

# The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

A. A. BARKER, Editor and Proprietor.  
J. TODD HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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VOLUME 7.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1865.

NUMBER 5.

## DIRECTORY.

### LIST OF POST OFFICES.

| Post Offices.  | Post Masters.     | Districts.  |
|----------------|-------------------|-------------|
| Carrolltown,   | Steven L. Evans,  | Carroll.    |
| Ches Springs,  | Henry Nutter,     | Chest.      |
| Conestoga,     | A. G. Crooks,     | Taylor.     |
| Cresson,       | J. Houston,       | Wash'tn.    |
| Ebensburg,     | John Thompson,    | Ebensburg.  |
| Fallen Timber, | O. J. Christy,    | White.      |
| Gallatin,      | Wm. Tiley, Jr.,   | Gallatin.   |
| Hemlock,       | I. E. Chandler,   | Johnst'wn.  |
| Johnstown,     | M. Adlesberger,   | Wash'tn.    |
| Loretto,       | A. Durbin,        | Munster.    |
| Maunster,      | Andrew J. Ferral, | Susq'ban.   |
| Plattville,    | Stan. Wharton,    | Clearfield. |
| St. Augustine, | George Berkey,    | Clearfield. |
| Scalp Level,   | B. M. Colgan,     | Wash'tn.    |
| Soman,         | George B. Wike,   | Wash'tn.    |
| Summerhill,    | Wm. M. Conwell,   | Wash'tn.    |
| Summit,        | J. K. Shroyer,    | S'merhill.  |
| Wilmore,       |                   |             |

### CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

**Presbyterian**—Rev. T. M. Wilson, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10½ o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.

**Methodist Episcopal Church**—Rev. A. BAKER, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening at 7 o'clock.

**Wesleyan**—Rev. L. R. POWELL, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock. P. M. Prayer meeting on the first Monday evening of each month, and on every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evening, excepting the first week in each month.

**Catholic**—Rev. MORGAN ELLIS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 and 9 o'clock. Sabbath School at 7 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening at 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.

**Disciples**—Rev. W. LLOYD, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock.

**Particular Baptists**—Rev. DAVID EVANS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock. P. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening at 7 o'clock.

**Catholic**—Rev. R. C. CHRISTY, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath morning at 10½ o'clock and Vespers at 4 o'clock in the evening.

### EBENSBURG MAILS.

**MAILS ARRIVE.**  
Eastern, daily, at 12:00 o'clock, noon.  
Western, " " 12:00 o'clock, noon.

**MAILS CLOSE.**  
Eastern, daily, at 8 o'clock, P. M.  
Western, " " 8 o'clock, P. M.

The mails from Newmarket Mills, Carrolltown, &c., arrive on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, at 5 o'clock, P. M. Leave Ebensburg on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 7 o'clock, A. M.

### RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

**CRENSON STATION.**

| West—Balt. Express leaves at                  | 9:17 A. M.  |
|---|-------------|
| " Philadelphia Express " <td>10:07 A. M.</td> | 10:07 A. M. |
| " Fast Line " <td>9:58 P. M.</td>             | 9:58 P. M.  |
| " Mail Train " <td>8:28 P. M.</td>            | 8:28 P. M.  |
| " Pittz & Erie Ex. " <td>8:18 A. M.</td>      | 8:18 A. M.  |
| " Altoona Accom. " <td>4:59 P. M.</td>        | 4:59 P. M.  |

**East—Philadelphia Express "** 8:50 P. M.  
**Fast Line "** 1:43 A. M.  
**Day Express "** 7:03 A. M.  
**Pittz & Erie Ex. "** 12:03 P. M.  
**Mail Train "** 5:10 P. M.  
**Altoona Accom. "** 11:10 A. M.

