LOCAL NEWS.

Our Public Schools.

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

The Board of Public School Trustees met last evening. A communication from Mrs. Huton, stating that her son had lost an overcoat at the Abbott building, was referred. A communication was received from Superintendent Wilson calling attention to the Peabody and Force buildings being inadequately ventilated and heated; referred to the committee on buildings, with power to act. The abstract of reports was presented, showing whole number of pupils—white: Washington, 13,017; Georgetown, 1,460; county, 998; colored: Washington, 6,773; Georgetown, 537; county, 1,188—total, 23,973. A communication was received from Prof. O. T. Mason, asking if by some means the weight, height and ages of pupils can be recorded for future comparison, to ascertain if the race is deteriorating; referred to superintendents. The applications of the following persons for teachers' positions were referred: Helen M. Manning, Florence P. Williams, R. H. Heappe, Frank Gordon, Nellie Hobson, Mary E. Castlemon, Thos. J. Lamar, Annie B. Davis, Sallie Daniel, Mary Gibson, Jessie Sothron, Annie E. Loomis and W. D. Parkinson. Mr. Fairley, from the committee on prizes, presented a report on the proposition of Mr. Lovejoy, to do away with prizes. The report recommends that prizes be continued, but that the certificates be of smaller size. Mr. Pearson presented a minority report in the shape of resolutions; that after the close of the present year, the giving of certificates, except in the 8th grade and high school, be discontinued; laid over.

PROPOSED READJUSTMENT OF SALARIES.

Mr. Lovejoy, from the committee on teachers, made a report on the readjustment of salaries, fixing those of the supervising principals of the first six divisions at $1,800 per annum; male teachers, 8th grade, commence at $900 and increase $50 per year to $1,250 for those in charge of buildings; all other 8th grade teachers commence at $900 and increase $50 per year to $1,200; principal of boys' high school, $1,600; do. girls do., $1,400; sub-assistants in all divisions to be abolished; salaries of principals of Sumner, Lincoln, Cook and Randall buildings $1,250; do. Bowen, Chamberlain, Minor and Lovejoy buildings $950 each; three assistant music teachers in the first six divisions $600 each, and principal of high school in seventh division $1,250.

COMMITTEES REPORTS.

The committee on accounts reported without recommendation two bills of the Noble School Furniture Co. ($934. and $397.46,) and read in connection with the bills, receipts of Trustees Brooks and Lovejoy stating that certain articles of furniture did not come up to sample or were unsuitable.

Mr. Mathews, from the committee on the resolution offered at the last meeting requesting the Commissioners "to assume entire charge of the expenses of repairs, and this board be relieved of auditing the same," submitted a report recommending that the resolution be not passed. In this report the laws in relation to the board are quoted, and the committee states that the functions of the board cannot be abridged without a repeal of the law. The report was adopted.

Mr. Lambert, of the second division, made a report on the proposition of Mr. R. O. Holtzman, proposing to lease certain property on C street, between 3d and 4½ streets, that they cannot recommend the leasing of the property, because the improvements are unsuitable for school purposes; they favor the adoption of such measures as shall lead to the purchase of it, being influenced in making the recommendation by a consideration of the location, which is but inadequately supplied with school accommodations, by a regard for the liberal proposition and the peculiarly favorable character of the neighborhood for the location of a school; adopted.

"OLIVIA'S" GRIEVANCE.

A communication from Mrs. E. E. Briggs to the District Commissioners and by them referred to the board was read. She says: "Having utterly failed in securing protection from the malicious attacks on both property and person as inflicted by the pupils of Wallach school building, I now call upon you as the last resource to allow me to enjoy those inalienable rights guaranteed to the humblest by the unmistakable laws of the republic. When I laid my pitiful case before the so-called supervising principal of the public schools of Capitol Hill, with sneering lips he recalled to mind his dignified position in the following forcible language: 'I am not a policemen.' When I appealed to our solitary trustee, he gave me to understand that teachers were not responsible for the acts of the pupils, except when they were directly under the teacher's eye; also that Mr. Stewart, principal of Wallach school building, was not to blame for the low order of pupils that come from the streets adjoining the Navy Yard, conveying the idea that the acts of the children during the school recess was due to the low parentage from which they sprang. Let us have a teacher capable of managing this muscular element without calling in the aid of the police during the hours which pertain to our public schools. If we are to have weaklings for teachers, let us have a policeman detailed at the school building, as that will be the safest and most economical plan. Wallach school building is fast becoming a 'rowdy mill' of such vast proportions that safety to life and property can only be secured by the strong arms of the Commissioners of the District, and your timely aid is most earnestly invoked."

Mr. Middleton, to whom the letter was referred, said: "In presenting this communication I am simply performing an official duty. Without dignifying the charges therein with a reply in detail, I feel it is due to myself to say that that part of the communication charging me with 'sneering' at the 'low parentage' of the children attending the schools I have the honor to represent is *absolutely* and *maliciously false*, and the entire communication is characterized by reckless misstatements. The language and position I am accused of using and assuming are inconsistent with my relation to and interest in the public schools and pupils."

After some debate as to the proper disposition of the communication the following endorsement was adopted: "Respectfully returned to the Commissioners with the suggestion that charges respectfully preferred against any member of this board or any school officer will be always considered by it. The board not deeming this letter either to be respectful or to convey a charge, declines to entertain it."

MISCELLANEOUS MATTERS.

A communication was received from A. Watson, suggesting the placing of temperance pledges in the schools; referred.

The bills of the Noble School Furniture Co., reported from the committee on accounts for instructions, were taken up and some debate followed, in which the furniture was spoken of as not being up to sample. A resolution was adopted that they be approved provided a deduction of 56 cents is made on each chair. Messrs. Lambert, Middleton, Lloyd, Pearson, Matthews, Curtis, Fairley, and Wilkinson (8), voting in the affirmative, and Messrs. Lovejoy, Samson, Brown, Smith and Brooks (5), in the negative

Mr. Middleton offered a resolution that no sub-board shall authorize local concerts to be given without the approval of the board; laid over under the rules.

The resignation of Miss Lizzie M. Stromberger of the third division was received and accepted.

