, and grates upon the nerves of sense. They seem to have nothing in common with the cur- amusement limited. He says: rent of living events, but to belong to things that are useless and have lost their affinity with life. But we have a keen sense of the cheerful. At once we are in touch with the noblest impulses of nature when brought in contact with conditions that appeal to faste and refinement. Childhood moves along the With these modest, but I still same plane. Give the children plenty think entirely sufficient possessions, to enjoy through the senses. Let them and being always summarily whipped freely commune with objects in their if I cried, did not do as I was bid, or surroundings that are suggestive of beauty and neatness. Encourage them to take an interest in flowers, plants, pictures and care of property. Have plants on every window, next pictures on the walls, scrupulously clean furniture and floors, plenty of sweet, cheer-examining the knots in the wood of ful air and light, a cozy tone permeat-the floor, or counting the bricks in ing every movement of the school. sek to make the children happy. Multiply your efforts to endear school-life Relieve that you have not lischarged your whole duty until you have done this. What teach r will

stand up and say, "Impossible!"-School Forum. "That Hard School." Miss Grey was asked to take the chool, but they told her that it had dle of the street. triven out four teachers in succession ordinary-looking little woman with exord nary will power. She was advised to "whip those pesky boys the first chance" she got. Everybody was ready with advice. It was really kind of them, she thought, and she told them so. They

that way; and withat she was so fady-"Thank you, General I'll be there, like and polite to them that they just let I've had a blessed trip! Fruit, vege- her have her way. Day after day,

What Is Good Order?

cising for growth and development in the chief court marshal, has given this direction, and experience teaches orders that the picture should be results are economically attained by feeding and exercising several minds at once, and such is the freak shoess of children in the mass that they can only be treated skillfully when they Whoever has the tact to secure the highs | Even before that the English nun-A British officer has been studying est intellectual activity of the right kind, were famed for the very open Enour military and naval resources, without giving special attention to the glish work, wonderfully lacey in efhigh art in school management. The old-fashioned committeeman, who went the rounds of the school once a term to self did not think it derogatory Ir speaks well for any town and see how the children sat, and wrote a county to have a live, wide-awake report once a year to tell the taxpayers workers.

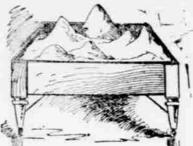
home paper. Such a paper is of positions a good order as Wilso, 5 did not become a good order as Wilso, 5 did not become a good order as Wilso, 5 did not become a good order as Wilso, 5 did not become a good order as Wilso, 5 did not become a good order as Wilso, 5 did not become a good order as Wilso, 5 did not become a good order as Wilso, 5 did not become a good order as Wilso, 5 did not become a good order as well as the control of the control or the co keep as good order as Miss A of No. 1. slate, or book with the slightest noise has found his occupation gone. Good between a common carnation and a THE Atlanta Constitution has evi- order is now estimated by good work, not by stillness; by intellectual activity dently a good-sized delinquent list rather than by physical inactivity; by It says: "The best alligator boots are life rather than death.

Strange as it may seem, there can be too much intellectuality in the school CHICAGO has a good many things it room. Many a teacher of fine menta be puffed up over, but she is not put andowments has failed in her chosen ting on many airs because the dyna labor, because unable to get down to ones. Children do not take kindly to the abstract, and any knowledge or operation above their comprehension is an abstraction to them. Dr. Root, in his "Story of a Musical Life," tells of a criticism some of his friends made coserning his compositions. They were oo simple: his talents were capable of sigher flights. So he says, "At last thought I would publish a song or twabove the grade of the "People's Song. This he did; and when the "old questic was put to him, "Why don't you do tomething better?" he answered, "Have you ever seen or heard 'Gently, Ah, Gently, or 'Pictures of Memory?' —Self-love is a principle of action, To which," he says, "they would have but among no class of human beings to answer, 'No,' and I would say, 'That has nature so profusely distributed this is why I do not write something better. principle of life and action as through as you call it." And he adds, that he the whole something formula of matter the wants of a few people when he had the multitude to feed. It is just as the multitude to feed. It is just as the multitude to feed. It is just as the multitude to feed that the teacher hundredth year of its existence last hundredth year of its existence last to the intellectual capacity of her children. It is the height of folly to shoot above their heads or to criticise and scold them because they are not mentally scute or perfect in their manners. leaving seedlings springing up at its

