

EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

State University.

The University was open on Silver Anniversary day, and several hundred visitors were shown through the building.

The regents of the University will be petitioned to ask the State legislature to establish a dental school in connection with the University.

The number of actual teachers already enrolled for the three weeks' summer school, insures a good attendance when it opens June 20, and a profitable session.

Dr. Kirkos of New York city, has chosen as a theme for the baccalaureate sermon, June 12, "Scholarship a Burden of the Lord."

Professor Bessey delivered the graduating address for the Beatrice high school.

The Cincinnati college of medicine and surgery, has accepted the preparatory medical course of the university as unconditional qualification for admission to its third year course and second course of lectures.

The University field day exercises were held on May 21, and 24.

The Junior Annual, published recently, is a publication creditable alike to the junior class, the University and the state.

The University entomologist has been asked to classify insects sent from the Institute of Jamaica, and to furnish the manuscript for a catalogue of the orthopterous insects of the island of fame.

In Other States and Lands.

The students in the University of Pennsylvania, are from twenty-nine nations, in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology from eighteen; in the University of California, from seventeen; in Harvard, from fifteen; in Yale, from fifteen; in Cornell, from fourteen; in University of Michigan from fourteen; Princeton, from ten; and in Leigh, from nine.

The Kansas agricultural college will graduate, this year, thirty-five students.

A woman, Miss Anna Wood, is director of physical training at Wellesley college.

The State athletic contest was held, May 30, at Lincoln, under the auspices of the State university. Doane college, and Cotner university besides the State university, were represented. Twenty-seven first prize medals were offered of which the State university took twenty-one, besides seventeen of the twenty-seven second prize medals.

The battalion was inspected, May 20, by Major Bacon, 7th United States cavalry.

The museum has received from D. A. Haggard, '91, sets, almost complete, of Nebraska birds.

Other Schools.

The county schools of Nance county, this year, have graduated several pupils.

The United Brethren college, at York was dedicated June 8.

The Baptist college, at Grand Island will open September thirteenth.

The Episcopal Council, met at Omaha recently passed a resolution commending the public schools of the state.

Principal Wark, at Coleridge, has given this entire year a lecture course the proceeds of which have been used to establish a library fund.

Albion pays the principal of its school \$1000.00, Lexington pays its school principal \$1400.00 the town has but 1400 inhabitants.

Gibbon schools graduated four pupils; Table Rock, five Stanton seven; Lincoln, fifty-five.

The M. E. conference adopted the report of the educational committee asking for endowments for colleges for post graduate study.

Doane college held its annual field-day, May 25.

The class day exercises of the graduating class of the Lincoln high-school were held June 1st.

St. Paul high-school had seven graduates this year.

Students from the Indian industrial school at Genoa, gave an entertainment recently, at Bohannon's Hall, Lincoln.

The Episcopal school for boys will open in Lincoln in September.

Mayne high-school has \$300.00 invested in apparatus for school work.

Madison high-school has been placed upon the accredited list at the state University.

Bellevue college recently received from Elliott F. Shepherd, editor of the New York Mail and Express, a check for \$1000.00 for the school, and another of the same amount for the library.

Nebraska at Saratoga, 1892.

Nebraska is to be largely represented at the great teachers' convention at Saratoga, July 12 to 15. Through trains are to run with sleepers and free chair cars from points in the state to Saratoga, without change. Last year at the Toronto meeting, Nebraska had the largest percentage of her teachers enrolled of all the states in the union. This speaks volumes for the enterprise and enthusiasm of Nebraska teachers. Nebraska had more

teachers enrolled than New York, notwithstanding the fact that her population is only one-fifth that of New York, and the location of the convention on the very borders of the latter state. More teachers attended from Nebraska than from all the New England states combined.

The meeting of the National Educational association for this year will be held at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., July 12 to 15. The place is one of surpassing interest in itself, and of many historic associations. It is the center of hundreds of attractions in the New England and Middle states and Canada, all easily reached at greatly reduced rates from Saratoga. Tickets will be sold at one lowest fare for the round trip. Good to start July 5 and to return any time till September, 15; continuous journey going and coming.

