

May.

I feel a newer life in every gale;
The winds that fan the flowers,
And with their welcome breathings fill the sail,
Tell of serener hours,—
Of hours that glide unfelt away
Beneath the sky of May.

The spirit of the gentle south-wind calls
From his blue throne of air,
And where his whispering voice in music falls,
Beauty is budding there;
The bright ones of the valley break
Their slumbers and awake.

The waving verdure rolls along the plain,
And the wide forest weaves,
To welcome back its playful mates again,
A canopy of leaves;
And from its darkening shadow floats
A gush of trembling notes.

Fairer and brighter spreads the reign of May;
The tresses of the woods
With the light dallying of the west-west play;
And the full-brimming floods,
As gladly to their goal they run,
Hail the returning sun.

James Gates Percival.

The Nile's Overflow.

Then at last comes the inundation. "Perhaps there is not in nature a more exhilarating sight, or one more strongly exciting to confidence in God, than the rise of the Nile. Day by day and night by night its turbid tide sweeps onward majestically over the parched sands of the waste, howling wilderness. Almost hourly, as we slowly ascended it before the Etesian wind, we heard the thundering fall of some mud-bank, and saw by the rush of all animated nature to the spot that the Nile had overleapt another obstruction, and that its bounding waters were diffusing life and joy through another desert. There are few impressions I ever received upon the remembrance of which I dwell with more pleasure than that of seeing the first burst of the Nile into one of the great channels of its annual overflow.

All nature shouts for joy. The men, the children, the buffaloes, gambol in its refreshing waters, the broad waves sparkle with shoals of fish, and fowl of every wing flutter over them in clouds. Nor is this jubilee of nature confined to the higher orders of creation. The moment the sand becomes moistened by the approach of the fertilizing waters it is literally alive with insects innumerable. It is impossible to stand by the side of one of these noble streams, to see it every moment sweeping away some obstruction to its majestic course, and widening as it flows, without feeling the heart expand with love and joy and confidence in the great Author of this annual miracle of mercy."

The effects of the inundation, as Osburn shows in another place, "exhibit themselves in a scene of fertility and beauty such as will scarcely be found in another country at any season of the year. The vivid green of the springing corn, the groves of pomegranate trees ablaze with the rich scarlet of their blossoms, the fresh breeze laden with the perfume of gardens of roses and orange thickets, every tree and every shrub covered with sweet-scented flowers,—these are a few of the natural beauties that welcome the stranger to the land of Ham. There is considerable sameness in them, it is true, for he would observe little variety in the trees and plants, whether he first entered Egypt by the gardens of Alexandria or the plain of Assouan. Yet it is the same everywhere only because it would be impossible to make any addition to the sweetness of the odors, the beauty of the many forms of vegetable life in the midst of which he wanders. It

is monotonous, but it is the monotony of Paradise. The flood reaches Cairo on a day closely approximating to that of the summer solstice. It attains its greatest height and begins to decline near the autumnal equinox. By the winter solstice the Nile has again subsided within its banks and resumed its blue color. Seed-time has occurred in this interval. The year in Egypt divides itself into three seasons—four months of sowing and growth, corresponding nearly with our November, December, January and February; four months of harvest, from March to June, the four months of the inundation completing the cycle."—*Nature*.

A Vanished People.

On the shores of Brittany there is a mysterious relic of forgotten ages, which escapes the notice of most travellers.

Far out in the dreary Morbihan Sea—across which legend tell us Arthur sailed with his knights in pursuit of the dragon—rises a little island. It can be reached in a boat from the coast only in a calm sea. A Breton shepherd has a solitary hut upon it, and feeds a few sheep.

Crossing the grassy slope on which they browse, the traveller finds himself at the foot of a hill, in the face of which has been dug or excavated a great tunnel or cave, floored, walled and roofed by huge flat rocks.

The surface of these rocks is covered with sculptured, coiled and waved figures possibly representing serpents. There are other hieroglyphics, but they have as yet never been deciphered.

The tunnel leads to a domed chamber, also formed of these enormous inscribed rocks. There is an altar and a sacrificial stone on which it is conjectured that human victims were offered.

Some archaeologists say that this cavern was the work of the worshippers of the Serpent-god, or Hoa, a race that has passed into oblivion.

The unlearned traveller only knows that the mysterious cavern antedates all history; that the rocks of which it is built came from the mainland a distance of more than a hundred miles inland. No rocks like them make any part of the geological formation of the island.

Even with our modern engineering knowledge and machinery it would require vast labor and skill to bring these enormous blocks of stone, and place them so securely as to defy the wear and friction of ages.

How were they brought here by men who had perhaps few mechanical appliances, nothing but the strength of their bodies and their faith in their strange god?

The race who built this temple are dust. Even their name ages ago perished from the earth. Their religion is vanished. These stones are the monuments of their indomitable resolution. That defies the flight of years.

We now are alive in the world. Our faith in the true God is alive. How do we show our resolution to elevate it? We are not called upon to carry huge rocks to lonely islands, nor build enormous temples by the strength of our bodies, only with our words and acts to make the world purer and holier around us, each in his little space.

Shall the serpent-worshippers shame us by the fervor of their resolution and their faith?—*The Youth's Companion*.

The Snow-Drop.

Haselton Dyer records an old legend which tells how, after the fall of man, no flower bloomed in Eden, and Eve wept and mourned over the barren earth, whilst snow storms raged around. But an angel was sent to comfort her in her grief, and, even as he spoke, he stretched out his hand

and caught a falling flake of snow, and breathed upon it, and when he loosed it, and it touched the earth, it bloomed and became a sweet white flower, which was to Eve more beautiful than all the flowers of Paradise which she had known and lost. And the angel said:—

"This is an earnest, Eve, to thee

What sun and summer soon shall be."

Then, as he passed from her sight, in his place there stood a garland of blossoming snowdrops. That this flower is an emblem of purity its name evidences, for nothing is so pure, so cold, so dazzlingly white as fresh-fallen snow. The brilliant purity of it makes all else seem dull and dark. I remember a poem wherein the plumage of white doves is described as grey by contrast when seen upon glittering snow. Already mentioned as a symbol of hope, these

"... harbingers of Spring—

A sort of link between dumb life and light."

are also tokens of spiritual hope:

"Out of the snow the snowdrop,

Out of Death comes Life."

Nay, more. For whilst, as in almost all folk traditions, there is a gloomy side to the snowdrop, and in many parts of rural England a single Spring flower, *e. g.*, a snowdrop, violet, daffodil, or primrose, must not be carried into a house at a season when the plant first comes into blossom, or, it is said, ill-luck is sure to follow, we may consider the white-clad "herald" to be not merely a promise of future Spring, but a type of compensation for "the winter of our discontent."

