

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 23, 1865.

NUMBER 6.

DIRECTORY.

LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Office.	Post Masters.	Districts.
Croftown,	Steven L. Evans,	Carroll.
Cross Springs,	Henry Nutter,	Chest.
Conemaugh,	A. G. Crooks,	Taylor.
Cresson,	J. Houston,	Washington.
Ebensburg,	John Thompson,	Ebensburg.
Fallen Timber,	C. Jeffries,	White.
Gallatin,	J. M. Christy,	Gallatin.
Hemlock,	Wm. Tiley, Jr.,	Washt'n.
Johnstown,	I. E. Chaffler,	Johnst'n.
Monaca,	M. Adlesberger,	Loretto.
Monaca,	A. Durbin,	Monaca.
Plattsville,	Andrew J. Ferral,	Susq'han.
St. Augustine,	Stan. Wharton,	Clearfield.
Scalp Level,	George Berkeley,	Richland.
Sonman,	B. M'Colgan,	Washt'n.
Summerhill,	George B. Wike,	Croyle.
Summit,	Wm. M'Connell,	Washt'n.
Wilmore,	J. K. Shryock,	S'merhill.

CHURCHES, MINISTERS & C.

Presbyterian—Rev. T. M. WILSON, 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 Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.
Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. A. BAKER, Pastor.—Preaching every alternate Sabbath morning, at 10 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday 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.
Calvinistic Methodist—Rev. MORGAN ELLIS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 and 9 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 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. Catholic—Rev. R. C. CHRISTY, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock and Vespers at 4 o'clock in the evening.

EBENSBURG MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.
Eastern, daily, at 12.00 o'clock, noon.
Western, " " at 12.00 o'clock, noon.
MAILS CLOSE.
Eastern, daily, at 8 o'clock, P. M.
Western, " " at 8 o'clock, P. M.
The mails from Newmarket Mills, Carrolltown, &c., arrive on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, at 3 o'clock, P. M. Leave Ebensburg on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 7 o'clock, A. M.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

CRESSON STATION.
West—Balt. Express leaves at 9.17 A. M.
" Phila. Express " 10.07 A. M.
" East Line " 9.58 P. M.
" Mail Train " 8.38 P. M.
" Pitts. & Erie Ex. " 8.18 A. M.
" Altoona Accom. " 4.39 P. M.
East—Phila. Express " 8.50 P. M.
" Fast Line " 1.43 A. M.
" Day Express " 7.03 P. M.
" Pitts. & 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. Esler, Henry C. Devine.
Prisoners—Joseph M'Donald.
Register and Recorder—James Griffin.
Sheriff—James Myers.
District Attorney—Phillip S. Noon.
County Commissioners—John Campbell, Edward Glass, E. B. Dunnegan.
Clerk to Commissioners—William H. Sechler.
Treasurer—Isaac Wike.
Clerk to Treasurer—John Lloyd.
Poor House Directors—George M'Callough, George Orris, Joseph Dailey.
Poor House Treasurer—George C. K. Zahm.
Auditors—Fran. P. Tierney, Geo. 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.

AT LARGE.
Justices of the Peace—Harrison Kinkead, Edmund J. Waters.
Burgess—C. T. Roberts.
School Directors—Philip S. Noon, Abel Lloyd, David J. Jones, Hugh Jones, Wm. M. Jones, R. Jones, Jr.
Borough Treasurer—Geo. W. Oatman.
EAST WARD.
Constable—Morris Peat.
Town Council—E. Hughes, Evan Griffith, Jas. 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 7 o'clock, P. M.
O. O. F.—Highland Lodge No. 428 I. O. O. F. meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, Ebensburg, every Wednesday evening.
S. of T.—Highland Division No. 84 Sons of Temperance meets in Temperance Hall, Ebensburg, every Saturday evening.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
TO
"THE ALLEGHANIAN."
\$2.00 IN ADVANCE,
OR
\$3.00 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

Parted!

