

NOTES ABOUT SCHOOLS AND THEIR MANAGEMENT.

No Competent Teacher Can Deceit the Careful Study and Thorough Teaching of the Principles of English Grammar.

The Study of English. We clip the following paragraph from an educational paper:

"Parsing, analysis, diagramming and text-book syntax are weak legs for correct daily English to stand upon. They are, except the last, good in their way, but writing and speaking English must be learned by practice."

We had thought that this hobby had been ridden to death some time ago, but now and then it seems to indulge in an expiring kick. The man who writes the paragraph evidently knows little about teaching and less about English grammar.

Any successful teacher of English will not undervalue either analysis or exercises in syntax as aids to scholarship or mental development, but the schoolmaster who grinds through recitations for the mere purpose of getting through the work will be apt to slur these exercises and condemn them. A grist mill will be quite as effective in grinding grain to powder as are one's teeth. But the process of education like the process of eating includes something more than grinding a recitation through. The teacher who doesn't understand the further processes of digestion and assimilation doesn't understand his business, and he is apt to cry out against anything that does not show its value in a so-called practical light. "Writing and speaking English must be learned by practice."

Very true, but when two-thirds of the child's waking hours are spent in the company of those who do not profess to understand the best English, the practice is more likely to be detrimental than otherwise. Or does the writer mean that the teacher shall distribute himself to the playgrounds and the homes of the pupils that he may be omnipresent to regulate the practice of which he speaks. Practice must be regulated. How shall it be regulated?

How shall the child know when his is correct? Indeed, we doubt if he would be safe even in the hands of one who boasts that "parsing, analysis, diagramming, and text-book syntax are weak legs to stand on." Candidly, we should be afraid to put a child of ours in the hands of a teacher who held such opinions, for we really have never met a teacher who understood grammar or the teaching of it that talked in that way. From careful observation, we have come to the conclusion that the men who decry the careful study and thorough teaching of the principles of English grammar are sounding the cry of "Stop thief!" while they lead the chase. Honestly, does any one know of men and women who are thoroughly versed in correct English usage, both theoretical and practical, who decry the teaching of the principles governing that usage?—Educational News.

Suggestions for a School Cabinet.

The following suggestions may be helpful in arranging a cabinet of curiosities and materials for busy work in a primary grade. The objects should be collected mainly from the immediate vicinity, and the children should be encouraged to help in furnishing them. They should possess additional interest to the children from having been studied in object and language lessons.

Where the pupils are made to feel that the cabinet is really theirs, the visitor will be astonished to find with what interest and pride they show their collection and dilate on the peculiarities of the objects. The children should classify from the first, and should learn to recognize the objects, know their names and a few facts concerning them. The cabinet may consist of five shelves arranged as follows:

Top shelf—Animal kingdom: Insects mounted. Birds and mammals stuffed. Other specimens preserved in alcohol, e. g., the frog in different stages. Animal products. Blue, wood, silk, coral, shells, etc.

Second shelf—Vegetable kingdom: Vegetable products of the vicinity, grain, flowers, fruit, nuts, etc. Manufactured vegetable products: Linen, cotton, wicker work, wooden objects, etc.

Third shelf—Mineral kingdom: Stones and pebbles of the vicinity, iron, gold ore, flints, arrow heads, etc.

Fourth shelf—Objects illustrative of form, measurements and color, manufactured by children when possible: First and second kindergarten gifts, clay forms, etc.

Fifth shelf—Objects used in number work and reading, splints, script, etc.—Primary Teaching Manual.

School Management.

Children will all shout if you shout. On the other hand, if you determine never to raise your voice when you give a command, they will be compelled to listen to you, and to this end to subjugate their own voices habitually, and to carry on all their work in quietness. The moral effect of this on the character of the pupil is not insignificant. A noisy school is one in which a great opportunity of civilizing and softening the manners is habitually lost. And a school whose work is always done on a low tone is one in which not only is the teacher healthier, and better able to economize the resources of his own life, but as a place of moral discipline it is far more effective.—Fitch's lectures.

Useful Birds.

Parrots are put to a practical use in Germany. They have been introduced into the railway stations and trained to call out the name while the train stands there, and thus save people the trouble of making inquiries.

FOODS IN MANY LANDS.

Nations Differ Widely in What They Like to Eat.

Tastes certainly differ vastly in the matter of foods with various nations, and so do appetites. An Italian, for instance, would be content with a piece of bread and grapes for a day's food, while an Esquimaux in the same time would demolish twenty pounds of flesh, and a Tartar perhaps even more. However, quality and not quantity is the matter of greater interest, and certainly here we have plenty of variety.

The nose of the moose deer is considered a great delicacy by the New-Brunswickers, while the fins and tail of the shark are esteemed as specially nourishing and delicious by John Chinaman. The Celestial has also a fine taste in unhatched ducks and chickens, sea slugs, fish maws, birds' nests, and many other delicacies unknown in unenlightened Europe.