"He who wintry hours hath given,

With the snows gives snowdrops birth;

And while angels slug in heaven,

God hears the robins sing on earth."

—*London Speaker*.

Animal Convicts.

Among the beavers it is undoubted that courts are held, and judicial functions exercised, and the sentences carried out with most exact discipline. This is proved by the fact that near to every beaver settlement there exists a class of what are called "bachelor beavers." This is composed of two sections, old males who have lost their mates and are held to be no longer of true use to the community, and younger "bachelors" who have been expelled from the settlement for misconduct, idleness, and laziness, more generally theft, and by a jury awarded a sentence of perpetual exclusion, a kind of penal servitude, which all the community of beavers are bound to join in order to see thoroughly carried out. These "bachelors" live alone, not in warm houses protected by dams, as in a community, but in holes in the banks of the rivers—prison cells, in fact—where they just manage to live, and where they can at a pinch succeed in storing sufficient winter food. Sometimes their privations must be great, but there is no escape for them. If they endeavor to build a proper beaver house—at all events, within ken of any of their old associates—it is reported and it becomes the bounden duty of the members of the community to turn out and destroy what has been done. Penal servitude among beavers really exists as it does among us. The beaver thief is compelled to work hard, and in isolation from his family, and yet cannot secure the most primary personal comforts—cannot exercise himself in that craft of construction in which alone he can find true pleasure. He must atone to society for his fault, just as our convicted prisoners do. Any one who has seen the beavers at the Zoological Gardens ceaselessly comforting themselves and passing their time in constructing houses that they do not need, will realize what a punishment a jury of beavers mete out to one of their own kind who is idle or lazy, or has been guilty of theft, or violated

any of the essential laws of the beaver community, when they make him a "bachelor" beaver and will not let him erect a house near to them.—*Cassell's Magazine*.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

It is computed that if a man were as strong of muscle in proportion as a flea he could shoulder a sixty-ton locomotive, and carry it from New York to San Francisco without rest.

It is said that the orange was originally a berry of the size of the ordinary wild cherry. Its evolution in size and sweetness is the result of 1,500 years of attention by horticulturists.

More than one hundred congresses of women will be held in Chicago during the Columbian Exposition. Many of these will be international and many distinguished women will represent foreign countries.

In the mountains of Northern California, at an altitude of 2,000 feet, there is an extinct crater, eight miles in circumference, and at a depth of 800 feet there is a lake of fresh water, with an island in the center.

The University of Pennsylvania will contribute to the folk-lore department of the World's Fair a collection of the games of the world. The origin of playing cards will be traced from the primitive knuckle-bones up to the Chinese cards of the present.

It is now seriously proposed to keep all the factories and foundries, the shipyards, lumberyards, coalyards, and tanyards, the carpenter shops, the machinery works and the mills of Chicago running at full blast on Sundays and the observance of Monday as the "day of rest." The *Times* of that city says that many employers have already agreed to shut down on Monday and let their men go to the Fair on the second day of the week, on condition that they work the first day, so that the contract orders shall be finished on time.

Professor George Moore, a Canadian inventor, has recently constructed an "iron man," which walks about with a steam boiler in his body, and steel rod gearing in his arms and legs. In appearance the "iron man" is like a knight in armor. He breathes out steam through his nose, and the smoke from burning gasoline escapes through his helmet. The movements of the average man in walking are said to be closely imitated, and the figure walks at the rate of four or five miles an hour, and so vigorously that two real men cannot hold him back. The same inventor has been at work for eight years building a much larger iron man than this one, which is six feet tall. It is expected that the new giant will be finished this year, and placed on exhibition. The new figure is designed for use in the streets, and will be powerful enough to draw a wagon containing as many as ten men.

One of the most interesting exhibits at the Chicago Exposition will be a cannon made at the famous Krupp Works in Germany, and recently landed at Baltimore. It is the largest gun ever seen on American soil, and its dimensions are interesting on that account. It is 47 feet long, has a 16½ inch bore, is 5 feet through at its largest part, and fires a shell weighing 2200 pounds. This cannon is a very different affair from the guns with which all the battles the world ever saw were fought. It is intended for forts, and could not be used anywhere else, as the discharge of such a gun would ruin a man-of-war, and would be about as useless a piece of artillery as ever played havoc with its friends on a battle-field. It is handled by machinery, and the derrick-like shears with which it is moved about like a pistol in the hands of a cowboy is 100 feet tall. It is to be hoped that so tremendous a weapon will never find a more active use in the United States than to stand as an exhibit at the World's Fair.

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THE MARYLAND BULLETIN.

Frederick, Md

FREDERICK, MD., May 6., 1893.

We call the attention of our deaf friends to the circular of the Rev. P. H. Hassenstab which appears in another column.

Just as we go to press, the morning papers bring the announcement of the death of Dr. J. H. Johnson, principal of the Alabama School for the Deaf. Dr. Johnson had been in declining health for some time. We tender our sympathy to the bereaved family.

The editor returns thanks for a copy of the History of the Kansas School for the Deaf. It is a most interesting volume, the value of which is still further increased by the various illustrations of the buildings, school-rooms, etc.

Mrs. Potter Palmer's address at the opening ceremonies in the Woman's Building, May 1st, is conceded by many authorities to have been the best delivered upon that memorable day. If we remember correctly it was E. E. Hale, who a few years ago at Chautauqua referred to woman as "the coming orator."

The announcement of the death of the Rev. William E. Ijams which took place in Zanesville, Ohio, April 12th, recalls the fact that he was an instructor of the deaf before he entered the ministry, having taught in the Illinois School and acted as superintendent of the Iowa School which he founded. Mr. Ijams, says a friend, was "an earnest worker," never neglecting his slightest duties, and ever ready to aid the distressed.

The great naval parade which took place in New York Harbor April 27th was, despite the inclement weather, one of the most imposing displays ever made in the annals of history. And every American should feel an honest pride in the fact that our own beautiful cruisers, though less warlike in appearance, because of their dress of white paint, compared most favorably in every important particular with the iron-clad visitors which ten nations had sent to our shores in token of good will and congratulation.

Opening of the World's Columbian Exposition.

Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, surrounded by the members of his cabinet, by the officials of the various states, by a numerous and distinguished representation from lands across the seas, and by a mighty throng of American citizens, on Monday, May 1, pressed the electric button which set in motion the miles of shafting, the innumerable engines and mechanisms and the labyrinth of belting and gearing, which make up the machinery of the World's Columbian Exposition. At the same moment, a national salute pealed forth from the guns of the Andrew Johnson, lying off the Exposition

grounds in Lake Michigan; seven hundred flags, released from their "stops" at a concerted signal, swung loose and streamed out under the sky in scarlet, yellow and blue; over in Machinery Hall, a great roar arose, and the turrets of the building nodded as the wheels began to turn, and a greater volume of sound arose from the throats of the concourse of people who thus acclaimed the opening of the grandest achievement of American pluck, enterprise and generosity.

Promptly at nine o'clock, right on the moment set in the official orders, Major T. A. Baldwin, of the Seventh United States Cavalry, who was in command of the escorting division, was prepared to give the signal for the procession to move.

The American contingent, embraced the city police, Company B. of the Seventh United States Cavalry, the Chicago Hussars, Troop A. of the Illinois National Guards, a corps of carriages containing President Cleveland and other distinguished guests of the day, the Presidents, commissioners and directors of the Exposition. In the foreign division moved the carriages containing the Duke of Veragua and his party, ambassadors and ministers, accompanied by distinguished Americans as hosts. The carriage of Mayor Harrison brought up the rear.

Up to the boundaries of the Plaisance the welcome had been distinctively American, shouts and cheers making the welkin ring, but from here on to the gates it partook of a decided cosmopolitan flavor. Arabs prostrated themselves on the ground and cried aloud to Allah; Cingalese, in long white flowing robes, described salaams with their arms and shoulders; eunuchs stood in line with beauties of the harem, and the donkey boy of Cairo knelt beside his sleek coated companion. The street in Cairo was emptied of its residents, and the Esquimaux colony did not even leave the six weeks' baby in doors. So the procession slowly wound its way past groups of Algerians, and Mongolians, and Africans, and Japs, and Laplanders, and Moors, and Persians, through a Dahomey village and a Javanese camp, past the blue grotto of Capri and the Moorish palace, the Japanese settlement and the Zoopraxiscope, under the captive balloon, and through a lane formed of two score female beauties from half as many nations. Even the lions and tigers and the panthers, fresh from the wilds of Africa, roared and howled a welcome as the troops and carriages passed by. Never before, probably, had such a cosmopolitan greeting in the same stretch of territory been accorded to mortal man.

Less than an hour was occupied in the journey from the starting point, and the triumphant entree within the great White City was then in order. The head of the column entered moving toward the platform, from which the formal ceremonies were to be conducted. Here the master of ceremonies, with a score of assistants, was standing at attention, ready to direct the guests to the proper sections in the order of priority.

The crowd in attendance was enormous and was variously estimated from 250,000 to 300,000. The ceremonies were opened by a Columbian march, rendered by six hundred instruments under the baton of Theodore Thomas. As the music died away, the blind chaplain of the United States Senate was led forward to the front of the platform and offered an eloquent prayer. At the conclusion of his invocation, the poem of the day, entitled "The Prophecy" was read by Miss Jessie Couthouli, a Chicago elocutionist.

The poem was followed by an overture from the orchestra, and Director General Davis then made an address, after which President Cleveland arose and faced one of the greatest audiences that man ever saw.

There went up a cheer that seemed to shake the massive dome of the building behind him, and which reverberated through the grounds like the rattling of musketry. Foreigners and natives alike joined in the acclaim to the highest representative of the sovereign people of the republic. There was a flutter of white handkerchiefs from the ladies' side of the platform, and instantly it was taken up by the thousands of the sex that occupied the gondolas and launches on the water far in the distance. The more the handkerchiefs were waved, the louder the cheers, and so for a space of several minutes the men vied with the women in

maintaining the demonstration. All the while Mr. Cleveland stood erect, with his left hand behind him, his right nervously fingering the button of his frock coat. At last, when throats and arms alike were tired, and a semblance of quiet had once more come over the throng, he commenced his address. This is what he said:

"I am here to join my fellow citizens in the congratulations which befit this occasion. Surrounded by the stupendous results of American enterprise and activity, and in view of the magnificent evidences of American skill and intelligence, we need not fear that these congratulations will be exaggerated. We stand today in the presence of the oldest nations of the world and point to the great achievements we here exhibit, asking no allowance on the score of youth.

"The enthusiasm with which we contemplate our work intensifies the warmth of the greeting we extend to those who have come from foreign lands to illustrate with us the growth and progress of human endeavor in the direction of a higher civilization.

"We who believe that popular education and the stimulation of the best impulses of our citizens lead the way to a realization of the proud national destiny which our faith promises, gladly welcome the opportunity here afforded us to see the results accomplished by efforts which have been exerted longer than ours in the field of man's improvements; while in appreciative return we exhibit the unparalleled advancement and wonderful accomplishments of a young nation, and present the triumphs of a vigorous, self-reliant and independent people. We have built these splendid edifices, but we have also built the magnificent fabric of a popular government, whose grand proportions are seen throughout the world. We have made and here gather together objects of use and beauty, the products of American skill and invention, but we have also made men who rule themselves.

It is an exalted mission in which we and our guests from other lands are engaged, as we co-operate in the inauguration of an enterprise devoted to human enlightenment; and in the undertaking we here enter upon we exemplify in the noblest sense the brotherhood of nations.

"Let us hold fast to the meaning that underlies this ceremony, and let us not lose the impressiveness of this moment. As by a touch the machinery that gives life to this vast Exposition is now set in motion, so at the same instant let our hopes and aspirations awaken forces which in all time to come shall influence the welfare, the dignity and the freedom of mankind."

As the President was concluding the final sentence his eyes wandered to the table that was close at his left hand. Upon this was the button, the pressure upon which was to start the machinery and make the opening of the Exposition an accomplished fact. It was an ordinary form of Victor telegraph key, such as is used in most telegraph offices, except that it was of gold instead of steel, and a button of ivory instead of rubber. It rested upon a pedestal upholstered in navy blue and golden yellow plush, and on the side of the lower tier, in silver letters were the significant dates, 1492 and 1892. As the last words fell from the President's lips he pressed his finger upon the button. This was the signal for a demonstration, in fact, difficult of imagination, and infinitely more so of description. At one and the same instant the audience burst into a thundering shout, the orchestra pealed forth the strains of the "Hallelujah Chorus," the wheels of the great Allis engine in Machinery Hall commenced to revolve, the electric fountain in the lagoon threw its torrents toward the sky, a flood of water gushed forth from the McMonnies fountain and rolled back again into the basin, the thunder of artillery came from the vessels in the lake, the chimes in Manufacturer's Hall and on the German building rang out a merry peal, and overhead the flags at the top of the poles in front of the platform fell apart and revealed two gilded models of the ships in which Columbus first sailed to American shores.

