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FREELAND, DECEMBER 31, 1896.

Too Many Teachers.

In the annual report of the president of the Indiana state normal school the assertion is made that the state is suffering from a surplus of teachers. This statement leads some of the Chicago newspapers to say that the suffering from this condition of things is not confined to Indiana and that in many states of the West there is an over-production of teachers. The multiplicity of so-called medical colleges in various parts of the country became at one time such an evil that stringent laws were passed regulating their establishment, and the growth of normal schools in some parts of the West has been equally as rapid and has caused alarm in the minds of educators.

In these days of restlessness and ambition many of the sons and daughters of farmers have become dissatisfied with their lot, and have been readily attracted by plausible stories sent out by the founders of "normal" colleges, and the alluring promises which they make as to the future of their pupils. The makers of these promises declare that they can turn out finished instructors in six or twelve months, just as the heads of "medical" colleges would inflict a full-fledged "physician" on the community after a single term. It is said that in many states there are today several thousand so-called "teachers" who are unable to secure positions, and that for every vacancy that occurs there are from fifty to a hundred applications.

It is just as important to the body politic that there should be as high and broad scholarship demanded of teachers as of physicians. When students of pedagogy or medicine have shown that they have not only a natural aptitude for the life work to which they propose to devote themselves, but that they have acquired knowledge and culture, then they are deserving of diplomas, and neither the physical nor intellectual health of those whom they intend to look after will be likely to suffer. A grave responsibility attaches itself to all who seek to prepare men and women for vocations, the right exercise of which may make or mar the life of communities.

Coincidence with the appearance of the "advance agent of prosperity" in Chicago, says the *Pittsburg Post*, there have been several large business failures in that city, the last one being that of the National Bank of Illinois, one of the leading banks of the city, with deposits of over \$10,000,000. A clearing house committee officially declares that because of "unwarrantable and injudicious loans the capital and surplus of the bank is seriously impaired, if not lost." The customary assurance is given that depositors will be paid in full. The clearing house statement was given out on Sunday, the same day that Major McKinley left Chicago for home. We do not, of course, connect him with the failure, or hold him in any way responsible; but it is well enough to recall the fact that from August to November the country was overwhelmed with pledges that with the election of the "advance agent" financial, business and industrial prosperity would envelope the land. And in the little spurt after election columns were devoted to showing what a blessing the election result had been. We are just as much in the trough of the sea, only a little deeper, than we were when Cleveland was issuing bonds to maintain the gold standard.

A contemporary remarks that "it has been discovered at last that the system of mine inspection in this state is no system at all." This truth was discovered long ago; but the legislature, the executive, the mine inspectors, the mine owners and all concerned have had too strong an interest in disowning the truth. The fact is that the entire legislation creating a squad of mining inspectors, while it has not diminished the number of accidents, has lessened the responsibility of mine owners for loss of life and limb through carelessness and neglect. For the responsibility of the owners and lessees of the mines has been substituted the responsibility of the state and its officials, which has proved to be just no responsibility at all.—*Phila. Record*.

Nature's X-Ray.

In one of the recent severe thunderstorms the Beverly Farms cottage of Dr. J. Collis Warren, of Boston, was visited by lightning. The doctor and his wife were in the parlor, and not only heard two quick successive strokes tear their way through the plastering in the hall, but saw them as two balls of fire, although the wall separating the parlor and the hall was between them and the spots where the bolts tore their way through the house. In other words, the balls of fire made themselves visible through the partition of lath and plaster. Was not this an exhibition of the Roentgen rays produced by nature's original apparatus? It is now a familiar experiment with those operating the X-ray machine to make its light seen through several rooms of a building in range, that is, through the walls of those rooms, and even, in a case we have heard of, through the fireproof safe in one of the rooms, as well as through the partition walls. The sort of phenomena witnessed at Dr. Warren's cottage is undoubtedly as old as the universe, and probably accounts for many inexplicable and almost incredible accounts of lightning strokes recorded by eye-witnesses.

An Atchison (Kan.) man recently asked a girl to marry him, and, though she had been sitting up nights for him for six months, she replied that she would notify him by mail. After spending a week in suspense, he received a letter from her, 3,000 words in length. In it she explained her position on the tobacco question, stated what she always advocated as the best kind of baking powder, told him that it was with a feeling of deep gratification that she accepted the honor he had done her, and hoped that she would always faithfully preserve the traditions of good housekeeping, etc. He was nearly dead with exhaustion when he read the postscript, which read: "You are so full of polities I thought it would please you to be accepted like the candidates accept their presidential nominations."