A faded flower, a lock of hair,
A little ring, a small white glove,
A portrait of a maiden fair;
Some crumpled notes, "Aurora Leigh,"
With pencil-marks and inscrib'd name,
A favorite song oft sung to me;
A ribbon blue, with golden clasp,
A scarlet hood, with faint perfume,
A waist belt small, with broken hasp.
What foolish things are those to keep;
So very small, so worthless too—
What folly over them to weep!

The faded flower, small white glove,
The little ring, the portrait fair,
Are relics of a long-lost love;
And whispering soft and whispering low
A story of a little grave,
They cause those bitter tears to flow!

[From Peterson's Magazine.]

A TROUPEL HONEYMOON.

George Jameson and Katie Vaughan had a brilliant wedding. Everything was faultless—from the icing on the cake to the arrangement of the bride's waterfall. Mrs. Vaughan cried just enough not to ride her nose; Mr. Vaughan "did" the dignified pater familias to a charm; and George and Katie were so affectionate as to give the world the idea that there was a match made in Heaven.
The bridal breakfast over, the white moire antique and orange flowers were laid aside, and the pretty traveling suit of gray alpaca, with azuline blue trimming, was donned—the sweetest thing, so all the ladies said, the very sweetest love of a thing Madame D'Aubrey had made for the season. Then there was the little bonnet of gray silk to match the dress, with its blue lace trimmings to match Katie's eyes, and the golden bird of Paradise drooping its plumage over the crown; and it was such a fine morning, and everything looked propitious; and, in the midst of the congratulations and kisses, George and Katie started for the depot.

They arrived just in season. The whistle sounded in the distance. George buckled up his traveling shawl, and Katie grasped her parasol.
"George, dearest," said the bride, "do run out and see to the trunks. I should die, if, when we get to the Falls, my clothes should not be there! It would be dreadful to be obliged to go to dinner in my traveling dress! Do see to them, there's a darling!"

George vanished. The train, puffing and smoking, shot into the depot. The conductor popped his head into the ladies' room, shouting at the top of his voice—
"All aboard for Danville, all aboard!—Come, hurry up, ladies! Five minutes behind time, and another train due!"

Katie did not know whether she was bound for Danville or not; probably she was, she said rapidly to herself, and she had better get in and let George follow. So she entered the long, smoky vehicle, feeling very much at sea, and ready to cry at the slightest provocation. The conductor passed by her seat. She caught him by the arm.
"Is my husband—"
"Oh! yes, yes, all right," said the official, hurrying on in a way railway officials have. "I'll send him right along."
And he vanished from view in the long line of moving carriages.

Meanwhile, George, having seen to the baggage—a proceeding which had occupied more time than he had intended it should—returned to the ladies' room to find Katie missing. He searched about wildly, inquiring of every one he met, but without success.

"She's probably already in the train, sir," said the ticket agent, of whom he made inquiry. "You are going to Buffalo I think you said. That's the train for Buffalo—you'll likely find her there.—Just starting—not a moment to lose!"

George grasped the railing of the hind car as it flew by, and flinging open the door, he rushed through car after car, but seeking in vain for Katie. She was not on the train.
"Most likely she got on the wrong train, and went by way of Grotton," said the conductor. "Grotton is a way station, fifteen miles further ahead. We stop there fifteen or twenty minutes for refreshments. You'll doubtless find her there."
The cars flew over the track. George mentally blessed the man who invented steam engines—he could reach Katie so much sooner. Dear little thing! how troubled and vexed she must be! And George grew quite lachrymose over her desolate condition.

But it seemed ages to George before they whirled up to the platform at Grotton; and then he didn't wait to practice any courtesy. He leaped out impetuously, knocking over an old lady with a flower pot and a bird cage in her hand, demolishing the pot, and putting the bird into hysterics. The old lady was indignant, and hit George a rap with her umbrella, that spoiled forever the fair proportions of his bridal beaver; but he was too much engaged in thought of his lost bride to spare a regret for his hat.

