

## The Rain That Comes Over The Hill.

The rain that comes over the hill—the rain!—  
The musical, mystical rain,  
Borne on from the stretch of the temperate skies—  
The skies that are gray as are my love's eyes.  
Oh the rain!—  
With the smell of young wheat from the upland plain—  
The rain that comes over the hill:  
The rain that comes over the hill—the rain!—  
The mighty and measureless rain,  
That drenches the green, shaking woodland, and sweeps  
Like an avalanche over the d'm, tossing steep.  
Oh the rain!—  
That falls with a roar on the vale's grassy floor—  
The rain that comes over the hill.  
The rain that comes over the hill—the rain!—  
The gleeful and glittering rain,  
That plays hide-and-seek with the sun and the shade,  
In showers of jewels that sparkle and fade.  
Oh the rain!—  
That veils the deep meadow and laughs in the glade—  
The rain that comes over the hill.  
The rain that comes over the hill—the rain!—  
The gleeful and glittering rain,  
Refreshing the sun-severed spaces accurst  
When the forest is faint and the fields are athirst  
Oh the rain!—  
That brings back her soul to the Summer again—  
The rain that comes over the hill  
The rain that comes over the hill—the rain!—  
The dewy, miraculous rain,  
With the comforting clouds that drift close to the breast  
Of the transfigured Earth, by the soft mists caressed.  
Oh the rain!—  
That disturbs not, nor breaks the enchantment it makes—  
The rain that comes over the hill.  
The rain that comes over the hill—the rain!—  
The tearful and tremulous rain,  
That sobs by the wide-open window at dawn  
Where the grieving trees weep on the noiseless lawn.  
Oh the rain!—  
Falling softly, like shadows of hope that are gone.  
The rain that comes over the hill.

—Harper's Weekly.

## An English Child's First American Autumn.

The first Autumn in America was a wondrous thing to her. She existed from day to day in a sort of breathless state of incredulity. In Manchester, the leaves on the trees in the public park, being rained upon until they became sodden and brown, dropped off dispirited, and life was at an end. Even poetry and imaginative prose only spoke of "Autumn's russet brown." But here marvels happened. After a few hot days and cool nights, the greenery of the Bower began to look strangely golden. As she lay under her prettiest sassafras tree, the Small Person found, when she looked up, that something was happening to its leaves. They were still fresh, and waved and rustled, but they were turning pale yellow. Some of them had veins and flushes of rose on them. She gathered some and looked at them closely. They were like the petals of flowers. A few more hot days and cool nights and there were others. The maple was growing yellow and red, the dogwood was crimson, the sumac was like blood, the chestnut was pure gold,

and so was the poplar—the trailing brambles were painted as if with a brush. The Small Person could not believe her eyes, as she saw what, each day, went on around her. It seemed like a brilliant dream, or some exaggeration of her senses.

"It can't really be as scarlet as that when one holds it in one's hand," she used to say at sight of some high hued, flauntingly lovely spray.

And she would stand upon her tip-toes, and stretch, and struggle to reach it, and stand panting and flushed, but triumphant, with it in her hand, finding it as brilliant as it had seemed.

She began to gather leaves as she had gathered flowers, and went about with bowers of branches, flaming and crimson, in her arms. She made wreaths of sumach, and mapleleaves, and wore them on her head, and put bunches in her little belt, and roamed about all day in this splendor, feeling flaunting and inclined to sing. Again she did not know that she was not sober, and that, as Bacchantes of old wore wreaths of vine leaves and reeled a little with the blood of the new grapes, so she was reeling a little with an exultation beautiful and strange.

There was a certain hollow in a little woodland road, she loitered about a great deal, where there was a view which had always a deep effect upon her.

It was not an imposing view, it was a soft and dreamy one. The little road ran between woods and pretty wild places, to a higher land clothed with forest. The lovely rolling wave of it seemed to shut in the world she looked at when she stood in the little dip of the road, with wood on both sides and the mountains behind her.

When all the land was aflame with Autumn, and she sat on Indian Summer afternoons upon a certain large lichen-covered log, she used to gaze, dreaming, at the massed tree plumes of scarlet and crimson and gold uplifted against the blue sky, and softened with a faint, ethereal haze, until she had strange unearthly fancies of this too.

"A place might open in the blue," she used to say softly to herself. "It might open at any moment now while I am sitting here. And they might come floating over the trees. They would float, and look like faint, white mist at first. And if the place in the blue were left open, I might see!"

And at such times all was so still—so still and wonderful, that she used to find herself sitting breathless waiting.

There were many memories of this hollow woodland path. So many flowers grew there, and there were always doves making soft murmurs and most tender, lovelorn plaints, high in the pines' far tops. She used to stand and listen to their cooing, loving it, and in her young she dove's heart plaining with them, she did not know or ask why.

And there, more than one rainy autumn day, she came, and stood with her boughs in her arms, watching the misty rain veiling the sumptuous colors of the wooded hill, feeling, with a kind of joyful pleasure, the light falling drops caressing her from her red leaf wreaths to her damp feet, which mattered absolutely nothing. How could the wet grass, she seemed to have sprung from earth with, the fresh cool rain she loved, hurt her, a young, young Dryad, in these her Dryad days?—*Scribner's Magazine.*

## In the Egyptian Quarter

The Chicago Times, in describing a midnight scene in the street in Cairo, says:

"What a calm, beautiful scene it is. The white buildings glisten like silver in the bright, cold rays of the young moon. Away at the end of the quiet street the minarets of the mosque are outlined against the dark sky. You forget Mohammed Mitwali and the guard who is guiding you, and on the wings of your mus-

ings you float across the sea to that mystical land that Mohammed Mitwali calls home. The murmur of the lake that comes faintly to the ear makes you think of that other inland sea that receives the Nile in its bosom. The guard says 'Come!' and Mohammed Mitwali repeats 'Come.' At every turn in the narrow streets some fresh beauty greets the eye. From behind the latticed windows of the second floor of a quaintly outlined building, stream rays of light that bathe the opposite walls in a red glow. Now and then a burst of harsh, mirthless, laughter break the deep silence. Mohammed Mitwali glances up and utters a hoarse, warning cry. The laughter dies away. They are telling stories up there when they should be asleep.

The heavy perfume of a cigarette floats out on the night air. It comes from behind the lace-like tracery of stone over the windows of the women's quarters. Mohammed Mitwali again raises the cry of warning, but a handful of dust thrown at his turbaned head is the only answer. From another upper room comes the tinkle of some strange, barbaric instrument. The tune is plaintive, sweet, and full of yearning. The guide makes no protest now. He stops to listen. The music dies away, and those wet drops on the black man's face are very like tears. Even this Arab knows the bitter pain of homesickness.

Under the columned porticos Ambar Aga, the enunch, wanders aimlessly up and down, talking to himself in a strange tongue. Near a fire in one of the courts is another little group. The stove is heated to a red glow, but the men around it shake with the cold. Mohammed Ashamed and Ali Borai, the wrestlers, are telling Hassan Chobra, the chief donkey man, of the mighty victories they won at home. The glow of the fire lights up their dark faces and flashing eyes with its fitful glare. Their brilliant turbans and red fez are pushed far back on each head. In their eagerness to tell the story well they throw their garments back from their brawny shoulders, disclosing their mighty chests and arms.

In a corner of the room Halill Nada, the snake charmer, leans intently over a box of writhing serpents and sings a monotonous, moaning chant that sinks at times to a hissing whisper. In the long rows of sleeping rooms in the second story the night hours pass by with the same dreary oriental monotony of events. No one is sleeping; the night is too precious for that—too good a time for talking, and gaming, and smoking.

## The Advance-Guard.

What gleam is in the mountain pass,  
What glamour born of aery flame,  
What sheen of golden spears that steal  
Along the way the south wind came!

Now tossing every gilded plume,  
Out on the open see them swarm,  
Their vast battalions just beyond,—  
The scouts of frost and whirling storm!

Sweet Summer from her purple seat  
Sees them and shivers with affright,—  
Their bright encampment gilds the field,  
Alas, her day of doom and blight!

What matters all your dusty glow,  
Your glancing cheer, your laughing nod?—  
You bring the downfall of delight,  
Unwelcome flower, O golden-rod!

—H. P. Spofford.

## Statue on the Dome of the National Capitol.

In December, 1863, Crawford's colossal statue of "Freedom," cast in bronze by Clark Mills, was set in place upon the lofty tholus of the National Capitol. In connection with the making of this statue two incidents may fittingly be recalled. The original model, as made by Crawford, was crowned with the "Liberty Cap," so much beloved by the patriots of

Revolutionary days. But it was not to the liking of the slave-drivers of the South, who then bore sway at Washington, and least of all to Jefferson Davis, who was Secretary of War and in charge of the work on the Capitol. When he saw it on the model, he at once exclaimed: "This will never do! We Americans have patronized this absurd 'Liberty Cap' too long already. It was the detestable headgear adopted by the freed slaves of Rome. Let us put it out of our sight!" And so he ordered the statue to be crowned instead with a head-piece of feathers, like a North American Indian—a symbol of barbarism above the supreme exponent of civilization.