### COUNTY OFFICERS.

**Judges of the Courts**—President Hon. Geo. Taylor, Huntington; Associates, George W. Bailey, Henry C. Devine.

**Prothonotary**—Joseph M'Donald I.

**Register and Receiver**—James Griffin.

**Sheriff**—James Myers.

**District Attorney**—Phillip S. Noon.

**County Commissioners**—John Campbell, Edward Glass, E. R. Dunnegan.

**Clerk to Commissioners**—William H. Sechler.

**Treasurer**—Isaac Wike.

**Clerk to Treasurer**—John Lloyd.

**Four Horse Directors**—George M'Cloughlin, George D. Roberts, Phillip S. Noon, Abel Lloyd, David J. Jones, Hugh Jones, Wm. M. Jones, R. Jones, Jr.

**Auditors**—T. B. Tierney, Jno. A. Kennedy, Emanuel Brallier.

**County Surveyor**—Henry Scanlan.

**Coroner**—William Flattery.

**Mercantile Appraiser**—John Cox.

**Sup't. of Common Schools**—J. F. Condon.

### EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

**AY LARGE.**

**Justices of the Peace**—Harrison Kinkead, Edmund J. Waters.

**Borough**—C. T. Roberts.

**School Directors**—Phillip S. Noon, Abel Lloyd, David J. Jones, Hugh Jones, Wm. M. Jones, R. Jones, Jr.

**Borough Treasurer**—Geo. W. Oatman.

**EAST WARD.**

**Constable**—Morris Peal.

**Town Council**—E. Hughes, Evan Griffith, Jno. J. Evans, Wm. D. Davis, Maj. John Thompson.

**Inspectors**—Richard R. Tibbott, Robert D. Thomas.

**Judge of Election**—Daniel O. Evans.

**Assessor**—J. A. Moore.

**WEST WARD.**

**Constable**—Thos. J. Williams.

**Town Council**—Isaac Crawford, James P. Murray, Wm. Kittell, H. Kinkead, George W. Oatman.

**Inspectors**—Robert Evans, Jno. E. Scanlan.

**Judge of Election**—John D. Thomas.

**Assessor**—Capt. Murray.

### SOCIETIES, &c.

**A. Y. M.**—Summit Lodge No. 312 A. Y. M. Meets in Masonic Hall, Ebensburg, on the fourth Tuesday of each month, at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

**I. O. O. F.**—Highland Lodge No. 428 I. O. O. F. Meets in Old Fellows' Hall, Ebensburg, every Wednesday evening.

**T. T.**—Highland Division No. 84 Sons of Temperance meets in Temperance Hall, Ebensburg, every Saturday evening.

### TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

"THE ALLEGHANIAN."  
\$2.00 IN ADVANCE,  
or  
\$3.00 AT THE END OF THE YEAR.

## "Some Day."

You smooth the tangles from my hair  
With gentle touch and tenderest care,  
And count the years ere you shall mark,  
Bright silver threads among the dark—  
Smiling the while to hear me say,  
"You'll think of this again some day,  
Some day!"

I do not scorn the power of Time,  
Nor count on years of fadeless prime,  
But no white gleams will ever shine  
Among these heavy locks of mine:  
Ay, laugh as gaily as you may;  
You'll think of this again some day,  
Some day!

Some day! I shall not feel as now,  
Your soft hands move about my brow—  
I shall not slight your light command,  
And draw the long braids thro' my hand;  
I shall be silent and obey,  
And you—you will not laugh that day,  
Some day!

I know how long your loving hands  
Will linger with these glossy bands,  
When you shall weave my last crown  
Of these thick braidings, long and brown;  
But you will see no touch of gray  
Adown their shining length that day,  
Some day!

And while your tears are falling hot  
Upon the lips which answer not,  
You'll take from those one treasured tress,  
And leave the rest to silentness—  
Remembering that I used to say,  
"You'll think of this again, some day,  
Some day!"

## Martinstower.

"It is almost dark," said Lizzie Elliott, perched on the bars that led into the solemn quietude of the Martinstower woods, with her brown hood hanging from one arm, and a scarlet shawl drawn over her tangled black curls. "I wonder why papa don't come!"