At the same moment also hundreds of flags, of all nations and all colors, were unfurled within sight of the platform. The largest was a great "Old Glory," which fell into graceful folds from the top of the center staff in front of the stand. The roof of the Manufacturers' Building was gorgeous in red gonfalons, while the

Agricultural Building was dressed in ensigns of orange and white. It was a wonderful scene of transformation, and amid it all cannon continued to thunder and the crowd to cheer. It was fully ten minutes before the demonstration subsided. Then the band played "America," and the exercises were at an end. The Columbian Exposition was open to the nations of the world. It was precisely the hour of noon when Grover Cleveland touched the button, and thus declared the opening an accomplished fact.—*Baltimore American*

ABOUT THE DEAF.

(From Exchanges.)

Mr. Fred Sickles, a deaf-mute, is assistant general manager of the *Duluth Minn. News*.

The local repair shop of the Pullman Palace Car Co., has five deaf-mutes in their employ.

An exchange says that Virginia has a deaf-mute real estate broker, and Chicago has a deaf-mute patent agent. The deaf are gradually getting into all branches of business.

Here is the way an Indiana deaf-mute pupil described a woodchuck hunt:

"The boy chopped the ground with his dig, and the dog hurrahed with his wag."

Douglas Tilden's bronze group, "The Bear Hunters," was unpacked at the Fair grounds two weeks ago, in common with the French Exhibit, and was mentioned as one of the largest pieces of statuary received.

At a recent examination in the University of Berlin a student named Max Meyer, of the age of twenty-seven, propounded such an excellent thesis on the differential calculus that the examiners at once pronounced him worthy of a special degree as doctor. The point of the story lies in the fact that Max Meyer is blind and has learned to read by touch alone.

William Agnew's "Royal Condescension" will not fail to attract the admiration of the Fair visitors. From a copy of the original, now in the possession of Mr. Dougherty and sent by the painter himself, he has been able to obtain a good idea of the painting. It represents a very humble abode. In fact, the door with cracks in it, would suggest anything, but safety from the winds. A kettle is on the stove. In the centre of the room the queen is sitting, her royal garments making quite a contrast with the surroundings; standing near is the deaf and dumb woman. The queen has started to talk on the double hand alphabet, beginning with "A." There is a story behind this. The name of the woman was Mrs. Truffield and she was residing with her parents at Osborne, Isle of Wight, in 1874, having been obliged on account of her husband's cruelty, to leave him. In her usual kind way the queen was in the habit of visiting this deaf woman, and took great pleasure in trying to lighten her sorrow by talking to her by means of the finger alphabet.

The queen lately corroborated this story and at the same time mentioned that she was not so proficient in the sign language now as she was then.

Notice to Religious Organizations.

The undersigned will be glad to have all additional information for his paper (for the coming Congress of Instructors of the Deaf) on the moral and religious condition of the deaf after leaving school, that friends interested in work of that kind can give.

All over our country and in other parts of Christendom there are societies, associations, missions, and churches formed for the spiritual welfare of the deaf, in addition to those organized for their intellectual and social culture.

Also church and mission services, prayer-meetings, Bible-meetings, both small and large, are being held at stated dates.

From such sources the writer solicits a comprehensive statement of their work covering the following points:

- Objects of Organization.
- Membership (number and Qualification).
- Manner and Plan of Work.
- Stated Dates of Meetings and Services.
- Influence (moral and spiritual) upon Members and Outsiders.
- Means of Support.

PHILIP J. HASENSTAB.

APRIL 29TH, 1893.

838 WEST STATE STREET,
JACKSONVILLE, ILL.

NEWS OF THE DAY

Severe earthquake shock in Sicily. Cholera is raging in Malacca, Japan.

Ten thousand mill workers, at Dundee, went on strike.

Rains throughout Hungary relieved the anxiety regarding the wheat crop.

Secretary of State, E. W. Le Compte died at Cambridge, Md., May 5.

A revolution has broken out in Nicaragua, and the insurgents have taken Grenada.

The British steamship Khiva was burned off the Arabian coast, and many lives lost.

It is reported that the Siamese are preparing for offensive operations on the Annam frontier.

The town of Kowal, in Poland, was destroyed by fire, and eighty persons perished in the flames.

Lieut. Peary will start on another Arctic expedition in June, and will be gone two and a half years.

The betrothal of Prince George of Wales and Princess Victoria Mary of Teck is formally announced.

Emperor Francis Joseph was given an enthusiastic reception at Budapest, the Hungarian capital.

Floods along the River, Hoangho, China, destroyed four hundred villages and caused great loss of life.

King Benhanzin, of Dahomey, has finally submitted to French authority, and agreed to abdicate the throne.

The Duke of Veragua and party arrived in Chicago April 29th and was presented with the freedom of the city.

The German Emperor and Empress were given a grand reception on their arrival at Lucerne, on their way home from Italy.

William Townsend, the man suspected of an attempt upon the life of Mr. Gladstone, was declared a lunatic and sent to an asylum.

A number of Presbyterians and Unitarians of Ulster have expressed their confidence in Mr. Gladstone's home rule policy.

The first box of California cherries for 1893 was shipped from Sacramento to the Duke of Veragua, care of managers of the California exhibit at the World's Fair.

President Cleveland was welcomed to Chicago April 29th by the shouts of the multitude, the booming of cannon and the greetings of state and city representatives.

The London Times correspondent at Vienna states, that the Austrian Foreign Office has made no objection to the appointment of Max Judd as American consul general.

The Woman's Building on the World's Fair Grounds was dedicated April 29th. Mrs. Potter Palmer, president of the board of lady managers, drove with a silver hammer the last nail, which was made of gold.

In Harney Bros.' shoe shop, at Lynn, Mass., a pair of kid button shoes were made complete and packed in a carton in fifteen minutes and forty five seconds. The best previous record was twenty four minutes. The shoes will be exhibited at the World's Fair.

Sir Julian Pauncefoot's salary has been increased from \$30,000 to \$35,000, in consequence of his promotion to the rank of an ambassador to this country. This makes his compensation exactly double that paid to American ambassadors to the court of St. James.

The Mississippi, Ohio, Arkansas and other Western rivers are over their banks and doing great damage. The lowlands near St. Louis are flooded. The railroads suffered considerable damage, and the bridge of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Road at Alton was rendered unsafe for trains to cross.