He flew through the astonished crowd,

knocking over a crinoline here, and knocking over a small boy there, until he reached the clerk of the station. Yes; the clerk believed there was one lady come alone. She had gone to the Belvidere House; she must be the one.

George waited to hear no more. He hurried up the street to the place, where the landlord assured him that no lady of Katie's style had arrived; perhaps she had stopped at Margate, ten miles back. George seized on the hope. There was no train to Margate until the next morning, but the wretched husband could not wait all night—he would walk there.

He got directions about the roads; was told that it was a straight one—for the most of the way through the woods—rather lonesome, but pleasant. He set forth at once, not stopping to swallow a mouthful. Excitement had taken away his appetite. The fine day had developed into a cloudy evening, and the night would be darker than usual.

George hastened on, too much excited to feel fatigue; too much agonized about Katie to notice that he had split his elegant French gaiters out at the sides.

After three or four hours' hard walking, he began to think that something must be wrong. He ought to be approaching the suburbs of Margate. In fact he ought to have reached the village itself some time before. He grew a little doubtful about his being on the right road, and began to look about him. There was no road at all, or, rather, it was all roads; for all vestige of fences and wheel tracks had vanished, and there was forest, every where.

The very character of the ground beneath his feet changed at every step he took. It grew softer and softer, until he sunk ankle deep in mud; and, suddenly, before he could turn about, he fell in almost up to the arm pits. He had stumbled into a quagmire! A swift horror came over him. It would be so dreadful to die thus, and Katie not know what had become of him. He struggled with the strength of desperation to free himself, but he might as well have taken it coolly. He was slow fast.

Thus slowly the hours wore away.—The night was ages long. The sun had never before taken so much time to rise; but probably it realized that nothing could be done until it was up, and was not disposed to hurry.

As soon as it was fairly light, George began to scream, at the top of his voice, in the hope that some one, who might be going somewhere, might hear him. He amused himself at this for an hour; and at the end of that time you could not have distinguished his voice from that of a frog, close at hand, who had been doing his very best to rival our hero.

At last, just as George was beginning to despair, he heard a voice in the distance, calling out—
"Halloo, there! Is it you, or a frog?"
"It's me," cried George, "and I shall be dead in ten minutes! Come, quick! I'm into the mud up to my eyes!"

Directly an old woman appeared, a sun-bonnet on her head and a basket on her arm. She was huckleberrying.
"The land's sake!" cried she, "you're in for it, hain't ye?"
"Yes; too deep for comfort!"
"Sarved ye right! I'm glad of it!—Didn't ye see the notice that the old man put up, that nobody musn't come a huckleberrying in this ere swamp?"

"Huckleberrying!" exclaimed George angrily. "You must think a fellow was beside himself to come into this jungle, if he knew it! Huckleberrying, indeed!—I'm after my wife!"
"Land's sake! Your wife! Well, of all things, I declare, I never!"
"She got on the wrong train, and so did I. I expect she's at Margate, and I started from Grotton, last night, to walk there, and lost my way. Help me out! Do, that's a dear woman!"

The old lady steadied herself by a tree, and, being a woman of muscle, she soon drew George out—mud from head to foot. He shook himself.
"There! if you'll show me the way, I will go right on—"
"No, you won't, neither! You'll go right over to our house, and have a cup of coffee and something to eat, and a suit of the old man's clothes to put on while I dry yourn. And I'll send Tom over to Margate with the boss and wagon to bring your wife!"

"You're a trump!" cried George, wringing her hand. "God bless you! You shall be rewarded for your kindness."
Mrs. Stark's house was only a little way distant, and to its shelter she took George. Tom was dispatched to Margate to hunt up Mrs. Jamison; and George, arrayed in a suit of Mr. Stark's clothes—blue swallow tail coat, home-made gray pantaloons, cowhide boots, and white hat with a broad brim, for the Starks were Friends—felt like a new man. They gave him a good breakfast, which did not come amiss, and while Tom was absent, the old lady made him lie down on the lounge and take a nap.

