EDUCATIONAL COLUMN

NOTES ABOUT SCHOOLS AND THEIR MANAGEMENT.

How a Great Amount of Annoyance May Be Prevented—The Schoolhouse as a Teacher—Country Schools Should Have Scrap Books.

Assigning Lessons.

A great amount of annoyance to both teacher and pupil may be prevented by using great care in the matter of assigning lessons. The work given to young pupils to prepare for recitation should be simply a reproduction of the work done by the class while the teacher was "assigning the lesson," or in other words, studying with her pupils. For more advanced pupils it should be memorizing that which they already understand, or working out problems which will put into operation the principles and rules already learned. "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined," is surely true in school life. A definition learned before it is understood may cause an almost permanent bend in the wrong direction.

I have seen a boy, who had been absent when the lesson was assigned to the class, told to commit to memory such and such things, and then censured because he did not remember the order of the words in the answer which meant nothing to him. Take, for example, the first definitions in the ordinary geography—Maury's Manual, for instance. Tell pupils to memorize them without any previous talk upon them, and see what a miserable result will follow, if you try to have them tell you what is meant by that which you have compelled some of them to learn, and also notice how few will have assigned, i. e., give you the word as it really is.

I do not forget that it is thought we are after and therefore thought should be the body; but, teachers, don't neglect to clothe it in the best raiment possible. It is quite right, in fact it is very desirable, to have the student give you the thought in his own words, but then I would have you impress upon him the idea that writers who have spent years of study upon the subject are better prepared to express the thought than any student can be, and, therefore, it is very desirable that they commit to memory the better expression prepared for them. Don't be discouraged if you find parents coming to you and trying to impress upon you that their children knew the definitions, only they could not "give it just as it was in the book." If you are sure that the pupil understands what he has to memorize, insist upon it. Every thought well expressed paves the way for the next and in recitations insist that the expression be well formed.

Are you assigning a lesson in spelling? That is merely memory work with the greater part of the class; but try to teach them to train the eyes as well as the mind. I found that having the words written by the pupil was a great help, and with poor spellers I have requested that they bring to the next recitation each word written five times. This I have found to be an excellent home task for the poor speller, as in this way he is compelled to give proper attention to the lesson, and in a few months I have always noticed a decided improvement. Remember, this applies only to the pupil who usually has a poor spelling lesson. Have him bring in the paper for two weeks, then try him for a time, and as soon as he shows signs of neglect in preparing renew the demand for written work. Say to him pleasantly: "Well, John, perhaps you cannot memorize, but you can write." He will see the justice, and that he may avoid writing, he will memorize.

In mathematics always be reasonably sure they can do the work assigned. Let them do addition one day more for task work, unless you are certain they can do subtraction. A few moments taken at the close of the school for giving one example similar to the work assigned will often help in home or task work. Don't assign heavy tasks, for by so doing you only multiply work for yourself.

Would space permit, I might mention many devices for making home task interesting, but each teacher can find plenty of her own, if she will occasionally assign herself the task.—Normal Instructor.

The Teacher's Personality.

The teacher with a winning, pleasant personality possesses a strong ally in her school work. Pupils are quick to perceive and appreciate a teacher's personal attractions. Refractory pupils succumb to the power of personal influence when compulsion fails.

A teacher's personality is a subtle combination of manner, speech, appearance—her individuality. I visited a school where a lady teacher of rare ability presided. Her power over the school was like witchery. Her boys adored her. She was a loving companion with the girls. The little children trusted her like a mother.

I made this teacher a study. I tried to find her great power. She was not pretty, but her countenance was lighted by a sweet, animated expression. She was not finely dressed, but her clothing was the perfection of neatness and taste. Her hair was always becomingly and prettily arranged; her manner was frank and friendly; her voice sympathetic. She was a living inspiration to her school. I heard a boy, one of her pupils, say, "I would rather have any other teacher whip me than to have a word of reproof from Miss S——."

During the noon hour she remained at her school, as did most of her scholars, and she took this occasion to learn the inner lives of her pupils by mingling with them in friendly intercourse; by eating her dinner with them in the shade of a tree. By her hearty kindness she made all feel that she had a special regard for the welfare of each of them.

The teacher who does not value the importance of her personality sufficiently to be neat in dress can hardly hope to secure her pupils' respect. Whenever teachers appear in the school room with elbows out, with soiled dress fronts, buttons missing from her shoes, hair slovenly, etc., so that pupils make the teacher's untidiness a subject of common remark—then more than a hint should be given them.