Headquarters have already been secured for the Nebraska delegation at one of the best located and most comfortable hotels in the city of Saratoga. The rates will be only \$1.50 per day where two occupy a room, and the accommodations are first-class. Supt. H. R. Corbett, is state manager for Nebraska, and all information in regard to the meeting and the trip can be secured by addressing him at York.

Those who desire the great bulletin of the meeting with programs, portraits, and full information, must send their names for it on a postal card to C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y. Tourists, no other excursion this year gives you the privilege of spending the entire summer in the east, and probably no better opportunity for such a trip will be afforded for years to come. Teachers, are you not entitled to the rest and inspiration of this delightful excursion?

The Green Fisherman.

It is amusing to a veteran when visiting angling resorts to watch the beautiful way which the guides seduce the greenhorns into buying tackle or outfits from them or from the local stores. There is always some particular fly or spoon without which it is useless to fish, and then when it comes to going out to the fishing grounds, we to the man who has not been there before, for unless he happens to have an unusually conscientious boatman the chances are that he will be taken over some very convenient ground where there are few if any fish. "They are not biting today," or "You ought to have been here last week," etc. are the consoling remarks made by the guides: we have all listened to these remarks time and time again. Anglers on the first trips to the Thousand Isles suffer from this to a very great extent: there are so many good looking and convenient localities barren for fish while the best and prolific waters are at considerable distance from the hotels and require hard work at the oars to reach them. In fact the experience of sportsmen is that the first season at a new resort, whether for fishing or shooting, is usually wasted.—Forest Stream.

Dogs and Cats in King Howell's Times.

The worth of dogs is variously estimated; in the Tenth century the king's buckhound being valued at fifteen pence when born and one pound when fully trained, while, "a herd dog is worth the best ox, and whosoever may possess a cur, though it be the king, its value is fourpence."

Cats, however, are priced without distinction, there being probably but one breed. Nor is any extra value set upon those favored cats, which, by reason of their royal ownership, enjoyed the daily privilege, accorded them proverbially, of looking at a king. No matter to what family or place it may belong, "the worth of a kitten from the night it is kitten until it shall open its eyes, is a legal penny, and from that time until it shall kill mice, two legal pence," fourpence being the full value of a cat, as of a sheep or of a goat.

The qualities expected of her are particularly catalogued and the list of them runs thus: "To see, to hear, to kill mice, to have her claws entire, to rear and not to devour her kittens, and if she be bought and be deficient in any one of those teeth, let one-third of her worth be returned."—All the Year Round.

An Inexpensive Art Corner.

Quite the gem of the furnishings in the parlor of a pretty apartment up town is a lovely statuette of Cupid standing on a pedestal, behind which is draped in loose folds crimson cloth as an effective background. The peculiar tint of the marble (?) attracted a visitor, who inquired concerning it, whereupon the mistress confessed:

"I saw in some paper that to brush a plaster cast with orange shellac diluted with alcohol would impart this peculiar creamy tint, like old ivory and changing upon this excellent reproduction in plaster, I brought it for experiment. You see how successful I have been. Every one admires the color of my boy so much. And I'll tell you a bit more. That rich crimson drapery is a last year's dress which faded in streaks. I had it dyed and evolved the rest of my art corner.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

The queen of Portugal was a saleswoman at a bazaar held in Lisbon in aid of the unemployed which realized \$25,000.

LOST CAMP.

Charles G. D. Roberts in New York Independent: In the lumber camps of northeastern Maine and northwestern New Brunswick they still talk about the grand midwinter thaw that wrought such havoc some ten or a dozen years back. It came on without warning about the last week in February. There had been heavy snowfalls in the early part of the winter, and all through that district the snows were deep and soft. Before the thaw came to an end these great snow masses were deep and soft. Most nothing, and the ice had gone out of the rivers in a series of tremendous floods.