In Polynesia raw sharks' flesh is much relished, and it is openly sold in the market of Havana. On the Gold Coast the negroes rank shark among such highly esteemed delicacies as alligator and hippopotamus. We ourselves revel in turtle, and yet we decline to have anything to do with tortoise, though a very large amount of the soup in Italy and Sicily is made of the land tortoise boiled down to a strong essence. Land tortoises are also much appreciated in some of the West Indian Islands, and in North America the eggs of the close tortoise are reckoned a great delicacy.

In both North and South America the flesh and eggs of the salt water terrapin are considered a luxury. Skillfully cooked, even the hideous, scaly iguana is rendered very palatable, for its flesh resembles chicken with the flavor of turtle. If stewed or curried it is as good as rabbit or chicken, and the soup made from it is excellent.

The eggs of reptiles are wonderfully good, and none are better than those of the iguana and the land tortoise. Crocodiles, lizards, and frogs are all eaten by various people, and the first is a very often excellent food, resembling veal or pork, but some kinds have a fishy flavor that is exceedingly disagreeable. Alligator tastes somewhat like sucking pig, and at Manilla is sold for good prices, while the Chinese greatly value the dried skin for making the gelatinous soups to which they are so partial.—Home Notes.

Princess Tom of Alaska.

Prof. L. L. Dyche, of Kansas, has returned from Alaska. Prof. Dyche went to Cook's Inlet, and especially in search of natural history specimens. He ascended to the source of the Enik river with an organized expedition, which was a success, although the obstacles to be overcome were appalling. He met Princess Tom, a famous Yakutat princess, wealthy beyond all other Alaskans. She has \$15,000 in \$20 gold pieces. On her right arm she wears five bracelets, each hammered out of a \$20 gold piece, and on the left arm she wears ten bracelets, each made from a \$10 gold piece. She has hundreds of blankets, sealskins, etc., and she owns a schooner and two sloops. She is 65 years old, and has just married her fifth husband, a young man of 20 years, for whom she has paid 500 blankets. The relationships are traced back through the mother's side. It is, in fact, almost a savage realization of Lytton's "Coming Race."—Baltimore American.

He Raised Them.

A few nights ago a miner from the north who had lately sold a claim, had money to burn, and was in an incendiary mood, came down to Spokane to make the currency bonfire. He was rather rusty looking when he struck Spokane, but he was hungry, and, before going to a barber shop or a bath, dropped into an up-town restaurant to get something to eat. There was but one waiter, and he, busy carrying champagne to a party at another table, paid little attention to the hard-looking miner. Finally the waiter was called over, when the miner said: "See here, kid. Do I eat?" "Sorry I can't wait on you now," was the prompt reply, "but the gentlemen there have just ordered a \$50 dinner."

"Fifty-dollar dinner be hanged. Bring me \$100 worth of ham and eggs, and be quick about it. Do I look like a guy who can be bluffed by a mess of popinjays?" He was waited upon promptly.—Spokane Review.

Bad Loss to the Queen.

Society in New York will be pained to learn that the Queen is about to lose her coachman. He did not strike and he was not discharged. He was retired, with a handsome silver teapot, presented with the Queen's own hands, and a substantial pension. He has driven the Queen for fifty-three years and his name is Thomas Sands. Probably no coachman living has driven so many Kings, Queens, Emperors, Empresses, Czars, and Czarinas as has Thomas. There will be much sympathy with the Queen in New York's exclusive social circles over the fact that she has been obliged to part with so old and tried a retainer.

Egypt's Ancient Labyrinth.

The most ancient labyrinth, according to Pliny, was that called the "Labyrinth of Egypt." It was existing in his time after having stood for 3,000 years. He tells us that it was formed by Ptolemy or Thibos. Herodotus, however, ascribes it to several Kings; it stood on the banks of the Lake Moesia, and consisted of twelve large contiguous palaces containing 3,000 chambers, 1,500 of which were underground.

Then and Now.

With all possible respect, the saying of Julia Ward Howe is recommended to sweet girl graduates for careful study. "Sixty years ago I was sixteen," says the brilliant woman. "If I knew as much now as I thought I did then I might have something very instructive to tell."

Honey for Dyspepsia.

For those with weakened digestive power honey is said to be a very desirable food. If a person is very tired—"too exhausted to eat"—a few tasters of honey will act like magic.

Fuller is never so happy as when she is giving her friends a description of the glories upon which her daughter is about to enter. It is a very warm afternoon in the beginning of July, and Gladys is atired in a soft India muslin dress, simply belted round her slender waist.