Lizzie was a selfish sort of a damsel, with great black eyes and peach-red cheeks, and a blue calico dress fearfully torn by some jagged bramble. She was not particularly graceful, nor were the hands that held the shawl together under her chin slender and snowy. On the contrary, the March wind had reddened them, and blown her short curls about until you could scarcely have told, from any outward indication, whether she were boy or girl.

"Lizzie! child! come down this instant! When will you learn to be a little more lady-like?"

And Lizzie slipped guiltily down from her seat on the top-most bar, as a stout old gentleman, with iron gray hair, and a suit to match, came trotting down the road on a stout little pony.

"Oh, papa! I thought you never was coming!"

"I'll tell you what I am going to do," said the old gentleman irascibly, as Lizzie sauntered along by the pony's side, with one hand thrown over his shaggy mane, and the reddened fingers playing with the loose locks.

"I'm going to buy a pair of loose trousers and a coat, and set you to work cutting trees with the rest of the men-folks. It's all a mistake trying to make a young lady of you."

"I wish you would, papa," ejaculated Lizzie, "it would be such fun!"

"Fun!" echoed the old gentleman.—"Now I give you fair warning, Miss Lizzie, you have got to be a little more circumspect in future. Mr. Martin is coming home."

"Mr. Martin of Martinstower?"

"The same."

Lizzie looked back to where the sunset was turning the vast gothic windows of the gray stone mansion among the Martinstower woods to gold, and opened her black eyes very wide.

"I wish he would stay at Para—Parn—what's his name? I can't steal any more reses from the lawn, nor play at hide and seek with Nero in the great stone portico any more. What does he want to come back for?"

"Probably because he is tired of living in foreign countries," dryly responded her father.

"And when will he be here?"

"In the course of a month or two—His confidential clerk comes immediately to see about refurnishing and decorating Martinstower for his reception, and—"

"He must be a very fine young gentleman if the old furniture isn't good enough," said Lizzie, elevating her little nose.

"Will you hold your saucy tongue, Miss? How dare you speak in that way of a man who must be worth, at least computation, a quarter of a million? I was going to say that I hope Mr. Martin will make it his home at our house for a day or two before he takes possession of his new residence. Viola is a pretty girl, and it may not be a bad idea to establish some intimacy between our place and Martinstower before—"

"I understand," said Lizzie, nodding her head knowingly. "Viola would make a splendid fine lady, and so would Blanche. Mrs. Martin, of Martinstower! wouldn't it be glorious!"

"Lizzie!" said her father, sharply, "you will oblige me by moderating your

tone somewhat. There is somebody coming down the road—hush!"

The words were yet on his lips as a tall, well built young man, in a coarse gray overcoat and a felt hat, came up.

"Can you tell me the way to Martinstower, sir?"

"Martinstower!" repeated Mr. Elliott, staring at the stranger. "Upon my word, it is a strange coincidence, young sir. You are undoubtedly Mr. Hartwell, referred to in the letter I this morning received from Maurice Martin—and beg leave to introduce myself as Job Elliott, agent for the Martinstower estate."

"Letter," repeated the young man, "has the letter but just arrived?"

"This morning," returned Mr. Elliott, courteously. "Perhaps you'll return with me to-night, Mr. Hartwell, and we can go over the property to-morrow. I have the less hesitation in extending an invitation to you, young man, as your employer gives me to understand that you are an exceedingly worthy person, although—"

"ahem—of common-place extraction."

The stranger had removed his soft hat, probably out of compliment to the red-fingered young lady, and stood with a pair of large blue eyes fixed on Mr. Elliott's rather pompous face.

"Thank you, sir," he said composedly "As it is late, and I am totally unacquainted in the vicinity, I shall accept your hospitable offer."

Viola Elliott, a handsome, olive-cheeked girl of about twenty—was eagerly awaiting her father, just within the threshold of the cozy, though plainly furnished family apartment.

