



## At Night.

The darkness gathers, the wind sobs loud,  
I hear the weeping rain;  
The heaven is wild with scurrying cloud,  
And my heart with its old pain.

By my hearthstone 'tis lone—'tis lone;  
How is it, then, with thee,  
My love, my bride, on the cold hillside,  
In sound of the moaning sea?

Around me stretches the bleak, wild moor,  
Where I have made my home;  
The wind's hand rattles at the door,  
The wind's voice whispers "Come."

The racing clouds in their mad flight  
Beckon me as they go;  
The stress and purpose of the Night,  
Its end and aim I know.

Fast, fast go they, and all one way—  
Wind, rain and cloudy rack,  
To weep and rave on thy lone grave,  
And aye to call thee back.

I open wide the rattling door—  
Wind, rain and cloud stream free;  
Across the miles of barren moor  
I fly with them to thee.

—Sel.

## A Memory of Whittier.

It was about sunset one Friday that I went to see Mr. Whittier, in answer to a message. I found him lying on the sofa of a square, old-fashioned room the two front windows of which faced the setting sun. He insisted on leaving the reclining position, and showed all his old interest in life; indeed, the illness which had come to him seemed at first hardly more than an indisposition in one always delicate.

"I want thee to go out on the balcony," said Mr. Whittier, "and get my glimpse of the ocean."

It was a glimpse of broad meadows, with great elms, over the Hampton marshes, then a golden brown, to the strip of sea where the white sails were. When I stepped back to the room, Mr. Whittier said, "Now I want to tell thee all about myself, and to-morrow thee will come again."

The next morning, after a night of good rest, came a sudden change, and with it the speech was less free and clear for a few hours. Later, in spite of increasing weakness, there was a return of power to talk, and the few words he cared to say were perfectly clear to accustomed ears. With great sensitiveness to sight and sounds, he could bear only the presence needed to administer to his wants, and it was to administer that none save those in immediate attendance should be admitted to his room. At times we thought he gained, but he knew better than we. Food and medicines were a weariness; yet, for the sake of those who longed to help him, he would try to take the offered nourishment.

Sunday was a serenely beautiful day. The wonted peace of the lovely little village seemed even more peaceful because of the dying poet. The smell of the sweet clover, the silence broken only by the rustle of the leaves, come back to me when I try to put in words the story of that time. There were no dramatic incidents in those last days; the quiet end was like the quiet life. With a full appreciation that it must be good-by, he said to his niece, "Love only—love—to—the—world"; and she answered "Yes, dear," and gently laid him back on the pillow.

As I held his hand I heard him say, more to himself than to me, "There are so many beyond," and a little later, "It is all right."

The thought of immortality was never far from this sweet singer through his long, busy, active life; sometimes accompanied by a speculative inquiry into the unknown, more often with a trustful belief that "the dear Lord ordereth all things well." Shortly before this last illness he had said to an old friend, "As I grow older, a future life seems to me more certain, though I think less and less of definite details." Now, as I sat beside him, the last journey seemed the natural, simple thing; the other life seemed a present reality.

During that day and the two following, at intervals, we replaced one another, that he might never miss the human grasp for which he evidently cared. Monday came with little change, Tuesday was also a record of some pain and restlessness; but notwithstanding the weakness of body, he expressed in broken sentences gratitude for the offered help.

Tuesday evening he motioned an attendant to raise the curtain to admit the last rays of the setting sun. That night, when we had given up all hope of his recovery, the friends who were in the house assembled for the first time about the bedside. While the poet lay sleeping, that sleep from which he never awoke on earth, one with a saint-like face under the Friends' cap repeated in her beautiful voice Whittier's own words:

When on my days of life the night is falling,  
And in the winds from unsummed spaces blown  
I hear far voices out of darkness calling  
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,  
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;  
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,  
Be thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me driftin

The end seemed to us a translation. When the dawn came in at the balcony window, over the marshes and the meadows, the spirit had gone so gently that we listened for the breath, and it had ceased.—*The Century.*

## The Hare in the Moon.

According to a Buddhist legend, Sakyamunni himself, in one of his earlier stages of existence, was a hare, and lived in friendship with a fox and an ape. In order to test the virtue of the Bodhisattwa, Indra came to the friends, in the form of an old man, asking for food. Hare, ape, and fox went forth in quest of victuals for their guest. The two latter returned from their foraging expedition successful, but the hare had found nothing. Then, rather than that he should treat the old man with inhospitality, the hare had a fire kindled, and cast himself into the flames, that he might himself become food for his guest. In reward for this act of self-sacrifice, Indra carried the hare to heaven, and placed him in the moon.

Grounded upon this myth is the curious story of "The Hare and the Elephant," in the "Pantschatantra," an ancient collection of Sanskrit fables. It runs as follows:

In a certain forest lived a mighty elephant, king of a herd, Toothy by name. On a certain occasion there was a long drought, so that pools, tanks, swamps, and lakes were dried up. Then the elephants sent out exploring parties in search of water. A young one discovered an extensive lake surrounded with trees, and teeming with water-fowls. It went by the name of the Moon-lake. The elephants, delighted at the prospect of having an inexhaustible supply of water, marched off to the spot, and found their most sanguine hopes realized. Round about the lake, in the sandy soil, were innumerable hare warrens; and as the herd of elephants trampled on the ground, the hares were severely injured, their homes broken down, their heads, legs, and backs crushed beneath the ponderous feet of the monsters of the forest. As soon as the herd had withdrawn, the hares assembled, some halting, some dripping with blood, some bearing the corpses of their cherished infants, some with piteous tales of ruination in their houses, all with tears streaming from their eyes, and wailing forth, "Alas, we are lost! The elephant-herd will return, for there is no water elsewhere, and that will be the death of all of us."

But the wise and prudent Longear volunteered to drive the herd away; and he succeeded in this manner: Longear went to the elephants, and having singled out their king, he addressed him as follows:—

"Ha, ha! bad elephant! what brings you with such thoughtless frivolity to this strange lake? Back with you at once!"

When the king of the elephants heard this, he asked in astonishment, "Pray, who are you?"

"I," replied Longear:—"I am Vidschajadatta by name; the hare who resides in the Moon. Now am I sent by his Excellency the Moon as an ambassador to you. I speak to you in the name of the Moon."

"Ahem! Hare," said the elephant, somewhat staggered; "and what message have you brought me from his Excellency the Moon?"

"You have this day injured several hares. Are you not aware that they are the subjects of me? If you value your life, venture not near the lake again. Break my command, and I shall withdraw my beams from you at night, and your bodies will be consumed with perpetual sun."

The elephant, after a short meditation, said, "Friend! it is true that I have acted against the rights of the excellent Majesty of the Moon. I should wish to make an apology; how can I do so?"

The hare replied, "Come along with me, and I will show you."

The elephant asked, "Where is his Excellency at present?"

The other replied, "He is now in the lake, hearing the complaints of the maimed hares."

"If that be the case," said the elephant, humbly, "bring me to my lord, that I may tender him my submission."

So the hare conducted the king of the elephants to the edge of the lake, and showed him the reflection of the moon in the water, saying, "There stands our lord in the midst of the water, plunged in meditation; reverence him with devotion, and then depart with speed."

Thereupon the elephant poked his proboscis into the water, and muttered a fervent prayer. By so doing he set the water in agitation, so that the reflection of the moon was all of a quiver.

"Look!" exclaimed the hare; "his Majesty is trembling with rage at you!"

"Why is his supreme Excellency enraged with me?" asked the elephant.

"Because you have set the water in motion. Worship him, and then be off!"

The elephant let his ears droop, bowed his great head to the earth, and after having expressed in suitable terms his regret for having annoyed the Moon, and the hare dwelling in it, he vowed never to trouble the Moon-lake again. Then he departed, and the hares have ever since lived there unmolested.—*Myths and Legends.*

## The Bowers of Paradise.

O Traveller, who hast wandered far  
'Neath southern sun and northern star,  
Say where the fairest regions are!

Friend, underneath whatever skies  
Love looks in love-returning eyes,  
There are the bowers of paradise.

—*The Century.*

## The Mosque At Damascus.

The great mosque at Damascus, which has been destroyed, was a very old and remarkable building. The loss by the fire is estimated to be five million dollars. The Sultan has subscribed two million and a-half dollars to rebuild the structure. Damascus, says the *Evening Telegraph*, is the oldest city in the world. It remains what it was before the days of Abraham—a center of trade and travel; an isle of verdure in the desert; "a presidential capital," with martial and sacred associations extending through thirty centuries. It was near Damascus that Saul of Tarsus saw the light above the brightness of the sun; the street which is called Straight, in which it was said he "prayed" still runs through the city. It is still a

city of flowers and bright waters; the streams of Lebanon and the "silk of gold" murmur and sparkle in the wilderness of the Syrian gardens.

As the traveler came over the great plain of Damascus and crossed the River Abano, the first view of the city revealed to him the beautiful Mosque of the Dervishes, a great dome between two tall minarets surrounded by others of varying size, which irresistibly reminded him of the singular Church of St. Antonio at Padua. The mosque had the advantage over the Christian church of standing in a cool enclosure, shaded by fine trees, of a size that are not seen in Palestine. There is an exuberance of foliage and verdure on every side of the great structure.

The principal sight of Damascus was this great mosque, which was burned on October 14. It had once been a Christian church, and retained some of its characteristics, its form being that of a great nave, with two lines of pillars running along it, and one or two graceful little shrines interspersed. The mosque was adorned with minarets, one of which, called the Minaret of Jesus, rose to a height of 250 feet, and on this minaret, according to the Mohammedan tradition, Jesus was to appear when he comes to judge the world. Near to the pulpit was a richly gilded dome, which contained precious fragments of Kufic, Syriac and other manuscripts. Out of the court opened the splendid mausoleum Saladin.

The Great Mosque stood just inside the walls of the city, and about four hundred yards from the citadel. It was erected by Walid, Abd-el-Melik, at the beginning of the eighth century, on the site of the Church of St. John, just as that church had been erected by Aedadius about the beginning of the fifth century, on the site of a Pagan temple, which probably occupied the site of the ancient Beit-Rimmon. The church was constructed from the splendid material of ancient temples, and the mosque is made up of the material of ancient churches. The old walls and many of the columns of the church are still in position, and on a portal is carved a cross, followed by the thirteenth verse of the 145th Psalm in Greek from the Septuagint.—*The American.*

## Altogether Different.

There was a time when Charles Sumner was voted a vulgar fanatic in Boston because he had offended certain prominent persons by his needlessly cutting remarks on their "respectabilities." One day Samuel Hooper, who represented Boston in the National House, and who was an intimate friend of Sumner, was asked by a wealthy commercial acquaintance how he managed to get along with "that fellow Sumner."

"Oh, very well," was the reply. "I meet him very often. He appears to be invited to every party given in Washington. You can't go anywhere without seeing him."

You don't say he is considered a gentleman? You don't say that he is a man one would ask, now, to dine at your table or mine?"