James Brooke, coming upon her suddenly, is startled and surprised. He cannot believe at first that it is Miss Fuller. It must be a younger sister, some school-girl home for the holidays—some half-child, half-woman not yet emancipated from the nursery. He has expected to find a beautiful woman in his cousin's choice. Everybody has contrived to tell him she is so. But he has pictured a fashionable beauty to himself—a girl with flashing eyes and coquettish, self-conscious ways, and dressed in a "confection" from Worth.

But Gladys Fuller, with all her love of rank and position, and her apparent distaste for sentimentality, is a most childlike and ingenuous-looking beauty, and the way in which she comes forward to greet him is so graceful, while it is perfectly self-possessed, that he hardly knows how to stammer forth his apologies for calling again so soon.

Mr. Brooke, though he would dearly like to linger in that flowery-scented atmosphere, talking to the fair girl who has positively bewitched him with her beauty, feels that he cannot transgress etiquette to the extent of accepting an invitation to dinner at her hands, and takes his leave with the promise of a speedy return.

Once alone, he feels giddy with surprise. The more he thinks of it, the more unable he is to comprehend how his cousin Mountcarroll ever managed to win the heart and hand of such an ethereal, intellectual, spiritual-looking creature as Gladys Fuller. What spell has he used upon her—upon himself—that she should have consented to pass her life with him?

He raves about her wherever he goes. He tells Mountcarroll he is the luckiest fellow the world ever produced. He talks so openly about her, in fact, that a judicious friend pulls him up one day, and cautions him to be more reticent of what he says concerning his cousin's future wife. And then Mr. Brooke talks less, perhaps, but seeks the Fullers more. He is constantly there. The General and his wife like him, and make him welcome, and Gladys invariably receives him with a smile.

Thus the 27th, the auspicious day, draws near, and finally arrives. The marriage ceremony is all a bewildering whirl, but everything goes off in ultra-fashionable style. And when all is over, the newly-created Lady Mountcarroll and her husband drive off to the London, Chatham and Dover station in a beautiful new carriage, with the coronet on its panels and drawn by a pair of thoroughbred horses.

Mrs. Fuller and Winnie throw showers of rice and old satin slippers after it—the General watches it till it is out of sight, with anxious, misty eyes, and the Honorable James Brooke stands in the bay window biting his lips and stamping down some rebellious feeling in his heart, while he wishes—just for the moment—that he had never been born.

CHAPTER III.

While Gladys is on her wedding tour the time is passed by her family in various ways. Winnie goes to the seaside with her little son, where she finds it excessively dull, her only diversion being the periodical visits of her husband from Saturday to Monday, which he employs by grubbing incessantly at the rooms, the cooking and the attendance. General and Mrs. Fuller seize the opportunity to pay a long-deferred visit to some stupid relations in Cornwall. But they hear continually from the newly-made Countess. She says she is longing to see her dad again, and to begin her woodland rambles, and assume the direction of her own household. In one letter she asserts that she never could have imagined married life to be so thoroughly uninteresting. Her husband is absent almost all day, shooting, and she is left alone, to consider what dress she shall wear at dinner, and to put it on for no one to notice or admire, except the servants. And she winds up each letter with a gentle peroration to the effect that they will be at Carronby by the first of October.

As last year's advent is announced for the following week, it has been an old engagement that General and Mrs. Fuller are to meet them there, and Lord Mountcarroll has invited his cousins, Lady Renton and Mr. Brooke.

She becomes so excited as their train approaches Carronby that Lord Mountcarroll can hardly keep her in her seat until the carriages have come to a standstill at the platform. "There they are!—there they are!" she exclaims hysterically, as she catches sight of the dear, familiar faces, and as soon as the door is opened she springs into the General's arms and kisses him effusively, regardless of who may see her.

They hurry her away to the carriage in waiting for her, and then she perceives that an elegant-looking woman, with a fair, placid face, with whom her husband is warmly shaking hands, is also one of the party. "Gladys, this is my cousin, Lady Renton," says Lord Mountcarroll, and in another minute she has made the acquaintance of Mr. Brooke's sister.

"Where is Mr. Brooke? Is he not at Carronby? Why did he not come with you?" she asks, eagerly. "I wished him to be of the party, Lady Mountcarroll," replies Lady Renton, smiling, "but I think he has some important work on hand. The completion, or erection of a triumphal arch, under which you are to introduce Jim to you because he is to be my groomsmen on the 21st, and he has only just returned from New-way. But he will call on you himself another day. He is a nice boy. You will like him, and he has been used to be a good deal at Carronby."

"Is his father dead?" asked Gladys. "Yes, both father and mother. He is only near relation beside myself is his sister, Lady Renton, and she is much older than he is. He is my only male cousin, you know."

"Yes! And he is your heir," says Gladys. "He is the heir presumptive to the title," corrects the Earl, "but I trust he will never be any nearer to it."

"I should like to know him. Tell me to call again."