With no one does an attractive manner and neat external appearance have greater power than with the teacher, for the children are much influenced by these things.—School Education.

Scrap-Book Making.

Few are the schools in rural districts that are supplied with any kind of reference books.

A very useful book can be compiled by teacher and pupils.

A scrap book can be bought for a small amount, or one made of cambric, with board covers, and the leaves filled with historical and geographical sketches, anecdotes and biographies of eminent men, notes on travel and descriptions of natural curiosities.

In my school was a large class of well advanced pupils who became much interested in gleaning from all classes of papers such extracts as were suitable. As the articles were brought, they were placed in envelopes properly labeled, and were pasted in the book when quite a collection was on hand.

An index neatly written on first page aids in finding the subject to be referred to.

All articles should be placed in their proper departments and blank pages should be left for future use, so that sketches and extracts brought in later can be put under their correct head.

Interesting facts about plants and animals, pictures and scenery and persons of note, all found a place in our "Encyclopedia."

Pupils will take more interest in this book of their own manufacture, and refer to it more than they would to a whole set of Encyclopediae.—The Public Schools.

A Superintendent's Note to Teachers.

Teachers: The following are some of the good points discussed at our last grade and general meetings. Let us see if we cannot establish at least as many in our meetings this week. Come thoroughly prepared in all of the work:

1. No one can consciously follow the direction of another and succeed.
2. That which best defines a man is not what he is, but what he is trying to become.
3. All "realities" must exist first as "idealities."
4. The teacher must "think" herself into a knowledge of the art and science of instruction.
5. Education is "conditioned" by the fact of self-consciousness.
6. Life is not the absence of wrong doing—it is a noble effort.
7. Intellect is necessary to the highest moral actions.
8. The function of moral instruction is to clinch the good habits.—Geo. I. Miller, in Iowa Schools.

Remember

That good use of language comes,—
From much practice.
From knowing what one wishes to say or write.
From a desire to say it well.
From having an object in saying it.
From noting how good talkers say things.
From keeping the eyes open.
From keeping the mouth shut when there is nothing to say.

Educational Intelligence.

The Chicago School Board had the Cook County normal schools offered to them by the County Board of Education; it costs $35,000 a year to maintain it; of this the city now pays $6,000. It was decided to accept the offer.

State Supt. Sabin, of Iowa, has divided the Committee on Rural Schools, of which he is chairman, appointed by the National Council of Education, into four sections with the following topics for study: Schools maintenance; supervision; supply of teachers; instruction and discipline. He has outlined a series of topics under each head, which promises a valuable study of this important subject.

During the past year a new department has been added to the Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kan., namely, the commercial department, making his one of the most complete institutions of its kind to be found anywhere. The establishment of this department and the increased attendance in the normal department, established a year before it, has brought to this institute a large number of advanced students.

The Northwest has another State institution in the form of the new Idaho State Normal School, located at Lewiston. The institution begins work on a solid basis. It not only has a splendid building, fully equipped with laboratories, libraries, spacious recitation halls and an auditorium with a seating capacity of 700 people, but it is fully endowed with 500,000 acres of timber land, all very valuable. The school was first opened with an enrollment of fifty-two.

Notwithstanding the fact that Chicago built eleven school houses last year and rents 213 rooms in private dwellings for school purposes, 11,000 or 12,000 children are deprived of school accommodations. The city superintendent of schools says that twenty buildings of average capacity are needed. These figures, however, do not cover the inadequacy of accommodation, for many thousands of children in the first grades attend school only part of the day, their places being taken by others for the second session. No doubt the number of children receiving partial instruction is greater even than those who do not attend school at all.

THE WAYS OF THE MONKEY.

The Comical Little Critter Makes Lots of Trouble.

"Speaking of monkeys," said the old showman, "we had about thirty of them once in a big cage with a shelf along each side, up nigh, for them to lie on, and a little dead tree with the ends of the branches sawed off standing in the middle for them to climb up to the shelves by, and to hang on to by their tails if they wanted to. One day we set in on the bottom of the cage a champagne bottle filled with very highly fermented root beer, and with the cork held in with a cord tied with a bow knot.

"The monkeys got upon the shelves and up in the stumpy tree and looked down on this bottle very suspiciously; finally their curiosity got the better of them, and they came down and moved around the bottle to inspect it. At last they got near enough to touch it and handle it, and finally they upset it on its side. Then one of the monkeys began pulling on the string, with the rest all clustered around. At last he pulled the knot loose, and bang went the cork and away went the beer.