For the lumber thieves the thaw was a magnificent opportunity, of which they made haste to avail themselves. Having no stumpage dues to pay, they could afford a little extra outlay for the difficult hauling. They were comparatively secure from interruption, and the opening of the streams gave them an opportunity of quickly getting their spoils out of the way.

One of the most important camps of the district was that of the Ryckert company, on the Little St. Francis. On a Saturday morning, the fourth day of the thaw, word was brought into camp that the thieves were having a delightful time over on Lake Pecheewekakonic, on the company's timber limits. Steve Doyle, the boss of the camp, immediately called for volunteers, to attempt the capture of the marauders. Every man at once came forward, with the exception of the cook; and the boss, in order to excite no jealousies, made his selection by lot. In half an hour the squad was ready to set out.

"Be you agoin' along, sir?" inquired one of the hands.

"Why, of course?" exclaimed Doyle. "McCann will be in charge here while we're gone. There's such a thing possible as a bush with them fellows, 'em don't anticipate no trouble with 'em. reckon they're relyin' on the thaw to 'peem' from bein' interrupted." "I thought," responded the man who had just spoken, "as how the 'little ells' might come out to camp today, long of Mart, an' you mightn't want to miss him. He ain't been here for nore'n a month, now an' we're all kind of expectin' him to day. You kin depend on us to make a good job of it, ef o' be's you'd like to stay by the camp. The hands all know too well to think o' stayin' home on account of bein' keered, anyways."

At this there was a general laugh, for Steve Doyle's reckless courage was famous in all the camp.

"No," said the boss after a thoughtful pause; "it's my place to go, and not to stay. Anyways, I'm not lookin' for Arty today. His grandmother ain't oin' to let him come when the oad's so bad. No," he continued with renewed emphasis, "this ain't no time or Arty in the woods."

Without more discussion the band packed up their dunnage and their guns and set out for the lake of the unpronounceable name. It is needless to say the name became much shortened in their careless lingo. On state occasions they sometimes took pains to pronounce it "Peckagomic." For everyday use they found "Gomic" quite sufficient.

About the time the expedition was setting out from the Ryckert camp, far away in Beardswell Settlement (pronounced Bizzley), a very small boy was being tucked comfortably into the trap and bear skins of a roomy pung. As his grandmother kissed the round, expectant little face, she said to the river, a slim youth of perhaps eighteen:

"Do you think, now, Mart, the goin' on't be too bad? Be you sure the bung ain't likely to slump down and upset? And then there is the ice! This rarn spell must have made it pretty often! Will it be safe crossin' the streams? Somehow or other, I do just ate lettin' Arty along this mornin'!" "Don't you worry a mite, marm," responded Mart Bobcock, gathering up his reins. "The ain't no river in our rowt exceptin' the Siegas, an' that's got a ridge to it. I'll look after Arty, trust ee. His pa'd be powerful disappointed if I didn't bring him along this time, to ay nothin' of all the hands!" "Well, well," said the old lady, in a voice of reluctant resignation; "I suppose it's all right; but take keer of him, fard, as if he was the apple of your ye!"

It was a soft, hazy melting day when fard and Arty set out on their long drive. The traveling was heavy, but the air was delicious, and our travelers were in the highest spirits. This visit o' the camp was Arty's dearest treat, and was allowed him three or four times during the winter.

Toward noon the hazy blue of the morning sky changed to a thick gray, while the air grew almost oppressively warm, and the woods were filled on all sides with the strange innumerable noises of the great thaw. Then, reassured by his companion, he grew interested in trying to distinguish the varied sounds. The unbending of oft-torn twigs and saplings, the dropping of loosened bark, the stealthy ticklings of unseen rillets—all these filled the forest with a sense of mysterious activity and bustle.

Every little while Mart stopped to

give the floundering horse rest and encouragement. Jerry belonged to Steve Doyle; but, being a great pet with his owner, and devoted to the child, and at the same time somewhat too old to endure without injury the hardships of winter lumbering, he had been left at home in luxury the last two winters with nothing to do but make a weekly trip to the camp on the Little St. Francis. In all cases Jerry was treated with affectionate consideration, which he amply repaid by his intelligence and willingness.