"Oh, he will certainly call again," replies Lord Mountcarroll, and in effect, the honorable Mr. Brooke does call again at General Fuller's house, within a very few days.

Gladys is alone when he is ushered into the drawing-room. Her father is at his club, and her mother has started off on a round of calls. In these days Mrs.



CHAPTER I.

The scene is laid in London, the time is 1880. General Fuller is sitting in his library chair, and the Earl of Mountcarroll is sitting opposite to him. The General is a man in the prime of life, but his hair is gray. He has delicately moulded features, and a sympathetic expression, but an undecided look about the mouth which proves that he rules less easily than he is ruled. At the present moment he looks puzzled—almost alarmed.

Lord Mountcarroll is a very different type of man from his friend. He is thoroughly material. But there is nothing objectionable in his appearance, which most people would pronounce to be very agreeable. He is young, not more than thirty. He possesses good features, dark, glossy hair, a bold eye, and a self-confident air which carries all before it, and bespeaks an assurance of victory. And yet General Fuller looks at him askance, and with evident suspicion.

"Do I make myself perfectly understood?" asks the Earl presently. "Have I left anything unsaid?" "I think not, Lord Mountcarroll. Your offer appears to me as straightforward as it is honorable, and—and—flattering to my daughter and myself. Yet my daughter is very young."

"I don't see, Miss Fuller, how she can be so young. She is nineteen, and I was nine-and-twenty on my last birthday. Surely these are suitable ages."

"But you have seen so little of each other."

"As much, I fancy, as most men and women do before they marry," replies Lord Mountcarroll, with a smile. "I had the honor to be introduced to Miss Fuller last season, and we have met constantly since, and I think I may say, with the full approval of her mother."

General Fuller shrugs his shoulders. He knows that his wife would approve of any one who had a handle to his name.

"Lord Mountcarroll," he says, "I have but one object in view, my daughter's happiness. I do not believe in cooing girls in such a matter as marriage, even if it were possible. My eldest daughter married according to her own wishes, and Gladys shall do the same. But she has not spoken to me on the subject yet, and until she has done so I can say nothing definite."

"If it is to rest with Miss Fuller, I am quite satisfied," replies Lord Mountcarroll, rising, "but I trust you will not keep me in suspense longer than necessary."

"The matter will rest entirely with Gladys," repeats the General, as Lord Mountcarroll disappears. He actually feels quite nervous as he rings the library bell and desires the servant to ask Miss Fuller to come and speak to him for a few moments. It is not long before Miss Fuller appears. She knows perfectly well why she is wanted. She and her mother have watched Lord Mountcarroll's phaeton drive up to the door and drive away again, and wondered why the library bell did not ring before. When the servant appears with the General's message, Miss Gladys says:

"I hope the dear old dad is not going to preach at me about it for an hour, for I promised Miss Cleveland she should introduce her brother to me at the Anstey's this afternoon," and Mrs. Fuller adds:

"If they want you to fix the day at once, Gladys, don't make it later than July, or you'll spoil our summer trip, and then the girl runs downstairs without the slightest embarrassment, and pops her smiling face into the library door. Her wild-rose face has so little consciousness in it, and her manner so little consciousness that her father believes it quite impossible she can guess what has been before her.

"Can you guess who has been with me, Gladys?" she asks.

"There's no need to guess. We saw him go, Lord Mountcarroll."

"And you know why he came to see me?"

"Why, of course, dad. He spoke to me yesterday."

"What did you say, Gladys?"

"Oh! the usual thing."

The General cannot help smiling.

"The usual thing! My dear girl, we must be playing at cross purposes. I mean—did he—did the Earl—say anything to you about—about—marriage?"

Gladys' beautiful eyes open laughingly.

"What else could he say, dad? It was all plain enough. It was I who sent him to you."

"But you did not accept him, Gladys?"

"Yes, I did—flat. Didn't he understand?"

"You accepted him, Mr. dear—promised to marry him?"

"I said I couldn't promise exactly without asking you, but I had no doubt of what you would say. I thought you would be awfully pleased. Aren't you? I knew if it was to be, it would be, and it was no good worrying about it. But it's all right now, and mother will be half frantic with delight. She has been always prophesying I should lose him, because I was not sharp enough."

The General frowns.

"Your mother naturally thinks more of the title and fortune than the man; but you—you are sure you love the Earl, Gladys?"

No blushes, no confusion, only a pair of elevated eyebrows, and then a look cast down at her pretty fingers—a look that was not quite bold enough to meet her father's eyes.

"Oh, yes, dad, as well as I shall ever love anybody."

"But, my dear child, what do you know about love?"

"Quite as much as I want to know, father. I'm not that sort of girl, you know."

"What do you mean by 'not that sort of girl'?"

"Not one of those spony girls who are always talking about love, and men and women, and all that kind of rubbish. I should hate to be like them. It would make me miserable."