The May Day observances in European cities were not as disorderly as the authorities had anticipated, except in Marseilles, where an attempt to arrest several wavers of red flags provoked a riot, in which a number of soldiers and policemen were injured. Twenty thousand men and women paraded the streets of Vienna and sang labor songs. The workingmen held meetings in the interest of an equalization of franchise and an eight-hour working day.

LOCAL NEWS.

The F. F. S. Alumnae were entertained by Miss Ely on Monday evening.

Miss Harris had the pleasure of celebrating her mother's eighty-first birthday on the 27th of April.

Since our last issue the Veazey Base Ball Club has won another victory over the Frederick Club by a score of 13 to 10. The winning battery were Benson and Miles. They will probably play with them again today.

Misses Yerkes and Brock, two members of the "Teachers Pedestrian Club," accompanied by Miss Moffat, of the F. F. Seminary took a jaunt to the Monocacy on Saturday morning, and returned laden with floral trophies which they generously shared with their friends.

The Rev. Job Turner whose cheerfulness and vigor constantly recall the fabled fountain of youth has paid us another short visit, arriving Saturday evening and remaining until Monday morning. He conducted the chapel service on Sunday and his remarks were greatly enjoyed by our pupils.

IN TOWN.

The decision of the Potomac Synod of the Reformed Church to locate the female department of the Mercersburg (Pa.) College, in this city, will cause to go out of existence the present Frederick Female Seminary, the buildings of which have been leased to the Synod. The first term of the new seminary will begin next September, and it is expected that about 200 young ladies will be in attendance.

Mrs. John Ritchie, in the name of the ladies' Auxiliary of the Maryland World's Fair Commission, for Frederick county, recently held several entertainments here and raised a fund, which was divided into seven prizes of \$50, and offered to pupils of several local educational institutions for the best essays on the "Early History of America." The committee of prominent citizens appointed to judge the merits of the essays, have awarded four of the prizes, as follows: Francis D. Roelkey, St. John's Literary Institute; Frederick W. Friday, Frederick College; Miss Katie Major, New York, Frederick Academy of the Visitation; Miss Susy Markey, Frederick Female High School. A large number of essays were submitted, all of them well written. The prizes are intended to be used by their winners in defraying the expense of a trip to the World's Fair.

OTHER SCHOOLS.

Supt. Swiler has recently had an application for the admission to school of an uneducated deaf woman fifty-two years of age.—*Wis. Times.*

In cleaning up the grounds the other day no less than fifteen garter snakes were killed. How is that for snakes?—*Va. Goodson Gazette.*

We are glad to be able to announce as we go to press that the scarlet fever scare is over, and all the patients are convalescing.—*Ohio Mute's Chronicle.*

We were fortunate in securing an appropriation of \$59,000 for current expenses and \$25,000 for salaries, which will enable us to carry out our contemplated changes.—*Ohio Mute's Chronicle.*

Supt. Dobyns is seriously thinking of adopting part of the "Australian Ballot Law" to prevent pupils copying from each other during recitations.—*Miss. Voice.*

A game of chess between the Texas Institution and this school is now in progress by correspondence. Prof. Walker, one of the teachers, represents Texas, while Prof. Lloyd has consented to uphold the colors of New Jersey. The progress of the game will be recorded in the *Silent Worker* until finished. Both gentlemen have established quite a brilliant reputation as chess players in their respective localities and we guess there will be quite a lively battle.—*N. J. Silent Worker.*

As we sit here figuring how to make both ends meet, and where are the most needed repairs that can be done for the least money, down rattles one of the chimneys on the main building, breaking in roofs, smashing windows

and tearing down balconies. Ordinarily we would fix it up, but our repair fund is looking up McGinty. We fear the Main Building will have to go through the next two years, looking like a one-eared mule, or a bovine minus a horn. We fear our well kept institution will appear somewhat run down at the heel, like a farm in South Carolina. But the grass grows, just the same and the trees are leafing out, even if the wind does blow a gale, and unroof our houses. We are thankful that it is no worse with us than what it is.—*Neb. Mute Journal.*

We had a particularly interesting visitor at the Institution on the 19th ult. Rev. Ghosnel Howie, the famous oriental preacher, accompanied by his wife and other friends, surprised pupils and teachers when he was led into the classes by Mr. Mathieson. A native of Lebanon, dressed in the costume of his native land, and presenting a commanding appearance, he is certainly an interesting personality. Dr. Howie, though blind, is a ripe scholar, having studied for some time in the University of Edinburgh, Scotland. He is a minister of the Presbyterian Church, and an able advocate of Christian and temperance principles. He gave the pupils a short address in the dining-room, where they gathered for dinner, Mr. Mathieson interpreting.—*Canadian Mute.*

This Institution differs from all others of similar character in the United States in that its Board of Managers is composed entirely of State officers, all of whom are located at a distance from this city and a meeting of the Board on the grounds of the Institute is a thing unknown in the history of the school. This is manifestly a poor arrangement. It is in the interests of the State and of the officers of the school that there should be at least occasional visits from the Board and the present plan makes this well-nigh impracticable. In some states the members of the Board are appointed by the Governor, and a majority of the number are selected from the town where the Institute is located, these latter constituting the executive committee. It is hoped that the laws governing this Institute will be thus amended by the Legislature now in session.—*Florida Herald.*

SCHOOLS FOR THE DEAF IN SWEDEN.

There is one Swedish delegate to the World's Congress of the Deaf in Boston. His name is Klofuciskold. He is an intelligent appearing young man, of a family of distinction, and proposes to stay one year in America to study its manners and customs. His father is an officer of high rank in the service of the king. His hearing sister is married to a deaf-mute of wealth and rank in Sweden. The young man uses English but imperfectly, and has an interpreter with him.

It is not possible to talk with him in the American Sign System, because the gestures of Sweden and America are so widely different, but by means of the universal language of Nature's own teaching, we were able to make ourselves understood.

According to what he said, there are two distinct schools of the deaf in Sweden. One is the pure oral and the other the combined. The oral school has fewer pupils, as only such pupils as have good voices are allowed after a trial to be taught speech. Those whose vocal organs are "broken," as he said, those whose screeching sounds like the sawing of wood; in short all those who are not fitted to speak, are put in the Combined System School, where the distinction is still further drawn by separating those totally incapable of speech into the sign classes from the rest who are able to obtain some advantage from speech and lip reading. That the Combined System has by far the largest number of pupils is not to be wondered at. It is the same story everywhere.