Again, when the bronze castings were being made at Clark Mills's foundry, at Bladensburg, the foreman suddenly struck for higher wages. He was getting \$8 a day, but wanted \$10, insolently adding that Mr. Mills would have to grant the increase, since there was no other man in America, who could take his place. Mr. Mills resented this, and told the striker to leave the place at once. Then he turned to the other workmen, and asked if any of them felt able to superintend the rest of the job. All hesitated save one, a stalwart negro, who promptly stepped forward and volunteered to attempt the task. Mr. Mills thereupon appointed him foreman, and he successfully accomplished the work, putting into its finished form the majestic symbol of Freedom that was raised to its place above the Nation's Capitol at the very time that actual freedom was given by that Nation to his long-suffering race!—*New York Tribune.*

## WORLD'S FAIR ITEMS.

A large number of Louisville working girls have been sent to the World's Fair by some wealthy women in that city.

The Pennsylvania World's Fair Commissioners have resolved to present their State building to the city of Chicago after the Exposition. Its location, just opposite the art Building, will make it useful for kindred purposes. It is solidly built of brick with iron girders, and is credited with being the handsomest building on the grounds next to the New York building. It cost \$85,000.

The Columbus caravels have been transferred from the Spanish Government to the United States in accordance with the programme originally suggested by W. E. Curtis to the last administration. Director General Davis has been communicated with by Secretary, of the Navy, and the Director General cheerfully acquiesces in the plan, which is to retain these celebrated Columbus ships permanently.

A very large bible, the only one of its kind in the world, may be seen in the north-western gallery of the Liberal Arts building. It is printed on vellum, and the margins are beautifully embellished in colors. Bound in the most expensive Turkish leather, finished off at the corners with gold, and with heavy gold clasps, it is one of the most magnificent volumes ever known. A Nashville firm produced it, and it is valued at fifteen thousand dollars.

A searchlight of 375,000,000 candle-power, set up at the World's Fair, is the biggest and most powerful electric searchlight in the world. It dwarfs into insignificance by comparison the 100,000 candle-power searchlight on Mount Washington, hitherto the greatest in existence. With the exception of the reflecting lens mirror, which was made in Paris, this great light is entirely of American manufacture. Its beams can be seen at a distance of eighty-five miles.



THE

# Maryland Bulletin.

Published Bi-Weekly.

AT THE MARYLAND SCHOOL FOR  
THE DEAF.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT FREDERICK  
AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

TERMS:—FIFTY CENTS *per annum*.

Address all communications to

THE MARYLAND BULLETIN.

Frederick, Md.

FREDERICK, MD., October 7, 1893

The Frederick County Agricultural Fair which will come off next week promises to be one of the most successful ever held.

Mr. W. E. Caldwell, formerly principal of the Florida School, but now assistant to Principal Wilkinson of the California School, will edit the *Berkely News*. The paper has been increased in size and other improvements are contemplated by the new editor. Can we not expect an occasional "pome" from the gifted editorial pen?

The sudden illness of Dr. J. L. Noyes, Superintendent of the Minnesota School for the Deaf, calls forth universal regret and sympathy among the profession. The last issue of the *Companion*, however, brings the cheering intelligence that the Doctor already shows great improvement and that his entire restoration may be confidently expected. We unite with his many friends in the sincere desire that his recovery may be speedy, and that he may long be spared to the position which he has so ably filled for the past twenty-five years.

At a special meeting of the Conference of Principals and Superintendents of American Schools for the Deaf, held in Chicago, July 24, 1893, the report of the Committee on a Technical School for the Deaf was presented.

The report embraces the following resolutions which were unanimously adopted by the Conference:

*Resolved*, That the establishment of a department for the technical education of the deaf at the National Deaf-Mute College is very much to be desired for the good of all the deaf in America.

*Resolved*, That this Conference earnestly request the Directors and Faculty of the College to establish a Technical Department, and to apply to Congress for a sufficient appropriation to meet the expense of such a department.

*Resolved*, That we pledge ourselves to aid in the establishment of this department in every way we can.

*Resolved*, That the Secretary of this Conference be requested to send a copy of these resolutions to the College authorities.

The October number of the *American Annals for the Deaf* offers the following table of contents to its readers: A Method of Teaching the English Language to the Congenitally Deaf, Percival Hall, M. A.; The Natural Method of Teaching Language, Tunis V. Archer, M. A.; Small versus Large Schools, Olaf Hanson, M. A.; The Collective Exhibit of Schools for the Deaf at the World's Columbian Exposition, Lester Goodman, B. A.; The Deaf and the Civil Service, J. L. Smith, M. A.; The Union of Kindergartners for the Deaf, Alice F. Hudson; Report of the Committee on Technical Schools, Francis D. Clark, M. A.; A Method of Teaching Articulation to Every Pupil, Isaac Lewis Peet, L. L. D.; Report of the Committee on Classification of Methods of Instructing the Deaf, The

Committee; School Items and Miscellanies.

Very nearly two hundred pages of the number are devoted to the report and preceding correspondence of the Committee on classification of Methods Instructing the Deaf.

This Committee, consisting of Dr. Edward Allen Fay, Chairman, Dr. J. L. Noyes, and Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, respectfully report that, "after long deliberation, they have not been able to agree upon a satisfactory system of classification, and they therefore recommend that in the Tabular Statement of Schools in the *Annals*, while statistics of the number of pupils taught speech and by speech shall be recorded as fully as possible, the columns headed 'Methods of Instruction' be omitted, and no classification of methods or system of nomenclature be adopted at present."

The heads of all schools for the Deaf in the United States and Canada are requested by the Committee to send to the editor of the *Annals*, on or before Nov. 1st, 1893, their written approval or disapproval of the above recommendations.

The initiated will appreciate the following:

## The Committee on Boats.

Once upon a time a certain man, Robinson, told the people of an island that their old boat was sadly out of repair, and they had better look into the matter.

The people agreed, and appointed Brown, Jones, and Robinson a committee to examine the boat and report what had better be done.

Well, the committee agreed that something had better be done, but they couldn't quite make up their minds as to what to report.

Robinson suggested that they better build a new boat, but the others thought the cost too great.

Brown thought he would fix up the old one himself, although, certainly, it was in a very cranky condition. Cracks were visible here and there, and holes in the bottom were plugged in nearly a dozen places.

Well, he pulled out the plugs and he put in a new plank, and he caulked up the cracks as well as he could; then he brought the boat to the other members of the committee, and proposed that they report to the people that the old thing was now about as good as new. Jones was inclined to agree with him, but Robinson suggested that they better not be in too big a hurry to report; and that it would be better to wait a little longer, and try the boat first to see whether she still leaked.

So they took the boat to Chicago when they went to see the World's Fair and patched her up in quite a number of different places and agreed to report that while the old boat was not in a very good condition, still they thought that with the repairs that had been made upon her she might do good service for some time to come. It was true she wasn't a beauty, "but," said Robinson, "a poor boat is better than none at all."

Brown objected, however. He did not like the looks of the boat, and the patches, he said, were "absurd." "It is better to have no boat at all," he declared, "than a patched up thing like that!" So he scuttled the boat, and shoved her off, and down she went to the bottom, and Jones looked on in silence, but agreed that, perhaps, after all, it was the best thing that could be.

Robinson then suggested that as the old boat was now at the bottom of the deep blue sea, they better recommend the people to get a new boat as soon as they possibly could.

After discussing the subject for a year, they recommended the people, by a unanimous vote, to do without a boat at all! then shook hands and parted, and lived happily ever afterwards.

Yours respectfully,  
ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL.

Your fable of the "Committee on boats" is good, but I do not think the analogy is true in all respects. In my opinion, "the old boat," instead of being "sadly out of repair," is good, staunch, and seaworthy; not perfect indeed, perhaps "not a beauty," but better for actual service than any of

the ingenious but more or less impracticable boats that Robinson offered to supply in her place. I hope that, in spite of the recommendations of the Committee, she is destined not to go to the bottom, but to ride the waves and defy the storms until some master builder, wiser than this Committee, shall construct a better ship.

Yours sincerely,

EDWARD ALLEN FAY.

—*American Annals*.

## LOCAL NEWS.

Mr. C. H. Zimmerman, of Charlesville, this county, visited his little boy, Byron, last week.

Miss Mabel Ely has returned from a very delightful visit to Monterey, Pa. where she remained for about a week.

Miss Barry made a short visit to Baltimore last week, going on Friday afternoon, and returning Monday morning.

Lawn tennis is the favorite pastime at present with quite a number of our household. Some of the games are quite exciting.

William Nordhouse, a member of the First Class last year, writes that he is engaged in a chair factory as chair caner, and doing well.

One of Denison's Fraction Teachers has been purchased for the School, and will no doubt prove of great assistance to both teachers and pupils.

Quite a number of visitors passed through the School last week, many of them members of the Woman's Missionary Convention, recently held in the Lutheran church, of this city.

A very interesting letter from Prof. C. M. Grow, dated from the Washington School for the Deaf recently appeared in the *Frederick News*. Prof. Grow is much pleased with his new surroundings, and grows eloquent over the magnificent scenery.

Eight new pupils is the record for the kindergarten class so far, but several more are expected, and the entire number will in all probability run up to a dozen. The names of those who have already arrived are as follows: Francis Nicol, Mary Nicol, Nettie Jones, Stephen Sandbeck, Lawrence Batchelor, Baltimore; Byron Zimmerman, Charlesville, Frederick Co.; John Fink, Taneytown, Frederick Co.; Charles H. Fehrman, Madonna, Harford Co.