When our weary travelers reached the top of the hill overlooking the camp, Jerry was pretty well fagged. There was the camp, however, not half a mile away in its clearing at the end of a straight bit of road. Arty clapped his hands and stood up to see if he could catch a glimpse of his father looking out for him, and Mart chirruped cheerfully to the horse.

Just at this moment the rain, which had been threatening for hours, came down. It came down in sheets. The horse was urged to a run, but the travelers, ere they reached the camp, were drenched as if they had fallen in the river. Arty, moreover, was drenched in tears for a few moments on learning of his father's absence; but soon, with the delightful pettings and caressings of the three or four woodsmen who had been left in the camp, the little fellow's disappointment was assuaged, and he was making himself merrily at home. The camp, however, seemed to him lonely and deserted, and when, after supper, getting the cook to wrap him up in an oilskin coat, he went out to the stable to give Jerry a big piece of camp ginger-bread and bid him good-night, his disappointment welled up again and he gave way to a few more tears on the affectionate animal's neck.

Around the blazing fire a little later Arty was himself again. The men sang songs for him and told him stories and blew little clouds of bitter smoke from their pipes into the brown thicket of his curls. He sat now on one rough fellow's knee, now on another's, and absorbed all the attention of the camp, and was allowed by the cook to eat all the ginger-bread he wanted. When he got sleepy he was put into his father's bunk; and since he was determined to have it so, Mart was allowed to sleep beside him. Arty having gone to bed, there was nothing for his admirers to do but follow his example. Their hearts filled with tender memories and generous thoughts, stirred up by the presence of the child among them, the backwoodsmen turned into their bunks and soon were fast asleep.

That night the floods came. The torrents, rushing down every hillside, speedily burst the already rotten ice some miles above the camp a jam formed itself early in the evening—a mixed mass of ice-cakes, logs and rubbish; and this kept the water below from rising rapidly enough to warn the camp of its danger. Just as the gray of dawn was beginning to struggle dimly through the forest aisles the jam broke, and the mighty avalanche of ice and water swept down on the slumbering camp.

There was no warning. Men perished in their sleep, crushed or drowned without knowing what had happened. The camp was simply wiped out of existence.

The bunk in which Arty lay asleep with his young protector was not built into the wall, like the other bunks. It was a separate structure, and stood across the end of the building, close by the fireplace. When the flood struck the camp, the stout building went down like a house of cards.

With a choking cry of terror Arty awoke, to find himself drifting in a tumult of icy waters. Great dark waves kept whirling, eddying and crashing about him. An arm was around him firmly, and he realized that Mart was taking care of him. Presently a fragment of wreck plunged against them, and he heard Mart groan; but the young man caught the timbers, and bid Arty lay hold of them. The child bravely did as he was told, and climbed actively upon the floating mass. Hardly had he done so, when Mart disappeared under the dark surface.

A shrill cry broke from Arty's lips at the sight, but in a moment the young man reappeared. He was close against the timbers—dashing against them, in fact—but Arty saw that he was unable to hold on them. Throwing himself flat on his face the plucky little fellow's caught hold of his friend's sleeve and cling to it with all his strength. Tiny as it was, it was enough for the purpose, however, and Mart's head was kept above water; but his eyes were closed and he did not notice the child's voice begging him to climb up on the wreck.

The water subsided almost as rapidly as they had risen, though the stream remained a torrent raging far above its wonted bounds. In a few minutes the timbers on which Arty had his refuge were swung by an eddy into shallow water. They caught against the tree and then grounded at one end. Arty began crawling toward the shore dragging Mart's body through the water without great difficulty. But when he got into the shallow part it was another matter; he could not haul Mart's weight any farther. Resting the young man's head on the edge of

the timbers he paused to take breath and looked about him in despair. Now he began to cry again; he had too busy for lamentations while trying to save Mart.