This system of grading is the best in the world, and is such as the intelligent deaf themselves favor.

The Swedish delegate (I hope I may be pardoned for not being able to repeat his name) said that no difference is made in the case of congenitals, and that the only condition is sound vocal powers. He is a congenital himself, and was taught in the pure oral school. His interpreter assured me that he speaks in his native tongue correctly.

I asked the young man how it was that he was acquainted with the sign language of Sweden, and he replied that he learned it from association

with other deaf mutes. There is a moral in this—of the duck taking to the water. In Stockholm and round about, there are 1,200 deaf mutes, and they have a chapel building of their own for religious services, Lutheran, of course. Only the sign language is used as the medium of expression in these public services.—*Cor. N. Y. Journal.*

PUPILS' COMPOSITIONS.

Dick's Fall.

One day when Dick and Fred were coming home from school, they saw a bird's nest on a tall tree. "I mean to climb that tree and get the egg," said Dick. "O. no, do not do that," said Fred, "it is wrong to steal bird's eggs. If I were you, I would not do that." But Dick would have his own way. He went up the tree higher and higher until he was very near the nest. The branch on which he was, broke and he fell to the ground. There he lay on the grass with his eyes shut as if he were dead. Fred ran as fast as he could for help. Some men went to him and took him home. Dick was much hurt and did not get well for a long time. Afterwards he never tried to rob nests again. H. F. T.

Albert and his Dog Carlo.

Carlo was a large and strong dog. He was very gentle. He would let his little master Albert jump upon his back and ride. He was a very good dog to watch around the house. He would drive the pigs and hens away from the garden. When Albert and his younger sister Ellen went into the fields, Carlo would always go with them to watch over them. One day as Albert and Ellen were walking through a field, a cross bull began to bellow and run at them. Albert cried: "Carlo, seize him." The dog sprang at the bull, seized him by the nose, and held him fast. Albert and Ellen ran out of the field. The dog let the bull go. The bull was glad to get away from the dog. Albert and Ellen ran to the house, and told their father what Carlo had done. Their father said to them: "It was lucky that Carlo went with you. If Carlo had not been there, you would perhaps have been killed by the bull." Then their father went to the city, bought a nice brass collar, and put it on Carlo's neck, as a reward for his faithful care over his little children. C. P. D.

James Robinson and the Cinnamon Bear.

A man by the name of James Robinson lives in Montana. Once he was working on the railroad, but the company was not pleased with him and discharged him, because he was always carrying dynamite with him. He sometimes caused a terrible explosion.

When he was out of employment, he started for a city 80 miles distant. He carried with him a blanket, a small basket of provision and the dangerous dynamite. When the evening came, he stopped and encamped under the shade of a cottonwood tree. He made a fire there because it was very cold.

As he was eating his supper, he heard a roar. He sprang up to his feet and looked around. He saw a Cinnamon bear running toward him with his mouth wide open. He ran and climbed up the cottonwood tree. The bear came and shook the tree like an aspen. But the bear could not shake Robinson out of the tree because he took hold of the tree fast. Then the bear uttered several deep growls and went back to the fire. He began to eat Robinson's little luncheon.

Robinson in the tree, was glad that the bear had left him. Then he took a rope out of his pocket and tied himself firmly to the tree. After the bear had eaten his supper, he began to tear his blanket. He found a hard, bright thing in it. He tried to eat it, but he could not, because it was very hard. He threw it down on a rock near the fire. Quickly it exploded and earth and pieces of rock went up like a flash.

A party of hunters heard the explosion and came to the fire. They looked around and discovered Robinson in the tree uninjured but he was unconscious. They shook the tree and Robinson soon awoke and recovered. He untied himself and came down from the tree. Then he found a few pieces of the bear flesh left on the ground. Robinson's life was thus saved from the jaws of the bear. L. M. F.

Springtime Holiday.

Oh don't you think we'd better take our spring-time holiday?
There's something in the southern breeze that says it's time to play.
The oriole 's on the apple bough, the lark is in the grass;
The jays and bluebird fill the air with azure as they pass;
The cows low in the pasture-fields, and don't you hear the sheep
With tender bells along the fells and in the dells so deep?
Come out! come out! The leaves are young, the bees begin to boom;
The slopes are blue with violets, spring-beauties are in bloom;
The bass is leaping in the brook, the heron watches him;
The old kingfisher nods upon the flowery dog-wood limb;
Oh, where 's my rod? and where 's my line? and where 's my tackle gray?
My reel? my creel? I think I feel like taking holiday!
White as fleeces on the hills the wild plum-thickets blow,
And over the winding meadow stream the willows droop and glow;
Across the field the plowman sings, plodding behind his team:
His words are like the lonesome sounds that wander through a dream;
For it is May, and everything half-sleeping seems to say:
"Shirk, shirk,—slip off from work and have a holiday!
There 's something dancing in the air, it beckons down the lane:
Oh, Lazy Lawrence, did you ever, ever call in vain?
Loafing, aimless butterfly, wandering bumblebee, This one time, if never more, I 'll shift and drift with thee;
For all the earth is gaily dressed, has cast its cares away,
And why not I a-fishing hie, and have a holiday?
A holiday! a holiday! The robin lolls and swings; Upon the pear-tree's broken bough with half-extended wings
The flicker drums in lazing mood; the silent hawk on high
Slides like a gray old burnt-out moon against the drowsy sky;
And oh, you know, but once a year we have the dream o' May,
The bloom o' May, the birds o' May, and spring-time holiday!
—Wide Awake.

How Polly went to Church.

When Paulina was a very little girl she went with her mamma to visit her grandparents, who lived in a small village. She was perfectly happy for a time, as she was the only child in the house, and was the pet of everybody. But one day grandma fell ill and had to lie in bed and be taken care of, so Paulina missed some of the attention she had been having, and felt really homesick.
When Sunday came, and she saw grandpa getting ready for church and heard the bell ringing, she said, "Can't I go with you, grandpa?"
"Oh, you're not old enough to go to church yet, Polly; you must wait 'til next summer," said grandpa.
Then he gave her a peppermint almost as big as a silver dollar, and she sat down by the window to watch the people going by. The church was so near she could hear the music of the choir, and could see grandpa till he got clear into the door; and saw some little girls going, "Not a bit older than me," she thought.
She began to be so sorry about everything, that she could not possibly have kept from crying if it had not been for the big peppermint. After she had eaten that she felt better, and at last she whispered to herself, "I mean to go, too." So she looked around for a bonnet to wear, but she could not find any only an old shaker that grandma wore in the garden. She put this on and went to the church, and walked straight in and stood still when she was half-way up the middle aisle, and said, "I want to come to church with grandpa."
The minister was so surprised that

he stopped preaching, the people turned around, and the children laughed to see such a funny figure.
Grandpa knew her voice, and he came along on tip-toe so that his boots would not squeak, and led Polly out of the door and home again. The minister coughed and then went on with his sermon, and the people grew quiet again, all except one boy, who kept on laughing till his father shook him.
When mamma heard about it, she said that Polly really should go to church if she wanted to so much. So when the bell rang in the afternoon she went with grandpa, wearing her best dress and broad blue sash, and her own pretty white lace bonnet. When she came home she hurried to tell mamma, "I'm such a good little thing I must go every Sunday, the minister said so to me and grandpa."
—Our Little Ones.