Mr. Lambert tendered his resignation as chairman of the committee on annual report; accepted.

Mr. Lovejoy offered a resolution that a committee on legislation be appointed; adopted. Also that the consideration of the report of the committee on prizes be postponed to the next meeting, and that the roll of honor of the schools be omitted from the annual report.

Mr. Brooks offered a resolution that the Commissioners be requested to purchase no more of the Noble School furniture; laid over. Adjourned.

DEEDS IN FEE have been filed as follows:—Jos. Williams to Lester A. Bartlett, lots 11 to 15 inclusive, in sub. of lot 6, sq. 631; $——. Benjamin Fendall, trustee, to John R. Murray, sub. lots 33, 34 and 78, sq. 191; $——. Alice L. Wyckoff et al. to Thos. Welch, part lot 4, sq. 755; $——. P. Thyson to C. G. Berryman, lots 98, 99 and 100, sub. sq. 445; $1,050. Charles H. Cragin et al. to Elias Rasher, part original lots 2 and 3, sq. north of sq. 515; $1,100. A. L. Barber et al. to Mary Ragan, lot 4, block ——, Le Droit Park; $4,000. E. M. Willis to Henry Willis, lot 24 and part 25, sub. of sq. 727; $2,300. S. Cross and Geo. Nugent, trustees, to American Life Ins. Co. of Philadelphia, lots F and G, sub. 169; $10,200. Glover and Warner to G. Ryneal, part lot 1, sq. 523; $5,200. G. W. J. Landon to Margaret R. Hoge, lot 21, sub. sq. 478; $——. Jno. E. Herrel to Jno. McLean, lots 346, 347 and 348, in Uniontown; $1,185. Joseph E. Fitch to Elizabeth Busey, part sq. 1010; $——. Also, lot 5, in Peter's sq., Georgetown; $——. John Cammack et al. to H. R. Souvrier, lots 8, 9, 10 and part 7, sq. 240; $6,300. H. M. Souvrier to J. G. Ames, do.; $1,290. H. M. Souvrier to R. H. T. Seipold, do.; $1,000. R. O. Holtzman et al. to Samuel Norment, lot 11, sq. 344; $2,535. Mildred Berry to N. L. Cooper, lot 13, sq. 38; $——. Peter Campbell to J. B. Taylor, lot 3, sq. 136; $——. A. W. Johnson to C. C. Glover, lot 9, sq. 158; $——. Trustees of Foundry M. E. church to C. C. Glover, lot 9, sq. 158; $2,449. J. G. Smith to Henry Franc, lot 2, sq. 455, and lot 18, sq. 456; $16,000. John Hitz et al., assignees, to Richard Lightborn, lot 28, sq. 503; $360. M. C. Byrne et al. to E. A. Hauser, lot 11, sq. 86; $43.96. S. J. Ruff to E. Ruff, lot 12, sq. 214; $600. E. Larrabee et al. to Alice Anderson, lot 34, sq. 503; $605. Emily Dougherty to J. Boggs, lot 1, sq. 961; $10. S. T. Suit to J. H. Jones, part of sq. 675; $4,500. H. J. Harrison to A. B. Williams, lot 15, sq. 416; $1,300. F. E. Alexander, trustee, to O. A. Dailey, lots 2 and 3, sq. 515, and lot 14, sq. 584; $25. Sarah Johnson to M. S. Kolb, lots 7 and 8, sq. 567; $1,300. W. J. Miller et al., trustee, to S. Schell, lots corner of Brown and Caton sts., Georgetown, D. C.; $215. P. V. Hagner to A. B. Hagner, part 13, sq. 141; $——. A. B. Hagner to P. V. Hagner, part 13, sq. 141; $——. R. D. Nailor to A. Nailor, jr., lots in sq. 255, 258, 254, 227 and 228. H. W. Howgate to M. L. Kingsbury, lot 31, sq. 205; $1,700. E. T. Farrar t Mary E. Ferguson, lot 22, sq. 876; $1,200. J. F Fitch to Elizabeth Busby, part sq. 1010; and lo 5, in Peters sq., Georgetown; $——.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

A Word for the Teachers.

Editor Star: Having read with interest during the past two or three years the various complaints against our public school system, and seeing no defensive response elicited thereby, I arrived at the conclusion that there was but one side to the question; that our public school teachers daily assigned unexplained lessons for home study, thereby nightly imposing onerous burdens upon the parents; that they overloaded the children in the school-room with impossible and incomprehensible tasks; that they spent their time in *hearing recitations* instead of teaching; in short, that the teacher's life here meant a great deal of salary for the smallest possible amount of labor. But since the advent of a public school teacher into the bosom of my family as a boarder, I have been gradually (as a Methodist exhorter would phrase it) "coming under conviction," and may now candidly confess myself "converted" to a different way of thinking. I am fully persuaded that of all patient, overworked, underpaid, unappreciated creatures known, the Washington public school teacher heads the list.

Here are the facts which opened mine eyes:—Monday, Nov. 22d, Miss X. (my boarder) returned from her work at 5 o'clock, not 3 (as supposed), and after dinner, though evidently very much fatigued, seated herself to the job of examining critically a formidable pile of manuscript, which, on inquiry, proved to be the written work of her 60 pupils in history, consisting of 5 questions each. I timed her; just 4 hours and 10 minutes. Tuesday, Nov. 23d, another pile, this time grammar—3 hours 5 minutes. Wednesday, Nov. 24th, still another, arithmetic—2 hours 20 minutes. Thursday, Nov. 25th, (a holiday, too,) geography—3 hours 15 minutes. Monday, Nov. 29th, physics—2 hours 40 minutes. Tuesday, Nov. 30th, orthography, 60 papers, 40 words each—2 hours. Wednesday, Dec. 1st, 60 pupils' reports for the month—3 hours. Thursday, Dec. 2d, copying into a record book, 1 hour, and selecting from a miscellaneous lot of books and papers suitable items to assign her pupils for "Sample Books," 1 hour. Friday, December 3d, copying on oblong pieces of card board an assortment of problems in arithmetic for the improvement of her scholars on the Monday following, 3 hours. And this, she tells me, is a fair sample of the amount of work done out of school by teachers in the grades above the fifth. Saturdays she spends 1 hour in a drawing class, another in elocution. I ventured to inquire when she found time for social recreation, mental improvement, sewing, correspondence, &c. She replied, grimly: "*Don't* find it—go without those luxuries!" Whereupon I come to the conclusion that a little of the surplus sympathy lavished upon the public school *children* might with advantage be directed towards the public school *teacher*.