"The first rush of it knocked over three or four of the monkeys nearest the muzzle of the bottle, and it drenched half a dozen of them and wet all of them more or less, for it went through the bunch of monkeys like a puff of smoke, spattering and flying in all directions. An instant later the monkeys were up the tree and lying along on the shelves; there was nothing left on the floor of the cage but the empty bottle.

"A number of times after that we set bottles of beer out in the sun to ferment, and then set them in the cage, but the monkeys never would touch them. We could set the bottles in, but we couldn't make the monkeys pull the string.

"There was a lady standing in front of the cage one day who had on a hat with a big bunch of red cherries and a lot of flowers on the top of it. A monkey reached through the bars and grabbed the cherries. The lady pulled back, but the monkey held on and pulled the hat off and tried to drag it through the bars into the cage. Three or four other visitors standing near rushed up and grabbed the hat, and they pulled one way while the monkey pulled the other. They finally got the hat away from the monkey and returned it to the lady. The cherries were about all gone, and what there was left of the rest of the hat really wasn't of much account. The lady said she would have to be paid for the hat, and she made for the box office.

"'Why, certainly,' said the man in the box office. 'How much do you value the hat?'

"'Five dollars,' the lady said, and the box office man handed out the money.

"The lady smiled; she was evidently pleased. 'I didn't really expect you would pay for it,' she said, and she turned to go away.

"'Madam,' said the man in the box office, and the lady turned around.

"'We'll take the hat now, if you please.'

"'What!' said the lady.

"'The hat, if you please,' said the box office man. 'We've paid for it, and we would like to have it.'

"Of course, the lady couldn't go away without a hat, and the upshot of it was that she returned the $5 and went away with the hat.

"Standing in front of the cage one day was a man who had on a pair of gold spectacles. A monkey reached through and took the spectacles off the man's nose. The man was greatly surprised at this, but he was a great deal more surprised when he saw the monkey, still standing close by him, push the glasses out of the frame and put them in his mouth and stow them away, one in each cheek, and then proceed to twist the frames up, like so much wire, into a small bunch. One of our men went into the cage and choked the monkey until he got the glasses out of his mouth, and then he got the frame away from him and we returned them to the owner. Of course, they were not of much use to him in that shape, but it was the best we could do."—New York Sun.

Appalling Facts.

At the great naval battle off the Yalu River last year the Chinese iron-clad battle-ship, Chen Yuen, was commanded by an American, named Philo McGriffen, a graduate of the Naval Academy at Annapolis. Capt. McGriffen, who has but lately recovered in part from injuries received in this already historic battle, gives many strikingly interesting details illustrative of the terrible nature of a modern naval engagement between iron-clads. In a recent conversation he said:

"You can form little conception of the awful character of battle inside armor-plated steam-vessels, where space and air are necessarily much restricted and confined. The din made by the impact of heavy projectiles against the thick metal sides is frightful beyond description, and seems to shake one's very life. I wore cotton in both ears, but am still somewhat deaf.

"As the Japanese war-ships were faster than the Chen Yuen, we made all steam possible to secure speed for our evolutions. From being so closely shut the engine-room and fire-room became intolerably hot; yet the engineers and stokers stuck to their posts, even after the temperature rose to 200 degrees Fahrenheit! The skin of their hands and arms was actually roasted, and nearly every man became blind from the searing of the outer membrane of the eye.

"One of the enemy's rapid-fire gun-shells struck an open gun-shield early in the fight, and glanced down through the port; seven gunners were killed and fifteen disabled by that one projectile.

"Very soon I noticed that the Maxim gun up in the foretop on our military mast was silent, and saw a hole in the armor-plating around it. After the battle the officer and six men stationed there were found dead, shockingly mangled, all destroyed by a single shell from a rapid-fire gun.

"Late in the action, after my hair had been burned off and my eyes so impaired by injected blood that I could see out of but one of them, and then only by lifting the lid with my fingers, it became necessary for me to observe for myself the position of the enemy's ships. As I groped my way around the protected deck, with one hand on the inside of the armor-plating, a hundred-pound shell struck and came through it about a foot and a half from where my hand rested.

"In an instant my hand was so burnt that much of the skin stuck to the metal plate—from the sudden heat engendered by the blow. I was not aware that any fragment of the shell or armor struck me, but my clothing was rent to tatters by the detonation or concussion, as it seemed."