"Oh, papa, is it true that Martin is—"

She stopped short, and Blanche, a plump, languishing blonde who was curled upon the sofa with a novel in her hand, burst into a giggle as the confidential clerk's tall figure loomed up behind her portly parent.

"My dear," said Mr. Elliott, flourishing his hand, "this is Mr. Hartwell, the secretary, clerk—I scarcely know what to call him—dispatched by Mr. Martin to prepare Martinstower for a fitting reception."

Viola bent her head stiffly. Blanche just nodded. Truly the confidential clerk felt that his greeting could scarcely be characterized as over warm.

"Papa," said Viola, following her father into the dining room, "what made you ask him home with you just when you are so hurried?"

"Hurried, Viola?"

"That's just a man's view of things," pouted the young lady. "You might have known that Blanche and I have nothing fit to wear—we must have our new pink dresses made against Mr. Martin's return—and the best bed room must be repaired, and the parlor paint is shocking, and here you bring a great staring fellow to lounge round in the way. Why couldn't he go to the village tavern?"

"My dear, you forget that he is Maurice Martin's confidential clerk."

"No, papa, I don't forget anything of the sort," retorted Viola, sharply. "But I am sure that is no way to give Mr. Martin a favorable impression, for him to find us hand and glove with his trumpey clerk. He will suppose—he must suppose—that our associations are of the very lowest. Papa, it is too bad!"

And Viola burst into tears.

"I am astonished at papa," added Blanche, who had entered to participate in the discussion. "Inviting a clerk—a common clerk—to our house! At any rate he must sleep in the little dark room over the kitchen. So Viola, we can have the best bed room papered just as if he were not here."

The confidential clerk, standing in front of the bright red sparkle of the fire in the room beyond, smiled to himself even while a deep and indignant flush mounted to his forehead, as he involuntarily overheard the little *sotto voce* by-play in the other room.

"And this," he murmured to himself, sadly watching the gloomy masses of coal, "is all the welcome a wanderer receives, after twenty years spent on the sterile rocks of a foreign land. Home! the word has a pretty echo, yet there is something hollow in the sound after all."

"Mr. Confidential Clerk, you are crying!"

He started with a quick blush, as a little hand, red and frosted with the cold, was laid upon his coat sleeve.

"Crying! I!"

"You needn't try to deceive me, sir," nodded Lizzie Elliott, who had crept to his side, with a white kitten in her arms. "I saw the bright drop sparkle on your eye-lashes—like a great diamond, and then I saw it fall upon the hearth. Why are you crying? Is it because you are poor, friendless, and of—what did papa call it? oh, of common-place extraction?"

He did not answer. There was something in the soft pitying shine of those black eyes that enthralled his gaze. Lizzie came close to him, winking hard to keep a sympathetic moisture from her own dark lashes.

"Don't cry," she pleaded softly.—"Cheer up! I know papa is patronizing and the girls are cross, but I'll be your friend. Only think how many men have begun the world as poor as yourself, and yet have triumphed over fortune."

He smiled.

"My dear little girl—"

"I am not a little girl!" interrupted Lizzie, indignantly. "I was sixteen last November."

"Well, then, my dear young lady," resumed the Confidential Clerk, smiling,—"I will accept your words as an omen of coming good fortune. Tell me about Martinstower. Is it a pretty place?"

"It is a splendid place," corrected Lizzie, with great enthusiasm. "With marble mantles, you know, all covered with ancient gods and goddesses, and floors of inlaid wood, and ceilings to look like yellow sunsets, and spots in the woods when the vines are growing overhead—"

And there are lawns and wide gravel walks, and I once peeped through the glass doors of the conservatories and saw great blue passion flowers and caecuses like tassels of flame, and orange trees with real ripe oranges growing on them. It is like a fairy story."

"Lizzy! Lizzy! you are talking far more than is proper for a child," interrupted Viola, sharply, breaking in upon their tete-a-tete. "Put down that kitten and go to your French immediately."