## Married.

Frank Maslin, one of our earlier pupils was married April 24th, to Mary Harris, a hearing lady.

Henry Dahl, of San Bernardino, Cal., and Henrietta Wicks, of Baltimore, both former pupils of this school, were married Sept. 26th.

John Block of Baltimore, a former pupil, and Tessa Sternberger, of Chicago, Ill., a deaf lady, were united in marriage during the past summer.

## OTHER SCHOOLS.

This year's entering class of the Colorado school will be taught by the oral method.—*Ex.*

By action of our Board of Trustees, former pupils are allowed to pursue a post graduate course at our Institution and a few are already taking advantage of this generous offer.—*Iowa D. Hawkeye*.

Perhaps the tailoring and harness-making trades will be introduced in the Industrial Departments of the Institution at no late day. This announcement was made by Supt. Walker before the pupils in the chapel last week.—*Ill. Advance*.

The Arkansas school for the Deaf will open its next session on October 4th, instead of September 18th, as was at first intended. The delay is occasioned, we understand, by reason of the damage caused to the buildings by a cyclone, during the summer.—*Ex.*

A commodious auditorium has been built by the Arkansas School during the summer, with eight large school-rooms under it. The colored school building has been remodelled, and the rear extended and raised. The girls' and boys' basements have been remodelled, and all the buildings repainted.—*Annals*.

The buildings of the New Jersey School have been put in thorough order; the sanitary arrangements, which were defective, have been brought up to the highest standard. A set of rooms has been fitted up in the best manner for a hospital, and a new outfit of type has been ordered for the printing office.—*Annals*.

The Texas school is now a combined school in the fullest sense of the word. An oral department has been formed, starting with three classes. Mr. Scott as head of this department has the most advanced class, Miss Hall the second and Miss Lloyd the third. These classes are composed principally of semi-mutes.—*Texas Ranger*.

The North Dakota School opens this year in the handsome and convenient new building which has been in the course of construction for a year and a half past, and of which Mr. O. Hanson was the architect. It is worthy of mention that it is only three years since the first preparations were begun for opening the School.—*Ex.*

An electric light plant has been put in the California School during the summer; connection has been made with the city gas, thus dispensing with the system of gasoline lighting which has been in use heretofore, and other extensive improvements have been made. The new Home, the fifth, is in course of construction.—*Annals*.

There will be ten class-rooms at the Advanced oral department, Mt. Airy Penn., fourteen at the Primary oral, and twelve at the Manual, this year. As an oral class is to consist of ten pupils and a manual class, fifteen or sixteen pupils, there will be about two hundred and fifty oral pupils and about two hundred manual ones.—*Silent World*.

We have quite a number of Mexicans in school. It is not, however a novelty to us. They have been here before. But to have four or five pure Ute Indians among us is something unusual. There were four of them admitted at the opening of the session. They are sent by the National government from the agency at Ignacio, near Durango, Col.—*Col. Index*.

The buildings of the Michigan School have been thoroughly repaired and painted during the summer, and many improvements made to promote the health and comfort of the pupils.

The term of instruction was lengthened by the last legislature from ten to thirteen years, and the age of admission has been lowered from nine years to seven.—*Ex.*

The director of the Tokyo (Japan) School is Mr. A. Korishi. There are 60 deaf pupils. Some pursue "the ordinary course," consisting of reading, writing, composition, arithmetic, written conversation, and gymnastics; some "the technical course," consisting of drawing, engraving, joinery, and sewing; and some take both courses. The object of the School is "to give instruction to the young blind and dumb, so as to enable them to earn a livelihood.—*Annals*.

A rather peculiar case is among the new pupils. It is that of a little boy. The application paper, made out by the judge of probate of the county, gives the boy no name, and very little was known of him. He was an abandoned child, not even his name was known. In the way of a joke it was suggested that we call him Christopher Columbus in honor of the year. That is the name by which he goes now. We fear that Christopher will never make any great discoveries, as he does not show any evidences of intelligence.—*Ex.*

The following by-law was adopted by the Board of Regents at their meeting in June 1892: Any pupil of the School, who remains absent therefrom without leave, or without excuse, accepted by the Principal as satisfactory, shall be discharged and his or her name dropped from the roll, after 30 days' notice to the parents or guardians. We want every deaf and blind child in the state, who is eligible, to get all the benefit, that this school confers, but shall be bound to enforce this rule against wilful delinquents.—*W. Va. Tablet*.

Economy is the watch-word now in Nebraska's institutions. We not only practice economy but some people would use a stronger term and call it *parsimony*. When we get our new floors in, the new roofs put on, the stair ways overhauled, the necessary painting done, the plumbing, about which the city officials have been after us, the heating apparatus fixed up, etc., etc., with the munificent sum of \$500 it will have to get a little of the leaven of the old prophet into it, so that the meal may not grow less, nor the oil diminish. Some way our money never acts that way. But we will see.—*Nebraska Mute Journal*.



NEWS OF THE DAY.

Cholera is on the decrease in Europe.

The Anarchist Pallas was executed in Barcelona, Spain.

A town is to be started in New York State on the Bellamy plan.

The silver question still engrosses the attention of the Senate.

Joseph Chamberlain, the Liberal Unionist, arrived in New York.

A Pure Food Exposition will be opened in Baltimore next Monday.

Three thousand lives were lost in Southern Louisiana by the late storm.

Prince Bismarck will go to Friedrichsruhe as soon as his health permits.

Many Americans are gold prospecting in Mexico, and some rich finds are reported.

The natives of Mashonaland are aroused and English settlers are in danger.

King Humbert fell from his horse, and was slightly injured about the shoulder.

Six thousand Yorkshire coal miners, who had been on strike since July 25, resumed work.

Since September 15 there have been 119 cases of cholera and 58 deaths from the disease in Hamburg.

The Spanish government is determined to punish the Moorish aggressors who attacked her soldiers.

The new cruiser Montgomery ran aground while on her trial trip. The accident will cost the contractors a round sum.

Thousands of Belgian coal miners are quitting work to join the strikers in the Charleroi and Borinage districts.

A mob of strikers made a desperate attack upon the miners at work in the Coventry district, Warwickshire, England.

The British minister to Brazil and the other foreign ministers at Rio-de-Janeiro are trying to prevent further hostilities.

Thousands of Irishmen marched through a heavy rain in the parade in celebration of Irish Day at the World's Fair.

Sixteen German families formerly settlers in Kansas, have immigrated to Dorchester Co., Md.; other families will follow.

Nearly seven thousand Mattabeles made an attack upon the police of the South African Company, near Fort Victoria.

The Duke and Duchess of York visited Edinburgh, and the citizens presented them with handsome gold and silver wedding gifts.

Emperor William's advisers fear that his restless manner of living will tell seriously upon his constitution, as he sleeps but little and taxes his physical and mental powers severely.

A despatch from Kissingen says that Prince Bismarck is very weak, and that his appearance indicates that he has suffered a stroke of paralysis, as he is unable to use his right hand.

A great storm swept along the Alabama coast. At Mobile the southern part of the city was flooded, and the wind reached a velocity of fifty miles an hour, blowing down houses and doing other damage.

Surgeon General Wyman, of the Marine Hospital Service, received a telegram from Surgeon Murry, at Brunswick, Ga., announcing twenty-four new cases of yellow fever there and one death on Jekyll Island. Eight patients were discharged from and thirteen sent to camp. Jesup is guarded by three patrols and twenty-seven guards. There now remain five cases in Jesup.

Six thousand Moors made an attack upon a Spanish garrison of four hundred men at Melilla, on the northern coast of Morocco, where the Spaniards were engaged in strengthening their fortifications. The Spanish troops held their ground bravely, and in the battle eighteen men were killed and thirty-five wounded. The fire from their artillery also destroyed a mosque and other buildings. A large number of the Moors were killed and wounded. The Spanish government will send a warship to Targier, and demands from the Sultan for reparation.

Advertisements.

**C. G. Garty,**

**Furniture & Undertaking.**

42, 44, and 46 E. Patrick Street,  
FREDERICK, MD.

**P. L. HARGETT & Co.**

—DEALERS IN—

**Agricultural Implements,**

CHOICE FIELD, GARDEN SEEDS,

HARDWARE, &c.

South Market St.,  
FREDERICK, MD.

P. H. C. BIRELY.

W. C. BIRELY.

*Birely Brothers,*

**WHOLESALE GROCERS.**

No. 18 EAST PATRICK STREET,  
FREDERICK, MD

*Lowenstein & Wertheimer,*

CLOTHIERS AND TAILORS.

FREDERICK, MD.

**J. E. WALKER & Co.,**

DRY GOODS HOUSE.

LADIES' MUSLIN UNDERWEAR.

LADIES' BLAZER AND REEFER SUITS.  
UNION MILLS.

Ladies' Misses' and Children's Coats

The largest and best lighted store  
in Frederick.

No. 26 N. Market St.,  
FREDERICK, MD.

**LOY & PERRY'S**

Boot, Shoe, Hat, Cap, Satchel, and  
Trunk House.

Ladies', Children' and  
Gentlemen's shoes, &c.,

No. 3 South Market Street,  
Next to J. E. Price & Co.,

FREDERICK, MD.