Y. Z.

What To Do With the Flats.

Editor Star:—If you are not already too much worried with "all sorts of suggestions," which have been made in relation to the best plan to dispose of the river flats, I will give you and your readers one more. Previous to the construction of the causeway approach to the Long bridge, some fifty years ago, there were no flats visible even at the lowest tides, either above or below the bridge. The construction of the causeway has produced an eddy both above and below the bridge, and thus the mud has been deposited there. Another bad effect is that the water is mostly carried through the Virginia channel until it strikes Giesborough, when it rebounds and forms a large eddy from the bridge down as far as the Four-Mile Run, in which mud is deposited in large quantities, which in a few years will be as great a nuisance to the city with our prevailing south winds as the flats adjoining the bridge next to the city.

My plan is to remove the said causeway and construct a bridge on piles or piers as the other portions of the bridge, and allow the current to pass. Then open the channel on the District side at the upper end and direct the current into it. The force of the swift current and some assistance by dredging would in my opinion in less than ten years obliterate the flats on this side as well as on the Virginia side and restore the original currents of the river.

ONE OF THE OLDEST INHABITANTS.

Mercy to the Horse.

Editor Star:—In such biting cold weather as we have had lately, all owners of horses would find it for their interest to see that the bits are not put into the mouths of the animals cold. There is danger of breaking the skin by its adhering to the cold iron. The next application renders the hurt worse, and soon a permanent sore is made. If the harness is not kept in a warm room dip the bits in warm (not hot) water. A northern farmer would as soon neglect to feed his horses as to fail to use this precaution. Let the drivers try cold iron in his own mouth.

The Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

Editor Star:—This branch of the Treasury department is one of the leading institutions of the city, and the work performed there justly attracts the curiosity and admiration not only of our own people but those from other lands. But, while this is to our credit, the system of management of the institution bespeaks but little in favor of either our humanity or liberality. In the press room of the building, where about two hundred and fifty females are employed, it is understtood a new rule has been or is about being carried out requiring these females to be on hand and ready for work at 7:20 a. m., now before the sun rises. Many of these females live at long distances from the bureau, and will be required to leave their houses at 6:30 a. m. in order to get to the building at the hour named. At 6:30 a. m. the night is as dark as at 1 a. m., and many of the ladies are off the lines of street cars. I say "ladies," for very many at least of these females are as well entitled to be called "ladies" as their more fortunate sisters, who are in the Treasury or Interior building, who go on duty at 9 o'clock and leave at 4 o'clock, and who are paid from $60 to $100 per month. The Bureau of Engraving and Printing females are constantly on their feet, work hard, and are in a large room, amid the clatter constantly of the presses, and breathing a very unhealthy atmosphere. They get $1.25 per day. But what I wish specially to speak of, Mr. Editor, is the cruelty and injustice of making these females go to work at such hours. The new rule, I believe, is expected to be brought about by the printers, so that they can make a dollar or more additional pay per day. I hope Col. Irish will set his foot down against this proposed change, in the interests of the printers alone, who have no feelings whatever for the females who work with them at the presses. If he does not, then Congress should at once condemn and prevent the unjust and inhuman proposition.

C. R.

Aaron Burr's Love Letters.

Editor Star:—In the article headed as above, which appeared in Saturday's STAR, the alleged statements of Mr. Thurlow Weed in regard to the final disposition of the letters received by Aaron Burr are erroneous; or, at least, they are at variance with the version of the subject given by Burr's biographer, Matthew L. Davis, who, in the preface to the "Memoirs of Aaron Burr" says with reference to these letters:—"As soon as Col. Burr's decease was known, with my own hands *I committed to the fire* all such correspondence, and not a vestige of it now remains. * * * I *alone* have possessed the private and important papers of Col. Burr; and *I pledge my honor* that every one of them, so far as I know and believe, that could injure the feelings of a female or those of her friends, is destroyed."

It is, of course, within the bounds of possibility that Mr. Weed may not have made the statement attributed to him, but if he did, he must be in errror! for it is not easy to discredit the very emphatic testimony of Matthew Davis; which, had it been false, would at once have been detected by the ladies involved, who, it is reasonable to assume, were among the first to read the memoirs.

W.

Pickwickian Holidays.

Editor Star:—City papers Monday made announcement that Secretary Ramsey had ordered that employés in the War department desiring to join in the welcome to Gen. Grant should be allowed to quit their desks at noon; also, that the other heads of departments had extended the same permission to ex-soldiers and sailors.

As an employé in one of the departments, and an ex-soldier, will you permit me to state that no such order was promulgated in the department in which I am employed, so far as I am aware. I have also heard the same of another department, and the same I suspect to be true in general.

Such statements usually turn out the same way. Monday was not an exception to the rule. The like discrepancy, between the press announcements of holidays and half-holidays in the departments, and the actual state of things, is of frequent occurrence; as for example, the "alleged" half-holiday preceding Thanksgiving Day.

I do not speak of this by way of complaint against newspaper reporters or department officials. The former doubtless speak by the best authority, and the action of the latter is governed by most worthy motives. But, meanwhile, these public announcements of holidays unenjoyed foster the absurd impression that government employés have little work and much play.

Please understand, Mr. Editor, and cause your readers to understand, that many of the orders granting holidays and half-holidays in the departments are to be taken in a *Pickwickian* sense and not literally; and that government employés are generally expected to keep close to business, and to accomplish their full quota of work, legal rest-days generally (not always) accepted.

Yours in verity, CLERK.

MARRIAGE LICENSES have been issued to Geo. Brooks and Annie Henson; Walker Brown and Nannie Chisley; Joseph Thompson and Delilah Peacock, both of Fairfax county, Va.; Samuel Lewis and N. S. Williams; Benjamin F. King and Elizabeth Peverell; Joseph Williams, of Springfield, Ohio, and Catharine A. Livingston.