Queen Victoria's reign is now longer than that of any preceding English sovereign. Until the 23d of September her reign was paralleled by that of George III., who wore the crown from October 25, 1760, to January 29, 1820, or 59 years, three months and four days. He was insane, however, during the last ten years of his nominal reign, and his eldest son acted as regent. The next longest reign in English history was that of Henry III., which extended over a little more than 56 years. Queen Victoria came to the throne June 20, 1837, and the sixtieth anniversary of that event will be celebrated next year.

The government is doing everything possible to stop Indian parents from trading off their daughters, especially if the daughters are returned students from some of the Indian schools, when they bring a better price, for they know how to do better work. It is impossible, however, to break up the traffic. Polly Clement, daughter of Little Crow, is visiting at home from the Santee agency, Nebraska, where she lived with Miss Douglas, field matron. She learned rapidly and was greatly benefited, but she is to stay there and has been sold. Such cases are of frequent occurrence.

It is said that the grape growers of northern Ohio are afflicted with a big crop. The vines are black with the fruit, which is selling at five cents a basket of ten pounds in the vineyards. There is no profit in such a price, for the basket costs 2½ cents and the picking 65 much more. It is said that no more grapes will be sent to market, but that the remainder of the crop will be sold to winemakers.

A certain funny philosopher says that nothing seems to please a fly so much as to be mistaken for something to eat, and if it can be baked in a cake and palmed off on the unwary as a currant, it dies happy. Our philosopher friend must still retain the capacious covering of his frontal cranium. Had he a bald pate he would know somewhat of the chiefest joy of a fly's existence.

The most eminent medical authorities in France declare that the oyster should never be eaten by persons with feeble digestive powers or those suffering from dilatation of the stomach or similar complaints. American doctors hold differently, and in many cases prescribe oysters in a raw state in the diet of invalids.

While going down the steps to the cellar recently Miss Carrie Adams, of Washoe, Wis., encountered an adder. She secured a hoe and succeeded in killing the reptile. It measured four feet in length and was found to be one of the most poisonous of its kind. If it had been a mouse—well, no matter.

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BEHIND IRON DOORS.

BY WALT MASON.

Hugh Morse looked gloomily through the window of his apartment and found nothing in the view to cheer or encourage him: a high board fence 50 feet away marked the boundary; inside the fence two or three men labored dismally at a pile of stone, with chains on their ankles, while a man in uniform sat on a bowlder and stormed at them with threats and curses. Hugh had stood for hours at that window, looking at the same scene; the men were not always the same, but there was always the swearing official on the bowlder, and the high board fence, and the pile of rock, and the manacled ankles.

When he looked from the barred window, it was to envy the men with chains on their ankles, who were permitted to follow the exhilarating work of breaking rock; and also to escape the gaze of curious country people, who came to the jail every day to see the murderer as they would go to the circus to see the sacred elephant of Siam or the horned rhinoceros of Africa.

The evening was closing in, and Hugh sat in his broken chair and counted the hours that must pass before his trial; he had counted the hours, and was reducing them to minutes, when the wicket in the door was opened, and the deputy sheriff presented his face at the aperture, saying:

"There's a gentleman here wants to see you. You may come into the corridor."

The door was opened and Hugh stepped into the dingy corridor, where a stranger greeted him politely; the stranger was small and pale, with cold blue eyes, and was attired in black, like a respectable undertaker in the course of his duty.

"My name," said the stranger, "is John Pauley; I am a detective; I have been engaged by a friend of yours, who wishes to remain unknown, to work in your behalf. Your trial is set for the 2d of January, and this is the 10th of December, so I have but little time; tell me all that you can, so that I may begin work intelligently."

"There is but little to tell," replied Hugh, despondently; "and that little seems to be all against me, although I am as innocent as a child. I was employed in Mr. Wilkie's store, and had been there for four years. Although a thoroughly honest man, he was very avaricious, and had an uncertain temper. He had promised me, again and again, an increase of salary, but the increase never came. On the night of the murder Mr. Wilkie worked in his office late, and, as we were alone, I took advantage of the opportunity to ask him when I might expect the promised increase; I told him that I was preparing to be married, and urged upon him the fact that I had served him faithfully for years, at very low wages; he lost his temper and abused me so scandalously that I in turn became angry, and we had a quarrel. It is very possible that our voices were heard on the street outside. I gave him my resignation, and retired to the little room at the back of the store, where I had slept every night during my employment in the store; I went to bed and slept until daylight. When I went to the office, I found Mr. Wilkie sitting at his desk, dead; he had been stabbed with my knife, which I had laid on the desk during our quarrel. I heard no sound during the night. When I ran out to give the alarm, I noticed that the front door was not locked, although I am sure I locked it

for his departure. He buttoned his black coat up to his chin and pulled down the brim of his hat; for the evening was growing cold, and a wild north wind rattled the window panes.