Tom returned about noon. He had scoured the whole village, but found nothing. Only one passenger had left the train at Margate the previous day, and that one was an old man with patent plaster for sale.

Poor George was frenzied. He rushed

out of the house and stood looking first up and then down the road, uncertain which way to wend his course. Suddenly the train for Grotton swept past. A white handkerchief was swinging from an open window, and above the handkerchief George caught the gleam of golden hair and blue ribbons. It was Katie, beyond a doubt. He cleared the fence at a bound, and rushed after the flying train. He ran till he was ready to drop, when he came upon some men with a hand-car, who were repairing the road. He gave them ten dollars to take him to Grotton. He was sure he should find Katie there.

But no; the train had not stopped at all—that was the express for Buffalo. But a bystander informed him that a lady answering the description he gave of Katie had been seen, the day before, at Danville, crying, and saying she had lost her husband.

George darted off. He caught with avidity at the hope thus held out. It must be Katie. Who else had lost her husband?

A train was just leaving for Danville. He sprang on board, and suffered an eternity during the transit, for it was an accommodation train, and everybody knows about those horrible delays at every station.

But they reached Danville at last.—George inquired for the lady who had lost her husband. Yes, he was all right—she had gone to the American House to wait for him. She expected him by every train, said the ticket master.

He hurried with all speed to the American House.
Yes, she was there, said the clerk.—She was waiting for her husband in room No. 221, right hand, second flight.

George flew up the stairs, burst open the door of No. 221, and entered without ceremony. She was sitting by the window, looking for him, with her back to the door. He sprang forward, and, holding her in his arms, rained kisses upon her face.

"My Katie! my darling! have I found you at last?"
She turned her face and looked at him before she spoke, and then she set up such a scream as made the very hair rise on George's head.

"You are not my James!" she cried.
"Oh, help! help! help! Somebody come quick! I shall be robbed and murdered! Help! Murder! Thieves!"

George stood aghast. The lady was middle-aged, with false teeth and a decidedly snuffy-looking nose. No more like his charming little Katie than she was like the Venus De Medicis!

He turned to flee just as the stairway was alive with people alarmed by the cries of the woman. They tried to stop him, but he was not to be stayed. He took the stairs at a leap, and landed somewhere near the bottom, among the wreck of three chambermaids and as many white aproned waiters.

Before any one could seize him, he was rushing down over the front steps. A lady and gentleman were slowly ascending them, and George, in his mad haste, ran against the lady and broke in the brim of her bonnet.

"You rascal!" cried the gentleman with her, "what do you mean by treating a lady in this manner?"
And he seized our hero by the collar.

Then, for the first time, George looked at the couple before him.
"Tis Katie! Oh, Katie!" cried he—for this time there was no mistake; it was Katie and her uncle Charles. "Oh, my wife! my wife!"

He tried to take her in his arms, but she fled from him in terror.
"Take that dreadful man away!" she cried; "I am sure he is insane or drunk. Only see his boots and his awful hat!"

"I tell you I am your own George!" he exclaimed. "Oh, Katie, where have you been?"
Katie now looked at him, and, recognizing him, began to cry.

"Oh, dear! that ever I should have lived to have seen this day! My George, that I thought so pure and good, faithful and intoxicated! Oh, uncle Charles, what will become of me?"
"My dear niece, be patient," said her uncle. "I think this is George, and we will hear what he has to say before condemning him. Mr. Jameson, I met your wife in the cars yesterday, and she informed me that you had deserted her at the Windham depot. Of course I could not believe that your absence was intentional, and I persuaded her to remain here while I telegraphed to the principal stations along the road for information of you. Why did I receive no answer?"

"Because the telegraph does not run into old Mrs. Stark's huckleberry swamp, where I had the honor of spending last night," said George, losing his temper.
"But this extraordinary disguise—"
"My clothes were muddy, and I have got on Mr. Stark's," said George.