And as the abashed damsel with the tangled curls obeyed her elder sister's behest, the energetically whispered words, "dignity of the clerk," reached Hartwell's ears, together with Miss Lizzy's pettish reply—

"I don't care—I like him!"

The next morning, the confidential clerk exchanged the "little room over the kitchen" for a more comfortable and spacious apartment in the village inn, whence he calmly superintended the projected improvements at Martinstower, and all the gossip was exchanged between him and Lizzy in the course of her daily rambles through the Martinstower woods. It Blanche and Viola had only known of the rapidly cementing friendship which had sprung up between the two, what a shock their aristocratic tendencies would have received!

"Lizzy! Lizzy Elliott! I am ashamed of you!"

"But papa, he says he loves me."

"Loves you?" echoed Viola, holding up both hands. "Papa, only listen to her. A paltry clerk to dare fall in love with our Lizzy!"

"A mere child, too—not seventeen," chimed in Blanche, whose twenty-seventh birthday was looming darkly over her. "Papa, I wish you would buy Lizzy a doll and send her to boarding-school."

"Girls! girls! will you give me a chance to speak?" panted Mr. Elliott despairingly. "Lizzy, I don't know which astonishes me most—this fellow's audacity or your ridiculous folly."

"Papa," said Lizzie, gravely, "I intend to marry him."

"Silence!" thundered the old gentleman. "You shall not marry him! I'll write to Maurice Martin to discharge the impertinent puppy at once."

The evening meal was already spread, and the lamps lighted, when Mr. Elliott came, the next night. Blanche was reading, and Viola was clipping the dead leaves of her favorite gemma.

"Where's Lizzy, girls?" said the old gentleman, taking his seat in front of the pile of buttered toast, and liberally helping himself to the same.

"In her room, I suppose," returned Viola. "I have twice rung the bell."

"Go after her, then. She's sulking after her beloved clerk, I suppose," commented Mr. Elliott.

Viola went, but returned almost immediately, with a pale, frightened face.

"She's not there, papa, but this note lay on the table."

Mr. Elliott broke the seal, and hurriedly glanced over the tremulously written words with a face that had grown like ashes:

"BY THE TIME YOU READ THESE WORDS, DEAREST PAPA, YOUR LIZZY WILL BE ANOTHER'S. I SHALL MARRY MR. HARTWELL. I HOPE IT IS NOT WRONG. INDEED, INDEED, I LOVE HIM."

As he folded the note with stern, rigid features, a light step crossed the threshold, and Lizzy's arms were around his neck, the Confidential Clerk standing by the door with a face where pride and indomitable resolution struggled for mastery.

"Papa, forgive me—forgive us!"

"I'll see you hanged first!" roared the old gentleman, turning purple around the mouth. "Begone, both of you. Beg, starve if you like, but never come to me for aid or help!"

"Ridiculous!" sobbed Viola.

"Preposterous!" scolded Blanche.

"Be it so," said the clerk, quietly—"Lizzy, we need nothing more than one another's love. Come, my little wife!"

"But, papa," persisted Lizzy, "I want to explain."

"Will you begone?" ejaculated Mr. Elliott, opening the door wide, and motioning toward the road.

And so Lizzy and her husband left the unfriendly shadow of the paternal roof.

Blanche Elliott, surrounded by an atmosphere of lavender, vinegar, and eau-de-cologne, was just coming out of the hysterics into which Lizzy's unprecedented conduct had thrown her, when there was a low tap at the door, and a young man bearing a peculiar-looking foreign carpet-bag in his hand appeared.

"This is Mr. Elliott, I suppose."

"Yes, sir," returned the old gentleman, hesitating whether to embrace the stranger as Maurice Martin, or repel him as an emissary from the obnoxious Confidential Clerk.

"Ah—so I concluded. Has Mr. Martin been here to-day?"

Mr. Elliott started.

"Mr. Martin is in Parnaham, Brazil."