"You have no overcoat with you?" said Miss Simmons; "you must not go into the storm without one."

She hurried away to the closet, and returned with an old-fashioned heavy ulster. "This belongs to my brother," she said; "he is away now; you may use it as long as you please." As she handed it to Pauley, a strange smile played around his lips, his hard eyes seemed to soften; when he departed, he was more courteous than usual, and he muttered to himself, as he walked into the storm:

"For once John Pauley has experienced the novelty of being treated like a Christian. It's a caution how such treatment will thaw a man out!"

It is impossible to follow the movements of Mr. Pauley, during the next two weeks, in detail; he was a very busy man; sometimes he appeared soothed and sustained by an unfurling trust, as though he were nearing the goal, and again he appeared discouraged and perplexed.

On the night before New Year he arrived at the cottage rather late. Although calm, there was enthusiasm in his eyes and cordiality in his voice, as he said:

"Miss Simmons, the task is nearly accomplished. To-morrow I shall place the murderer in the hands of the authorities, and you may go to the jail and get your lover. Now, be calm, and I'll give you a brief outline of the story. I soon found that there was nobody in this town who had a motive for killing Wilkie, and there was no robbery done. It was very possible that Wilkie had made enemies, though, for he was miserly and tyrannical. So I hunted



HE EMPTIED HIS REVOLVER.

up his past; it was not very hard to do, for he was one of those foolish people who keep a diary. In an old trunk I found a dozen volumes of his journal. I struggled through hundreds of pages of personal reflections and turgid weariness, and found at last what I wanted. In his younger days Wilkie was a sea captain, and a very cruel one, I have no doubt. One day, years ago, when his ship was on the Pacific ocean, he gave an order to an Italian sailor. It wasn't obeyed with proper alacrity, and he knocked the sailor down. The sailor made a threat, and was treated to the rope's end. Now, Miss Simmons, the Italians, or some of them, are vengeful in the extreme; they carry a grudge for a lifetime, and leave it as a legacy to their children. I made inquiries. Sure enough, on the day preceding the murder of Wilkie, a swarthy man with a hand-organ and a monkey came into the town, to the great amusement of the children. I have no doubt that the swarthy man was knocked down on the deck of a ship in the Pacific ocean once upon a time.

"Singularly enough, after leaving the town, this swarthy man fell down an embankment a few miles in the country, and broke his leg; and he was carried to a hut in the woods, where an old bachelor lives, and there he has been lying ever since, and the children play truant to go there and feed the monkey. He is able to walk now, and might go away unexpectedly, were it not for the fact that I have made the old bachelor a deputy of mine; and he watches the swarthy man, and will keep him there until to-morrow, when I'll go after him, and release your lover from jail. I might have had him here before, but there is some romance in me, and I wanted the climax to occur on New Year's day."

The detective was almost merry as he concluded; but when Miss Simmons begged him to defer the release of Hugh Morse no longer—not an hour—he grew somber, and talked in a disconnected way of overcoats.

The morning of New Year's day was so peculiar that old men and sages who were reputedly weatherwise, shook their heads ominously, and predicted that the day would be one to be remembered. Not a cloud stirred in the heavy air; the clouds were low, and moved slowly to the north; there was audible a gentle hum, as of the noise of a brook in the distance, and no man could tell what gave rise to it. But these things did not disturb Mr. Pauley, as he moved actively along the highway on his triumphant errand. He started at daylight on foot; he had arranged for a horse and wagon for the return journey. At eight o'clock he reached the hut in the woods and entered it. An old man with a gray beard was lying on a cot, breathing heavily and asleep. Pauley shook him roughly, and cried:

"Where's the Italian?"

The old man started from his cot and looked wildly around. "Gone! gone!" he cried. "He was here with his monkey when I went to sleep; he gave me something to make me sleep, for I was sick, and I trusted him."

Pauley raised his hand, as though to strike him.

The ground was damp under the trees, and Pauley soon found the track of the fugitive; he moved along like a hound on the scent. And now the gentle hum

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