And, though the explanation was not particularly lucid to those who heard it, they were satisfied.
"My dearest George!" cried Katie, rushing into his arms; "so you did not desert me, and I shan't have to be divorced?"

"Never, my darling! and we'll never be separated again for a moment."

"No; not for all the baggage in the world. Oh! George, you don't know how I have suffered!"
The crowd could be kept ignorant no longer, for scores had assembled around the hotel, drawn thither by the disturbance. Matters were explained, and cheers long and loud rent the air.

The landlord got up an impromptu wedding dinner, at which Kate presided; and George, looking very sheepish in Mr. Stark's swallow tail, did the honors.

They proceeded on their tour the next day. Soon afterwards, Mr. and Mrs. Stark were delighted to receive a box by express, containing the lost suit of the old gentleman and the wherewithal to purchase him another, besides the hand-somest drawn silk bonnet for Mrs. Stark that the old lady had ever seen.

"There, old man!" said she, turning from the glass at which she had been surveying herself in the new bonnet, "I allers told ye that huckleberry swamp would turn to something, it was only to raise frogs in! Guess I hit things sometimes!"

The Newspaper.

Take the most thorough man of the world, of your acquaintance—the man most perfectly versed in what goes on in all ranks and conditions of life—who knows when and for what the world is fighting, in this quarter and in that—how it builds its ships—what it pays for gold—how it tills its fields, melts its metals, cooks its food, and writes its novels—and I ask you what he would be without his newspaper? By what possible machinery could he learn, as he sits at his breakfast, the last news from China, of the last ballet at Paris, the state of the funds at San Francisco, the winter at New Market, the pantomime at Olympic, the cyclical of the Pope?

It is with the actual, passing, daily arising incidents of life, a man ought to be thoroughly acquainted, bringing to their consideration all the aid his reading and reflection can supply; so that he neither falls into a dogged incredulity on one side, nor a fatal facility of belief on the other. In an age so widely speculative as to the present, eager to inquire and not over-given to scruple—such men as these are invaluable to society; and a whole corps of college professors would be less effective in dispelling error or asserting truth, than these people trained in all the dialects of the press.

Without my newspaper, life would narrow itself to the small limits of my personal experiments, and humanity be compressed into the ten or fifteen people I mix with. Now I refuse to accept this. I have but a sixpence in consols, but I want to know how they stand. I was never—I am never likely to be—in Japan; but I have an intense curiosity to know what our troops did at Yokohama. I deplore the people who suffered by the railroad smash; and I sympathize with the newly married couple so beautifully depicted in the "Illustrated," as they drove off in a chase and four. I like the letters of the correspondents, with their little grievances about unpunctual trains, or some unwarrantable omissions in the Liturgy. I even like the people who chronicle the rainfall, and record little facts about the mildness of the season.

As for the advertisements, I regard them as the mirror of the age. Show me but one page of the "wents" of any country, and I engage myself to give a sketch of the current civilization of the period. What glimpse of rose interiors do we gain by these brief paragraphs! How full of suggestion and story they are. Think of the social circles at Chanman's, that advertises for a lodger "that has a good voice and would appreciate the life of a retired family devoted to music and the fine arts." Imagine the more exalted propriety of those who want a "footman in a serious family, where there are means of grace and a maid kept." Here a widow in affluent circumstances announces her intention to remarry. Here a naturalist proposes his readiness to exchange bugs and caterpillars with another devotee. And here a more practical physiologist wants from three to four lively rats for his terrier. Are not these life etchings?—Do you want anything more plain or palpable to tell you where and how to live?

Now, I want neither beetles, rats, nor widows, but I'm not to be cut off from my sympathies with the people who do! In the very proportion that wise things do enter my requirements, do I desire to know who and what are the people who need them, why they need them, and what they do with them when they get them. I am human to the very tips of my fingers, and there is not a mood in humanity without its interest for me. I may possibly be able to rub on without my legacy, but I couldn't exist without my newspaper.—Cornelius O'Dowd.

