

Educational Column.

J. F. LANGENBAUGH.

TEACHING GRAMMAR.

In reference to the usual study of the English language, there is a wide spread dissatisfaction. In many districts throughout the entire State, the mere mention of composition writing and English grammar produces feelings akin to disgust, not only among the pupils, but also, we are sorry to say among the patrons and parents. Nearly all the children in our schools are said to be learning grammar, and yet how few even of those who have gone regularly through all the definitions, rules and exceptions, can be said to have a real or practical knowledge of the subject. Now no one can claim that this arises from the difficulty of grammar, but from the inverted, unnatural and cumbersome methods so generally employed in teaching it. We might quote page after page of authority to show how wide spread and growing is the conviction, that the present system in the study of our language is altogether inverted.

It is said, that, "Our grammars are burdened with useless and unnecessary rules, remarks, distinctions, divisions and abstractions," and for this reason grammar become uninteresting and tasteless to students. The arrangement of most of our grammars is the worst possible for the purpose of teaching beginners. A majority of teachers to-day blindly follow the order of text books; and though every recitation should furnish evidence that this is an error, fail to appreciate it. Grammar, as generally taught, consists of memorizing definitions, declensions, rules and conjugations, and in applying them to parsing, and in corrections of examples of false syntax. Pursued in this manner it is an artificial and arbitrary system built up apart from the ground upon which as a science it must rest. Composition or the application of the principles of grammar should go hand in hand with the presentation of the science. No pupil can properly learn grammar, except through composition. There is no other door to the temple. It should be taught in all our schools as one of the most important daily exercises. Grammar, or that which underlies it, should be the first thing taught in the primary departments. Let the child be taught to print, also to write the names of the objects around him. In a very gradual manner let him be led to express his thoughts on slate or paper. Let it be a daily exercise. It is astonishing to one not familiar with the results of this system, how much can be accomplished with small pupils, and how early they will learn to express their thoughts on paper. As they advance in judgment some of the simple principles of the science may be taught them, and the skillful teacher pursuing this course will take great care to present only a single principle at a time, and dwell upon it. Rules of syntax and the arbitrary marks of grammarians should be the very last thing taught.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

Parrhasius was a Greek painter, born in Ephesus, flourished about 400 B. C. The story told by Seneca, that **Parrhasius**, when painting a "Prometheus Chained," put an Olymian captive to the torture, in order to obtain from him the proper expression of bodily suffering, has been proven to be utterly unfounded.

Olympus Mount is a lofty group of mountains in Greece, lying partly in Macedonia, and partly in Thessaly, of which latter country it forms the N. E. boundary line. It terminates on the S. at the mouth of the river Peneus, on the shore of the Thermaic gulf. Its highest peak has an elevation of 9,754 feet. Its modern name is **Elymbo**. In Greek mythology, Mount Olympus was the residence of Jupiter and the chief celestial deities, and the clouds which visited the summit were supposed to conceal the entrance to the vault of heaven.

The Island of Patmos, or as it is now called Patmo, is one of the group called the Sporades in the Greek Archipelago, twenty miles south of the west extremity of Samos, and about the same distance west of the coast of Asia Minor. It consists of an irregular mass of barren rock, two miles in circumference. In the time of the Roman Emperor it was used as a place of banishment. It was to this island that St. John, the apostle, was exiled by the emperor Domitian, A. D. 95, and here he wrote the *Apocalypse*, and perhaps his gospel also.

The **Orangemen** are a secret political society of the British Empire, whose official designation in its own record is "The Royal Orange Institution." It is composed exclusively of Protestants, and its professed objects are to support and defend the reigning King or Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and the succession to the throne in the present royal family so long as it remains protestant.

Priam was the last king of Troy, and according to the legend, 5th in descent from Jupiter. He was the son of Laomedon, and in his youth was taken prisoner by Hercules. According to Homer he had 50 children. During the sacking of Troy by the Greeks he was slain at the foot of an altar, by Pyrrhus.

Whatever each man worships inwardly, is his God, whether he knows it or not. He who has a ruling passion, worships one God, good or evil.

The **Texas Tribune** says: "the late 'atmospherical freshness' has brought on many cases of Coughs and Colds, and Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is in greater demand than ever." Price only 25 cents.

Pastime.

Counsel to witness—"You are a nice sort of a fellow, you are!" Witness—"I'd say the same of you, sir, only I'm on my oath."

"Sandy, what is the state of religion in your town?" "Bad, sir; very bad. There are no christians except Davie and myself, and I have my doubts about Davie."