**GEO. W. GROVE.**

—DEALER IN—

Hats, Caps, Boots,  
Shoes, Trunks,  
Valises,  
Umbrellas, &c.

No. 9 W. Patrick St.,  
Frederick, Md.

*A. C. McCordell.*

**Manufacturing Confection-  
er and Wholesale Fruiter.**

56 and 58 North Market St.,  
FREDERICK, MD.

**C. E. CLINE & Co.,**

—DEALERS IN—

Carpets, Mattings, Rugs, &c., in  
abundance.

BEST STYLE, AND LOWEST PRICES.

No. 13 N. Market St.  
Frederick, Md.

**N. J. WILSON, & SON,**

—DEALER IN—

STOVES, TIN-WARE, IRON-WARE,  
HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,

**Tin Roofing and Spouting a Specialty.**

Copper Lightning Rods, Gas Fitting and Plumbing  
promptly attended to.

FREDERICK, MD.

WM. T. BESANT.

F. COLUMBUS KNOTT.

**BESANT & KNOTT,**

—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN—

Choice Family Groceries and Fine Liquors,

**ROASTERS OF COFFEE:**

At Besant and Knott's you will always find a choice selection of  
Fancy and Staple Groceries. Choice Tea and  
fresh Roasted Coffees

30 EAST PATRICK STREET,  
FREDERICK, MD.



**WM. H. B. ETCHINSON,**

—DEALER IN—

**FINE AND MEDIUM FURNITURE,**

Special Attention Given to Undertaking

Nos. 12 AND 14 SOUTH MARKET ST.,  
FREDERICK, MD.

Telephone No. 222.

**A. MURRAY THOMAS,  
PHOTOGRAPHER,**

When you have tried every photographer on earth  
and failed to get a good picture of your baby,  
come to us.

ALL KINDS OF PICTURES EXECUTED IN THE BEST  
STYLE OF THE ART.

CRAYONS, PASTELS, WATER COLORS, AND INDIA INKS.

No. 75 SOUTH MARKET STREET;  
(OPPOSITE B. & O. R. R. DEPOT.)

FREDERICK CITY, MD.

**A. L. KLINE,**

—Dealer in all kinds of—

COUNTRY PRODUCE, PROVISIONS, CANNED GOODS, &c.

**FISH AND OYSTERS IN SEASON.**

All kinds of Poultry a Specialty.

No. 5 West Patrick Street,  
FREDERICK, MD.

**C. E. ZELLER,**

—Dealer in—

Groceries, Liquors, Provisions, China and Queenware.

Cor. South Market and South Streets  
FREDERICK, MD.

**W. H. KLINE.**

—DEALERS IN—

Country Produce, Canned Goods, &c.

GOODS DELIVERED.

No. 61 N. Market St.,  
FREDERICK, MD.

**CHARLES E. HALLER.**

LADIES' DINING PARLOR.

Finest Restaurant in  
the city.

Nos. 17 and 19 East Patrick St.,  
FREDERICK, MD.



**Twilight Town.**

Beyond the shadows lies Twilight Town,  
Where wee heads nod and lids shut down  
Over black eyes, blue eyes, gray, and brown;  
And through a gap in the city wall  
Is a beautiful spot where sunbeams fall  
And dance for aye, through tree-tops tall.  
Hush, baby! Soft and slow,  
Soft and slow, let us go

Through the shadows to Twilight Town.  
Soft as the wind through rippling wheat,  
When the sun's last rays and the shadows  
meet,  
Sounds the patter of thousands of little feet.  
Through the gap in the wall, on their dimpled  
knees,  
The babies creep under the waving trees,  
On the grass of the kingdom "Do-as-you  
please."  
Hush, baby! Soft and slow,  
Slow, slow, let us go  
Through the gap in the wall of Twilight  
Town.

In Twilight Town all things are fair,  
The music of waterfalls in the air,  
And bright wings flitting here and there;  
And through the wall is the Dream Hill, bright  
With the thoughts that please wee ones at night;  
Dancing in rings on cobwebs light.  
Hush, dearie! Mother knows —  
Soft, slow, baby goes

To fair Dream Hill in Twilight Town.  
—St. Nicholas.

**Helping Mamma.**

Etta was five years old, and lived in Chicago. Johnny was four, and lived on a farm. They were cousins. Etta was visiting Johnny.

One morning Johnny heard his mamma say she was very busy. He was a kind hearted boy, so he asked, "Isn't there anything I can do to help you, mamma?"

Mamma looked down at her stout little boy and laughed.

"Yes," she said, "run away to the barn."

"Come, Etta," called Johnny, starting on a run down the path, "we're to go to the barn to help mamma."

They sat down breathless on the step leading into the barn door.

"What do you think mamma meant?" asked Johnny.

"I don't know," replied Etta.

Just then the ducks waddled past.

"I know now!" cried Johnny, springing to his feet and tossing his straw-hat into the air. "I heard her say she was going to have a duck for dinner today, and we can pick the duck."

"Oh, Johnny!" exclaimed Etta.

"Yes," continued Johnny, "I've seen Ike pick 'em alive. You come and feed 'em this corn and I'll catch one of 'em by the legs."

Etta did as Johnny said.

"Quack, quack, quack, quack!"

What a noise the old white duck made and how she struggled! But Johnny held her fast.

"Take off your apron quick, Etta," no cried, "and wrap it round her head."

"I can't unbutton it."

"Give me your handkerchief then."

Etta pulled out her handkerchief. Johnny wrapped it round the duck's head. Now she had to keep still. Johnny hurried into the barn and sat down in the hay.

"Now, Etta, you pick her while I hold her."

"Oh, I can't? I'm 'fraid it will hurt it."

"No, it won't. You sit down and hold her then, and I'll pick her."

Etta sat down and took the duck, and Johnny went to work.

Just then mamma passed the door on her way to the hen-house to get some fresh eggs. She looked in. White feathers were flying all over the hay.

"Why, Johnny, what are you doing?" she cried, rushing in and freeing the duck.

"You said we could help you out at the barn," he said, kicking up the hay with his bare feet, "and all I could think of was picking the duck the way Ike does."

"My dear child," said mamma, laughing, "Ike only picks the ducks once a year, and then only a little on their breasts to get live feathers."

"Well, mamma, I'm sorry," said Johnny.

"And I'm glad we found out," said Etta, "for I don't think the old duck liked it a bit."—*Our Little Ones.*

**Elsie at the World's Fair.**

For five mornings Elsie had kissed mamma "good-by" as she started for the World's Fair, and wished she could go, too. So she was overjoyed when Uncle Frank took her one afternoon.

They went from Chicago in a large steamboat, and as they neared the grounds, one after another the great white buildings came in sight. When they finally landed and were in the Columbus porch, Elsie thought she had never seen anything so beautiful. She looked up at the carved ceiling; through at the great fluted columns reaching far, far above her; out at the golden statue of the Republic; across the waters of the basin to the grand fountain and away across the Court of Honor to the dome and pillars of the Administration Building. As far as she could look she could see beautiful buildings, blue water, bridges, fountains, flowers and grass shining in the afternoon sun.

"Uncle Frank," she whispered, "I almost want to cry, it is all so beautiful. I think heaven must be something like this."

They took the electric railway train, and were soon at the gate of the Eskimo village, the first part that Elsie wanted to see.

She felt as if she were in a strange country. On one side were several huts made of rough boards and with roofs covered with lichens, a kind of moss.

She looked in a door, and what do you think she saw? A little brown baby with black eyes and rosy cheeks, hanging up in a bag against the wall. His little round head, arms and shoulders were out of the bag, and he was sucking what looked to Uncle Frank like a piece of salt pork.

"I suppose it's like a piece of candy to us," sighed Elsie.

Two children sat on the floor playing with some bone toys. The mother was sitting on a pile of skins, stitching on a little hand sewing-machine which was on a box in front of her.

Uncle Frank explained to Elsie that this was not strange, because these Eskimos came from Labrador and had been taught by missionaries. Besides, they had been in Chicago all winter.

"Oh, there is their snow house! made out of plaster for people to see!" exclaimed Elsie.

"Doesn't it look just like half a great round white ball set on the ground, with a little piece cut out for a door? It doesn't seem as if people could go in such a small hole. A little bear might."

"Peep in," said Uncle Frank, "and see where they sleep at night and sit in the daytime. That raised part on the side is their bed and chair, all in one. They make it of blocks of snow, and cover it with furs."

"How disagreeable and close it must be in there when a fire is burning!" said Elsie. "There is no chimney for the smoke from the fish-oil to escape."

Next to the snow-house was their summer-house. This was a tent made of tough walrus skins sewn together with the cords made from the intestines of the same animal.

Elsie held her nose tight, and looked into the dark place. A fire was burning in a little dish on the ground, and a fish was stuck across over the blaze.

"What a dinner!" she cried. "Fish cooked in the smoky flame of burning fish-oil!"

There were no Eskimos in either of these houses, but some men and boys were playing a queer game near a pond.

An American boy pushed a cent down into the ground until it was hidden. Then the Eskimos stood away off from it, and snapped very long whips made of deer hide at the spot until they uncovered the cent. The one whose whip had uncovered it ran forward, picked up the cent, and placed it in a queer little leather bag which hung from his belt.