"No," replied Mr. Hooper, with the dry humor which was peculiarly his own. "I don't think it would become you to invite him to your house; but society in Washington is mixed up of elements such as we never find in Boston. There are, you know, a lot of ambassadors from the various countries of Europe, dukes, earls, barons, knights, and other persons with titles prefixed to their names. Sumner seems to be their favorite guest, but I would not, of course, advise you to invite him to dinner. In Boston we are naturally cautious; in Washington we can be less discriminating."

And the best part of the joke was that the victim of this satire remained quire unaware that he had been so effectually snubbed.—*The Youth's Companion.*

## Assortment of Octobers.

If I were a collector and authorized to spend time and money on getting good specimens and samples of things, I would like to gather a complete set of American Octobers and add them to my experience. I would start, I think, in the extreme northeast, at Halifax or thereabouts. So far north as that the autumn must begin early, and I daresay you get an October of good flavor as soon as the end of August. Then, as soon as the leaves began to turn, the plan would be to follow them down the St. Lawrence, and up the Saguenay, and back and forth through the White Mountains, very much as the traditional epicure followed the strawberry up stream from New Orleans. I should add to the collection a Bar Harbor October complete in a fashionable setting, and some good bits from the North Woods and Lake George and the Berkshires. They say that they raise an October air in the Yellowstone Park that has bubbles in it like champagne, and of such a quality that the more you take of it overnight the livelier you feel in the morning. Of course one would want a sample of that, and another from the mountains of West Virginia and North Carolina. But no specimen should be rated as entirely genuine that was not haunted by the wraith of summer. That is the indispensable October quality, a beginning that is like life itself, in being permeated with the flavor of an end.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The only fish that never sleep are salmon, pike and goldfish.

China with her 400,000,000 people, has only forty miles of railroad.

The Denmark dikes have stood the storms of more than seven centuries.

In Norway, persons who have not been vaccinated are not allowed to vote at any election.

No woman has entered the Convent of St. Catherine, on Mount Sinai, for 1,400 years.

By a simple rule the length of the day and night, any time of the year, may be ascertained by simply doubling the time of the sun's rising, which will give the length of the night, and double the time of setting will give the length of the day.

The peach was originally a poisonous almond. Its fruity parts were used to poison arrows, and for that purpose were introduced into Persia. Transportation and cultivation have removed its poisonous qualities, and turned it into delicious fruit.

The flower badges of nations are as follows: Athens, violet; Canada, sugar maple, Egypt, lotus; England, rose; France, fleur-de-lis (lily); Florence, giglio (lily); Germany, corn-flower; Ireland, Shamrock leaf; Italy, lily; Prussia, linden; Saxony, mignonette; Scotland, thistle; Spain, pomegranate; Wales, leek leaf.

The fiction of the deadly Upas tree of Java has only this basis of fact to rest upon: The tree exudes a poisonous juice that the natives use to mix with other ingredients to coat their arrows; it also grows only in the low-lying Java valley, where deadly carbonic gas more or less always escapes from the crevices of the volcanic rocks. Thus is history made.

Twenty-four hours or more before rain falls the Gallapagos tortoise makes for some convenient shelter. On a bright clear morning, when not a cloud is to be seen, the denizens of a tortoise farm on the African coast may be seen sometimes heading for the nearest overhanging rocks: when that happens the proprietor knows that rain will come down during the day, and as a rule it comes down in torrents. The sign never fails. This pre-sensation, which exists in many birds and beasts, may be explained partly from the increasing weight of the atmosphere when rain is forming, partly by habits of living and partly from the need of moisture which is shared by all. The American catbird gives warning of an approaching thunderstorm, by sitting on the low branches of the dogwood tree and uttering curious notes. Other birds including the familiar robin, it is said, give similar evidence of an impending change in the weather.



# Maryland Bulletin.

Published Bi-Weekly.

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THE MARYLAND BULLETIN.

Frederick, Md.

FREDERICK, MD., NOVEMBER 18, 1893.

The Missouri Record has an editor-in-chief, and a staff of seventeen assistants. We fairly turn green with envy.

The announcement of the death of Francis Parkman, the historian, is received with regret throughout the literary world.

The last issue of the Weekly News contains several illustrations of the buildings of the great mid-winter fair to be held at San Francisco.

The Educator for October is a very valuable number. Under the new management, it has become of much greater practical value to the teacher. It deserves the cordial support of all who are engaged in the instruction of the deaf.

We congratulate the editor of the California Weekly News that while indulging in Fireside Fancies" he has suddenly recovered his old-time facility in ly—we mean, in touching the trembling strings of his sweetly-sounding lyre.

The Histories of the American Schools for the Deaf, composing three volumes, and issued by the Volta Bureau, have been received and form a most valuable addition to the library of the School.

The Proceedings of the Congress of Instructors of the Deaf and the Thirtieth Convention have appeared in pamphlet form, and quite a number of copies have been secured.

The last issue of the Deaf-Mute contains the announcement that owing to the state of his health, Mr. W. R. Argo, Principal of the Kentucky School, has been granted by the Board of Directors, "leave of absence with full pay for an indefinite time."

We very much regret to hear of his failure of Mr. Argo's physical powers, but trust that his contemplated residence in Colorado for the winter, will completely restore him and add many years to his exceedingly useful life.

The first number of the Buff and Blue for the present collegiate year shows quite a number of changes, the most striking of which is probably the new design for the cover. This represents the ivy covered clock tower of the College chapel, a student-lamp at its base, presumably to shed light, both moral and scientific upon the scene. The contents show a decided improvement over last year, and on the whole the students are to be congratulated upon their very successful journal.

A jury in the Superior Court gave a verdict of \$500 against J. H. Von der Horst & Son as damages for the death, April 17, of Antonio Corso, a minor son of Ignazio Corso. The boy was a deaf-mute, and was twelve years old. He was killed while playing marbles on Hillen street by a wagon said to belong to Von der Horst & Son. Under the law in such cases the verdict is limited to the pecuniary value of the boy's services from the date of his death until he would have attained the age of twenty-one years. Judge Ritchie instructed the jury that the deafness of the boy put upon him the obligation of being more careful in keeping a lookout for vehicles than if he were a child in possession of the faculty of hearing, and left to the jury to determine whether the injury could have been avoided by the exercise of ordinary care and prudence on the part of the driver, or whether the death was caused by the negligence of the lad or his father. —Baltimore Sun.

This judicial ruling that deafness puts upon the deaf person, "the obligation of being more careful in keeping a lookout" may well be borne in mind by all the deaf, as it involves the question of contributory negligence in any suit for damages. On the other hand, it suggests to drivers and their employes that it is not safe to assume that every one can hear.

Mr. and Mrs. Ely with Mr. and Mrs. Barry last week paid a visit to the School for the Deaf, at Philadelphia.

This is one of the oldest schools of the kind in the United States, being the third in age. It was opened in 1820, three years later than the American Asylum, at Hartford, Conn., which was the first.

The Pennsylvania Institution, as it was called, was located for many years, at the corner of Broad and Pine streets, Philadelphia, but has recently been removed to Mt. Airy, about ten miles from the city center. The school has grown till in point of numbers, it is the second in the country. It has an attendance of about four hundred and sixty and employs forty teachers. The school is a private corporation, the directors being chosen from the subscribers, who make up the membership. It has a very large endowment derived from legacies and gifts. It receives from the state for the education and support of state pupils \$260 a year.

About \$900,000 have so far been expended upon the site and the new buildings. The location is in every way desirable, out of the city, and yet in close connection with it; the high elevation securing pure air and perfect drainage. The grounds are fifty-two acres in extent. The buildings and appointments are perhaps, the finest of the kind in the country. There are three separate houses, a hundred yards or more apart, each complete in itself for the accommodation of pupils with their care-takers. Kitchen, dining-room, sleeping-rooms, school rooms and rooms for officers and servants are in each. In all the operations of school life, they are independent of each other. In one of these houses, there are two hundred children. In the other two about two hundred and fifty.

A separate house, the industrial building, is devoted to the teaching of employments by which pupils may earn a living after they leave school. This was the gift of one man, a member of the Board of Directors, Dr. J. T. Morris, of Philadelphia, and was erected at a cost of more than \$60,000. Another building supplies the heat and contains the electric light dynamos. A hospital building is in process of erection, and a memorial hall is projected.

The walls of these handsome structures are of a gray stone quarried on the grounds.

The so called oral and manual methods are employed in this group of schools, but the pupils taught by one method are kept entirely apart from those taught by the other. More than half are in the oral department.

In all that has been said, and written of the wonderful Helen Keller, we have felt that too little attention, was given to the teacher. If Helen has been a marvelous pupil, Miss Sullivan has been a no less marvelous teacher.

Sylvia C. Balis in the Educator writes as follows:

Having read and heard so much of Helen Keller, Dr. Bell's invitation to the members of the Congresses to attend a reception in her honor at the University of Chicago last July, was accepted with pleasure.

We had discussed her often, but had arrived at no settled decision of the remarkable things claimed for her, wishing to see and talk with her first ourselves.

We went, we saw and spoke with her, and came away convinced, at least the writer is, that she is neither a prodigy nor a marvel, but just one of the most natural of children; physically and mentally healthy, strong and well developed.

The prodigy is her teacher; the marvel—her wondrous insight into child nature and child life, and her infinite patience. Helen has had the advantage of constant intercourse and association with Miss Sullivan, an education in itself.

Give Miss Sullivan another pupil with the same mental and physical healthiness of Helen and I feel very certain she would produce another prodigy, if you so choose to call her pupil. I believe there are scores of bright deaf-mutes who would equal Helen, if given the same advantages and training. One teacher, one pupil, constant companionship, a sincere love and sympathy between the two, and you will have more prodigies in ten years or less.

Pure oralism will not do it; the sign language will not; the manual alphabet, the combined system—none will produce like results, while love, sympathy and constant association and infinite patience are lacking.

Even with these all present, a class of from fifteen to twenty cannot be given the individual attention that is the necessity and right of each of our unfortunate little charges.

Helen has one great advantage over our deaf pupils—she is blind. The memory—the mental grasp of the blind—is phenomenal. Her very blindness has been a blessing to her; it has saved her from the thousand and one distractions of attention that are natural to those who both see and hear with their eyes. She, being so shut within herself, must needs ruminate on all that is imparted to her, and so unconsciously she has stored away a wealth of information in her active brain that is always hers upon demand. She cannot have the thousands of mental pictures that are in the possession of our deaf children—she has the language. She cannot make independent observation of objects and events, and is dependent for every word upon her teacher and friends. Perhaps as she grows older the power to do so may be developed. Her power of concentration of attention is wonderful, as is her determination to overcome obstacles, as witness her attempts to speak. It strikes me that without her previous training and awakening—the natural result of the instruction given her—she would never have comprehended what was required of her when the attempt to teach her to speak was made.

Considering her success, does it not appear that the children sent to our schools would make far greater progress in articulation if they had previously been aroused to an interest in learning by some other than the oral method at the start?

In view of Helen's success in acquiring language, it would seem that signs are not a necessary adjunct to teaching language, but they are invaluable as a means of explanation.