A lady told her little son, who was teasing for something to eat, to wait until breakfast. With a tear in his eye, he burst out: "I jest honestly sometimes think you're a stepmother!"

A little boy was shown the picture of the martyrs thrown to the lions. He started his friends by shouting: "Ma! Oh, ma! Just look at that poor little lion way behind there. He won't get any."

Why is it that five-sixths of mankind, when cutting open a shapack and finding a roach therein, instead of feeling a flood of pity at the fate of the animal, go around for the cook with a sling shot up their sleeve?

Burdette says: "Time levels everything except a man's back. He humps that up. And I don't see why, either. It doesn't appear to make the back any stronger, and it certainly doesn't make it any prettier. But I suppose Time knows his business."

A little girl visiting a neighbor with her mother was gazing curiously at her hostess' new bonnet, when the owner queried: "Do you like it, Laura?" The innocent replied: "Why, mother said it was a perfect fright, but it doesn't scare me." Laura's mother didn't stay long after that.

In a primary school not long ago, the teacher undertook to convey to her pupils an idea of the uses of the hyphen. She wrote on the blackboard "Bird's nest," and pointing to the hyphen asked the school, "What is that?" After a short pause a little Fenian piped out, "Plaze, ma'am, that's for the bird to roost on."

Saved by Cold Water.

A Windham county correspondent tells the remarkable story of a man in Canterbury, who, sick with some kind of fever, was pronounced by the local physician to beyond hope of recovery.

A neighbor was called in to watch with the sick man, and as there seemed no possibility of the patient's living through the night, the watcher insisted that the family should all retire early, promising to call them immediately if any unfavorable change occurred. As soon as he was left alone with the presumably dying man, the attendant commenced feeding the patient with cold water, a table-spoonful at a time, continuing the process until an ordinary water-pail full had actually been administered. The fever thus drowned out, the sick man fell asleep, awakening late in the morning to call for food. He was allowed to eat what he wanted, continued to improve, and in two or three days was up and about his business. The remarkable case is well attested, and there seems to be no doubt of its substantial currency, as recorded above. The water used was obtained from a well adjacent. —*Hartford (CT) Post*

Leadville's Future.

Correspondence Evansville Courier-Journal.

Leadville will continue to be a prosperous mining camp, settling down to a town of a few thousand inhabitants, but will, in my opinion and from what I can gather, never be the city that some have predicted. No living will grow here. There is no soil and there is ice formed every night in the year.

It rains every day from the middle of June until the last of September all the time, I learn, in the afternoon, the mountains are frosty and icy. There is absolutely nothing to sustain it but the mines, and when these become located and all the paying leads are found, and the day of prospecting is over, then will Leadville settle down into a prosperous and thrifty town, but never a lively, booming city. It is too high up for a health resort, and those looking for health would do well to stop some three or four thousand feet below.

There is not a foot of ground within four miles of Leadville, in the direction where ore has been found, that is not now taken up, and an attorney informed me (using his expression) that all of the mining region within four miles of Leadville was studded over four inches deep, meaning conflicting claims.

Plucky Maids.

In the western part of Kansas, near the Colorado line, resides a farmer named Kay, a new-comer from West Virginia. He has a very spirited daughter, about 15 years of age, who is very fond of horseback riding. A few evenings since, Miss Kay, in company with a friend, the daughter of a neighbor, were riding over the prairie when, a rain coming up, they took shelter in a school-house. They were there but a few minutes, laughing and chatting, when a couple of tramps came in, also seeking shelter from the storm. One of the men—a brutal-looking fellow—cried out:

"Here's a go—two pretty girls; let's have a kiss and then take their horses!"

The consternation of the girls can be more easily imagined than described. They were fully six miles from home, and a mile, at least, from any habitation. Success was impossible, and they had to depend on themselves for safety. Fortunately there were equal to the situation; they were obliged to submit to the vexation and not infrequent mortification that it occasions. Allian's Anti-Fat is the only remedy for this disease, and removes the abnormal condition by purely natural means. Ask your druggist for it.

Whatever each man worships inwardly, is his God, whether he knows it or not. He who has a ruling passion, worships one God, good or evil.