Another cent was buried, and the game began again. A little boy about nine years old, very fat and very dirty, got the most money while Elsie watched.

Then she watched an Eskimo paddle his boat about in the pond. He calls it a *kyak*. It is made of skins stretched over a frame; is long, narrow, and pointed at both ends, with a hole in the middle large enough for the man to get his body in and to stretch his legs inside. It goes through the water quite fast.

Near by a pair of reindeer were harnessed to a queer cart, with queer old wheels of wood cut from a tree-trunk that Elsie said wasn't "truly round." The reindeer were quite

small, and had large horns. She did not think they looked large enough to draw a cart.

Uncle Frank showed her, at the trading post, spoons, knife-handles and toys made from the deer's horns. He also told her that in those northern countries, the reindeer fed and clothed the people.

She was much amused at the dog-sledges. As there was no snow on the ground, she wondered how the dogs could be driven. But somebody had made a cunning railway and flat car. The sled was put on this; the Eskimo sat on it, snapped his whip, and away trotted the dogs, each at the end of his rope harness.

Their tails were up and their ears were up. At first Elsie thought they enjoyed the fun, but when they came back with their tongues hanging out, and she saw how thick their fur coats were, she couldn't help thinking how warm Chicago was for the poor doggies used to snow and ice.

All the Eskimos had hung up their fur clothes, and put on cool white cotton ones made in the same way, with hoods down their backs. The women, boys and girls had red bands for trimming, and some of them looked pretty.

By this time Elsie was tired of the Eskimos, and wanted to rest. They passed beautiful buildings and flower beds, watched people in the wheel-chairs, heard a band play, and after they got to the Children's Building had a grand time.

Here there was a model nursery to watch, with real babies in it. Some were in pretty cribs, some in little yards on the floor, some in baby-jumpers, some being fed. All were happy, healthy, beautiful babies.

"Now, Uncle Frank, take me home!" Elsie sighed. "I'm so glad I'm an American!"—*The Youth's Companion.*

**Generous Indian Boys.**

Last year Rev. E. R. Young visited his former mission field among the Hudson Bay Indians, and took along, as presents for the boys, many pocket-knives. To induce them to learn to sing he offered a half-dozen of these to the six best singers among the lads; and a day was set for the trial. Among the prizes was one four-bladed knife, better and far more costly than the others, though all were good.

Forty boys entered the trial; but one by one they dropped out, until only six remained. These sang so well that the judges could not decide which should have the highest prize. Though they tried again and again there was no decision.

One of the six was a cripple, weak and almost helpless. In the days of savage life he would not have been allowed to live, but his parents were Christians, and poor Jimmy had been tenderly nursed by his mother, and cared for by his father, so that he regarded himself equal to other boys, except in physical sports.

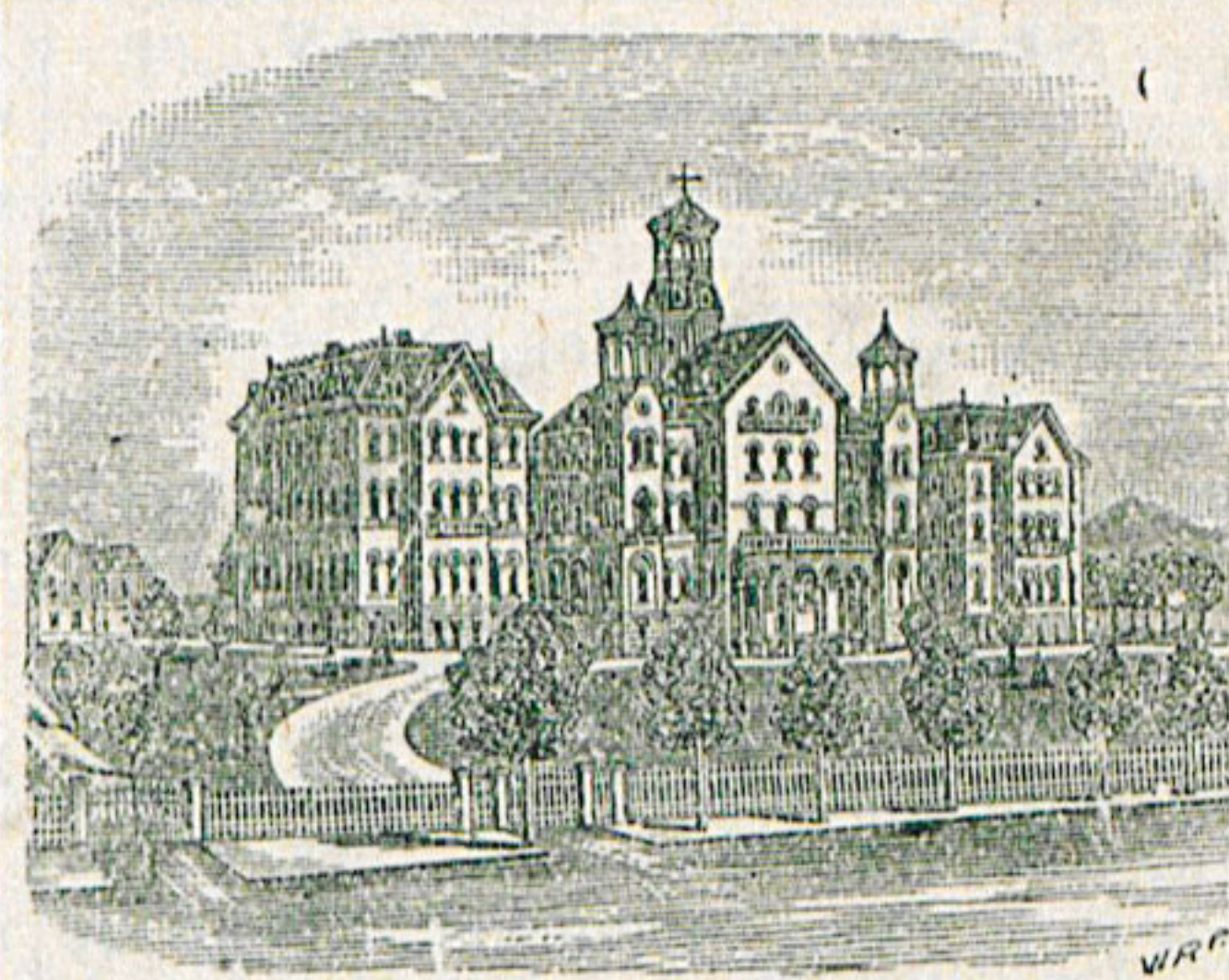
After a number of trials, in which none of the six proved himself better than the others as a singer, one asked Mr. Young if he might speak. Given permission, he said:

"Missionary, we five," pointing to all but Jimmy, "are well and strong. But Jimmy is a cripple. He cannot help it. He cannot run through the woods, nor swim, nor skate, nor share in our sports. While we are away he must stay at home. But he can whittle; and he likes to make bows and arrows; and his are better than ours. So, if you will, please give Jimmy the best knife, the one with four blades; and we will be glad to have one apiece of the others."

The best prize was handed to the cripple boy. Jimmy took it in silence; but his eyes, turned toward his companions, told more than words could that he was thankful.—*Harper's Young People.*

**Two Old Great Men.**

The two most powerful and luminous minded personages in the world at this time are octogenarians, Pope Leo XIII., 83 years old, and Premier Gladstone, of England, 84 years old. The pope, with courageous spirit and firm hand, is directing the policy and emphasizing the faith of the church of which he is the visible head; Gladstone, with vigor and skill, is administering the affairs of the world encircling dominions of Queen Victoria. There are frequent reports of the failing health of each of these potent octogenarians; but we are able to say, upon excellent authority, that both of them were well yesterday. Who can tell that both will not march into the twentieth century with steady step and placid spirit?—*Ex.*



Established by the Legislature  
in 1867.

Opened in September 1868.

The school is supported and controlled by the State

Applicants are received to be educated and not for medical treatment.

All the deaf-mute children in the State as well as those who, though able to speak, are so deaf as to be unable to receive instruction in ordinary schools are admitted.

Eleven teachers of experience and special training are employed. The child learns to write rapidly and well. He studies Arithmetic, Geography, Grammar and History, using the ordinary school books. In some cases the course of study is further extended. *The time of THREE TEACHERS is given entirely to instruction in SPEECH and LIP-READING.*

Drawing and designing are taught. The boys are instructed in shoe-making, cabinet-making and printing. The girls are taught dressmaking and housework.

The school is free to children and youth whose parents are residents of Maryland. It is very desirable that all should enter young.

For further information address CHAS. W. ELY, *Principal of the School for the Deaf, Frederick City, Md.*

The State provides for the colored deaf and blind at the school on Saratoga St., Baltimore. Admission free. Application should be made to Superintendent, 649. Saratoga St., Baltimore.