I know by actual experience that the youngest of our children can be taught to obey all commands given in writing or by spelling, can understand far more than we give them credit for in written language, but cannot readily use it. Like normal children who learn by hearing, so ours can learn by sight, but it takes months for them to learn to put their knowledge to practical use.

From questions put to Miss Sullivan, I infer that Helen did not rush into language fluent and free any more quickly than do our pupils. It came by degrees, constant repetition, and a gradual awakening to the possibilities of language.

Give us each a single pupil, a Helen Keller, or better, give each pupil a Miss Sullivan, and the world will soon cease to stand agape at the success of one of the most affectionate, lovely and pure of earth's children.

Under such a system, which will not come until the millenium, the slowest and most timid of our charges will be given an equal chance with the more forward ones. Hasten the day!

When it is proven satisfactorily to me that she can play a sonata by Beethoven upon the piano, or contribute to the art collection of the Paris Salon, the marvelous Helen Keller will begin to loom upon the horizon of my present incredulity.

[Helen has already learned to play a number of simple pieces on the piano. D.]

## Governor's Proclamation.

By virtue of the authority in me vested as governor, I do hereby appoint Thursday, the 30th of November, 1893, to be observed as a day of thanksgiving to Almighty God, for the manifold blessings he has bestowed upon the people of Maryland during the year now drawing to a close.

I request that our people abstain from their usual employment on that day, and, assembled in their respective places of worship, return thanks to the Almighty for their freedom from pestilence and disaster, for their abundant harvests, for the good order and peace which has been vouchsafed us, and invoke a continuance of his mercy during the year that is to come. Given under my hand and the Great Seal of Maryland. Done at the city of Annapolis, on the 10th day of November, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-three, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and eighteenth.

FRANK BROWN.

By the Governor,  
WILLIAM T. BRANTLEY,  
Secretary of State.

## Asylum for Feeble-Minded.

The new uniforms of the inmates of the Asylum and Training School for the Feeble-Minded attracted the attention yesterday of the board of visitors in their fifth annual meeting at the home of the institution, at Owings Mills. The progress of the school was reported satisfactory in the class work, calisthenic exercises and in the general deportment of the children as rapidly as the State appropriations permit. The institution is being developed to its full capacity. This contemplates, in addition to a training school for children, a similar home and school for epileptics, where these unfortunates may receive the protection and assistance recognized as due them in other States. The following officers were elected for the year: Dr. J. Pembroke Thom, of Baltimore, president; Milton G. Urner, of Frederick, vice-president; Levin F. Morris, of Baltimore, secretary; J. Walter Carpenter, of Baltimore, treasurer. In addition to these the board of visitors includes Henry King, Baltimore; Charles Ridgely Goodwin, Baltimore county; Dr. John Morris, Baltimore; Thomas Hill, Howardville; J. Clarence Lane, Hagerstown; Herman Stump, Belair; Charles B. Roberts, Westminster; W. P. T. Turpin, Centreville; Dr. Charles G. Hill, Arlington; Dr. H. J. Hebb, Randallstown; H. B. Whiteley, Catonsville; Dr. Abraham R. Price, Monkton; James G. Woodside, Baltimore. Dr. B. A. Sumer is superintendent. —Baltimore Sun.

## The Flower Show.

The fourth annual flower show of the Frederick County Floricultural Society has closed, after a most successful exhibition of three days.

Yesterday and last night the exhibition at the armory was largely patronized and each one seemed to linger like "one who for delay seeks a vain excuse." Perhaps the scene last night was the most brilliant one, when stately palms were lit by colored lights and the gorgeous chrysanthemums were shown by electricity. The fragrance of roses perfumed the air in harmony with sweet strains of music, and in its entirety it was a picture for an artist. It is safe to say there are 700 plants on exhibition, and safer to say the interest manifested will encourage the society to greater efforts.

Visitors were enthusiastic over the display and wondered that so much could be accomplished by amateurs.

Mr. John Dunn, the well known horticulturist of Baltimore, who was selected by the society to award the premiums, in speaking of the show, said:

"For excellency of plants and also of cut flower in color and variety the exhibits are not surpassed by the great chrysanthemum exhibition of New York city. I have frequently attended similar shows in various large cities, and while I have seen much larger collections, I cannot remember ever having seen greater perfection reached than is attained by the growers of this city and county."

The first flower show was started by two or more persons in 1890 in the store-room of Mr. Henry Trail, and from this outgrowth came the exhibition in Birely Bros. wareroom. That was such a wonderful success that it was taken last year to the Junior Hall. Even then space could not be found for the exhibits, so this season the spacious rink was used for the purpose. And with even that vast room more flowers were presented than there could be found space for. This proves emphatically the truth of the old saying, "great oaks from little acorns grow." —Frederick Daily News.

Miss Martha Bailey, one of the early graduates of the Mo. School for the Deaf, brought six pupils to her Alma Mater lately. She gave a short talk to the pupils in chapel, contrasting the school as it was in her day with its present condition. Then it was a little log-house; now it comprises a stately pile of buildings. She had only twenty-five school-mates; now there are nearly three hundred pupils.

Miss Bailey and her venerable mother, Mrs. Ann Bailey, have been two of the best friends the deaf ever had. It is to their untiring efforts that many of the deaf in St. Louis owe their education. Mrs. Bailey has justly earned the title of "Mother of the Deaf," which has been often bestowed on her. Whenever she heard of a deaf child, that had not been to school, she would hunt it out and permit herself no rest until she saw it safely on its way to school. The Day School in St. Louis was started by her means. She enlisted several influential men of the city in its behalf, and found most of its first pupils. In all her efforts for the deaf, Mrs. Bailey has had the enthusiastic cooperation of her daughter.

## NEWS OF THE DAY.

Chang, the famous Chinese giant, died in England.

The King of Ashantee, West Africa, was stoned to death.

Julius Froebel, a noted Swiss statesman, died in Zurich.

There was a heavy snow-storm in the middle counties of England.

An artesian well at Schneidemuhl, Prussia, has overflowed the town.

Sir Andrew Clark, the distinguished English physician, died in London.

A new Russian ironclad monitor was launched in the presence of the Czar.

A number of educated women have been arrested at Warsaw as Socialists.

Pierre Tchaikovsky, the Russian composer, died in St. Petersburg, of cholera.

Henri Labouchere denounced the massacre of the Matabeles as a battle, not a war.

Nearly a thousand people were killed and injured in the explosion at Santander.

Earthquake shocks are reported to have been felt in the British West India island Dominica.

Heavy snow-storms prevailed in Northern New-York. Eight inches of snow fell at Dunkirk.

The police of Milan surprised a meeting of Anarchists, and arrested sixty-three of them.

A number of cases of cholera in Italy have been traced to infection from the drinking water.

Emperor William sent his portrait as present to the United States Minister to Norway and Sweden.

The Committee on Organization of the World's Exposition in 1900 in Paris has already approved a site.

Two French officers were arrested in Kiel, having in their possession plans of German fortifications.

It is reported that Admiral Mello is receiving financial assistance from Monarchist committees in London and in Paris.

The chief of the military police at Melilla was court-martialed and shot for smuggling arms and ammunition for the use of the Rifians.

Highwaymen who robbed a mail coach on the mountains near Rome, were captured in a farmhouse and nearly all the booty recovered.

In the Vistula district, in Russia, the Cossacks fired into a mob of peasants, who tried to rescue a number of Catholic priests who had been exiled.

The Italian government has proposed that naval squadrons of Germany, Austria and Italy hold a combined demonstration in the Mediterranean.

Dr. Carl Peters, the German explorer, arrived in London on his way home from the United States. He will probably seek permission from the German government to publish his impressions of America.

The Rifians at Melilla, are reported to be making overtures for peace. The Sultan of Morocco has acceded to the Spanish demands for reparation for the Rifians' assaults upon the Spanish fortifications.

The British forces, with their Maxim guns, slaughtered two thousand Matabeles in a recent engagement. The British lost only five men. Several of the Matabele commanders committed suicide after the battle.

Prof. Garner, an American scientist who spent three months in the interior of Africa, studying the methods of communication between monkey tribes, claims to have established the fact that there is a monkey language, and that it can be learned by man.

The Anarchists of Barcelona continue to place bombs in public places. The fortunate discovery of an infernal machine by several workmen prevented a deadly explosion. The gates of the Civic Guard barracks in a Spanish town were blown up by a dynamite.

During an operatic performance in the Lyceum Theater at Barcelona, an Anarchist in the gallery threw two dynamite bombs, which exploded as they struck the lower floor, killing sixteen people, injuring many others, and causing a panic, in which a number of women and children were crushed and trampled.



## LOCAL NEWS.

Miss Harris visited Baltimore last Saturday, returning on the evening train.

Quite a number of our little ones are passing through the various stages of whooping-cough, but are doing well, and we anticipate no serious trouble.

Miss Kate Sarges, of Boonsboro, is visiting Miss Barry at the School. She brought from her pleasant home a very choice collection of chrysanthemums which have been greatly admired.

The Veazey Athletic Club have lately become very fond of the new game of "Roundabout," a kind of foot-ball game. It is far safer than that used in colleges. It is played almost like a game of base-ball.

The marriage of Miss Frederika Henshaw, of "Moreland," Frederick Co., to Mr. Alexander Norris, of "Barrymore," Fauquier Co., Va., which was solemnized in the Episcopal Church, at Adamstown last week, was largely attended by relatives and friends of the happy pair. Among the guests was Miss Harris, who is a cousin of the groom. She reports a very beautiful ceremony, and a most delightful reception.

Through the courtesy of the management our pupils had the pleasure of attending the great flower show on last Friday afternoon. The beautiful display of chrysanthemums elicited many expressions of delight from the youthful visitors, while the banana, india-rubber, palm and fig trees excited their especial interest. Mr. Herman, one of our enterprising florists, kindly presented many of them with flowers, and all returned, with sparkling eyes, having enjoyed themselves to the utmost.

## IN TOWN.

The Fisk Jubilee Singers appeared in the Opera House, last week, under the Auspices of the F. C. Y. M. C. A. management; and on last Friday evening, "a concert was given by the Mendelsohn Quintette club, as previously announced on the season tickets of entertainment. The course promises to be a very delightful one.