The **Texas Tribune** says: "the late 'atmospherical freshness' has brought on many cases of Coughs and Colds, and Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is in greater demand than ever." Price only 25 cents.

hearts sank within them, and their blood almost froze with terror. But it was for an instant, only. The men advanced, as if to put their purpose into execution, when Miss Ray seized a small stove stick which lay at her feet, and with all the force of terror and despair, struck the foremost scoundrel a blow on the head, which felled him as if he had been shot. The other ruffian, in no wise ambitious of a similar greeting, stepped aside, and the girls fled out of the house, mounted their horses and were soon in a place of safety. At an hour or two later, Mr. Ray and two of his neighbors visited the school house in search of the miscreants, but they were gone. There was a pool of blood where the scoundrel fell, and marks of it in several places about the room, showing that the blow which Miss Ray dealt was a severe one. But for the pluck of the girls, another horror, similar to many recently perpetrated, might have been added to the tramps' long catalogue of crimes. —*Denver News*.

Interest. Counsel to witness—"You are a nice sort of a fellow, you are!" Witness—"I'd say the same of you, sir, only I'm on my oath."

"Sandy, what is the state of religion in your town?" "Bad, sir; very bad. There are no christians except Davie and myself, and I have my doubts about Davie."

A lady told her little son, who was teasing for something to eat, to wait until breakfast. With a tear in his eye, he burst out: "I jest honestly sometimes think you're a stepmother!"

A little boy was shown the picture of the martyrs thrown to the lions. He started his friends by shouting: "Ma! Oh, ma! Just look at that poor little lion way behind there. He won't get any."

Why is it that five-sixths of mankind, when cutting open a shapack and finding a roach therein, instead of feeling a flood of pity at the fate of the animal, go around for the cook with a sling shot up their sleeve?

Burdette says: "Time levels everything except a man's back. He humps that up. And I don't see why, either. It doesn't appear to make the back any stronger, and it certainly doesn't make it any prettier. But I suppose Time knows his business."

A little girl visiting a neighbor with her mother was gazing curiously at her hostess' new bonnet, when the owner queried: "Do you like it, Laura?" The innocent replied: "Why, mother said it was a perfect fright, but it doesn't scare me." Laura's mother didn't stay long after that.

In a primary school not long ago, the teacher undertook to convey to her pupils an idea of the uses of the hyphen. She wrote on the blackboard "Bird's nest," and pointing to the hyphen asked the school, "What is that?" After a short pause a little Fenian piped out, "Plaze, ma'am, that's for the bird to roost on."

Saved by Cold Water.

A Windham county correspondent tells the remarkable story of a man in Canterbury, who, sick with some kind of fever, was pronounced by the local physician to beyond hope of recovery.

A neighbor was called in to watch with the sick man, and as there seemed no possibility of the patient's living through the night, the watcher insisted that the family should all retire early, promising to call them immediately if any unfavorable change occurred. As soon as he was left alone with the presumably dying man, the attendant commenced feeding the patient with cold water, a table-spoonful at a time, continuing the process until an ordinary water-pail full had actually been administered. The fever thus drowned out, the sick man fell asleep, awakening late in the morning to call for food. He was allowed to eat what he wanted, continued to improve, and in two or three days was up and about his business. The remarkable case is well attested, and there seems to be no doubt of its substantial currency, as recorded above. The water used was obtained from a well adjacent. —*Hartford (CT) Post*

Learn About the Pulse.

Every intelligent person should know how to ascertain the state of the pulse in health; then, comparing it with what it is when he is ailing, he may have some idea of the urgency of his case.

Parents should know the healthy pulse of each child—as now and then a person is born with a peculiar slow or fast pulse, and the very case in hand may be of that peculiarity. An infant's pulse is 140; a child of 7, about 80; and from 20 to 60 years it is 70 beats a minute, declining to 60 at four score. A healthy grown person's pulse beats 70 times a minute; there may be good health down to 60; but, if the pulse always exceeds 70, there is a disease; the machine is working itself out, there is a fever or inflammation somewhere, and the body is feeding on itself; as in consumption, when the pulse is quick, that is, over 70, gradually increasing, with decreased chances of cure, and it reaches 110 or 120, when death comes before many days. When the pulse is over 70 for months, and there is a slight cough, the lungs are affected.

Gems of Tong't.

He that telleth thee thou art always wrong may be deceived, but he that says thou art always right is surely a liar.

Men live mostly for the present. Few seem to care for the future, and yet the future is the all in all of human existence, because it is eternal.

He whose ruling has self for its end, is a self-idolater, and worships, not an ideal, but a block, like the stupidest of heathens.

Start by little," says and shows. "We wish a future of fires or war, As the present passes away, We are but little, though bright, To the regions of endless light." Little by little, day by day.

Men differ in their honest opinions and it is natural that they should. Just as much as colored glass will cause anything light to be tinged with whatever color the glass may be.