**OFFICERS OF THE BOARD.**

|                    |                        |
|--------------------|------------------------|
| ENOCH PRATT,       | <i>President.</i>      |
| WM. R. BARRY,      | <i>Vice-President.</i> |
| HENRY C. NAILL,    | <i>Secretary.</i>      |
| JOHN. H. WILLIAMS, | <i>Treasurer.</i>      |

**Executive Committee.**

|                       |                    |
|-----------------------|--------------------|
| DR. FAIRFAX SCHLEY,   | <i>Chairman.</i>   |
| WM. R. BARRY,         |                    |
| JAMES MCSHERRY,       |                    |
| GEORGE MARKELL,       |                    |
| FERDINAND C. LATROBE, |                    |
| ENOCH PRATT,          | <i>Ex-officio.</i> |

**OFFICERS OF THE SCHOOL.****Principal:**

CHAS. W. ELY, M. A.

**Teachers:**

|                 |                 |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| ROSA R. HARRIS, | CHAS. M. GROW.  |
| EDWARD P. GALE, | MOLLIE M. JAMS. |
| ANNIE B. BARRY, | JULIA M. YOUNG. |

**Teachers of Speech and Lip-Reading.**

LAURA C. YERKES, FANNIE I. BROCK.

CATHERINE D. PARTRIDGE.

**Teacher of Drawing:**

FLORENCE W. DOUB.

*Physician,* Dr. WM. H. BALTZELL.

*Dentist,* Dr. EDWARD NELSON.

*Matron,* REBECCA L. RINEHART.

*Supervisor of Boys,* R. F. THOMAS.

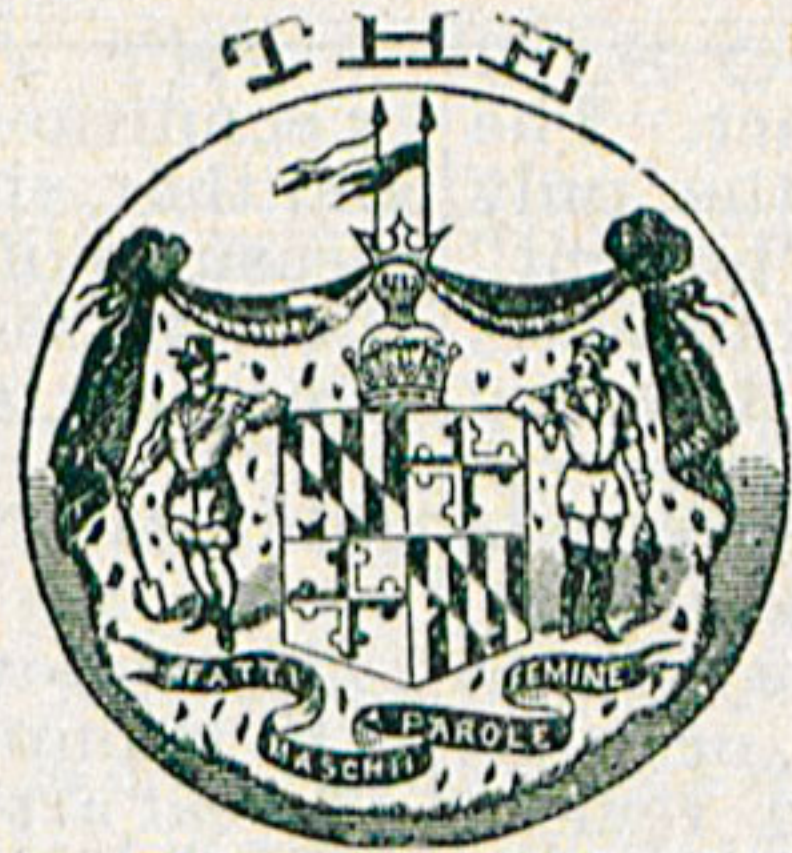
*Foreman of Printing,* C. M. GROW.

*" Shoe-Shop,* L. A. WICKHAM.

*" Cabinet Shop,* J. SHEFFIELD.



# Maryland



# Bulletin.

PRINTED BY THE PUPILS OF THE MARYLAND SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF.

VOL-XIV.

FREDERICK MD., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7. 1893.

NO2.

## Sacred Silence.

Never with blasts of trumpets  
And the chariot wheels of fame  
Do the servants and sons of the Highest  
His oracles proclaim;  
And when grandest truths are uttered,  
And when holiest depths are stirred,  
When our God himself draws nearest,  
The still, small voice is heard.

He has sealed with his own silence  
His years that come and go,  
Bringing still their mighty measures  
Of glory and of woe.  
Have you heard one note of triumph  
Proclaim their course begun?  
One voice of bell give tidings  
When their ministry was done?

Unheralded and unheeded  
His revelations come,  
His prophets before their scorn  
Stand resolute and dumb!  
But a thousand years of silence—  
And the world falls to adore,  
And kiss the feet of martyrs  
It crucified before!

Shall I have a part in the labor,  
In the silence and the might  
Of the plans Divine, eternal,  
That He opens to my sight?  
In the strength and the inspiration  
That His crowned and chosen know?  
Oh well might my darkest sorrow  
Into songs of triumph flow!

For I hear in this sacred stillness  
The fall of angelic feet—  
I feel white hands on my forehead,  
With a benediction sweet;  
They say to me, "Labor in silence—  
For dearer to God are the songs  
Of one loving and earnest spirit  
Than the Paeans of joyful throngs."

The rivulet sweetest murmurs  
Afar in the forest glad,  
And the nightingale wild warbles  
From depths of leafy shade:  
So the poet sings most divinely  
From the noisy crowd apart,  
And the lays most worthy of laurels  
Are those he hides in his heart.

Oh, I hear in this sacred stillness  
The fall of angelic feet,  
I feel white hands on my forehead,  
With a benediction sweet;  
No echo of worldly tumult  
My beautiful vision mars;  
The silence itself is music,  
Like the silence of the stars!

—Anon.

## Helen Keller.

Washington has just had a visit from wonderful Helen Keller, who has been the guest, much petted and loved of Dr. A. Graham Bell. The promise of Helen's childhood has been abundantly fulfilled, and now, at the age of 13 (her birthday came on the 26th of June), she is a well-grown girl, lovely in face and character, and possessed of such mental attainments as make it difficult to believe that she has been totally blind and deaf from babyhood. Helen converses through the manual alphabet with the greatest ease at the rate of eighty words a minute, upon all possible subjects, and expresses herself with an elegance and originality which most adults would envy.

She is an omnivorous reader, and is constantly drawing upon Tennyson, Holmes, Whittier and other poets, whom she quotes by the page. She devotes much time to writing, her characters being formed in square-shaped style and upright the whole

being almost as legible as print. Several of her stories have been published and their merit may be inferred from the fact that a publishing house which is run strictly on business principles recently sent her a check for \$150 for a single article. Dr. A. Graham Bell believes that this girl is destined to make her mark in English literature.

Within the past two years Helen has mastered oral language, and now speaks easily and so that anyone would understand her. She is even able herself to understand what others are saying, if the speaker will allow her soft fingers to rest upon his lips. Not content with her proficiency in English, which is far greater than that of the ordinary man or woman who has grown up with both sight and hearing, Helen has recently taken up French, and Dr. Bell showed me a letter written by her in that language, which was absolutely free from faults. This girl at once so afflicted and so happy, seems to possess the towering ambition and the unswerving purpose of a Napoleon. She does whatever she sets out to do, and she sets out to do most things that come within the scope of human powers.

## HER EXQUISITE FAITH.

Her last idea is to become a singer. Fancy that! a girl who has never heard a sound nor seen a note, learning to sing. When her teacher tried to explain to Helen that the gift of song was something which must always be denied her, the brave child answered in her strange way:—

"God wants us to be happy, I think. He wanted you to teach me to speak, because He knew how much I wished to speak like other people. He did not want his child to be dumb, and when I go to Him He will let his angels teach me to sing."

One of the most extraordinary features in Helen's case, is the marvelous development of her memory. It is doubtful if a girl ever lived with such powers of remembering as Helen possesses. Dr. A. Graham Bell realizes this so fully that in a letter on Helen Keller, read in Washington several weeks ago before the National Academy of Sciences, he devoted some time to explaining the phenomenon of unconscious plagiarism which is constantly presenting itself, not only in what Helen writes, but in what she says. Everything that she reads and everything that is read to her, poetry, fact, fiction, no matter what, her mind retains with automatic precision and with no conscious effort. As books have been constantly read to Helen, read into her hand, of course, by means of the

## MANUAL ALPHABET.

for the past five years, and only the best books, it is easy to see what an immense storehouse she has to draw upon when she comes to express her own thoughts either in word or writing. The fact is there is no way of determining where her thoughts end and the thoughts of others begin. Her daily speech is interwoven with beautiful similes and descriptions, the basis of which must have come from some great author, but are so turned and blended by her own rich fancy as to be difficult of recognition. Every page Helen reads becomes a vivid picture in her mind, and from the elements of these countless pictures she makes combinations of her own without end, many of them possessed of startling force and beauty. One day in Alabama, for instance, while gathering wild flowers near some springs on the hillsides, she exclaimed: "The mountains are crowding round the springs to look at their own beautiful reflections." At another time, speaking of a visit she had made in Lexington, Mass., she wrote: "As we rode along we could see the forest monarchs bend their proud forms to listen to the little children of the woodlands whispering their secrets. The anemone, the wild

violet, the hepatica and the funny little curled-up ferns all peeped out at us from beneath their brown leaves." This same letter she closed thus: "I must go to bed, for Morpheus has touched my eyelids with his golden wand."