## OTHER SCHOOLS.

One of the boys at the Kansas School for the Deaf was struck by the cars while walking on the railroad. He and two other boys were after nuts, Saturday afternoon. The boy will recover.—*Minn. Companion.*

We have a number of poets (pupils) and other famous people at this Institution. There is a Dickens, a Bryant, a Burns, three Moores, a Washington, two Grover Cleverlands, a King, and two Queens. We ought to be famous.—*Ky. D. Inst.*

The four rooms in the new school house are heated by steam now. The teachers and pupils do not have to watch stoves to prevent the fire going out any more. The radiators have been nicely painted and look very handsome.—*Ky. D. Mute.*

The trustees are studying the pros and cons of the various sites offered for the new school, and they will probably arrive at a decision in the matter very soon. We are cramped in our present premises, and in the interests of health and safety, the new school is an urgent necessity.—*Oregon Sign.*

Our new building is at last finished. The slate, for which we have waited so long, arrived Wednesday and next week we will move into our new rooms. Every class in the house will have brand-new quarters except the articulation and art classes, and they say they are very well satisfied to remain where they are.—*Ark. Optic.*

Mr. Spruit, our grammar teacher, enacts a novel scheme to promote the habit of reading among the pupils. He requires the pupils of the advanced department to write upon their slates every Monday the most important news that transpired during the preceding week. It is a good scheme and so far has met with success.—*Id. Deaf Hawkeye.*

Many of the older pupils who attended school at Turtle Creek will regret to learn that the old buildings which formed the institution at that place have been torn down and the ground on which they stood laid off in town lots. The tearing down of the build-

ings will bring up many recollections of life there, and cause many to wish that they could have been preserved.—*Western Pennsylvanian.*

As far as the records of the school show, the year 1882 with an enrollment of 304 for the whole year has never been equalled. We are already ahead of that, and the possibility is that we will considerably add to the number yet.

Fifty-seven of the pupils here are new pupils, who are here for the first time. Seven of these are under nine years of age.—*Mich. D. M. Mirror.*

The folks at the Oregon School use wood for fuel. The boys there develop their muscle, get up an appetite for meals and learn to become good citizens in general by cutting and splitting it into proper lengths. The other day they finished the winter supply—150 cords—and celebrated the fact in a becoming manner,—just how, those folks who have lived in the country and split wood themselves will not need to inquire.—*Ky. D. Mute.*

The *Ky. Deaf Mute* says the Colorado School might get up a respectable "Happy Family of the Nations" as it contains quite a number of Mexican children and four full-blooded Ute Indians, and the *Index* then announces that representatives from England, Scotland, Wales, Denmark, Norway, Prussia, and Canada, and twenty of the 44 states of the Union, besides three of the territories, and one solitary son of Ham, also find a hospitable home in the school.

After next week class exercises in the evening in this school will be done away with. Thereafter school exercises proper will begin at 8 a.m. and last until 1:30 p.m. Dinner will be had at 1:30 p.m. and the industrial departments will be open to pupils, (excepting regular shop pupils,) from 2 p.m. until 5 p.m. We make this change because we have tried both plans and we find the one we are just changing into by far the better, being the richer of good results.—*Ark. Optic.*

The Oregon and Colorado Schools are in precisely the same fix in one respect. The last legislature of each state made a special appropriation of \$25,000 for additional building. Oregon required more room for its school work and Colorado an industrial building. The money to build these has not been paid, and in each case it is because of the bad financial condition of the treasuries. Colorado is unable to dispose of the warrants at a satisfactory price at this time. There was a fair chance that the warrants would be sold last spring soon after the legislature adjourned, but the changes made in the Board by the Governor caused the negotiations for placing the warrants to fall through. The warrants may yet find a purchaser, but in view of the unsettled condition of the money market, the prospect is not as bright as it should be.—*Ec.*

While the various schools for the deaf give more or less attention to the industrial training of female pupils, it seems that it has remained for the Western Pennsylvania Institution to first organize a department for special training in domestic duties, looking to thorough preparation in the very important accomplishment of house-keeping and home-making. This department is known as the Girls' Industrial School, and, it is explained, "is in no way connected with the Main Institution except in its interests." From the outline given of its organization and aims, the idea seems a particularly happy one, and while the matter is yet but an experiment much may be confidently expected of it ultimately, fostered as it is by the officers of the institution and in the direct charge of one so eminently qualified as Louisa K. Thompson.—*Miss. D. M. Voice.*

Last Friday the Institution was honored by a visit from Mr. Sen Tsuda, of Tokyo, Japan, one of the founders and supporters of the school for the deaf in that country. Mr. Tsuda is one of the most prominent and progressive citizens of Japan, and is in this country to visit the World's Fair, and to study the systems of rapid transit in the principal cities of the country. Besides his fine business qualifications, Mr. Tsuda is a gentleman of rare attainments and education. His interest in the deaf is great, and he has devoted no little time in studying the systems in vogue in this country, and will no doubt be able to assist materially in

the progress of deaf-mute instruction in his own country upon his return. In Tokyo, as in a number of schools for the deaf in this country, the school for the blind is in connection and under the same management, although it is, of course, entirely divided in the school work.—*Indiana Silent Hoosier.*

## ABOUT THE DEAF.

Helen Keller is to contribute the story of her life to the *Youth's Companion*. This production will be one of the special features of that publication next year.

Mr. H. De Long, a recent graduate of the National Deaf-Mute College, was recently elected a teacher at the Virginia School for the Deaf, his salary being \$75 per month, with board.

Philip Emery, the founder of the Kansas school and of the Chicago day school for the deaf, is the owner of a fine fruit farm on the St. Joseph River, Michigan, in addition to a valuable Chicago property.

Mr. Oscar Peterson, a graduate of the Kansas School for the Deaf claimed a good homestead about ten miles east of Pond Creek, Oklahoma Territory, when the Cherokee Strip was opened to the settlers last September. He has built a good house.

A firm that is rapidly coming to the front in Topeka is that of Wright, Worrall & Jones, printers and engravers, who are now located in spacious and desirable quarters on the ground floor in the Odd Fellows' Temple. Mr. Jones is a graduate of the Michigan School.

R. C. Wall of the Wall Manufacturing Company, Philadelphia, is about to place on the market bicycles of his own manufacture. He has recently been in Pittsburg on business. Mr. Wall is deaf, and an example of what push and energy can now accomplish in spite of such inconveniences.

John Peterson, a pupil of the School for the Deaf, at Delavan, Wisconsin, was killed by the breaking of his neck, in a recent game of foot-ball between the eleven of his school, and the Beloit College eleven. Young Peterson was an exemplary student and his death is deeply deplored.

Frank Bartlett, the postmaster of East Nottingham, N. H., is a deaf-mute, but is said to be efficient and well-liked by his townsmen. Few strangers visit the place, and he knows every man, woman, and child living in it, so there is not much need of talk in the post-office.

Albert A. Barnes of New York, who has been employed for many years in the Money Order Department of the Post-office in that city, has been promoted to the position of chief clerk in the Swiss Bureau of the same department. He fills the position with entire satisfaction to his superior.

A dozen of the best-known gentlemen among the deaf-mutes of Boston have organized what is known as the Deaf-Mutes' Provident Aid Association of Massachusetts. This organization has as its object the lending a helping hand to the sick and needy deaf-mutes worthy of assistance, in the way of groceries, provisions and fuel.

Application was made during the summer for admission to the West Virginia school of two women, one fifty and the other fifty-three years of age. Of course, they were not admitted, being too old to receive any material benefit from the school. The case excites profound pity and serves as a lesson which should be heeded by parents.

Senator Washburn, of Minnesota, has a son who is deaf and who graduated from the National Deaf-Mute College, at Washington, D. C., a few years ago. Since that time young Washburn has done considerable traveling both in this country and Europe, and it is believed is now studying architecture with the object of adopting that profession as his life work.

The *Missouri Record* says: Bridgeport, Conn., has a little deaf boy, who makes quite a living by selling newspapers. We know several boys in this State, who have in this way, earned enough to pay for their schooling; and the *Utah Deseret Eagle* adds: One of our pupils is a No. 1. newsboy, and earns many a nickel during vacation.

Glenn Pierson, the boys' supervisor, in the *Oregon School*, is deaf. His alarm clock rings at half past five every morning, but he never hears it. However, he has several small boards connected with the bell in such a way that when the alarm rings they are released and drop one after the other on the floor. He feels the vibration and is thus aroused from his slumber.

Through the efforts of the Pas-a-Pas Club of Chicago, the plaster cast of French's Group of Thomas Gallaudet teaching his first pupil, Alice Cogswell, and Douglas Tilden's plaster cast of his statue "The Tired Boxer," have been placed in the Chicago Memorial Art Institute, with the bust of Abbe D' L' Epee which was made and presented to the Deaf of America by Felix Plessis, of France. The Art Institute is the place where the recent Congresses of the Deaf were held.

Mr. A. M. Blanchard, of St. Louis, Mo., is a very intelligent and agreeable gentleman, and an artist of great taste and skill. He has just finished a heading for the *Optic*, published at the *Arkansas School*, which very greatly improves the looks of that paper. He has often visited the Arkansas School, having won his wife there some two years ago, but though he is deaf no School for the Deaf, can claim him as a graduate. He is a St. Louis boy, and was educated in the public schools of that city, and at Washington College.

In the recent accident at Portland, Oregon, where an electric car ran through an open draw into the Willamette river, Mr. Theodore Bennick, a deaf-mute, was one of the victims.

Mr. Bennick was a German by birth, with the blue eyes and light hair characteristic of his race. He received his education at the Wisconsin School for the Deaf, was about forty years of age, and had long been employed at Power's furniture manufactory. In Wisconsin he was married to Martha Taylor, also a deaf-mute. Besides a widow, three bright little children, the youngest of whom is not yet three months old, are left to mourn his sad and untimely fate. Mr. Bennick was a skilled workman, and noted for his steady, industrious habits, which had enabled him to acquire a nice home and property.

## Pupils' Compositions.

## "Make-Believe."

Little Jack had been spending a day or two at his indulgent grandmother's, and at the end of the second day the old lady observed with some surprise that the sugar-bowl which had been full in the morning, was quite empty at night. Knowing as do wise grandmothers that cats do not often eat sugar and that rats prefer cheese, she decided that it was Jack himself. She called him to her. "Jack," said Grandmother, "Haven't you had more sugar than that I gave you?" "Yes," said Jack with a smile. "It was part of the game." "What was your game, dear?" asked Grandmother. "Why I was playing that there was a little boy spending the day with me and of course I had to have some sugar for him and I was he." His grandmother forgave him, but she was careful to lock up the sugar-bowl after that. M. H. E.

## "Cockle-doodle-doo"

An old sailor says that when he was a young lad, he shipped on a vessel that was going to the Arctic Ocean. After some months the salt meat gave out and the sailors were forced to eat chickens and roosters on the voyage. They grumbled because they often ate fowls. The young sailor thought that he was smart. When he saw a fowl brought to a table, he crowed, "Cockle-doodle-doo!" One day the steward brought a fowl to the captain's table, and Joe crowed, "Cockle-doodle-doo!" He did not know that the captain was near him. The captain called him and pointed to a spar and said, "Get up!" But Joe did not obey him. The captain threatened and intended to whip him with a rope. Then he obeyed him and got up. The captain said to him, "I should like to hear how you can crow." But Joe refused to crow and the captain threatened him and went near him. He obeyed him and began to crow. The captain said to him, "You must keep it up till I tell you to stop." He crowed for ten minutes. His wind gave out and he stopped. But the captain thundered at him, "I did not tell you to stop." Joe said to him, "My wind has given out." The captain said to Joe, "You must crow again." He crow-

ed for ten minutes again. The captain said to him, "Stop! Have you had enough of crowing?" Joe said to him, "Yes Sir." The captain said to him, "So have I" and sent him forward.

You can believe that he never crowed again on that vessel.