RELIGIOUS NOTES.

— Archbishop Gibbons, of Baltimore, administered the sacrament of confirmation at St. Stephen's, on Sunday, to about 200 candidates, many of these children.

— The protracted meeting at McKendree Chapel, (Rev. C. H. Richardson), which closed a few weeks since, resulted in some thirty conversions.

— Rev. Father Wigett, well remembered here in connection with Gonzaga College, St. Aloysius and St. Joseph's churches, is now stationed at St. Thomas', in Charles county, Md., and has recovered his former robust health.

— The new edifice of the 9th street Methodist Protestant church needs now about $900 to finish it and pay all indebtedness, and on Sunday last a proposition by a lady to be one of fifty to raise the necessary amount was followed by another, and over $300 raised. Rev. Mr. Hall, the young pastor, has had an accession of twelve to the membership.

— For a week past Rev. Father Maguire, (formerly of Georgetown College and St. Aloysius,) Fathers McIntee, Strong, and Morgan have been holding a mission at St. Aloysius Church for the women. This week the mission is for men. A sermon is preached every morning at 5 o'clock followed by masses at 6, 7, and 8 o'clock, sermon at 9, the stations of the cross at 3 o'clock and sermon at 7 o'clock.

— Rev. Father Cunningham, who has been transferred from Rockville to Baltimore, was the victim of a "beat," a few weeks ago. A party who had been operating as a bogus priest took the role of a lawyer, and calling on Father Cunningham represented that a bequest of $250 had been left him, but that before it was paid the expenses incident to securing it—$25 or $30—would have to be paid. Father Cunningham at once complied, and paying the $25 received the check, which he deposited in Riggs & Co.'s here for collection, but no returns were received therefrom.

— The action of the Baptist Association recently in session at Dr. Cole's church in East Washington in refusing to admit the churches of Rev. W. J. Walker and Rev. Mr. Gaskins, which are colored, seems to be misunderstood, especially by the colored Baptists. Some of them regard this action as based on prejudice to the colored race, and do not bear in mind that the white church at Tennallytown was also refused admission. The facts are that the qualifications for admission of churches in associations are "regularity in practice and purity of doctrine," and in these cases the committee did not deem there was sufficient evidence, and referred the applications to a committee to report at the next session.

— At the approaching session of the Baltimore annual conference of the M. E. Church in March there will be a number of changes among the pastors of this District. Under the old rule a minister could be stationed but two years at one charge, but within the past few years this rule has been changed so that it is possible for a minister to remain at one place three years. There are some ministers in the conference who regard a two years' term as long enough. Rev. Dr. John Lanahan, who for the past three years has been Mrs. Hayes' pastor at the Foundry, will be assigned another appointment, as also will Rev. W. I. McKenney of Hamline, Rev. J. R. Wheeler, of Waugh, Chapel, who are closing their third year. Rev. W. G. Deale, of Wesley Chapel, being a two-years man, will likely receive a new appointment. It is uncertain what changes will be made among the others who have served two years, viz: Rev. J. L. Hayghe, at Union; Rev. G. V. Leech, at East Washington; Rev. Mr. McLaren, at North Capitol; Dr. McKendree Reiley, at Dunbarton street, Georgetown; Rev. Mr. Hyde, at 12th street east, and Rev. J. W. Starr, at Gorsuch. It is likely that changes will be made in the two last named appointments. Metropolitan, Rev. R. N. Baer; McKendree, Rev. C. H. Richardson; Grace, Rev. J. W. Smith, and Fletcher, Rev. L. R. Morgan, will not change positions.

Gough's Dread of an Audience.

In his new lecture, "Platform Experiences," John B. Gough says: "I never knew a time when I did not dread an audience. Often that fear has amounted to positive suffering, and seldom am I called on to face an audience when I would rather by far run the other way, and as I grow older, this suffering is increasing. A very large assembly depresses me at first sight. I have often begged the chairman to make an address to give me time to recover. There are occasions when, without the relief of the chairman's remarks, I should commence my speech flateringly and with tears. In my suffering, trembling seizes upon every nerve; my throat and tongue become dry and feverish; my voice hoarse or husky, until the first few minutes have passed. At one time the painful sensation may be much stronger than at another, but the occasions are very rare when I am in any good degree unembarrassed, and never am I at perfect ease in sight of an audience. There are some persons who consider this affectation. I have been told that it was impossible that any man who had faced over 8,000 audiences should be nervous or apprehensive or troubled at the sight of the people. From the first speech I ever made, when my heart beat like a trip-hammer, and after uttering the half dozen sentences I sat down shaking in every limb, to the last, I have more or less suffered from this unaccountable dread at every public address. I think in my whole experience I have never volunteered a speech and never asked for an invitation to address an audience. After the first nervousness has passed, I have but little sensation; except the desire to make my audience feel as I feel, see as I see, and to gain dominion for the time being over their wills and affections. If I succeed in this, or think that I have their sympathy, and especially should be responsive, the fear is all gone; then comes a consciousness of power that exhilarates, excites and produces a srtange sensation of delight.

In Spurgeon's church, in England, I was once announced to speak before an audience of more than 6,700 people. The fright seized me so violently that I was obliged to beg off for a few minutes until I could go into the vestry and calm myself. I spoke in the old Tremont Temple 222 times, and many a time I have walked up and down the street outside with my wife, saying that I felt as if I could not possibly speak.

When, placed in circumstances new and strange, I have been asked suddenly to perform some public service, through a nervous timidity I have been utterly unable to comply with the request. During my recent visit in London, I frequently heard Dr. Joseph Parker. On one occasion, at the close of one of his powerful sermons, to which I had listened with intense interest, I was startled to hear him say:

"I see my friend John B. Gough in the audience. Will he please come into the pulpit while they are singing the anthem, and conclude divine service with prayer?"

I turned to my wife and said:

"Mary, what shall I do? I can't go up there to take part in the service."

She said very quietly, "You had better go into the pulpit and explain to Dr. Parker."