Remember, this is the language of a little girl not 12 years old, who has never seen a flower of a tree nor heard the murmur of a brook. And these are only average specimens of what Helen Keller is thinking, saying and writing every day of her life. She says she remembers her own thoughts perfectly.

## GAY AND MERRY NATURE.

Although it is thus true that Helen has absorbed countless thoughts and fancies from the authors she has read and can talk to you by the hour in the words of her favorite books, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Dickens' Christmas Carols," "Evangeline," "Swiss Family Robinson," "Tanglewood Tales," "Little Women" and scores of others, yet it would be a great injustice to the wonderful child to consider her merely as an imitation or dilution of others. Helen Keller is in the highest degree original; she is herself and no one else. Strange, indeed, it would be if a soul whose growth has been in darkness and without any sound from the world about her should not be different from other souls. And yet there is nothing morbid or gloomy about Helen. Her laugh rings gaily and she lives merry days. In her ordinary talk she is like other children, except that she is brighter and more full of fancies. She is also more affectionate.

One day during her visit Dr. Bell thought to tease her by asking her puzzling questions. "Helen," he said, "tell me what is the wind?"

Helen thought a moment, and then answered confidently, "The wind must be wild air."

"And what is beauty?"

"Why, I should think beauty is a kind of goodness."

Presently Helen turned the table on her friend by asking him to tell where the first chicken came from.

"Why, out of an egg," answered the doctor.

"Well, then, where did that egg come from?" persisted Helen, and she laughed heartily at having got the best of her questioner.

It may be interesting to those who have followed Helen's development to know that the original intention of keeping her mind free from religious speculations has not been carried out. Guard her as they would from the usual subjects of Sunday school instruction, Helen's restless thoughts seized upon many clues here and there and finally one day in great perplexity she made the following appeal to her teacher, whom she believed possessed of all knowledge:—

"I wish to write about things I do not understand. Who made the earth and the seas and everything? What makes the sun hot? Where was I before I came to mother? I know that plants grow from seeds which are in the ground, but I am sure people do not grow that way. I never saw a child plant. Why does not the earth fall, it is so very large and heavy? Tell me something that Father Nature does. May I read the book called the Bible? Please tell your little pupil many things when you have much time."

About this time Helen talked with another person who gave her some of the orthodox ideas about the Creator. These amused Helen greatly, and she wrote in her diary:—

"A. says God made me and every one out of sand; but it must be a joke—I am made of flesh and blood and bone, am I not? A. says God is everywhere, and that He is all love; but I do not think a person can be made out of love. Love is only some thing in our hearts. Then A. said another comical thing. He says He (meaning God) is my dear father. It made me laugh quite hard, for I know my father is Arthur Keller."

## PHILLIPS BROOKS TAUGHT HER.

Helen's religious doubts were not set at rest until she was taken to Dr. Phillips Brooks, who, with rare tact and sympathy, was able to furnish answers to her deluge of questions which satisfied the little girl. Since then her love and admiration for Bishop Brooks have known no bounds, and she grieved much at his death. Her little brother, born two years ago on the Fourth of July, was named Phillips Brooks Keller.

Another great friend of Helen's is her favorite poet, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. When she was scarcely ten years old, Miss Sarah Fuller, the lady who taught her oral speech, took her to see Dr. Holmes. This was only a few weeks after Helen had taken her first lesson in producing articulate sounds, and yet such marvelous progress had she made in that time and so great was her determination to be understood that she actually carried on quite a conversation with the eminent writer. It was in the same year that Helen wrote a long letter to the poet Whittier on his 83rd birthday, sending him many kind wishes "by the winged messengers of love," as she expressed it.

In his address before the National Academy Dr. Bell called special attention to the fact that Helen's marvelous command of language had been acquired to a great extent without instruction, by simply reading to her or allowing her to read from the best authors, regardless of whether she understood the words used or not. Gradually, by some unexpected process of the mind, Helen came to know what the new words meant, and her vocabulary increased with astonishing rapidity and apparently without effort. In other words, the child had gained a mastery of language by reading books, thus reversing the ordinary method which makes children, especially deaf children, study languages by memorizing words and having grammatical points explained to them, in order that they may be able to read books. Dr. Bell thought that there was here an important lesson for teachers, who might do well to simply put good books in their pupil's hands and let nature do the rest.

## HOW HELEN WAS TAUGHT.

Referring to this point, Miss Annie Sullivan, Helen's teacher, (and the teacher is scarcely less wonderful than the pupil,) gives the following explanation of the way she began talking to Helen, using the manual alphabet:—

"It became evident to me that it was not wise to confine myself strictly to the use of words of which she knew the full meaning, and I began to give her many words in my sentences without any further explanation concerning them than was conveyed to her by their connection with those words that she did know. I observed that she adopted their use often without inquiry, and before I realized the importance to her of this practice she was the possessor of a vocabulary which astonished me."

Shortly before her visit to Washington this summer Helen was taken to Niagara Falls, where she experienced perhaps the keenest enjoyment of her life, although she could neither see nor hear. Standing at the brink of the falls with her teacher, Helen received with delight the description of the grand scene about them, and then stepping forward to the edge of the torrent she cast some flowers into the plunging abyss, at the same time speaking aloud some of the beautiful thoughts which came crowding into her mind. That night she wrote the following description of Niagara:

"Oh, ———, you can never imagine how I felt when I stood in the presence of Niagara until you have the same mysterious sensations yourself. I could hardly realize that it was water that I felt rushing and plunging with impetuous fury at my feet. It seemed as if it were a living thing rushing on to some terrible fate."



\* \* \* I had the same feeling once before when I stood by the great ocean and felt its waves beating against the shore. I suppose you feel so, too, when you gaze up to the stars in the stillness of night, do you not?"

Another specimen of Helen's style is given in a dream which she wrote nearly two years ago:—

"Last night I dreamt that long, long ago, when the birds and flowers and trees were first made, the great God who had created all things sat upon a beautiful cloud which looked like silver, and seemed to float in the midst of the blue sky like a throne, and he looked down upon the earth—the wonderful world He has made out of His own thought.

"Oh, how beautiful the earth was, with her great mountains climbing upwards to the sky, and her valleys filled with sweet smelling flowers and delicious fruit. The trees seemed alive with beautiful living things; the little bird's joyous songs made the air vibrate with music. I knelt on the cool, green moss that crept down to the edge of the merry little brooks, and I touched the water as it rippled past me. The broad, deep lakes were as quiet as little sleeping babes, and I felt the ground tremble under my feet when the river went rushing past to join the stormy ocean. Then I went to the shore and put my bare feet in the water, and felt the waves beating against the shore continually; and God smiled, and the world was filled with light, and there was no evil, no wrong in all the world, only love and beauty and goodness. Just then I felt teacher kissing my lips and I awoke."

#### HER LOVE FOR CHILDREN.

One of the most lovely traits in Helen's character is her devotion to other little children, particularly those who are blind. One day, while she was visiting an institution for the blind in Boston, her teacher found Helen seated in the center of a group of blind girls, telling them stories from memory and reading to them by means of raised letters from one of her favorite books. This child's great desire to acquire oral speech was chiefly prompted by her determination to make her little sister Mildred understand her. After her first success in this extraordinary effort she wrote to her teacher in a burst of gladness: "My heart is full of joy this beautiful morning because I have learned to speak many new words and can make a few sentences. How glad my mother will be! I can hardly wait for June to come, I am so eager to speak to her and to my precious little sister. Mildred could not understand me when I spelled with my fingers, but now she will sit in my lap and I will tell her many things to please her and we shall be so happy together."

Really, as one talks with Helen or reads her writings, one marvels at the constant joy which seems to illuminate this afflicted soul, perhaps less afflicted than one might think. Certain it is that had Helen Keller always enjoyed sight and hearing, like other girls, she would never have possessed her present marvelous memory or known that exquisite delicacy of feeling which is hers now. Nor would she, at the age of eleven, have written such a thought as this, taken from one of her letters:—

"I am always delighted when any one writes me a beautiful thought which I can treasure in my memory forever. It is because my books are full of the riches of which Mr. Ruskin speaks that I love them so dearly. I did not realize until I began to write the sketch what precious companions books have been to me, and how blessed even my life has been; and now I am happier than ever, because I do realize the happiness that has come to me."

Thus we see that the grand law of compensations applies even in the case of a child who is deaf and blind. There is a splendid lesson for others in the life of Helen Keller, a lesson that much may be accomplished with little if one has but the will to do it, and that happiness or peace of mind, at least, is possible in spite of the saddest affliction.—*Our Little People.*

#### Ride in a Sedan Chair.

Jumpety-jumpety-jump, and then a bang as you are set down on the sidewalk—that is the experience of riding in a Sedan chair borne by a pair of soiled Turks at the World's Fair. A small boy stops to ask, "what's the racket?" and in a twinkling everybody is there except some one in authority to make the Turks behave themselves

and carry out their contract. The two are yelling in concert the only English word they know—"present!" Then they try French—"pourboir." As these bring no results, they try "backsheesh!" and the wretched occupant of the chair adds a gratuity to the extortionate sum already paid. As each Turk carries a native dirk in the pocket of his skirtaloon, or what ever it is, you do not care to remonstrate forcibly. Never did I hear such awful groans as these Turks give when they are carrying a woman on a five minutes' run across streets as smooth as a floor. During this experience the occupant of the Sedan chair rises and falls like a ship at sea, while the buildings of the beautiful White City bob about in a delirium of vision. One such experience satisfies the most ambitious, for people who do not ride in Sedan chairs ridicule those who do.