C. W.

## Benjamin Franklin.

Benjamin Franklin was the son of a tallow-chandler. He was born in Boston in the year of 1706. He learned the printer's trade in his brother's printing-office. He was studious from boyhood.

When he was seventeen years old, he went to Philadelphia, and got work as a journeyman printer. He worked faithfully for several years. Then he became the owner of a printing office. He published an almanac called "Poor Richard's almanac."

It became well-known all over the world for its wise sayings. He published, and edited the best newspaper in the American colonies. He was the Post-master General for the colonies.

He discovered electricity. He proved that lightning is electricity. He invented the lightning-rod.

He went to London as agent for the colonies. He worked very hard, and succeeded in getting the Stamp Act repealed. He was one of the Committee to draft the Declaration of Independence. He went to France in 1776, as ambassador and negotiated the treaty with France.

Without this treaty, the colonies would not have succeeded perhaps in getting their independence. He helped make the treaty of peace with England in 1782. He helped to frame the Constitution in 1787.

He died in Philadelphia in 1790. He was eighty-four years old, when he died.

It is said of Franklin, "he wrested the thunder from the sky and the scepter from tyrants." H. K.

## The Story of the Morning Glory Seed.

(Read from the lips.)

A little girl one day in the month of May dropped a Morning-glory seed into a small hole in the ground and said, "Now Morning-glory Seed hurry, grow, grow, grow, until you are a tall vine covered with pretty green leaves and trumpet flowers." The earth was dry for the rain had not come for a long time, the tree-seed grew not at all and patiently waited for nine days and nine nights. The seed said to the ground around it, "Please give me some drops of water, for my brown coat is dry. Then my brown coat will grow softer and softer until at last it can burst open and set free my two green seed-leaves and I can begin to be a vine."

The ground said, "You must ask of the rain."

The seed called to the rain, "Please come down and wet the ground so that it may give me a few drops of water, then will my brown coat grow softer and softer until at last it can burst open and set free my two green seed-leaves and I can begin to be a vine."

The rain said, "I cannot unless the clouds hang lower."

The seed called to the clouds, "O clouds, let the rain come and wet the ground around me so that my brown coat can grow softer and softer until at last it can burst open and set free my two green seed-leaves. Please give me some drops of water."

The clouds said, "The sun must hide first." The seed called to the sun, "Hide for a little while and let the clouds hang lower, the rain come down and wet the ground around me so that my brown coat can grow softer and softer until at last it burst open and set free my two green seed-leaves."

The sun said, "I will do it" and it was gone in a flash and the clouds hung lower and lower, the rain fell faster and faster, the ground became wetter and wetter and the seed grew softer and softer and it burst open and the two green seed-leaves came out and the Morning-glory Seed began to be a vine. M. H. E.

At the Birtle Indian School, Winnipeg, Man., three girl pupils, their ages ranging from seven to thirteen years, were drowned while crossing a creek in the school grounds. A fourth pupil and the teacher, Miss McLeod, narrowly escaped drowning while attempting to save the others.



## O. U. G. H.

I'm taught p-l-o-u-g-h-  
 Shall be pronounced "plow."  
 "Zat's easy ven you know," I say.  
 "Mon Anglals I'll get through (ow.)"

My teacher say zat in zat case  
 O-u-g-his "oo."  
 And zen I laugh and say to him,  
 "Zees Anglals make me cough (oo.)"

He say "Not coo, but in zat word,  
 O-u-g-h is "off"  
 O, sacre bleu! such varied sounds  
 Of words make me hiccough! (off)

He say, "Again, mon friend ees wrong!  
 O-u-g-h is "up."  
 In hiccough." Zen I cry, "No more,  
 You make my throat fell rough (up)."

"Non! non!" he cry, "you are not right—  
 O-u-g-h is 'uff.'"  
 I say, I try to speak your words,  
 I can't prononz zem though!" (uff)

"In time you'll learn, but now you're wrong,  
 O-u-g-h is "owe."  
 "I'll try no more, I sall go mad,  
 I'll drown me in ze lough!" (owe)

"But ere you drown yourself," said he,  
 "O-u-g-h is 'ock!'"  
 He taught no more! I held him fast!  
 And killed him wiz a rough! (ock)

—Sel.

## GLEANINGS.

Dean Stanley wrote such bad copy that the printers charged half a crown a sheet extra for setting it up. Lord Byron and Macaulay also wrote wretchedly.

"Papa, what is a king?" "A king, my child, is a person whose authority is unlimited, whose word is law, and whom everybody obeys." "Papa, is mamma a king?"—*Free Lance.*

The longest single telegraph wire span in the world is that across the river Kistnah, between Bezorah and Sectamazon, India. Stretched from one mountain to another, the wire is more than 6,000 feet in length.

There are now four hundred and sixty students on the role of Vassar College. In the new class of '97 there are four daughters of alumnae. The society of the grand-daughters of the college now consists of six members.

Doctor's night-bell rings furiously at 2 A.M.

Doctor (head out the window)—"Well?"

Shrill voice from below—"No, imbecile—ill!"

Next to Westminster Abbey, there is no place of sepulture of such historic interest in the British Isles as Bunhill Fields, the last resting place of John Bunyan, Daniel Defoe and Isaac Watts.

Bertie Van New—I don't mind giving you ten cents for a drink, but why do you carry that deucedly big stick? Frayed Idler—Sor, Oi wor wunst a dude loike yureself; an' doan' know what to do wid me hands widout a cane!—*Puck.*

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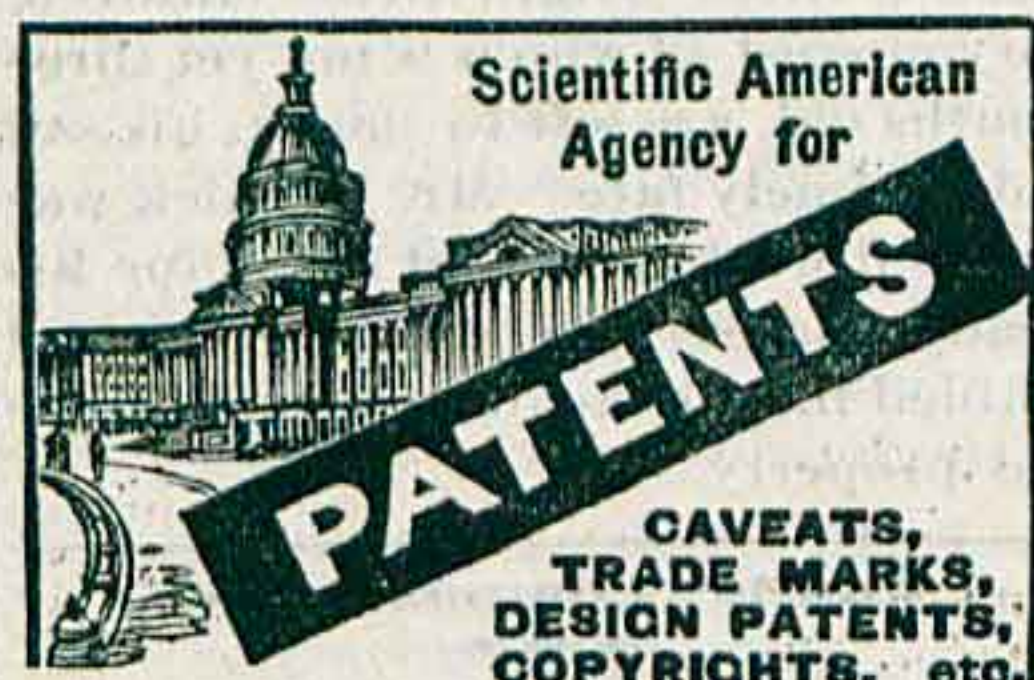
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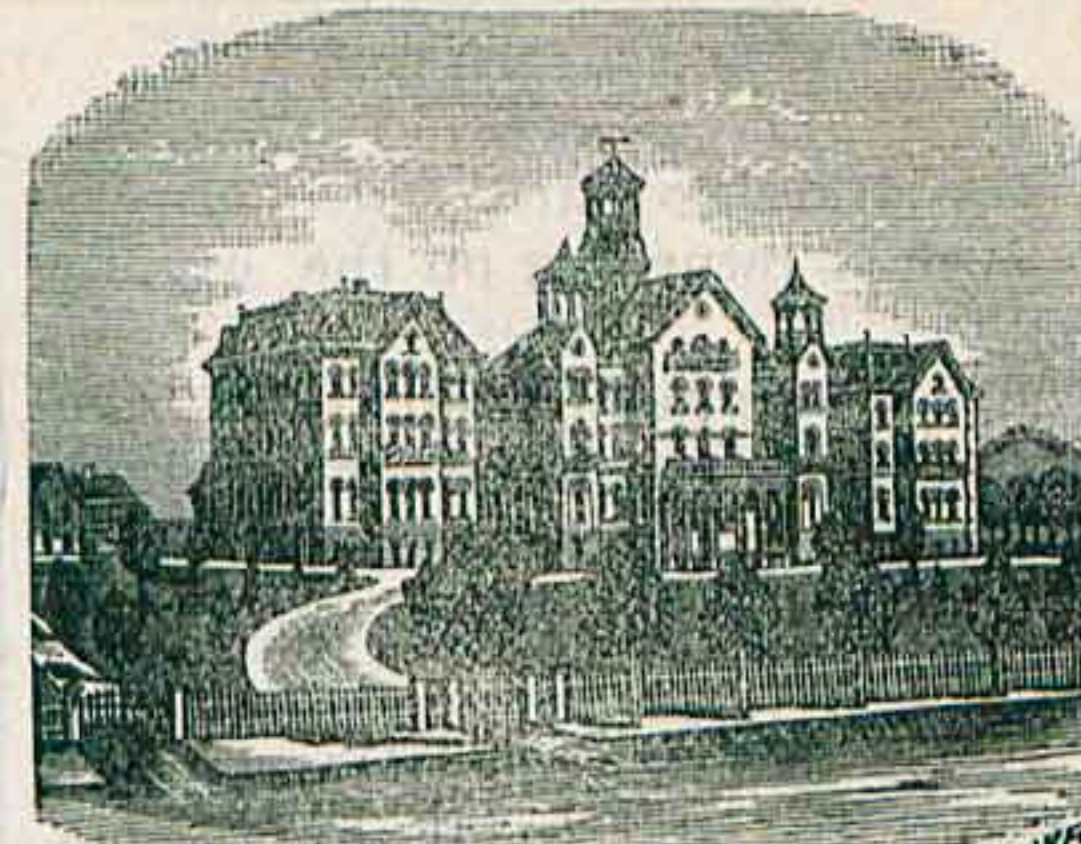
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## Maryland



## Bulletin.

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

Vol. XIV.

FREDERICK MD., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1893

NO. 5.

## Rhododendron Land.

(Song of Adrian Block.)

Hard a-port! Now close to shore sail!  
 Larboard now! And drop your fore-sail!  
 See, boys, what yon point discloses,  
 Where the wind so softly blows, is  
 Heaven's own land of Ruddy Roses.