So, with head bent, I passed down the aisle, crept up the stairs and entered the desk, where Dr. Parker sat waiting for me. His pulpit, a very beautiful one, presented to him by the corporation of London, is large and rather high. As I half stooped I could hardly be seen by the congregation.

There is a small platform on which the doctor stands

I said, "I cannot pray here."

"Oh, yes, you can."

"But I cannot here. If I were alone I could, but here, after that sermon, I cannot lead the devotion and worship of this people. Indeed—indeed, I cannot. Please excuse me."

He very kindly excused me, and asked me to give out a hymn. I told him I would try to do that. He told me to give out the 27th hymn, and only read the first verse. I had just commenced when he bade me stand on the platform, as not much more than my head could be seen by the audience below. That added to my embarassment.

I stood on the platform and said in a very husky voice, "The 28th hymn."

He corrected me: "The 27th hymn."

More and more nervous, I said: "The 27th hymn," and blundered through the four lines, but how, I know not.

Now this was real suffering, and I suppose I ought to have been in the spirit of prayer for we are told to "continue instant in prayer." But to me it has ever been a task and a cross to lead the devotions of others; for I consider it the most solemn exercise in which a man can engage. I cannot help it and I cannot overcome it.

When Rev. Mr. Finney was in Aberdeen, Scotland, I heard from him a wonderful sermon. The next morning he, with his wife, called on us at the hotel.

In the course of our conversation I said: "Mr. Finney, I fear I am in the seventh chapter of Romans."

"What?"

"I fear I am in he seventh chapter of Romans."

He instantly said, "Let us kneel down."

When we were on our knees he said: "Pray."

I told him I could not.

"Pray." he repeated.

"I cannot."

"Pray," again he bade me.

"I cannot pray, and I will not."

Then he said, "O Lord, have mercy on this wiry, little unbeliever," and offered a prayer himself.

A Disgusted Baby.

There is a three-months-old baby living with his parents on Blank street, who was recently thrown into the society of three married and two single ladies. The conversation was conducted chiefly by the ladies and proceeded in this wise: "Oh, de 'ittle darling!" "Did 'e want to tiss iz mozzer?" "Will he s'ake 'ittle han'y?" "Oh, oo 'ittle p'ecious!" "Why don't 'e tiss e' lady?" "Where's iz tootsies?" "Oh, doney c'y!" "What 'e matter wiv um lammy?" The infant at last looked up, and with an expression of ineffable disgust remarked: "What a plaguey set of fools you all are! Why in time don't you talk sense and talk English?" [This is a lie from one end to the other. With that exception it is all true.—*Boston Transcript*.

HIGHLY INTERESTING INTELLIGENCE.

Something About the Latest Fashionable Dances.

[Detroit Post.]

> What masks, what dances
> To wear away this long age of three hours.

There are about fifteen teachers of dancing in Detroit and some half dozen schools and academies where the science of rythmetic motion is expressed in chalked circles and heel and toe movements, and where awkward youths go through agonies of bashfulness with their eyes glued to their feet and their elbows balanced at right angles like the wings of a trussed fowl, for dancing is no longer a mild and swaying motion to the sound of slow music or rapid whirl-about, in which the dancers pins like a top. The new dances demand an immense amount of energy, hard work, and dislocation of all the members, so that a good dancer of modern dances has all the accomplishments of a contortionist and the grace and flexibility of a Græco-Roman wrestler. Indeed, it is only those who are elegant dancers of the round dances who can acquire with any degree of proficiency the new glide steps of the ripple, raquet, Sallie Waters, Rockaway, cradle Knickerbocker and new glide. There is a peculiar swaying to one side, which is caused by extending one foot sideways and balancing in that direction, then recovering by bringing the truant foot back with a step that is very hard to acquire, but when once acquired is the very poetry of motion. The much-talked-of raquet is a society dance that among round dances takes the lead. It is very attractive to the eye, and those who dance it well form the best picture ever seen on a ball-room floor. The movement, which is only to be described by the rocking motion of a cradle, is the ideal of grace, but, naturally, cannot be acquired easily by persons who are unable to bend sideways. The swaying motion is continued through the entire figure, and the further the couple can lean over and the quicker they can gain their equilibrium the more expert and accomplished they are.

The Sallie Waters is a hop, skip, and jump step, with a jig attachment, and a clog dance combination in the heel tap. It derives its name from a recent song called "The Babies in Our Block." The expression of the music is in 2 4 time, and it is very pretty with a waltz movement and a springing step, and is slow or fast. The song runs like this:

Little,Sallie Waters
  Sitting in the Sun,
Crying and weeping
  For a young man.
Oh! rise, Sallie, rise,
  Wipe your eyes with your frock.
That's sung by all the babies
  That are living in our block.

The cradle is one figure of the raquet, the swaying motion like the rocking of the cradle—and is as pretty and poetic as a picture. The Knickerbocker is in 1-2-3-4 step from side to side, and is too tiresome to last long.

A new quadrille is called "The Polo," and will be popular this winter. There is more balancing in quadrilles than has been the fashion of late years and less stately walking about, after the style of the old minuets of Washington's day, but whether it is an improvement or not would be hard to say. The practice which some young people seem to patronize of clasping each other round the waist or shoulders with a vigorous grip, in which the hands look muscular and obtrusive, does not seem to be quite necessary, any more than it is to clutch the fabric of the dress as if holding on for dear life. It is noticeable among neophytes that the gentlemen are more embarrassed than the ladies, and what they lose in self-possession they make up in vigor; but it is the inelegant dancers who pound the hardest and are tired out the soonest.

The Rockaway is a long slide step heel and toe, the old polka step with variations and the conventional slide steps. The ripple calls for special music. It is a very pretty dance, and less tiresome than any of the others; but it requires a graceful, slender figure and flying feet.

The old polka has gone out, by name, at least; so has the redowa, and the mazurka, and the Highland schottische, and the waltz, as it used to be. The walking step is much faster in the glide than formerly. Dancing, to be anything now, is fast and furious, and not the slow promenade it has been for some years. The side motion is a decided innovation. Dancers do not hop up and down with the springy motion of the knee, as in the old waltzes, when people went bobbing and courtesying about like Dutch dolls, and the gentleman held his partner discreetly at a distance with his extended arm. Now he and his partner are one and indivisible as they whirl like teetotums to the music.