Afghan Games.

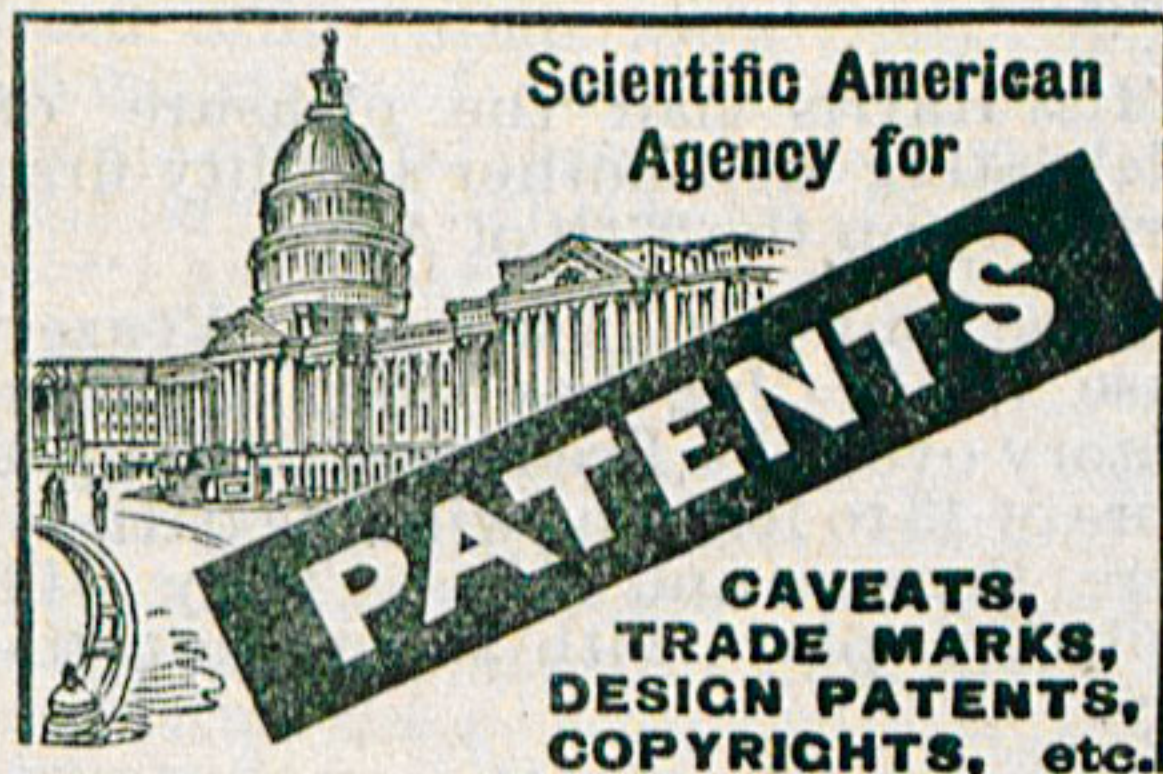
Afghan boys, like American boys, are very fond of playing, and one of their most popular games is called Skhe. This game is much easier played than its name is pronounced. Any number of boys can take part in it, and the first move is to divide themselves into two companies. One side takes the defensive, and a shoe is usually used as the goal. Each boy seizes his left foot by the big toe and hops around on his right leg. The object of the attacking party is to seize the shoe while that of the other party is to defend it. During the scuffling if a boy should drop his left leg he is considered dead, and must leave the game. When the shoe has been seized eight times the game is won.
Boys in their play imitate what they see their fathers do in work or business. The struggle for life and possession of property that the boys see going on around them in Afghanistan among grown men is reflected in their games. Skhe is an instance of this, and so is another favorite game called Tatti. A peg is driven into the ground and a rope is fastened to it. The boys place their clothes, such as scarfs, turbans and shoes about this peg. The boy who is "it" then seizes the rope and defends the property. He swings round a circle holding on to the end of the rope while the other boys endeavor to steal the various articles near the peg. When a boy is touched, if he holds anything in his hand he surrenders it and becomes a prisoner. After all the amateur thieves have been captured the first prisoner taken then becomes "it." Like all other boys, young Afghans make plenty of noise while playing these games.—Sel.

Can A Horse Think.

A few days ago, while walking through Arch Street, Boston, just at the hour when empty trucks are standing there, when the horses are struggling to get their oats out of their detestable nose-bags—while the drivers are off eating their dinner—I noticed a truck-horse uneasily turning and twisting his head from side to side as if in search of somebody or something. I watched him for a moment or two, and concluding that the nose-bag had become disarranged was about to cross the street to see if I could re-adjust it. As I stepped forward the horse seemed to have been struck with a new idea. He lifted his head and for a moment looked steadily up the street in front of him. Suddenly his whole aspect changed. He shook himself, gave a snort of satisfaction as if he had discovered what he had been looking for, and with his head high in the air and his ears pricked up he moved briskly forward. Much interested I followed him. Arrived at the corner of Franklin Street he deliberately halted at the tail of an empty truck standing there, and resting his nose-bag upon it, contentedly finished his oats.—Ea.

Helen Keller has many friends who never saw her. One of these is the Queen of Greece, who learned of Helen through Michael Anagnos, the Director of the Institution for the Blind, when he visited Greece some time ago. The interest which the Queen took in Helen was so intense that she exacted from Mr. Anagnos a promise that he would let her read every letter that Helen wrote to him while he was at the Greek capital, and when he was about to return to this country she induced him to permit her to retain several of the letters that she read, which are treasured very highly at the court.