Past the Cormorant we sail!  
 Past the rippling Beaver-Tail!  
 Green the shore,—and red with flowers,  
 Sweet with singing,—fresh with showers,  
 Is this new-found land of ours!

Roses all along the sand,  
 Roses on the trees on land—  
 Rosy Beach and Rosy Highland!  
 I shall take this land for my land,  
 And I name it "Roses Island."

—The Cosmopolitan.

## The Chances.

Not long ago a rich American died, leaving an only son, a young man of twenty. It was estimated that if the young man gave himself wholly to the care of his property, it would place him in a few years, at the ordinary rate of accumulation, among the richest men of the country.

"Ah," the public cried, "what a chance! Not one boy in millions has such a chance!"

A touching story is told in connection with the work of the Countess of Huntingdon among the colliers in the English Black Country. Finding that many of these poor miners had never heard the name of God or of Christ, she sent out preachers to hold meetings among them in the open air. Whitefield, Venn, the Wesleys were among her helpers.

In a cabin on her estate there was a crippled blind girl, named Eliza Poulard, who heard of this great work. She was carried to the castle, and asked to see Lady Huntingdon. "Can I help?" she inquired, humbly. "I never have done anything for God."

The servants would have driven her away, but the countess interfered. "She is lame and blind, and scared at her own voice," they said. "God calls His own messengers," replied the countess. "Carry her to the meeting to-night at the mines."

"Now," says the old chronicler, "Eliza, in her solitude, had learned many hymns, and her voice was of that tone that it would wing the heart of a beast. When she sang of Christ up on the cross, the women cried out and on the men wept sore. No words of the preachers were as powerful as the song of the poor cripple, lying on her pallet. They carried her from one place to another, and many people were converted by her."

It is said that when Lady Huntingdon told her of the souls she had influenced for good, her poor, ugly face grew beautiful as an angel's.

"Who would have thought He would have chosen me?" she said.

A few weeks ago a building in one of cities fell suddenly. In it were hundreds of clerks and workmen, many of whom were crushed beneath the falling mass. A colored boy who was on the street saw the crowd of victims at the windows in the upper stories.

There was no way of escape. In a moment it might be too late. He climbed to the top of the pole of an electric light, taking a ladder with him, fixed it securely at one end of the pole, and lowered the other end to the window. Fifteen lives were saved by this device.

"How did you come to think of it?" some one asked him.

"God wanted to give me a chance, I reckon," he said, reverently.

To every man and woman comes a chance. It may not be to accumulate money. They may never know the responsibilities or the temptations which lie in a great fortune, but if they choose they may share in the keen joy of making other human lives stronger and purer, or of bringing some of God's lost children home to Him.—*The Youth's Companion*.

## The Senate Pages.

Of the one hundred and ten appointments under the sergeant-at-arms of the United States Senate, those of the pages only can be said to be non-political. No boy can be appointed a page of the Senate who is not twelve years of age; and no boy can continue as a page who is sixteen years of age at the beginning of a session of Congress. It is a lucrative position, and few of the boys are not sorry when their term has ended. Usually, four of the boys who are graduated from the page's position at the beginning of a session are appointed riding-pages. Their selection depends on their records for efficiency and faithfulness. The page on the floor of the Senate draws \$2.50 a day during the session of Congress. The riding-page receives \$2.50 a day the year around, and has a horse to ride. His duties keep him out of doors a great part of the time, carrying messages between the Capitol and the departments. The position is considered more desirable than that of a floor page. Speaking of their work, the Washington *Star* says: "The page's life is a pleasant one. He must be on duty at nine o'clock each morning, but the serious business of the day does not begin until noon, when the Senate meets. Before that time he arranges the files of the *Congressional Record* and the bills and reports on the desks of the senators who have been assigned to him. There are sixteen pages and eighty-eight senators, so none of the pages have very much to do. The morning hours are not all working hours. There is a gymnasium in the basement of the Capitol, furnished especially for their use. They exercise their arms and their chests there every morning; their legs get plenty of exercise through the day."

—*New York Evening Post*.

## Wanted to buy a Wife.

A story is told of the first white woman who journeyed through New Mexico. She was the wife of a German on his way to the mining regions to seek his fortune. As the first white woman whom the savages had ever seen, she naturally made a great impression by her comeliness.

Several of the principal chiefs, followed the train of wagons for some days for the privilege of gazing on the woman's beautiful white face. One of them, a Comanche chief, expressed a wish to buy the white squaw.

"How much you take?" he asked the German, pointing to his wife.

"My wife is not for sale," replied the German supposing that the matter was only a joke.

"Me give two buffalo skins," said the savage, to whom that seemed a price not to be refused.

"No," retorted the German, more seriously.

"Me give three," said the chief, "good skins."

Then the white man promptly refused the offer, and ordered the Indian to be gone. It is said that the German felt somewhat anxious lest his "better half" should be stolen from him, and he declared that if he succeeded in getting to Santa Fe with her, he would never again run such a risk, or give any Indian a chance to tempt him with three buffalo skins. *The Youth's Companion*.

## Waves On The Great Salt Lake.

A correspondent of *The Companion* recently witnessed a most convincing proof of the weight of the salt-laden waters of the Great Salt Lake. A strong gale of wind was blowing over the lake, and driving its surface into low, white-capped ridges, while along the shore the foam lay like flat banks of new-fallen snow. If it had passed across a lake of fresh water of equal extent that wind would unquestionably have produced such an agitation of its surface that navigation in small boats would have been difficult if not highly perilous.

But the waters of the Great Salt Lake, although driven into ridges as just remarked, showed a curious resistance to the wind and the waves, and rising to only a slight elevation, moved along with an appearance of lethargy that the eye could not but notice.

argy that the eye could not but notice.

Yet there was an immense momentum stored up in those low, heavy, slow-moving waves. Venturing into the water at a point where the depth did not exceed four feet the observer found that it was impossible to stand against them. Their sheer weight swept him resistlessly along.

The curious buoyancy of the water, containing twenty-two per cent. of salt in solution, increased the helplessness of the bather. He was not submerged, as sometimes occurs in the Atlantic breakers, but was lifted and carried like a cork.

It would probably have been impossible to dive through an on-coming wave after the manner practised by bathers along the Atlantic coast. In the Great Salt Lake people are not drowned through sinking, but strangled while still afloat. The bitter water may enter the air passages with fatal effect, but the body continues to float until it reaches the shore, or is picked up.

## She Came And Went

She came and went, as comes and goes  
 The dewdrop on the morning rose,  
 Or as the tender lights that die  
 At shut of day along the sky.  
 Her coming made the dawn more bright,  
 Her going brought the sombre night;  
 Her coming made the blossoms shine,  
 Her going made them droop and pine.  
 Where'er her twinkling feet did pass,  
 Beneath them greener grew the grass:  
 The song-birds ruffled their small throats  
 To swell for her their blithest notes.

But when she went, the blushing day  
 Sank into silence chill and gray,  
 The dark its sable vans unfurled,  
 And sudden night possessed the world.  
 O fond desires that wake in vain!  
 She ne'er will come to us again;  
 And now, like vanished perfume sweet,  
 Her memory grows more vague and fleet.  
 Yet we rejoice that morn by morn  
 The sad old world seems less forlorn,  
 Since once so bright a vision came  
 To touch our lives with heavenly flame,  
 And show to our bewildered eyes  
 What beauty dwells in paradise.

In *Realms of Gold*.

## Newspaper Enmities.

Mr. Murat Halstead, writing in "The Making of a Newspaper" about his early editorial experiences, speaks of Charles Hammond of the Cincinnati *Gazette* as the Ohio editor who was paramount in the forties and fifties. He was a Whig, an ardent supporter of Henry Clay, and in general a very dignified and severe sort of man. Mr. Halstead tells one story, however, which shows that he must have had other qualities.

Mr. Hammond and Robert T. Lytle, the most accomplished Democrat of his day in Ohio, had been out together on a long walk, when it occurred to the editor of the *Gazette* that he was expected to furnish a leader for the next day, and must make haste to do it.

Lytle, loath to part with such good company, followed him, making an unaccustomed appearance in a Whig office. The shades of night were falling fast. Lytle patiently held a candle while Hammond wrote rapidly for almost an hour, when, with an expression of gratification that his work was well done, he thanked his friend for his polite and gracious attention, called a printer, handed him the copy, mentioned that he did not care to see the proof, and the two distinguished gentlemen resumed their promenade and finished the festival.

The next day it occurred to Lytle to look into the *Gazette* and see what had been produced by the pen of a ready writer while he held the candle; and to his surprise and disgust, that gradually became amusement, he found that it was a very bright, and as

he thought, extravagantly overdone, though not absolutely malicious, assault upon himself, in which his shortcomings as a politician were unsparingly reviewed, but his personal cleverness admitted with a funny pretence of reluctance.—*The Youth's Companion*.

## Legends of Heligoland Sailors.

Sylt sailors of Heligoland, in the North Frisian Islands, have a legend which compares the heavens to the roof of a great house, of which the earth is the foundation. Every night the sun disappears at the western edge of the roof of the house, and then it becomes the property of the maidens who died unmarried, and they cut the sun into little bits, while the young men who have died bachelors have constantly to go up and down a ladder sticking them into the roof's corners to give light during the night. English sailors still tell the tale of the Mary Dun of Dover, whose boom was so big that it would alternately sweep the cliffs of Dover and the coast of Calais, whose captain, or men, for versions vary, went about on horses, and whose masts were so tall that those who clambered aloft as boys came back as gray-haired men. Most marvellous of all, this ship had three decks and no bottom. This legend is found in all perfection, and with much detail, among the Frisians. A curious variant of the story, from the Lapps, is contained in the "Magyar Folk Tales," which recounts how once upon a time there was a pot so large that when cooking was going on at one end, little boys were skating at the other. One of the men to whom the pot belonged set to work to make a pair of shoes for his comrade, and used up seven ox-hides on the work. "One of them got a bit of dust in his eyes, and the other sought for it with an anchor and found during his search a three-masted ship, which was so large that a little boy who went aloft was a white-haired man when he got back again.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

## Greek Riders.

The Greek approaches more to the European than to the Oriental civilization, but in his equestrianism he may be added to the latter. There is, perhaps, no odder-looking rider than a Greek on a pack-saddle. This is made so as to be equally adapted to pack or riding, and is fairly good for the one, wretched for the other. Unlike those of all other peoples, this saddle, instead of being placed in the middle of the back, or toward the rump, is made to fit so that the centre of gravity lies directly over the place where the English pommel is. When the Greek rides this horror of a saddle he is perched directly over the horse's withers, with his legs hanging 'way in front of the animal's. The saddle comes no further rearward than the middle of the back. The seat, owing to its width, is so uncomfortable that the man is apt to ride sideways, not astride.

Just where this trick originated it is hard to say. The common Oriental habit is to get the load too far to the rear. In fact, with donkeys it is usual to ride on the weakest part of the back, just over the kidneys, because the place where the beast is most limber is the easiest to the man. With the Greek we have the fore legs loaded down to a dangerous extent; while the haunches have less than their fair share of work. A stumbler would be far from a luxury with the freight all in the bows, to speak nautically.