The prairie queen is left of the old quadrilles, and the lancers are as popular as ever, and so also is the german. It is the fashion now for influential ladies to get up a class of young people who are all acquainted, and have them attend a dancing school under the name of "Mrs. ——'s class," where they learn to dance the german. The great objection to teaching this elegant dance is that only persons known to each other can enjoy it. For the benefit of the non-dancing community we will give a brief description of some of the figures, there being at least a thousand different ones. One of the prettiest is the Looking Glass. A lady seats herself in the dance, and her maid hands her a mirror in which she sees, one by one, the faces of the gentlemen who come and lean over her chair—when she sees the right one she turns the glass down. He leads her out and dances with her, presenting her with a "favor." which may be a fan, bequet, or anything he has selected—candy or ornament. "Faith, Hope, and Charity," stars and pyramids are all beautiful and attractive figures in this medley of beauty and grace.

It is not the young people only who are learning to dance, but grandames and grandsires, who like the amusement, and think it is not too late to learn. Occasionally some old widower, who is going to marry a society miss, takes private lessons, but one turn at the raquet usually gives his rheumatic old limbs such a jolting that, with many an "oh" and an "ah," he is forced to acknowledge with Solomon that "there is a time to dance," and also that he has outlived it. But for the supple limbed girls and boys who can spin round on their toes, laughing defiance in the face of time, that season seems a long way off. Their motto is—

> On with the dance, let joy be unconfined.

The Question of Underwear.

[Boston Globe.]

In caring for personal health much depends upon the care of the skin, and whether its functions are maintained, especially with reference to protection from extremes of heat and cold and sudden changes of temperature. Our clothing should furnish this protection, and its chief value in this regard depends upon its being a bad or non-conductor of heat; in summer to prevent the absorption of heat from without, and in winter the escape of heat from within. The material that carries on this process most slowly is the one most efficacious for the purposes of warmth. The comparative value of different stuffs in this respect is easily demonstrated by experiment. Woollen fabrics rank first; cotton and silk next, and those of linen last. Garments that become moist by cutaneous exhalations conduct away the heat from the body rapidly, and the effect is soon followed by a feeling of chilliness. This is notably the case with linen goods when worn next to the person, refreshing and delightful, no doubt, in tropical climates, or in certain exceptional conditions of the cuticle, but less agreeable than cotton, silk or woollen in cold or changeable latitutdes like our own. These latter absorb moisture less rapidly, and, because of their comparative open texture through which vapors escape, are slow to retain the perspiration, and thus cool the surface slowly. Because of the absorbing and diffusing of the perspiration there is less danger from sudden changes of temperature or reaction from violent exercises. Upon the texture as well as material depends the non-conducting quality of clothing. A loose, open texture, confining considerable air in its tissue is warmer than a close woven one. For this reason, two thicknesses of any material are warmer than the same weight in one thickness. To meet all requirements the degree of coarseness or fineness of texture must be taken into account. Coarse garments produce irritation, which some persons cannot bear. There are those who seemingly cannot endure woollen of the finest quality, the skin is so sensitive. These must employ something midway between woollen and linen, which means cotton or silk—something warmer than linen and less irritating than woollen. Much of the manufactured under wear of the present day is woven of a mixture of cotton and wool, more agreeable to many persons than either would be alone. Other facts may be of service in reaching conclusions on this subject. A successful physician informed us that in treating the bowel troubles of children he never used drugs, but instead quilted powdered Peruvian bark between two thicknesses of flannel, placed it over the stomach and bowels, and they got well. A remedy for seasickness we have known successfully applied is to wind a long strip of flannel several times about the body and wear it during the voyage, or until no longer necessary. It is a fact that shipwrecked sailors have prolonged their lives by keeping their woollen garments wet with salt water. This result has been attributed to the absorption of salt and water through the pores of the skin. However that may be, there is no doubt that preventing the escape of natural heat and vitality, through the non-conducting properties of woollen clothing, must have much to do with prolonging life under such exposures. In acting for children it should be borne in mind that their little bodies are much warmer naturally than are those of adults.

Also, women are constitutionally warmer blooded than men, and consequently do not require the same amount of clothing under the same exposure. May not this fact explain and partially apologize for a common experience on railway trains, where an apparently delicate female will seem to enjoy the cold draft from an open window, when all the gentlemen in the vicinity are shivering with cold? But, doubtless, in many of these oft-recurring experiences, if the lady would remove her furs for the time being the conditions would be essentially modified. Still, there are differences so manifest between the sexes in this regard we must conclude that what may be desirable for one ma not be equally so for the other. Most ladies spend more time indoors than do gentlemen, are less exposed to the changes of temperature and take less violent exercise than men. Ought they not therefore to be protected in a different degree, though discreetly? Through ignorance, fear and want of consideration many persons go to extremes in this matter of underclothing, and if they suffer therefrom they must blame themselves. As has been said, sensible persons who think may easily determine what is best for them. They should not, however, ignore nor fail to take into account the possible effect upon the constitution of previous lifelong habits. Great changes should not be made too suddenly.

The woman of to-day is delicate and incapable of enduring—as did their mothers and grandmothers, when girls, all over New England, were a match for the boys, would walk one or more miles to school, help break paths through the deep winter snows, and enjoy the sport, knit themselves the woolen stockings they wore, also riding much on horseback and practising the duties of housekeeping, to be fitted later as mothers to raise large families; generally doing their own work; often spinning and weaving the very flannel of which their own and children's garments were made. There were no furnaces and steam heaters in those days—no hot and cold water pipes, stationary tubs and waste pipes. Water was drawn from the well by the bucketful and heated by the kettleful, perchance in the great fireplace. They slept in cold rooms, and in most matters their customs and methods were directly opposed to the general characteristics of our modern ways and high-wrought civilization. This, perhaps is a digression. We do not recall those bygone old-fashioned ways as desirable, generally to be revived in our day; but do not these facts and constrasts suggest that, after all we say, or whatever we may determine, as to the relative merit or demerit of this or that material for underwear, there remains much that can be accomplished, by personal effort, to secure the great and desirable boon of good health, without which there is little enjoyment or any other blessings. It is a subject broad, deep and important, not only for ourselves, but for coming generations. We have only discussed the material of which a portion of our clothing should be composed. The form, style and construction of all we wear is a matter of vital consequence also.