pupils, and so succeeds, is one who

always feeds the many and not the few-

The Molding Beard. Much of the molding done in sand is facking in character and purposer is Parents and Teachers Unite Their less real and illustrative than the play Efforts in This Direction That " Hard in mud. We occasionally find a first-School" The Molding Board-What Is class use of the board, however. The



and physical conditions promote the board in a kindergarten-Mrs. Carolyn comfort of body and mind. Early in M. N. Alden's, Providence—taken liter-the eighteenth century Bulwer wrote: ally from a photograph. The little ones make mountains that are genuine in lesser mountains, and a towering peak

Ruskin's Toys. The mother of John Ruskin was in every sense a remarkable woman. Her son, in summing up her charactions, and a consummate housekeeper. was well-nigh Puritanic in severity; his toys were few, and his sources of

For toys, I had a bunch of keys to play with as long as I was capable of pleasure in what glittered and Jingled; as I grew older I had a cart and a ball, and when I was 6 years old, two

boxes of well-cut wooden bricks. With these modest, but I still tumbled on the stairs. I soon attained serene and secure methods of life and motion, and could pass tny days contentedly in tracing the squares and comparing the colors of my carpet, the opposite houses.

There were also intervals of rapturous excitement during the filling of the water-cart through its leathern pipe from the dripping iron post at the payement edge, or the still more admirable proceedings of the turncock, when he turned and turned until a fountain sprang up in the mid-

but the carpet, and what natterns She was not large, not muscular, just an I could find in bed-covers, dresses, or

wall-papers were my chief resources. Posy Rings and Their History. The old-fashioned posy ring, which was once so much in vogue, has re talked, and she listened. They went coulty been made the subject of away just a little bit perplexed. They a learned discourse before an auhad told her what they should do, but she had not told them that she would do. It piques us to be treated courteously, not confidentially, by people to whom we condescend to give advice. She looked like a person who would be glad of advice, but when you grew better acquainted with her she really had a provoking, thoughtful, strange way of came the brief poetical sentiment, weighing your words and looking yers. weighing your words and looking very much as if she were weighing you, too.
Well, school began. The pupils looked uron these layer love to be uron these layer were reneralupon these love-tokens were generalfor such a teacher as they were used to; instead they found Miss Grey. She rang the bell, read the Bible, and ordered "You never knew A heart more true." them all about in a masterful way. One which was presented by the "All right, mother!", responded Gen- which was a quiet way-a determined bridegroom bore the suggestive way-a watchful way-a thorough way. couplet, "Love him who gives this She specified how she wanted the pupils ring of gold, 'Tis he must kiss thee to sit and insisted on their sitting just when thou'rt old." A Lady Cathcart, when about to take unto herself a fourth husband, inscribed upon her ring the hopeful aspiration,

In Empress Maria Theresa's Room. An interesting discovery has recently been made in connection with The teacher is sometimes so anxious what has been generally known as nurses, or whole sanitary com an end; that it is at the best an unfortu-missions." covered with cloth, and on the rethat keeps collish children physically to light, dating from the beginning inactive for five hours a day. The end of the eighteenth century, by an un-

The earliest authentic account of face is about the sixth century, when to make designs for the convent

London's latest fad, the green carnation, is said to be simply "a cross paint brush," a practical illustration of painting the tily, which is financially as profitable as the milk-fed squashes they sometimes raise up in

Returns just published show that the population of the colony of Western Australia on Dec. 21 last was 53,285-32,228 males and 21,057 females.

Dakota to startle the tenderfoot

There are about 6000 varieties of postage stamps now used by the different nations of the world. The Museum of the Berlin (Germany) Postoffice alone contains a collection of between 4000 and 5000 different specimens of these little colored pasters. Half of this number are European stamps-the remainder divided among America,

Asia, Africa and Australia, -Self-love is a principle of action; the whole sensitive family of gentus

and rose to a height of twenty-three feet, and has now further verified the tradition of its species by dying and