The Greek dress, until you get used to it, is too ladylike to be pleasing. The close-falling kilt of Scotland is natural enough. But as, in Greece, it is made in such ample folds and starched to so stiff an extent that it stands out absolutely like a ballet-girl's skirts, one never gets rid of a certain feeling of hermaphroditism, so to speak, until one has been long among the people. It is bad enough when the Greek wears his picturesque leg

gings; but when, as in Albania, he wears what the old Rollo books used to call pantalettes, one's ideas are turned topsy-turvy even more than they are in Tunis, where one sees a pretty Jewess in tight trousers and a short sack-coat. In either case one has to sit down and reflect for a moment, or pull one's self together in some other fashion.

The Greek is a high-toned fellow. Though the blood of the modern Greek is rather Albanian—as also is his dress—than traceable to the heroic Hellenes of twenty centuries ago, no prince can be more proud of his lineage, which he believes to be purity itself. The Greek peasant will strut by you with the most kingly air; he looks down with a kindly but ill-disguised contempt upon the American tourist who could buy up a whole village of his ilk and scarcely know he owned it. He has many really fine qualities, this same Greek, coupled to some we are not wont to admire; such as inordinate vanity. And in his wonderful garb, on a hard-trotting horse, so near the withers that he gets threefold the motion he would get if he sat in the middle of the back, he is a truly a spectacle for gods and men.—*Harper's Magazine*.

## HUMOR.

"Live and let live, is my motto!" cried the soldier, as he turned his back to the enemy and fled from the battlefield.

Buyer (from the province)—"Is this suit all wool?"

Jacobski (of the Rue Grenelle)—"I vont tell you a lie, mein frient, it ish not. De buttons was made of silkg."

Pretty Teacher—Now, Johnny, can you tell me what is meant by a miracle? Johnny—Yes'm. Mother says ef yew don't ketch the new parson it will be a miracle.—*Judge*.

"I never give money to beggars on the street," said the pedestrian. "But my dear sir," returned the stranger, "I can't afford an office these hard times. You expect too much."—*Bazar*.

"Humph!" sneered Miss McGay. "Here's an advertisement in the paper of a man who says he can cure freckles. He must be an idiot. What people want is something to kill freckles."—*Harper's Bazar*.

Customer (in the Cafe Riche)—"Garcon! Garcon! here, I say! I've found a button in this salad?"

Garcon, briskly (no wise disconcerted)—"Just so, just so, monsieur, it is part of the dressing."

Tourist (in Ireland)—I should like a room with an iron bedstead. Hotel Proprietor—Sorr, Oi haven't an iron bedstead in the place—they're all soft wood. But you'll foind the mattress noice and hard, sorr.—*Tit-Bits*.

Little Dot—I don't see how cows can eat grass. Little Dick—I s'pose when they is young the mother cows keeps sayin' to their children, "If you don't eat grass, you sha'n't have any pie."—*New York Telegram*.

A fearful revenge.—"I have got a fuss on hand with George," said a recently married New York lady to her mother. "What's it all about?" "He insists that I shall do the cooking." "He does, eh! Then do it. I wouldn't have any sympathy with him whatever."—*Texas Siftings*.

"Pa, what does it mean to be tried by a jury of one's peers?" "It means, my son, that a man is to be tried by a jury composed of men who are his equals, on an equality with him, so they will have no prejudice against him." Then, Pa, I s'pose you'd have to be tried by a jury of baldheaded men.—*Tit-Bits*.

Began work at once.—Fond Mother—And so my little angel joined the Little Defenders to-day, and will always be kind to dumb animals! Little Angel—Yes'm. Comin' home I met a man wif a bag full of kittens 'at he was goin' to drown, and he promised to bring them here for us to be kind to.—*Good News*.



## Bare Boughs and Buds

"Alas, alas, how the North wind grieves!"  
Said the black-ash tall, "I am losing my leaves!"  
And "Well-a-day," sighed the elm-tree old,  
"I stand in a rain of my falling gold!"  
And "Oh," cried the maple overhead,  
"On the dark ground rustles my robe of red!"  
The birch-tree shook in a yellow shower,  
And glimmered more ghostly every hour;  
While the silver poplar whispered loud  
As its shimmering leaves joined the flying  
crowd.  
A sound of mourning filled all the land,  
For the trees grew barer on either hand.  
But the little buds laughed on the twigs so  
brown  
That sprang from the branches up and down,  
As tucked in safe, and glad, and warm,  
Ready to weather the winter storm,  
They waited patiently and still  
Till the wild, cold wind should have worked its  
will,  
And blown the sad skies once more clear,  
And wakened from slumber the sweet New  
Year.

If You look, my child, at the tree-tops high,  
You'll see them clustered against the sky,  
The little brown buds that rock and swing,  
Dreaming all winter of coming spring!  
And if when April comes again,  
You watch through the veil of her balmy rain,  
You'll see them pushing out leaves like wings,  
All crowned with the beauty that patience  
brings! —Sel.

## The Slippers of Abou-Karem.

Once upon a time there dwelt at Bagdad a merchant whose avarice was something frightful. His name was Abou Karem. Although he was extremely rich, his clothes were nothing but rags, and nobody could possibly tell the original color of the cloth which formed his turban.

But the most remarkable thing about him was his pair of slippers, an extraordinary collection of scraps and shreds, which looked like the remnants of a beggar's cloak, fastened upon soles studded with huge nails. For the last ten years these wretched shoes had given employment to the most patient cobblers of the town, and whenever any one wished to describe a weighty burden he would say: "It is as heavy as Abou-Karem's slippers."

One morning the grasping merchant, who was a keen hand at a bargain, went into the public square and purchased at a very low price an assortment of crystals. A few days later he learned that a perfumer, whose affairs were embarrassed, had some attar of roses for sale. Profiting by this poor man's need, he bought the precious stuff at half-price.

Now, it is the custom of Eastern merchants, when they have conducted an advantageous bargain, to invite their friends to a feast. But Abou Karem, although much elated by his good luck, did not for an instant dream of squandering a portion of his profits upon a banquet.

He decided, however, to take a bath, as it was a long time since he had permitted himself such a luxury. In leaving his house for the purpose he chanced to meet an acquaintance, who, observing how painfully he limped in his horrible old slippers, remarked to him that he really ought to buy some new ones.

"Well, I have sometimes thought of doing so," replied Abou-Karem; "but, upon reflection, I have come to the conclusion these are not so bad and may serve me a long time yet."

When the merchant had finished his ablutions, he donned again his rags, and wound his filthy turban around his head, but instead of his own much-mended shoes he found a handsome, perfectly new pair of slippers.

Thinking that these must be a generous gift from the friend whom he had met that morning, he coolly slipped his feet into them, and returned to his dwelling in glee at being so cheaply and excellently shod.

Unfortunately for Abou-Karem, these beautiful slippers belonged to the Cadi, of Bagdad, who, almost at the same time as the miser, had visited the same bathing establishment.

The wrath of this potentate may be imagined when his slaves, searching everywhere for his slippers, found only those of Abou-Karem. The miser was promptly arrested, and dragged as a thief before the Cadi.

In vain he attempted to defend himself; nobody would listen to him. He was thrown into prison, and released only upon payment of a fine—a considerable sum, with which he might have bought many fine things.

On his return to his house, Abou-Karem, in a rage with his slippers, as being the cause of his misfortunes, flung them into the Tigris, which flowed beneath his windows. Several days afterwards some fishermen drew forth from the river a heavy net. They doubted not but that they had taken an exceptionally good haul, and rejoiced accordingly. How disgusted were they when, instead of fish they expected to see, they beheld Abou-Karem's slippers, the nails of which had broken the meshes of their net.

Disentangling them from their injured property, they hurled them furiously against the miser's windows. Falling violently into his room, the slippers smashed the bottles of attar of rose and the crystals which he had hoped to turn to such profitable account.

"Ah! hateful slippers!" exclaimed their owner, as he entered the chamber, and saw the havoc they had wrought. "At all events, you shall harm me no more!"

Then, talking with him a spade, he went into his garden, dug there a deep hole, and buried the obnoxious shoes. A neighbor, who was his enemy, seeing him thus employed, hastened to inform the governor that the lucky Abou-Karem was digging for hidden treasure. The powerful functionary's cupidity was at once excited.

In vain the merchant denied his neighbor's story, and protested that his only object in digging had been the burial of his slippers. Vainly, in order to prove his statement, he exhibited his fatal property. The governor sternly refused to believe him, and ordered him to pay a heavy fine. Abou-Karem left the presence of his implacable judge, bearing in his hands the slippers which had failed to prove his innocence, and crying in his rage: "I wish never to touch them, never to see them again!"

With these words, he threw the slippers into a reservoir which adjoined the governor's palace. Unhappily, they were sucked into an already obstructed pipe, and completely stopped the flow of the water.

Then there was a huge outcry. The engineers, summoned in hot haste to ascertain the cause of this accident, discovered of course, the clumsy slippers, and equally of course, were careful to suppress the fact that owing to their own negligence the pipe had been already partially stopped up when the slippers had been thrown in. It was Abou-Karem who had done all the mischief, doubtless out of spite against the governor.

Again he was arrested and sentenced to pay another heavy fine. His slippers, however, were scrupulously returned to him.

"What is to be done with them?" said the worried man to himself. "I have consigned them to the earth and to the water, and the result in each case has been most disastrous. It only remains for me to commit them to the flames. But as they are so soaked with water and mud, it will be necessary first to dry them."

Thus cogitating, he carried them up to the roof of his house and deposited them upon the terrace. Alas! a dog, amusing himself upon a neighboring terrace, leaped upon that of Abou-Karem, began to play with those luckless slippers, dragged one of them to the edge of the roof, and let it fall upon the head of a woman who, carrying a child in her arms, was walking in the street below.

Upon the summons of the woman's husband, Abou-Karem was arrested for the fourth time, and punished more severely than ever for having nearly killed a mother and her child.

After the sentence had been pronounced, the merchant, turning a rueful face towards the Cadi, addressed him thus:

"Most puissant judge! I submit myself humbly to your decree. I will pay the fine, and undergo my chastisement. But I implore of you this one favor—protect me against my terrible slippers! They have caused me to be imprisoned, humiliated, ruined, and have put me in peril of capital punishment. Who knows to what danger they might not yet expose me? Be just and merciful! Let me hope that the evils which they have brought about may be no longer attributed to me, but rather to these instruments of wicked spirits!"

The Cadi acceded to this request, promising that he would himself take charge of the fatal shoes. At the same time, he warned the avaricious Abou-Karem that true economy does not consist in the continual amassing of wealth, but rather in the wise regulation of needful expenditure.—*Current Literature.*

## A Heart felt Sorrow.

There are, properly speaking, two parts to this story; the first part could very well be left out, only it gives us some explanations which may be useful.

We were staying once in a country house; the master and mistress were away on a visit, and during their absence a good lady arrived from the neighbouring town, bringing with her a pug-dog, and some shares in a tan-yard which belonged to her. The shares were for sale, and we advised her to put them in an envelope and address it to the master of the house, "General of the commissariat-department, knight, &c., &c."