"I beg your pardon, sir," returned the young man; "I am his secretary, and am quite convinced that he is at this present time at his family estate of Martinstower. Perhaps I had better seek him there. I am told it is but a mile further on."

He retreated, bowing with a foreign profusion of courtesy, leaving Mr. Elliott overwhelmed with amazement.

"My dear," he said, hurrying back to the sitting-room, "I must go over to Martinstower at once. Mr. Martin has arrived at last."

Blanche sat up, tossing the bright drops of cologne from her curls.

"Oh, papa! you will be sure to bring him back to supper?"

"I'll try, my dear—I'll try," said the flurried senior.

"Papa," said Viola, "you are trying to pull your boots on over your slippers!"

"Confound it, so I am—this affair of Lizzy's has completely unsettled me!"

So saying, Mr. Elliott darted forth into the darkness like some new style of projectile.

The lights of the stained Gothic windows at Martinstower were streaming brightly across the lawn as he came hurriedly up the broad stone steps and rung the bell.

"Mr. Martin—has he arrived?"

The servant bowed, and ushered him into a large room, whose superbly arranged furniture struck Mr. Elliott with an indefinite idea of luxury. Lizzy was standing by a tall alabaster vase of clinging tropic vines that occupied one of the bay windows, with a colored lamp burning above.

"Papa! oh, papa! you have forgiven me?" she cried.

He turned rigidly away from her pleading eyes to her husband.

"I have called to see your master, young man."

"To see whom, sir?"

"Mr. Martin, of Martinstower."

"I am at your service, Mr. Elliott."

"You are! Who the deuce cares whether you are or not! I tell you I want to see Mr. Martin."

"Maurice Martin is my name, sir."

Mr. Elliott stood aghast.

"Why, I—I—I thought you were the confidential clerk!"

"I never told you that I was, sir. You chose to take it for granted, and I allowed you that privilege. As the confidential clerk I wooed and won your daughter—as Maurice Martin I could have obtained no greater treasure!"

"It's all a mistake from beginning to end," exclaimed poor Mr. Elliott, wiping the perspiration from his fevered brow.—"Lizzy, my dear, come here and kiss me! Son-in-law, you're a trump! Why didn't you tell me of this before?"

"I didn't know it myself, papa, till we were married," said Lizzie, laughing and blushing; "and when I tried to tell you all about it to-night, you wouldn't let me."

"So you were Maurice Martin all the while," said Mr. Elliott, with a deep breath. "Well, upon my word and honor! And my little Lizzy is Mrs. Martin, of Martinstower!"

Lizzy nestled close to the aforesaid Maurice, and his look of fond pride sent a strange thrill down into the father's heart. Maurice did indeed love the sixteen-year-old child, and Lizzy's instinct had led her to the haven of happiness.

"I know I'm very young," faltered Lizzy, "but I am going to leave off playing with my kitten, and brush my curls out smooth, and stop climbing fences, and—"

and—Maurice says he loves me just as much as if I were a dignified wife forty years old."

**CHOLERA CURED AS EASILY AS TOOTH-ACHE.**—Dr. Post, who is represented as "a high medical authority" in New York, delivered a lecture at the Medical College, in that city, on Friday evening last. He claims that cholera is "as curable as the tooth-ache." His method of treatment, as he explained it, is briefly as follows: The patient is first attacked by diarrhoea, accompanied by extreme lassitude. He should then instantly go to bed and remain perfectly quiet for forty-eight hours, taking at least fifteen grains of calomel to drive the infection promptly from the system. After this has acted freely a small dose of laudanum should be given, to soothe the patient and prevent further intestinal action. Ice should also be applied to the spinal column. Dr. Post claims that this treatment has been applied in thousands of cases, and never failed to result in the rapid and entire recovery of the patient. It is of the very first importance, however, that the patient should not abandon the reclining posture, from the very commencement of the disease until the recovery. All the prominent medical men in the city are engaging themselves in the study of the cholera, not clinically, of course, as there have been no cases yet in the city.