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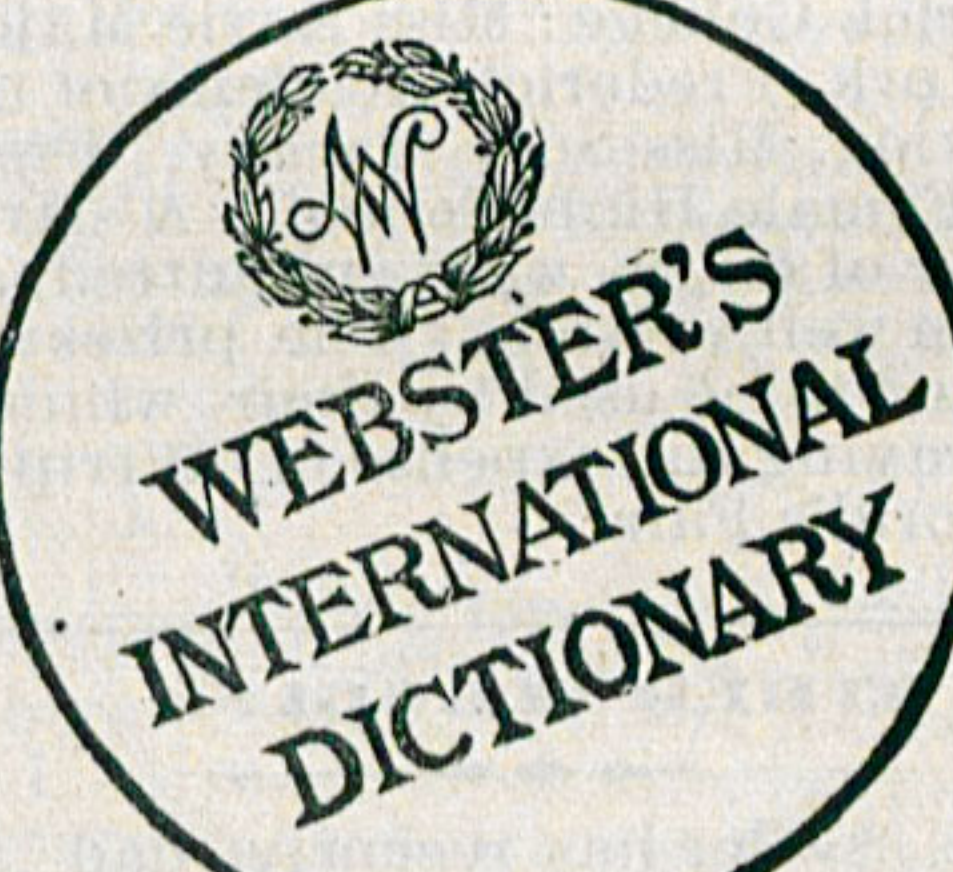
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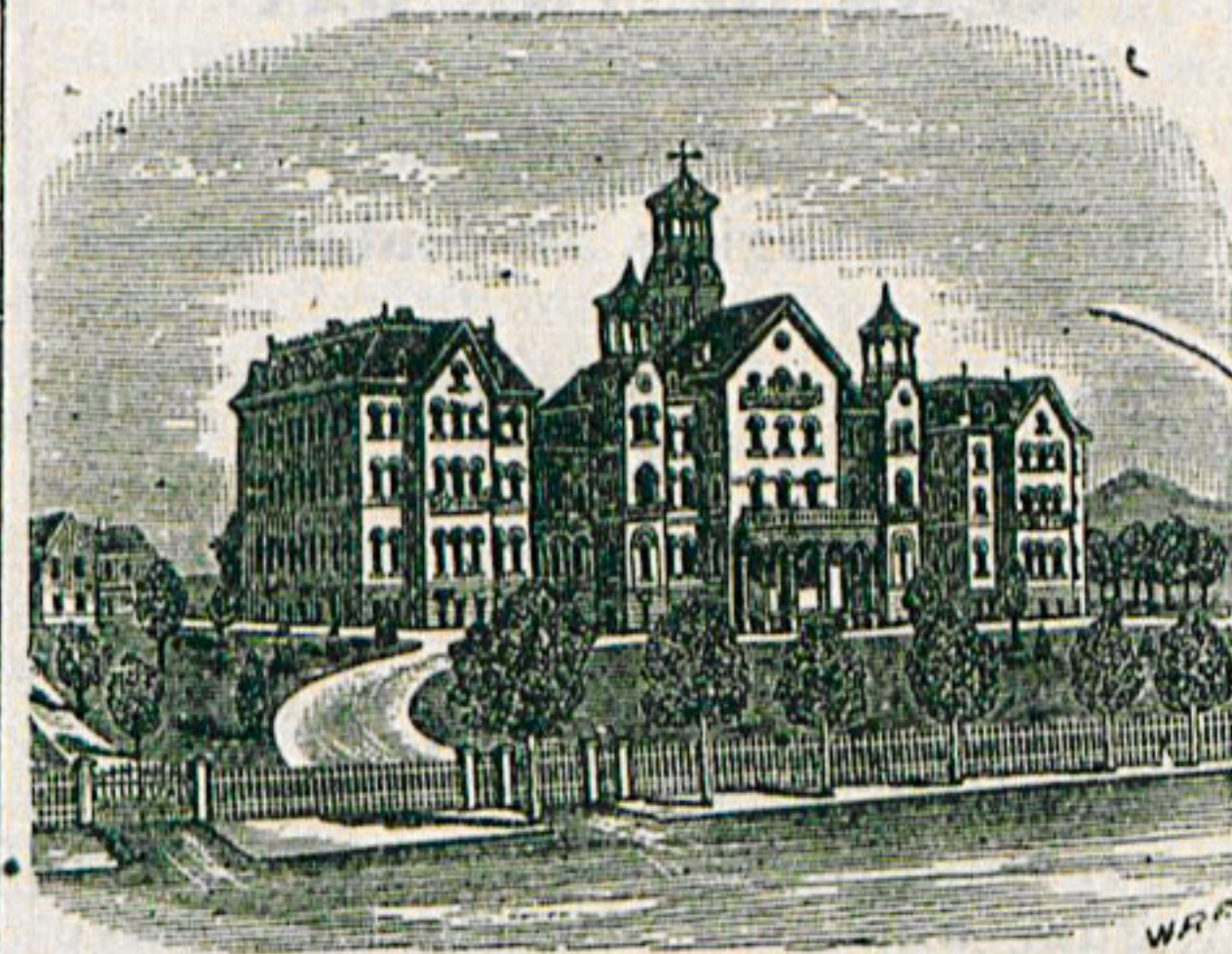
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For further information address CHAS. W. ELY, Principal of the School for the Deaf, Frederick City, Md.

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