A GOOD IDEA.—The young men of Mobile are a cute set. One of their city papers says they find out how a young lady stands in solid charms by asking her, "Has your father been pardoned?" finding out, of course, whether he comes under the £20,000 clause.

Kirby Smith has taken the amnesty oath.

Educational Department.

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

Since the winter of 1862 until some time during the session of last winter, a legislative enactment required the teachers of each school district to hold an institute for their professional improvement at least once every two weeks. At the instance of certain persons, the law has been changed so far as to allow teachers to hold these institutes or not, as they shall see proper. The chief reason urged by such as advocated the change was that as many institutes would be held without the law as with it. Whether or not this will prove true, it is not our purpose now to inquire, but rather to press upon the teachers throughout the county the necessity of not allowing so good an agency to fall dead merely because the matter has been left to their own choice. The institute, when it is rightly conducted, is the best friend of the teacher, especially the young teacher. Although it often happens in thinly populated districts that to be present at its meetings will require a walk of considerable distance, yet it may be made profitable to take that walk. A short-sighted policy, may incline some few to think it is not worth their while to spend every other Saturday at an institute seeing they do not expect to be permanently engaged in teaching. That is a mistaken notion. By meeting with others of greater experience, or of quicker perceptions, or with those who are gifted with "aptness to teach"—a gift that belongs not to the many—you will be helped over not a few difficulties and enabled to avoid trouble in the management of your school and aided in the elucidation of points you otherwise could not clearly explain.

Six active teachers can at any time hold an interesting and useful township institute. Twelve are of course to be preferred, but more than that number are not needed. That which makes the successful institute is the interest and activity shown, not mere numerical strength. As there should be present a goodly number of the scholars attending where the institute is held, let some of the most advanced be added to the classes if they seem too small.

At a well conducted institute, one adds to the benefit of his own experience, that of the experience of others. He may teach Reading well, but may be defective in teaching Geography, and at the institute he will likely meet some one who fails in teaching Reading but is successful in Geography. For the purpose of an institute is the interchanging of views relative to the different methods of inculcating the several branches and the agencies of government. A young teacher should attend in order to learn from older heads, and an old teacher should not be absent lest he become too firmly set in his own way.

There is danger in this as in other counties of the State, now that the compulsory law is repealed, that there will be a retrograde movement in relation to district institutes. A retrograde movement in this respect is a backward step of our whole school system. The repeal of the law imposes new duties on all who were its friends, whether they desired its repeal or not. It now devolves on County Superintendents, Directors, teachers, and citizens who uphold institutes in times past to stand by them now. While Superintendents can only urge, Directors can stipulate for them to be held, and active teachers can use their personal influence. When they are held, let the ruddy faces of the yeomanry of the rural districts and the paler ones of the towns and villages be seen in attendance. The number of inexperienced teachers is unusually and inconveniently large. These should be improved as rapidly as possible by being brought in contact with teachers of more enlarged experience.

Not long since a teacher desired to know how she might interest her school. We asked her if she felt interested herself. Her reply was—"Not much." Here was the grand secret of failure. The teacher must first become interested, and the lesson will show itself through the whole school. But says one—"How can I be interested in thus dull, monotonous daily routine? I have been over, and through it, term after term, and it has become stale." So you have been through the operation of eating some three times a day during the past twenty years, and yet we venture the assertion that at every returning meal you have a good appetite. And although you have bread and potatoes on the table for years, and have seen, felt and tasted them, and know all about them, still you have relish for them. Why is this? Simply because you have digested them. When your physical stomach refuses to digest the food within it, it has no desire for more. So with the mental stomach.—When you become cloyed with the fundamental rules of Arithmetic and Grammar, set it down as a fact that you have not properly digested those rules. A full knowledge of them gives an almost endless field for prospecting in, while a partial knowledge not only bewilders the mind, but renders a further investigation painful.