SHAMS IN THE THEATER.

The Ingenious Work of the Property Man—Remarkable Effects Produced With Cheap and Common Materials.

[N. Y. Tribune]

Theatrical properties, so-called, include all things placed upon the stage except what are painted as part of a scene by the scene painter. Urns, vases, flowers, pictures, pianos, carpets, rugs, furniture, and all ornaments are "properties." Besides these all articles used by the actors in the performance of the play, such as canes, cigars, pistols, clubs, knives, pocket books, money, and other things of similar nature are properties. The property man of a theater has a responsible and arduous position. Upon him depend many of the important points in a play. The check for $30,000 that saves the impecunious artist from an untimely grave; the secret drawer and hidden will, which, when revealed, restore the wandering heir to his rightful inheritance; the marriage bell that hangs above the heads of the happy lovers in the fifth act, and the pitiless snow through which the shivering blind girl wanders singing her mournful songs—all are prepared by the property man. Sad is the lot of that luckless wight who forgets to load the pistol with which the desperate villain is slain. The property man is provided by the stage manager with a complete list of the properties needed for each scene, and it is his duty to see that they are prepared and in their proper places before the curtain rises.

In the earlier days of the drama it was customary for the property man to make all his own properties. From the simple bronze urn to the massive oaken fire-place, everything was slowly and laboriously wrought out by this being of inexhaustible ingenuity. In the Shakespearean drama the property man still has plenty of this kind of work; for the helmets, spears, shields, and battle array of the motley groups of dumb warriors are all the results of his toil. In the modern drama, however, it has been found easier and more effective to borrow properties than to make them. The ebony easels, the Turkish rugs, the rare engravings, the bric-a-brac and art objects that crowd the parlors of the modern Crœsus on the stage are readily borrowed from some enterprising dealer, who lends them for the sake of the advertisement. One of the leading theaters in this city actually buys the elegant furniture displayed on its stage, selling it after the run of the play has ceased for perhaps $100 less than the original cost. Nevertheless there are many little things which the property man is still obliged to manufacture. Urns which can be used at any time, bronze figures, flower-pots, flowers, and rustic furniture are usually made by this industrious worker. All of the articles just mentioned, except flowers and rustic furniture are made from old scraps of wrapping paper. The maker obtains some common clay, wets it, and, laying it on a broad, smooth board, models it in the shape he wishes. Around this model he builds a wooden box. He then mixes some plaster of Paris and water, making the mixture pretty thick, and stirring it rapidly to prevent its hardening. It is poured over the clay mould, and allowed a half hour to dry. The mould is then separated from the plaster and an urn of the latter material is found completely formed and ready for the paper. Heavy paper, free from all glazing, is used. It is first torn into small pieces and soaked thoroughly in clean water. The mould is then carefully greased with sweet oil or lard, and a wet coat of paper is laid on, care being taken to see that it fills up all the nooks and crannies of the mould. Four additional coats of the paper are then put on smoothly and evenly. Then comes a layer of muslin and glue. Three more coats of paper are added, and the article is allowed to dry about twelve hours. When it is perfectly free from moisture, the inner coats of paper are drawn out, leaving the muslin and the three outside layers of paper. Only half of a vase or urn is moulded at a time. When the two halves are ready, their edges are neatly trimmed and sewn together with strong twine. The twine is covered with a thin coat of paper, and the urn is ready for coloring. It receives first a coat of whitening, after which it is sand-papered. Then the final coat of color is put on, and whatever ornaments are desired can be added. In this way a capital imitation of a blue and gold vase a bronze urn or figure can be obtained. The blue and gold vase is painted with the distemper color used by scenic artists, and gilded; a bronze vase receives a coat of bronze powder such as can be bought in any paint store. Silver and gold goblets are also easily counterfeited in this manner, though these things are sometimes turned out of wood. It takes four days to make a pair of urns in this way, and requires great care. If the mould is not properly greased, the urn will stick to it and tear when an attempt is made to take it from the mould. Articles made in this way are very light, and can be kicked about, as they always are, without breaking. Old oaken fire-places made of this material, and apparently weighing 500 pounds, weigh in reality about fifteen pounds. What is called a "banquet set," consisting of plates, knives, forks, roast chicken, potatoes, baskets of fruit, and other things needful for a feast, is sometimes made of paper. Flowers are made of tissue paper. The paper is cut in circular pieces and fastened to short sticks. These are then set in a wire frame. A handsome marriage bell can be produced in this way. Rustic chairs are made from common wooden chairs. Rope covered with paper answers for the twigs which twine around the back, arms and legs. Vines are made of paper, rope and wire. Heavy ferns and tropical plants are easily counterfeited. A sheet of pasteboard is cut in the shape of the leaf. A piece of rattan is then split and the pasteboard inserted. The whole is then colored in a suitable manner. The weight of the pasteboard leaf bends the rattan stem, and its swaying at the lightest touch gives it a natural appearance.

A snowstorm is all paper, and is a production which the property man detests. The snow consists of small bits of white paper, which he must cut. These cuttings are placed in the snow-box. This is a long, narrow box, the bottom of which is made of slats. It is suspended above the stage by a rope at each end. By pulling one rope a see-saw motion is given to the box, and the snow sifts through the bottom. A cloth is spread upon the stage, and the snow, falling upon it, is carefully swept up with an economy that nature does not need, and used again the next night. The silver moon, that looks so calmly upon the agonies of the players, is a hollow sham. It is simply a cone suspended by wires with the base toward the audience. This base is covered with pale green silk, and a candle inside supplies the mild radience that enchants the eye. The fellow who falls from the scaffolding in "L'Assommoir," is made of rattan; the limbs are jointed, and the dummy is dressed in old clothes. His face is made of the inevitable paper. Stage money, as many know, is counterfeit beyond all doubt. The coin is usually made of tin. The paper money sometimes consists of old counterfeits, taken in at the box office, and sometimes of the advertising greenbacks that are circulated in the streets. The property man also makes the colored fires which illuminate the last acts of the spectacular plays, and which invariably appear with fairy transformations. Red fire, which is most used, consists of stronchi shellac, and potash. The flames which lick the sides of burning dwellings are of powdered lycopodium. This is placed in an instrument known as a "flash torch," which has a pepper box top and a lamp over it. When the torch is swung, the powder sifts through into the lamp flame and blazes up in long tongues of flames. The most effective lightning is made of magnesium. A small pinch is placed on the blade of a knife and ignited. It produces a quick, blinding glare that is very realistic. It is not used profusely, as it costs $20 per ounce.