The staring and the uncomplimentary remarks, added to the groans and demands of the Turks, create a hubbub that is quite too exhilarating.—*Current Literature.*

#### The Palace of Hoo.

The main structure of the Japanese Building has a double roof, sloping in general curves on four sides from a gabled overroof. The overhanging eaves form spacious verandas on all sides. The angles of the wings are surmounted by little towers. The striking features of the exterior decoration are two weather cocks representing the bird hoo. They are cast in a metal known as kodo, a brilliant alloy of gold and copper. All the outside pillars and woodwork are painted in red. The edifice was fancied to resemble the bird hoo stretching its wings and extending its tail in the act of flying, from which it received the name of hoo den, meaning "palace of hoo." This building has been presented to the city of Chicago by Japan.

#### ABOUT THE DEAF.

The deaf of Pennsylvania at their recent re-union decided to locate the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf at Reading.

The Mission and Church Aid Society of the M. E. Church of Chicago has decided to establish a church for the deaf, and Rev. P. J. Hasenstab, of Jacksonville, has been called to the pastorate.

Mr. and Mrs. Lars M. Larson of the Santa Fe, N. M. school, had the misfortune to lose their six years old boy while on the way home from Chicago. The little boy fell from a train and was so badly injured that he died soon after.

A new vocation for deaf-mutes which bids fair to give a great many of them occupation has been opened in California. It is grape-picking, and the experiments so far made have not only proved the capacity of the workers, but show that for many reasons they are considerably better than people with the gift of gab when it comes to this particular sort of work.

Among the interesting persons to be encountered on the Midway Plaisance of the World's Fair is a deaf-mute workman from Japan employed about the Japanese exhibits. He is an intelligent fellow, and understands and uses signs readily, although only natural signs can be used in conversation with him. He has no opinion of this country or of Chicago, and says that Japan is "good enough for him."

From papers read in the Chicago Congress of the Deaf by R. P. McGregor, of Ohio and J. L. Smith, of Minnesota, respectively, we learn there are in this country 166 deaf teachers of the deaf, and that deaf-mutes find employment in nearly 300 different trades and professions.

Messrs McGregor and Smith are both deaf teachers in the Institutions where they reside, and are eminently competent to treat the subjects of which they write.

Mr. Earnest J. D. Durhams, a missionary to the deaf in England, stated in his paper read at the Chicago Congress, that the Deaf of his country have not one-half the facilities for their improvement that the deaf of this country enjoy. Their wages average from three to seven dollars a week, and they receive but four or five years schooling. One would be quite safe in asserting that the form-

er condition is a result of the latter, and that, since a man's wages are the measures of his value as a producer, the more money a state spends on the education of the deaf, the greater the return it receives therefrom.—*The Educator.*

The following incidents are related of H. Humphrey Moore, the celebrated deaf artist:

While in Morocco, his enthusiasm for his art on one occasion nearly cost him his life. It was during a Mohammedan feast, which the Moors celebrate with their wild "powder play," when Moore, having somewhat rashly ventured into the crowd, was attracted by the strong, fierce countenance of a mountain chief, and taking out pencil and paper began to sketch the face. The chief caught sight of the artist at work and at once leveled his gun at him and fired. Luckily the attendant, whom the Shereef of Morocco had appointed to wait on Mr. Moore, pulled him back so that the bullet only grazed his head, and then hurried him to a place of safety.

In Morocco the "Shereef" who, next to the Sultan, is the most highly honored person in the land, became a close friend of his, and enabled him to see much of Moorish life, which is, in general, closely guarded from the "infidels".

The leading artists of Japanese became his friends, and by close study of their methods, he added to his own style something which perhaps no other European painter has caught.

Mr. Moore was decorated by Queen Christine of Spain with the order of Charles the Third of Spain, and his Spanish title is "Caballero de el Real y distinguida Orden de Carlos Tercero." The button of an officer in this order may be noticed in his portrait.

#### Day Triumphant.

But the time will come when midnight  
Will shine with a tender light,  
And day, shorn of its shadows,  
Lie down at the feet of night!"

—Sel

#### Pupils' Compositions.

##### A Prosperous Baker And A Farmer.

A prosperous baker in a town not far from Quebec was in the habit of buying butter in pound balls or rolls from a farmer with whom he had a good deal of trade. At last he noticed that the balls were rather small. He weighed them and found that they were under a pound. He brought the farmer to a magistrate and accused him of dishonest practices. The judge had the butter weighed and found it less than the pound and said, "Have you any scales?" "Yes, I have," answered the farmer. The judge said "Have you any weights?" No, I have no weights," said the farmer. The judge said "How can you weigh a pound?" "Oh! that is a very simple.

"While I was selling my butter, I used loaves of bread from the baker to weigh with." Everybody laughed in the court-room. The farmer was acquitted, because it was proved that the baker was to blame, because he had sold loaves of bread which weighed less than a pound.

A. R. S.

#### For Mabel's Sake.

Tan and Tally were two fox-terriers which belonged to a physician in Southern California, and were the play-mates of his little daughter Mabel. They had been her companions from her baby-hood, and now she was five years old.

One day she and they were frolicking in the garden. The little girl's attention was attracted by a strange noise in the branches near her elbow. She peered into the branches to see what had made the noise. Instantly the head of a snake reared itself before her, and the sound of its rattle was repeated.

Mabel had never seen a rattlesnake before, and she stood as if fascinated. A gardener, at work not far off, screamed to her to run and hurried as fast as he could to her rescue, but he would have been too late if the dogs had not saved her. The dogs saw the little girl's danger, and threw themselves between her and the snake, worrying it till the gardener could come and kill it. They understood their own danger for they had always showed great fear of snakes,

but now they bravely fought the snake for the sake of their little friend. Her mother came up to the spot, and found Mabel safe, but the faithful dogs were in the agonies of death. A. I. P.

#### A Purse-Proud Old Nobleman.

A purse-proud old nobleman was travelling through the rural districts of Sweden.

One day he stopped his carriage at a country tavern, and called out in an imperious tone, "Horses, Landlord! horses at once!" "I am much pained to tell you that you will have to wait for an hour, before fresh horses can be brought," replied the landlord. "How!" exclaimed the nobleman, "My man, I demand the horses at once!" then observing some sleek looking horses which were being led to another carriage. "For whom are those horses?" said the nobleman. The landlord said, "The horses belong to that tall, slim gentleman," pointing to a gentleman standing near. "I say, my man," said the nobleman, "will you let me have those horses if I pay a good sum of money?" "No," answered the slim gentleman, "I intend to use them for myself." "Perhaps you do not know who I am," said the nobleman. "I am the Field Marshall Baron George Sparre, the last of my race." "I am glad to hear it," said the slim gentleman. "I would be sorry to know there were some more growing up like you. I am the King of Sweden." He drove away, and the crestfallen nobleman waited over an hour for fresh horses.

M. H. E.

#### A Cruel Emperor.

China is the oldest Empire in the world. Long ago, there was a cruel Emperor, of China named Chaus. He was very fond of hunting. When he went hunting, a great many noblemen accompanied him. They rode over the fields of rice. Their horses trampled down a great deal of rice. The people did not like this. They asked him not to ride over their fields of rice. Chaus laughed at them. He thought only of his own pleasure. The people determined to get rid of this Emperor. They were afraid to kill him. They contrived a plan to make him kill himself. There was a large river in that country. When he came hunting, he often crossed the river. He would take the best boat which he could find. He never asked any one to lend it to him. He just took it without asking. The people built a boat which looked very nice, but it was not strong. It would come to pieces very easily. They put it where Chaus would see it. When he came hunting again, he wanted to cross the river. He saw the nice boat. He took the boat without asking. He and all his noblemen sailed away in it. When they reached the middle of the river, suddenly the boat came to pieces, Chaus and all his nobles were drowned in the water. When the people heard of it, they were very happy. L. M. F.

#### The Quick Witted Ambassador.

Long ago, an officer of the Emperor Charlemagne, was named Halton. He was sent by the Emperor as ambassador to the court at Constantinople which was under the Greeks. He was invited to dine with the Greek Emperor and his seat was placed in the midst of his nobles. There was an established law among the Greeks that none at the Emperor's table should turn the body of an animal that was served up but they should eat of the part that was uppermost. On this occasion a fresh water fish was served up and placed on the table. The ambassador, who did not know the rules of the Emperor, unfortunately turned the fish over. This filled the courtiers with indignation. All arose and said to the Emperor, "Do not, Oh! Emperor, allow this stranger to treat you with disrespect. Command him to be put to death for breaking one of your laws." The Emperor said to Halton, "I cannot refuse the request of my lords but I will grant you any boon except your life." Halton reflected for a moment and said to the Emperor, "I will ask only a small favor. Grant that all those who saw me turn the fish, may have their eyes put out." The Emperor and all his courtiers were astonished. He did not want them to lose their eyes. Each of the courtiers was affrighted and declared that he did not see him do it. Halton said, "I need not then lose my life, for no one saw me turn the fish." Then the Emperor set him free. G. S.