Presently he heard some one approaching, attracted by the sound of his voice. Looking up eagerly, he saw it was old Jerry, picking his way through the shallow water. He called him by name, and the horse neighed joyfully in answer. The animal was sadly bedraggled in appearance, but evidently unharmed. He had swum ashore lower down the river, and was making his way back to where he expected to find the camp. Now, however, he came to Arty, sniffed him over, and rubbed him with his soft wet nose.

"Jerry'll help me pull Mart out," said the child a loud, half to himself, half to the horse; and laying hold of the young man's sleeve, he again began bravely tugging upon it. "Pull, too, Jerry," urged the little fellow, while the animal stood wondering what it was he was required to do. In a moment he understood, and seizing the young man by the collar of his shirt he speedily dragged him to land without much help from Arty. The affectionate creature now seemed to recognize his driver, and stood over him with drooping head, bewildered at his helplessness and silence. Mart opened his eyes and groaned slightly once or twice, but immediately relapsed into unconsciousness. Arty sat down by his side, his little heart overflowing with grief and fear. He kept crying for his father and his grandmother and for Mart to open his eyes. Jerry completed the sad group, standing over it as if on guard, and ever and anon lifting his head to send forth a shrill whinny of appeal. This was the position in which, a half-hour later, guided by Jerry's signals, Steve Doyle and his party found them.

Doyle had not caught the lumber thieves. The march of his party had been so retarded by the thaw that they had halted before going half way. As the storm increased, and they observed how the water was arising in the brook beside which they had encamped, they became alarmed. They realized the prospect of a big flood, and Steve Doyle led his men back in hot haste. It was full daylight when they came out upon the devastated clearing where once had stood the camp.

The horror of the lumbermen's hearts is not to be described. In a pile of wreckage, strangely mixed up with hay and straw from the stable, they found the cook, with a leg and an arm broken, but still alive. Of no one else was there a sign, nor of the horses. From the cook Doyle learned of Arty's presence in the camp. Without a word but with a wild, white face, the man started down stream in despairing search, and the whole band followed, with the exception of two that stayed to take care of the unfortunate cook.

When the father clasped Arty in his arms, he was almost beside himself with joy for a few moments; then he remembered the poor fellows who were gone. Giving the child into the arms of one of the men, he busied himself with Mart, whom, by means of rubbing, he soon brought back to consciousness. The brave fellow had been stunned by a blow on the head, and afterward half drowned; but he soon recovered so far as to be able to walk with assistance. To Arty he owed his life, even as he had himself saved Arty's.

A little later a melancholy procession started back for Beardswell settlement. The poor cook was placed on Jerry's back, and bore his pain like a hero. Arty trudged by the side of McCann to whose charge he was committed by his father, and Mart was helped along by two of his comrades. With these went five or six more of the hands, to get them safely to the settlement. All the rest, under the leadership of Steve Doyle, set off down the river on a search for the three missing men, or their bodies. And the site of the camp was left to its desolation.

As for Doyle's search, it proved fruitless, and the party returned heavy-hearted. Henceforth the scene of the catastrophe became known throughout that region as "Lost Camp," and was sedulously avoided by the lumbermen. Next season the Ryckert company's camp on the Little St. Francis was built on higher ground, some miles farther up the stream.

Russian Girls and Women.

Russian girls have the thoroughness of the Germans, and the brightness of the Americans without their wit. They have considerable beauty, great courage and a good deal of aliveness. Under the old regime their life in girlhood and matrimony was the life almost of the convent; and in old Russia they are very much secluded even today. Strange that the German women, by no means powerful at home, should have changed the tone in Russia!

Mediocre the women of Russia never will be; and where there is great capacity for evil there is great possibility of good. Their faults may be explained by the absence of wise rule and happy home surroundings.—Kato Field's Washington.

How can a pig build himself a pen? Tie a knot in his tail and call it a pig's

Florida of Scilly.