Capt. McGriffen adds: "Despite much which has been said of the cowardice of the Chinese soldiers and sailors, I gladly bear testimony that the most of my crew aboard the Chen Yuen were as brave and faithful as is possible for men to be."

The Pleasure of Giving.

The Great Teacher, who said "It is more blessed to give than receive," knew that the man of business feels an intense pleasure in making money. He also knew that the pleasure, though both intellectual and emotional, has no relation to man's higher nature. It is made up of the satisfaction of success, the consciousness of power, the joy of outstripping rivals, and the delight of "heaping up riches." But there is not a spiritual thrill in the process, from the investment of the first dollar to the clipping of thousands of coupons. The following anecdote confirms the Master's maxim:

At a dinner party in Baltimore many years ago, at which were present among the guests George Peabody and Johns Hopkins, some one inquired:

"Which did you enjoy most, Mr. Peabody, making your money or giving it away?"

"Well," answered Mr. Peabody, slowly, and Johns Hopkins was observed to be deeply interested in the answer, "I enjoyed making money. I think it is a great pleasure to make money. And when the idea was first suggested to me that I should give money away, it did not please me at all. In fact, it distressed me. But I thought the matter over, and concluded I'd try it on a small scale.

"So I built the first of the model tenement houses in London. It was a hard pull; but after it was done I went around among the poor people living in the rooms, so clean and comfortable, and I had quite a new feeling. I enjoyed it very much. So I gave some more, and the feeling increased. And now I can truly say that, much as I enjoyed making money, I enjoyed giving it away a great deal better."

It would be a gratification to know whether this answer suggested to Mr. Hopkins the endowment of the Johns Hopkins University.

He Wanted the Best.

A little story, which emphasises the fact that there is a great deal of human nature where one would scarcely expect to discover it, is told of an old Quaker. Many years ago, when church organs were regarded with disfavor by many people, it was proposed to introduce one into a New England meeting house, one of the pillars of which was an old man of Quaker blood.

He was one of the most violent opponents to the plan, and expressed his views so strongly that the person who was collecting money for the organ, when it was at last decided to have it, did not venture to call upon the old Quaker for a subscription.

He met him on the street one day, and was greatly surprised when the old man took out a substantial-looking wallet, and presented him with a most generous sum to add to his collection.

"Why," stammered the young man, "I—I am greatly obliged, sir; but I hardly thought you would care to be asked to contribute."

"My son," said the Quaker, with a suspicion of a twinkle in his serious eye, "if thee will worship the Lord by machinery, I would like thee to have a first-rate instrument."

Killed by a Spider's Bite.

Harry Moore, a well-known Maryland farmer, living near Redd's Corner, Prince George County, Md., was bitten by a spider on Wednesday morning and died yesterday from the effects of the bite. Wednesday morning Moore was at his woodpile collecting wood. A large spider ran across his hands and ran inside his clothes. Moore felt the sharp sting, but nothing was thought of it at the time. Soon after the flesh around the bite began to swell and Dr. Warren was called in. He could do nothing, however, and the swelling extended until early yesterday morning, when death resulted. Moore was over 60 years of age.—Exchange.

Only Two of Them Left.

With the exception of Morrill, of Vermont, and Sherman, of Ohio, the great men with whom Mr. Thurman was associated in the Senate have passed away. His death recalls the giants with whom he served. Sumner, Wade, Wilson, Trumbull, Conkling, Seward and the long line of American statesmen with whose name Mr. Thurman's is written at the head of the proudest epoch in the history of the United States Senate.

Count Tolstoi on a Wheel.

Count Leo Tolstoi, the famous Russian author, is an enthusiastic bicyclist. So great a devotee of the wheel has he become that his daughters, fearing that the strain will prove too much for him, have also purchased wheels and accompany him on his trips to look after him. Tolstoi is now 67 and is a [illegible] worker.

[illegible] behaves himself, people say he [illegible] shining, and hides his meanness.

JOE WHITE'S TOOTHACHE.

And How It Was Cured by Jim Huston.

"Gentlemen," said Judge Hoke, as he rapped on the table with the butt of an old six-shooter used as a paper weight, "this yere court hez bin dooly elected a court in and fur the town of Sandy Bend, and fur as much of the surroundin' kentry as yearns fur justice. I hain't got but a few words to say about it, but the calibre of them words is 40 to the pound! This yere court kin read print at a purty fa'r gait. He kin make out most sorts of writin'. What he lacks on spellin' he will make upin dealin' out jestice. When he's over in the Red Hoss saloon, which is by fur the best one in Sandy Bend, he kin be patted on the back and yelled at by most any sort of a critter. When he's yere as a court it must be hats off and no foolin'. We've wanted law out yere, and now we've got it. I'm a-goin' to gin it to you in hunks and chunks and 16 shots without stoppin' to reload! Them as gulps down my legal decishuns and make no kick kin cum agin fur more, but them as wants an appeal and a row will hev to draw quicker and shoot faster than I kin.