She listened with great attention, took the pen, paused, and begged us to say it again very slowly. We did so, and then she began to write, but in the middle of "General of the commissariat—" she stopped, sighed deeply, and said, "I am but a woman!" As she wrote, the pug curled himself up on the floor and growled; he too was travelling for his health and amusement, and they might have offered him something better than the floor to lie on. As far as looks went, he was a mixture of snub-nose and beer-barrel.

"He won't bite any one," said the lady; "he has no teeth. He is quite one of the family—faithful, but crusty. That, however, is because my grandchildren tease him; they are fond of playing at weddings, and they will make him act the bridesmaid. It is such a trouble to him, poor little doggie."

She sent off her papers, and lifted the pug into her arms. That is the first part that could have been left out.

The pug died. It was about a week later; we arrived at the town, and took rooms in the inn. Our windows looked into a courtyard, which was divided into two parts by a wooden wall. In one part there hung all manner of hides

and skins, dressed and undressed; it was the widow's tan-yard. Her pug had died that very morning, and was buried in the yard; and the grandchildren of the widow—I mean the tanner's widow, for the pug have never been married—were closing in the grave; such a well-made grave, that it must have been a pleasure to lie in it.

Sand was strewn over it, and a neat row of flower pots placed all round; on the top was a broken beer bottle, with the neck uppermost; it was not altogether allegorical.

The children danced round the grave, and the eldest of them, a practical youngster of seven years old, proposed that they should exhibit the grave to all the children in the alley at the back, the admittance fee to be one trouser-button for each person. Every boy would be sure to have a trouser-button, and could give one to a little girl. The proposal was agreed to by all.

All the children from the alley-way, even out of the little side street, came crowding in, and everyone brought a button; so that the town was full of boys going about with only one brace to their trousers; but then they had seen the pug's grave, and the sight was worth far more than that.

Outside in the street, before the tan-yard gates, stood a little ragged girl, with a pretty face, blue eyes, and curling hair. She did not cry or speak to any one, but every time the gates were opened she cast a long, wistful glance into the space beyond. She knew she could not go in, for she had no button, so she waited sorrowfully till the gates were shut, and every one had gone away, and then she sat down, with her face hidden in her little brown hands, and cried as if her heart would break. She was the only one who had not seen the pug's grave. It was a sorrow as deep as the sorrows of grown men and women.

We saw all this from above, and seen from above, it-like so many troubles of our own and other people's—can call forth a smile.

That is the story, and who ever does not understand it, had better take some shares in the widows' tan yard.—*Hans Christian Andersen.*

## At The World's Fair.

Dear "Little Ones": I wish I could tell you all that I saw at the big World's Fair last June; but as that would not be possible, I can only try to tell you a little of what I saw of some of the children and child-doings there.

First, there is the Children's Building, built specially for them, and on the roof is a splendid play-ground—if it could be called "a ground" being on the roof! There is a rail all around, to prevent falling off, and it is very pretty with vines and flowers and birds. But the gymnasium, just for boys and girls, is the best play-room, and it is full of them all the time. Swinging on rings, learning in classes, from such a pleasant, kind man, how to swing clubs and dumb-bells, and jumping "leap-frog" over wooden horses—all the jolly things grown-up people do to make them strong and have fun at the same time. It is such a rest and treat to the children to spend an hour or two there, instead of having to look at things they do not care to see with their parents all day.

There was also the school for poor wee ones who are deaf, and so must be taught to talk at four and five years old! They have to watch the motion that lips take to make the sounds—to hear with their eyes! Just think! And very eager they are to learn. The teachers are patient and kind, for the little ones make tiresome noises, and cries, not knowing how it sounds themselves. It is a good sight to see them being taught, so that they need not be shut away from other people all their lives, by not being able to talk.

Outside of two inner windows in this building there is always a great crowd of people, all looking at a very pretty sight. "Crecche" is a French word for a very nice thing. It means "cradle," and is a nursery, clean and airy, where babies can be left to sleep, and eat, and play in cosy comfort, while their mothers are free to walk about, seeing the Fair. You'd surely think them most happy and fortunate babies; but when I made sketches there, each baby was calling for its own special mamma, and would not be comforted! Sometimes they did not cry at all; but one crying would soon start them all—big ones and little, brown-headed babies and golden—and such a noise they would make! They had lovely swinging chairs, and large comfortable baskets also swinging, and everything to make a baby happy, so that those who did not want mother too badly were very happy. One baby was the pet of all the nurses, because he never cried.

In my next letter, for I have no more room in this, I'll try to tell you some more.

So good-by till then,

—Our Little Ones.

## Friendly Indian Neighbors.

It was a good many years ago before ever a steamer ploughed its way up the largest river in Maine, that my father took his family and built a home in the woods, near Matawamkey.

The Penobscot Indians were our nearest neighbors. They built their huts of hemlock bark in the forests in sight of our clearing. Friendly and

neighborly they were. No terror thrilled our childish hearts at the sound of their midnight songs. We peeped shyly into the low, fan-shaped door of their wigwams, and now and then had a sail on the river in their birch bark canoes.

My father preached sometimes in their villages, or the islands, and the Indians knew that he was called a "Quaker" or "Friend" by white settlers. It was well known, too, that he carried no firearms. He would not shoot so much as a deer that often drank at the brook where he watered the cows.

Strangers wondered that my mother should allow a "squaw" to come in her kitchen and borrow a tiny pail of molasses, or a small quantity of flour, with which to bake a breakfast in the ashes of the lodge fire. But my mother always shared, even though her own supply was often small.

At times, some Indians in need, would come in the night, and creeping close up to the window, cry, "Mr. Friend, Mr. Quaker; give us matches. Give us bread."

Hospitable themselves, and generous to a fault, they never dreamed of asking too much, nor did my parents ever complain.

One time in midwinter my father was called twenty miles away to attend a funeral, and my mother went with him. The morning was bright, but before night there came a dreadful storm. The snow drifted over everything, and the roads were impassable. Our parents were snowed in at Mo-lun-kus, and we children were snowed under at home. But there was wood in the shed; and potatoes in the cellar, and flour in the barrel. The first day we were happy, the second day we were lonesome, and the third day we were impatient.

Just at nightfall an Indian voice outside called out, "Little Friends, little Quakers, open door."

We did open the door, and in tumbled a big drift of snow. Then appeared two Indians on snowshoes, who carried, one, a haunch of freshly killed bear meat, and the other a venison ham. Game was plenty then, and knowing that we were little prisoners behind icy bars, these redskinned neighbors of ours had remembered us.

No smoking roast since then has tasted half so luscious as did that slice of bear's steak broiled on the coals at the great open fire. Though I have heard many people declare that "bear is poor eating."

When our parents returned, and we told our story, my father said to my mother, "Thee sees we have good neighbors. The Lord takes care of his children."—*Our Little Men and Women.*

## An Army Kitten.

One evening, toward the close of the war, while Union soldiers lay in camp on a hillside near the Staunton River, the cry of "Halt! who goes there?" from a sentry startled every lounge to his feet, and several of the more curious ran to the guard-line to find out what the trouble was. A minute later, all knew that the night visitor who had been challenged was no enemy. A little girl, about ten years of age, holding a little white kitten, came forward into the light of the fires, conducted by two soldiers who looked as proud as if they were escorting a queen. The whole regiment gathered, including the colonel himself to look at the child and hear her tell her story. A very short story it was—scarcely a paragraph; but there was matter enough in it for a full chapter. She lived near by with her father, who was sick and poor; and they were Northerners, she said, and "Union folks." Her mother was dead, and her brother had been killed while fighting in the Federal army. She "wanted to give something," and when Union soldiers came she thought she would bring her pet kitten and present it to the colonel.

The colonel took the little girl in his arms and kissed her, and her kitten too, and he was not a bit ashamed of his weakness. He accepted the kitten with thanks; and its innocent donor was gallantly waited on to her humble home, loaded with generous contributions.

The white kitten was adopted by the regiment, but was considered the property and special pet of the colonel; and when the war was over he took it home with him. Like the white lamb that stayed and fed with the victors after the battle of Antietam, the little creature was a daily inspiration to better feelings and thoughts in the presence of all that is worst—a living flag of truce gleaming among the thunder-clouds of human passion and strife.—*Harper's Young people.*

## A Cat Elevator.

It has become such an every-day convenience to be hoisted in an elevator car at railroad speed to the tenth floor of a high office building that one regards it as a matter of course. It has remained for an East Weymouth couple, however, to apply the principle of the elevator to the feline economy of the household with gratifying results.

Mr. and Mrs. G. live in upper apartments; therefore Mr. G. had to go down and up stairs every time their half-grown kitten was put out of doors or let in. This became monotonous. So one day Mr. G. placed the cat in a basket, tied a rope to the handle, and lowered the cat, Paul-like, to the ground. The

cat evidently grasped the situation at once, for since that time she has rarely been let in or out of the door, but has made her perpendicular pilgrimages with all the gravity of an old business man. The most remarkable circumstance is that she now gets into the basket as it rests on the ground beneath the window and mews lustily until taken in. If there were a set of electric buttons for her to push, "Up once, down twice," she would probably learn the combination. As it is, she is the cause of a mild summer sensation in the town, and is proudly exhibited by her owner as a feline heroine.—*Boston Journal.*

## Appealing to Ben Butler's Sentiment.

Here is one of the numberless stories told of Ben Butler: The narrator had an important law case on, and believed that Ben Butler was the man to win it. Butler was in Washington, so he went to the capital, and after two days succeeded in obtaining an interview with the general, who declared that he was overwhelmed with work. He would not take the case for \$1,000 a day.

"General," said his visitor, as Butler turned abruptly to his work, "I was born in the same town with you." He grunted, but wasn't otherwise affected, so far as the visitor saw.

"Do you remember little Miss—?" And the boy who used to send notes to her, and the boy who used to take them? I am the boy who took them." "And I am the boy who sent them," said the general.

He held out his hand. "I guess I'll take your case after all," he said; And he did, and won it.—*Sel.*

## Syrian and Indian Rugs.

The prayer carpets or rugs sold in our stores are the product of the leisure moments of Syrian and Indian women. In every house there is a loom, and when the woman is not otherwise busy she sits down at it and does a few moments' work. Of course she works by snatches, which explains the story that some of these rugs were on the loom for twelve or eighteen months, but they would not have been had she been able to work continuously. When a rug is done she sells it at once to the traveling merchant, who hands it over to the city merchant, and in time it finds its way, at a constantly increasing price, to Europe or America.

## An Ancient Yankee Notion.

We are indebted to Pompeii for the great industry of canned fruit. Years ago, when the excavations were just beginning, a party of Cincinnatians found in what had been the pantry of a house many jars of preserved figs. One was opened, and they were found to be fresh and good. Investigation showed that the figs had been put into jars in a heated state, an aperture left for the steam to escape, and then sealed with wax. The hint was taken, and the next year fruit-canning was introduced into the United States; the process being identical with that in vogue at Pompeii twenty centuries ago.—*American Druggist.*

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