The flower season lasts from June to June, and Scilly to be seen in glory should be visited in the month of June. At that time St. Mary's which is the principal flower-growing island, makes a large piece of brilliant perfume work; the air is filled with perfume and almost every person on the island is engaged in plucking, trimming and packing. The flowers are plucked on a fine day just before they have opened and taken to a damp room with a temperature of about 70 degrees; then they are packed in a vessel which will hold water in a room, and in these the blossoms, after having the superfluous leaves carefully removed, are placed until the time for packing comes. This operation is deferred as long as possible, says Chambers' Journal, perhaps for a couple of days after picking, and meanwhile boxes and baskets are prepared with soft layers of hay and ferns, and the flowers are packed in layers of paper, and cord are got ready, as well as dainty colored paper, with scalloped edges, for the more expensive flowers.

At length the final stage is reached upon, perhaps at midnight, or for an hour after hour there is no motion, one person drying the stems, another tying into bunches, another packing, a fourth nailing up, and a fifth perhaps helping generally. On and on into the gray morning the workers toil in an atmosphere which the heat and the odor of tens of thousands of flowers have made almost insupportable, gradually building around themselves a wall of neat packages, their movements growing feverish as the sound of packing wheels reminds them that their neighbors' flowers are already on the way to market. At last the task is over; the horses move off with the load and take a place in the line of vehicles which every highway is charging on the pier; and ere the "flower farmers" have well finished their hardy earned breakfast a dispatch whistle announces the departure of the steamer. At Penzance a special train is in waiting to convey the beauty and perfume of Scilly to business centers there to decorate the tables of the wealthy, to brighten the gloomy chambers of the invalid and to speak words which the timid tongue of the hesitates to utter.

Light Explodes It.

Chloride of nitrogen is the most wonderful, as well as the most powerful, explosive known. For some seven years, from 1811 to 1888, the secret of the composition of this terrible explosive was a mystery. Dulong lost one eye and three fingers in a year 1812 in a vain effort to determine its component parts, was the first step of scientific attainments to give the staff thought and study. Later Faraday and Sir Humphry Davy devoted a great deal of time and attention to it. Before entering the laboratory both Davy and Faraday always provided themselves with thick glass masks to protect their eyes from the pieces of glass which were most liable to start on a tour of the room where a drop of the dangerous stuff was on the floor. Faraday once narrowly escaped death as a result of making an experiment with two drops of the yellow, oily agent of death which he had dropped into a small silver tinsle prior to making an experiment; at another time had his table run over and the glass mask on his face broken into bits by less than one grain of it. In 1888, as above hinted, Dr. G. Mann of Gottingen, Germany, succeeded in analyzing the mysterious compound. It is the only known substance that will instantly explode upon coming in contact with a bright beam of light, whether the beam be from an electric lamp or the sun.—St. Louis Republic.

Trouble in a Restaurant.

A certain musical customer of a downtown Lewiston restaurant is getting into a fuss.

He went in the other day and ordered ham and eggs fried on one side and buckwheats.

"Hammeonega, yellowside wheats'n maple syrup, one single biscuit," went up the spout.

He called the waiter to him and said "Sir, I ordered no such stuff. You please pronounce that properly up the spout or I will not attempt to digest it."

"Gee!" said the young hand in a pompador, "this is dead new stuff. What's de matter?"

The musician goes in daily, and the whole shop looks up with amazement when the young man shouts up the spout: "Mary Ann, if you please, ham, with two eggs, browned only upon their obverse side. Cakes of buckwheat done to a sopitaint, with maple juice. One interior roll devoid of unnecessary crust. One cup of coffee of moderate strength. Complimentary?"—Lewiston Journal.

The Snake Charmer's Methods.

As to snake charming, the graceful movements the animals assume when moving, erect, with their heads distended, is striking enough, and as they follow the movements of the snake charmer's hands, it is easy to understand they become objects of wonder, and so they are, the objects of endless superstitious, which attribute their actions to supernatural influences. The snakes of course do not really perform aimless evolutions or dances, follow and try to bite the hands held by their movements, provoke and terrate them. (Quarterly Review)