"The fust case on the carpet is that of Joe White versus that long-shanked Jim Huston. Joe White sots out on his broncho from Star Ranche to find some stray hosses, and arter purceedin' as fur as B'ar creek he ar' suddenly jumped by jumpin' toothache. He gits down and yells and whoops and jumps on his hat, but the ache grows wuss. He walks around and paws and bellers, but he can't get away from it. He ar' rip-roarin' around thar when Jim Huston cums along on his cayuse from Steer Holler and sees a sufferin' feller-critter and checks up and sez:

"'Stranger, whar ar' your pertickler dyin' agony?'

"'The jumpin' toothache!' sez Joe, as he rips up the sile of Cow Valley.

"'Hev you dooly ripped and cussed?'

"'I hev.'

"'Hev you jumped on yer hat and whooped?'

"'Fur sure.'

"'And ye'll be found dead if somebody don't jump the jumpin' toothache what jumped you?'

"'I will and be durned to you!' howls Joe, as he tries to drive hisself into the airth.

"Now, gentlemen," said the judge, "thar's the situashun. It's an appealin' situashun. It ar' calkerlated to loosen the heart-strings and tech tender chords. Jim Huston ar' a sympathetic kuss by nater, and when he witnessed the dyin' agonies of a feller-critter all the goodness in his soul riz up within him. He pulls his gun; he waits a minit or two fur Joe to get steddy he takes a sudden squint and pulls the trigger, and what has happened? Why, Joe White jumps up and spits out that jumpin' tooth and begins to sing fur joy. Jim Huston has shot it outer his jaw! Joe shakes hands and thanks him and goes away singin', but when he gits back to the ranch the boys set him up to come over yere and demand justice. He cums to me and shows the bullet hole in his cheek and wants Jim arrested. I send fifteen miles fur Jim, and he cums in and not only tells me the straight story, but has the tooth in his pocket to prove it. Yere's the tooth. The ball just lifted it right outer the jaw as handsome as you please. If this yere court could make as handsome a shot as that he'd be a proud man.

"The plaintiff and the defendant hev each got a lawyer and them lawyers ar' yere to whoop and boller and airn a fee, but it won't be allowed. What we want to git at is jestice. Jim Huston's intenshins war' tender and juicy. He sees a feller critter a-sufferin' dyin' agonies an' his sole thought is to alleviate the sufferin'. He shoots the tooth out by the purtiest shot I ever heard of, and the court is a jedge of shootin', but he makes two mistakes. He don't figger on the hole in Joe's cheek and he don't calkerlate on whar' the bullet is goin' arter finishin' up bizness with the tooth. The plaintiff sez that it went down his throat and he kin feel it jogglin' around down thar' as he walks, but if he has any case at all it' s fur civil damages. If this court had a bullet rattlin' around in his body he might want damages from somebody and he might not. It would be accordin' to how it got thar'.

"As I said before, we hain't goin' to hev no spoutin' and argufyin' by the lawyers on this case. The court has seen the hole in Jim White's cheek and the tooth that cum out of his jaw, and he's heard the stories of both men. Joe had bin jumped by the jumpin' toothache. Jim jumped the tooth. It was all done fur his luv of humanity. The hole in the cheek and the jogglin' bullet was what might be called innercent results. The prisoner will be discharged from custody without a stain on his character, but this court would advise him to restrain his tender feelin's in the future, and let his feller-critters blow out thar' own grinders 'cording to thar' own noshuns. As fur Joe White, the feller who riz all this fuss without lawful reasons, I'm goin' to joggle that jogglin' bullet by makin' him pay the costs of the case, which, as night as I kin figger, will be $10, and must be paid in cash. Thar' bein' no need to rush the law in this community, the court adjourns herself fur the day and kin subsequently be found in the Red Hoss edifice previously menshuned as leadin' all others in straight goods."

Saving the Pump.

"I have just come from 'Mandy Strout's," said Mrs. Brown, dropping wearily into a chair and fanning herself with her wide hat. "I ain't prepared to say 'Mandy is touched in the head, not yet, but I do say she's certainly odd."