## Educational Department.

[All communications intended for this column should be addressed to the Educational Editor of The Alleghanian.]

**GOVERNING A SCHOOL.**—Some years since, while spending a few days in a quiet village in one of the western counties of the State, and not being pressed with business, I concluded to pay a visit to the two schools in the town, each of which was in charge of a female teacher with whom I had some acquaintance. Knowing one of them to have been a more than ordinarily diligent student, and also to be possessed of a strong, clear mind, I gave her school the preference as regards the priority of my visits. Order had been called fully half an hour at the time I entered the room, or at least more than that length of time had elapsed since the hour of beginning the exercises. Upon entering, it was hardly possible not to notice my friend's embarrassment, the crimson suffusing her cheeks as she apologetically said that her pupils appeared "very noisy this morning." Two full hours of a visit convinced me that in saying her pupils appeared very noisy, she spoke only the truth. "What will I do with these ungovernable children?" was the question she addressed me after dismissal of her school; "I talk to them, I watch them, punish them, do everything I can to get them to keep quiet and to study, but it all seems to be no use." And it was of no use. It controlling her school, she herself made more noise than enough to overturn the quiet and good order of any set of pupils. In her hands during recitations were a text-book, stick and bell, while either bell, stick, or her tongue was in just less than constant use. At the time I entered, a reading class was reciting. A scene ensued something like the following: "Read, John." John gets up to read "Dingle! dingle! rings out from the bell." "Go ahead, John, and read!" John reads about a line, when a half dozen quick, sharp raps interrupt John's reading, and momentarily occupy the attention of those who would be diligent if given opportunity. John again proceeds, but before finishing his paragraph, he is stopped by, "Jane what are you doing there? will you always be in mischief? why can't you behave yourself and attend to your books, and not be all the time giving annoyance to your teacher?" Thus throughout the morning the exercises were interrupted, the teacher harassed to exhaustion, and the school kept in a continual uproar. Now, a remedy for all this might be found in the observance of a few rules:

1. Preserve at all times a quiet, self-possessed demeanor, never getting confused or petulant.

2. Choose the proper moment for reproof, that is, during the intervals between recitations, or in case of necessity for instant correction by words, between the moments occupied in recitation by different scholars.

3. Speak in a voice no louder than is necessary to be heard.

4. Do not scold, but let the words be few, and, if need be, sharp.

5. Do not threaten any more than is included in a necessary warning of the punishment you will positively inflict for certain offences.

6. Do not be needlessly severe in the infliction of punishment.

7. Have as few rules as possible. A multiplicity of rules are so many temptations to sin.

8. Never let a pupil see that you are at a loss what to do.

**GOOD ADVICE.**—Hall's Journal of Health gives the following good advice with reference to school children:

See that they have all the sleep they can take. Every child under ten should have eleven hours sleep; those older can do with something less.

See to it that every child goes to bed with warm, dry feet, and sleeps warm all night.

Always send them off to school in a happy, affectionate state of mind; and when they return, let them be invariably received with a kindly greeting.

By all possible means, arrange that they shall reach school with dry feet and dry clothing; the neglect of this has sent many a sweet child to an early grave.

School children should be with regularity; thrice a day is all sufficient.

Embrace every opportunity of impressing the child's mind with the fact that teachers are laboring for their good, and therefore ought to be loved, respected and obeyed as their best friends.

**EFFECT OF LAZINESS.**—A lazy boy makes a lazy man, just as surely as a crooked sapling makes a crooked tree.—Think of that, my lads. Who ever saw a boy grow up in idleness that did not make a miserable, shiftless vagabond when he was old enough to be a man, though he was not a man in character? The great mass of thieves, paupers and criminals have come to what they are by being brought up to do nothing useful. All those who are good men now, and useful to the community, were industrious when they were boys. If you do not like to work now, a love for industry can soon be acquired by habit. Shun idleness as you would the evil one.