"One dollar," was the answer. "One dollar," said the younger, "can't you take less than that?" "No, indeed, one dollar is the price." Another hour had nearly passed when the younger said:

"Is Mr. Franklin at home?"

"Yes, he is in the printing office."

The shop boy immediately informed Mr. Franklin that a gentleman was in the store waiting to see him. Franklin was soon behind the counter, when the younger addressed him thus:

"Mr. Franklin, what is the lowest you can take for that book?"

"One dollar and a quarter," was the ready answer.

"One dollar and a quarter! Why, your young man asked me only a dollar." "One dollar and a quarter," was the ready answer.

"One dollar and a quarter! Why, your young man asked me only a dollar." "One dollar and a quarter," was the ready answer.

"True," said Mr. Franklin, "and I could have better afforded to have taken a dollar than to have been taken out of the office."

The younger seemed surprised, and wished to end the parley of his own making, said:

"Come, Mr. Franklin, tell me what is the lowest you can take for it?"

"A dollar and a half."

"A dollar and a half! Why, you offered it yourself for a dollar and a quarter."

"Yes," said Franklin, "and I had better have taken that price than a dollar and a half now."

A British Disease.

The most marked peculiarity that will impress the American traveler when he walks the streets of London for the first time, is the great number of excessively fat people whom he everywhere meets.

It is a constitutional disease, and the people have to depend on themselves for safety. Fortunately there was no known remedy for this uncommon disease, and its victims were obliged to submit to the vexation and not infrequent mortification that it occasions. Allian's Anti-Fat is the only remedy for this disease, and removes the abnormal condition by purely natural means. Ask your druggist for it.

The consternation of the girls can be more easily imagined than described. They were fully six miles from home, and a mile, at least, from any habitation. Success was impossible, and they had to depend on themselves for safety. Fortunately there were equal to the situation; they were obliged to submit to the vexation and not infrequent mortification that it occasions. Allian's Anti-Fat is the only remedy for this disease, and removes the abnormal condition by purely natural means. Ask your druggist for it.

Persons wishing blanks for arrears of pension can procure them at this office. We have them on hand and will furnish any quantity desired.

Farm and Home.

The average shrinkage of corn in a year is about 25 per cent. It would, therefore, be as profitable to sell corn at 75 cents per bushel after harvest as at \$1 the next summer.

To Remove Stains from Varnished Furniture.—Sprinkle common cooking soda over the stain and moisten with cold water. Then rub with a soft cloth and in a short time every trace of the stain will disappear. Wash off the soda and wipe perfectly dry.

To Make Hens Lay.—One of the best things is charcoal. Wood charcoal will not do. Burn ripe corn until charred, and feed it, and you will find the pale comb will become red, and that busy song will be heard, and the average yield of eggs will be greatly increased.

I urge farmers to associate that they may have their inspiration kindled. Farm life develops steadiness of character; but isolation not only dries up human sympathies, but the intellect becomes molly, unless a spirit of inquiry is awakened at some time of life. —*Horace Wilson of Iowa*.

Household Weights and Measures.—Wheat flour, one pound is one quart. Loaf sugar, broken, one pound is one quart. White sugar, powdered, one pound one ounce is one quart. Best brown sugar, one pound two ounces is one quart. Liquid measure, sixteen teaspoons are half a pint.

Furniture Polish.—An excellent furniture polish is made of ten cents worth of beeswax, placed in a tin cup and melted in a hot oven. Into this pour two ounces of turpentine and let it stand to cool. Apply it briskly to the furniture with a woolen rag, and give it a finishing touch with an old silk handkerchief.

Household Weights and Measures.—Wheat flour, one pound is one quart. Loaf sugar, broken, one pound is one quart. White sugar, powdered, one pound one ounce is one quart. Best brown sugar, one pound two ounces is one quart. Liquid measure, sixteen teaspoons are half a pint.

Furniture Polish.—An excellent furniture polish is made of ten cents worth of beeswax, placed in a tin cup and melted in a hot oven. Into this pour two ounces of turpentine and let it stand to cool. Apply it briskly to the furniture with a woolen rag, and give it a finishing touch with an old silk handkerchief.

Household Weights and Measures.—Wheat flour, one pound is one quart. Loaf sugar, broken, one pound is one quart. White sugar, powdered, one pound one ounce is one quart. Best brown sugar, one pound two ounces is one quart. Liquid measure, sixteen teaspoons are half a pint.

Furniture Polish.—An excellent furniture polish is made of ten cents worth of beeswax, placed in a tin cup and melted in a hot oven. Into this pour two ounces of turpentine and let it stand to cool. Apply it briskly to the furniture with a wool