"How's 'Mandy getting along?" asked her companion.

"Hard. Getting along just the hardest way possible: It's discouraging trying to make her live easy."

"What has she done now—washed the barn floor?"

"No. Worse. You remember when Jud was here this summer he said it was a shame for his mother to lift water out of that old well, and being as he was a plumber, he spent his whole vacation and a good deal of money piping water into the house and putting a pump in the sink. It was just as handy as could be, and he went off to the city feeling real proud.

"Now I was down there this morning, and found her lugging water out of the old well. I talked up smart to her, and what do you think she said?"

The pause was ostensibly made for possible conjectures, but in reality to give weight to the coming statement.

"She said she wanted to keep the brass good and bright on the pump, so Jud would find it just as good as new when he comes home. I labored with her, and talked pretty plain, but I couldn't turn her; and when we went into the kitchen, there was the pump wrapped up in newspapers to keep it clean. She took them off to show me how bright she had kept it.

I told her it would be a real comfort to her when she was laid up with a broken back to know the pump was in good order; and do you believe it, she looked at me as innocent as a child, and says, 'Won't it?' I couldn't trust myself to speak, so I just come off home. I declare somebody ought to write to Jud!" And Mrs. Brown began to work briskly, as if to drown her unpleasant reflections.

HORRIBLE TORTURE.

Awful Mode of Death Visited Upon Prisoners in Morocco.

A traveler who recently was forced to flee from Fez, Morocco, to Tangier, describes the horrible manner in which prisoners are punished in the former place. The prisoners, twelve in number, were brought into a square and tied to iron pillars which were furnished with rings and chains. Then from behind the judge's or kadi's bench the sultan's barber entered, with a glittering knife held between his teeth. He was followed by two others carrying bags and two others, still, with baskets, containing rawhide, needles and twine. The barber with his wife cut four slices of flesh from each hand of the criminals, cutting down to the bone. The cavity thus made he filled with salt from the bags, stuck his fingers into the holes and then bound them up tightly in rawhide. After that both arms were chained between bars of iron so that it was impossible for the prisoner to bring them together. Irons were also put to the feet, and thus equipped they were driven to a dungeon, there to rot and die under the most excruciating pains.

"We have tried it on a horse, who had thrown the sultan," said the barber to my guide; "he lived three days, and his agonies were most satisfactory." These robbers are expected to enjoy the ration of salt five to six days, getting plenty of food but no drink during that time.

The Spider-Tree.

Doctor Welwitsch, who has recently explored the country about Cape Negro in Africa, tells of a curious plant called the spider-tree. It grows on windy plains, its stem attaining a diameter of four feet, although it does not exceed one foot in height. It puts out two leaves, each six or eight feet in length, and these are split by the whiffing of the wind into a number of stiff, narrow ribbons, bearing no little resemblance to the legs of a gigantic spider. This resemblance becomes startling when a strong breeze puts the leg-like leaves into rapid motion, and the negroes shiveringly exclaim that the great spider is struggling to get loose.

Good Story if True.

A workman in a mine who played base-ball in his time once saved his life by making a good catch. He was standing at the bottom of a shaft waiting for a bucketful of dynamite sticks that were being let down to him. The bucket was part way down, when he saw it strike against some obstruction and turn partly over. Out fell one of the sticks. He watched it falling in a zigzag course—a messenger of instant death. When it struck the hard bottom there would be a tremendous explosion and a dead miner. But it did not strike the hard bottom. Like a player on the ball-field, the workman put up his hands and caught the stick.

Is There Water in the Sun?

Professor Janssen, the astronomer, has recently made a visit to the observatory on the summit of Mont Blanc, to make sure that the new telescope which has been carried there is uninjured. He took the opportunity to search in the spectrum of the sun for evidences of water in our great luminary. He found no such evidences. The very rare and dry air through which the observation was made, at the top of the mountain, gives this negative result much value. But it cannot be said that there is no water in the sun; only that none has yet been discovered in its constitution.

How Old Is This Tree?

An almost perfect cedar tree was discovered buried at a depth of 170 feet below the surface of the earth near Eureka Junction, Wash., by well diggers last week. Large pieces of the trunk and branches were taken out, and so well preserved was the tree that the grain of the wood was very plain. The well was dug through soft soil and soapstone and a little basaltic rock near the surface.

New Wisconsin Bird.

A new bird has been added to the list of those found in Wisconsin. It is named the scissor-tailed flycatcher.