THE "CHURCH-DEBT RAISER," EDWARD KIMBALL, was with the Union Presbyterian church of Newburgh, N. Y., Sunday, when $20,000 wer raised, and the balance of $7,000 was expecte to be provided for yesterday.

In the Children's Hospital.

[From Tennyson's New Volume.]

EMMIE.

Our doctor had called in another, I never had seen him before,
But he sent a chill to my heart when I saw him come in at the door,
Fresh from the surgery schools of France and of other lands—
Harsh red hair, big voice, big chest, big merciless hands!
Wonderful cures he had done, O yes, but they said too of him
He was happier using the knife than in trying to save the limb,
And that I can well believe, for he look'd so coarse and so red,
I could think he was one of those who would break their jests on the dead,
And mangle the living dog that had loved him and fawn'd at his knee—
Drenched with the hellish oorali—that ever such things should be!

Here was a boy—I am sure that some of our children would die
But for the voice of Love, and the smile, and the comforting eye—
Here was a boy in the ward, every bone seemed out of its place—
Caught in a mill and crush'd—it was all but a hopeless case;
And he handled him gently enough; but his voice and his face were not kind,
And it was but a hopeless case, he had seen it and made up his mind,
And he said to me roughly, "The lad will need little more of your care."
"All the more need," I told him, "to seek the Lord Jesus in prayer;
They are all his children here, and I pray for them all as my own:"
But he turn'd to me, "Ay, good woman, can prayer set a broken bone?"
Then he mutter'd half to himself, but I know that I heard him say
"All very well—but the good Lord Jesus has had his day."

Had? has it come? It has only dawn'd. It will come by and by.
O how could I serve in the wards if the hope of the world were a lie?
How could I bear with the sights and the loathsome smells of disease,
But that He said "Ye do it to me, when ye do it to these?"

So he went. And we past to this ward, where the younger children are laid:
Here is the cot of our orphan our darling, our meek little maid:
Empty you see just now! We have lost her who loved her so much—
Patient of pain tho' as quick as a sensitive plant to the touch;
Hers was the prettiest prattle, it often moved me to tears,
Hers was the gratefullest heart I have found in a child of her years
Nay you remember our Emmie; you used to send her the flowers;
How she would smile at 'em, play with 'em, talk to 'em hours after hours!
They that can wander at will where the works of the Lord are reveal'd
Little guess what joy can be got from a cowslip out of the field:
Flowers to these "spirits in prison" are all they can know of the spring,
They freshen and sweeten the wards like the waft of an angel's wing;
And she lay with a flower in one hand and her thin hands crost on her breast—
Wan, but as pretty as heart can desire, and we thought her at rest,
Quietly sleeping—so quiet, our doctors said "Poor little dear,
Nurse, I must do it to-morrow; she'll never live thro' it, I fear."

I walk'd with our kindly old doctor as far as the head of the stair,
Then I return'd to the ward; the child didn't see I was there.

Never since I was nurse had I been so grieved and so vext!
Emmie had heard him. Softly she call'd from her cot to the next,
"He says I shall never live thro' it, O Annie, what shall I do?"
Annie consider'd. "If I," said the wise little Annie, "was you,
I should cry to the dear Lord Jesus to help me, for, Emmie, you see,
It's all in the picture there: 'Little children should come to me.'"——
(Meaning the print that you gave us, I find that it always can please
Our children, the dear Lord Jesus with children about his knees.)
"Yes, and I will," said Emmie; "but then if I call to the Lord,
How should he know that it's me? such a lot of beds in the ward!"
That was a puzzle for Annie. Again she consider'd and said:
"Emmie, you put out your arms, and you leave 'em outside on the bed—
The Lord has so much to see to! but, Emmie, you tell it him plain,
It's the little girl with her arms lying out on the counterpane."

I had sat three nights by the child—I could not watch her for four
My brain had begun to reel I felt I could do it no more.
That was my sleeping-night, but I thought that it never would pass,
There was a thunder-clap once, and a clatter of hail on the glass,
And there was a phantom cry that I heard as I tost about,
The motherless bleat of a lamb in the storm and the darkness without;
My sleep was broken beside with dreams of the dreadful knife
And fears for our delicate Emmie who scarce would escape with her life;
Then in the gray of the morning it seem'd she stood by me and smiled,
And the doctor came at his hour, and we went to see to the child.

He had brought his ghastly tools; we believed her asleep again—
Her dear, long, lean, little arms lying out on the counterpane;
Say that His day is done? Ah, why should we care what they say?
The Lord of the children had heard her, and Emmie had passed away.

A GALVESTON MILLIONAIRE was asked recently by a delegation of his friends if he would not consent to allow his name to be used in connection with the United States senatorship. He replied that he never had meddled in politics before, but just now he had made up his mind to apply for a position other than the senatorship. "Ah! I suppose you want to get on the supreme bench," said one of the committee. The heavy property-owner shook his head and toyed with his $5,000 diamond ring. "Perhaps Garfield is going to offer you a place in his cabinet?" "No. You havn't guessed it yet." "Foreign mission?" "Gentlemen, I'll be candid with you. For years I have been trying to get the city authorities to have the slop barrel at my back gate emptied once a month, and have failed. I am determined to have that slop-barrel emptied, so I have applied to the city council for the position of driver to a scavenger cart."—*Galveston News.*

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