

## THE MAIL

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

## SEVEN STAGES OF DRUNKENNESS.

All the world's a bar,  
And all the men and women merely  
drinkers:

They have their hiccupps and their staggers,

And then a man in a day drinks many glasses.

His acts being seven stages, at first the  
gentleman,

Steady and steadfast in his good resolves;

And then the wine and bitters appetite,

And then the yearning look, leaving like a  
small

The comfortable bar. And then the arguments,

Trying like Hercules with a wrathful

Tore off one more gin cocktail. Then the  
mystified,Full of strange thoughts, unheeding good  
advice,Careless of honor, sodeze, thick, and  
gruff,

Seeking the troubled repetition

Even in the bottle's mouth, find then quite  
joyful.In fair good humor while the world swims  
round,With eyeballs misty, while his friends him  
cut,

Full of nice oaths and awful bickerings:

And so he plays his part. The sixth age  
shifts,

Into the old, slipping drunken man.

With "blossoms" on his nose and bleary  
eyed,His shrunken face unshaved, from side to  
side

He roars along; and his unmannly voice

Husker than ever, falls and files

And leaves him—staggering round. Last

Scene of all, that ends true and painful history,

Is stupid childhood, and then oblivion—

Chain, sans col, sans

everything.

San Francisco News Letter.

Journal of Education.

## "Ten Great Gals."

## AMUSING STORY OF A TEACHER.

By REV. A. D. MAYO.

At the age of sixteen, before we had our "roundabouts," we contracted to "keep school," in District No. Five, for twelve dollars per month and "boarding round."

We knew very well the little red schoolhouse, standing at the exact center of the district on the borders of a mighty swamp, the farmhouses scattered about the hills, and we also knew the nuisance of that particular school, a squad of half a dozen rough fellows who had emerged into "tail coats," and would hardly relish the discipline of a boy pedagogue in a roundabout.

After the first flush of elation at our election, the reflection came back, like a return wave of ice water, that, in all human probability, ere our seventeenth birthday should dawn, we should be seen vanishing, head foremost, out of the schoolhouse window, into a big snowdrift, propelled by class No. One of big boys. In our anxiety we applied to "Aunt Anna" the general oracle of the household. Aunt Anna was a stalwart maiden of sixty years, gigantic in proportions, but every inch a lady in her dear old heart. She had nursed half the children in town through the measles, mumps and chicken pox, and was the main stay in all family emergencies. There were sly rumors that the occasional attack of "fidgets" which overcame the good old lady at night, had some relation to a mysterious black bottle which she always carried in her work bag; but Aunt Anna, plus the "fidgets," was worth a regiment of ordinary feminines for the homemade uses of country life.

"Well, now, you are really going to keep school in District No. Five," said Aunt Anna, smoothing down her big checked apron and raising her spectacles for a good, long look at the incipient pedagogue, seated at the opposite corner of the fireplace.

Yes, Aunt Anna, I have promised to keep that school, but, between you and me, I am dreadfully afraid to tackle that crowd of boys. You know what a rough set they are, and one of them has already "given out," that there will be no board wanted in District No. Five after the first week."

That's a serious matter. Now let's see if we can't think of something to help you. Now, you see, I don't know anything about book learnin'. No doubt you can cipher that back seat of boys into the middle of next week. But they can fling you over the roof of the schoolhouse in a jiffy, if they have a mind to. I know every family in the district. I've nussed in every house, and taken the measure of every youngster that will come to that school. There's one thing in your favor. *There'll be ten great gals in that school*, and most of 'em are good gals, too. Now, some are a head taller than you, and two or three are right handsome, too. They can twist that crowd of great, bashful boys round their little finger if they want to. Now, mind what I tell you; do you go right to work and gain the affections of these ten great gals, and they'll manage the great boys, while you keep school."

That sounded well; and armed with this panacea against rebellion, we opened school the Monday after Thanksgiving. It was a rough looking set on the high seats—that row of villainous looking fellows, any of them big enough to throw me over into the big swamp with one hand.

Happily our first boarding place was the home of two of the "great gals." Never did we "lay ourselves out" to gain the good graces of the lovely sex as during that first week of that boarding round. We rode on the front of the sled with the tallest girl, played checkers with the second, got all snarled up in a "cat's cradle" with the pretty visiting cousin, and put in a word of explanation for the "hard sums" of all, in the long evenings at home.

The first crisis came at the beginning of the second week, when a big lout "sauced" the new schoolmaster. Some how, it crushed us, and for a minute the schoolroom swam round, and the idea of seizing our fur cap and making for home flitted across our vision. Just then the patter of a light footstep was heard down the long slope of the narrow aisle leading up to the seat of the "ten great gals." The tallest gilded down, ostensibly to ask the explanation of a hard sum, but, as we leaned over the slate, with a dimness in our eyes, we heard a whisper in our ears:

"Don't be cast down; we girls will shame that set of boys into good manners before another week."

A light broke in; we were gaining the affections of the ten great gals."

So things drizzled for six weeks, when dawned the judgment day. We had gone to board with a good, motherly woman, who loved us as her own son. A big fire in the parlor greeted our arrival, and a supper fit for the parson himself. After tea our hostess appeared in her best black silk, in her hand a mighty oak "ruler," and sat down before us with the air of a Minerva:

"Now, matters have come to a point in your school; you have been trying to govern that crowd of rascally boys by

love, but that has come to an end. Tomorrow they'll try to put you out. Take this ruler, and don't come home to-morrow night unless you have used it up over the head and shoulders of somebody."

There was no appeal from that. A greater than the whole class of "great gals" had spoken, and we felt in our soul that fate was standing at the schoolhouse door.

We were endowed with the epic rage of a Homer or a Pope, we might possibly depict the exciting scenes of the coming day. How the ugliest loafer, in a frock coat, kicked in the door at recess; how, when the trembling young master asked "who did that?" the big boor lifted his thumb to his nose, and executed that significant gyration with the little finger which would make a savage of St. John himself; how, fired with the courage of despair, and a vision of our farmhouse Minerva, we seized the big oak ruler, rushed up the inclined plane, upsetting several small children on the way, plunged at the throat of the insolent scoundrel, tore off the collar of his frock coat, snaked him down the aisle before the fireplace, and beat him over the head and shoulders till he roared for mercy; how, at intervals, he cast a glance up at his accomplices, and took in the situation—the "ten great gals" had spik'd the guns of all but this wretch, who slunk and begged under our hands—how we wound up with an eloquent address, and gave the whipped ruffian his hat, with instructions to go home; how his sensible father took off what remained of his dilapidated frock coat, and trounced him till he was yeled again, and sent him to school the following day with a compliment to the plucky young master; all this might be sung in heroic verse.

But, if the truth were known, it was not we, but the "ten great gals" that did the business. They had so demoralized the attacking columns by the magic of their charms, that only one had the heart to defy the little master, and he dared not lift his hand when the day of battle came. And from that day we crowned dear old Aunt Anna prophetess of love.

Gain the affections of the "ten great gals" in your schoolroom, "and all things shall work together for good."

RAILROAD TRAIN YARN.

A wealthy old miserant in Iowa, a farmer, did not fence his land properly, yet grubbed when his cattle were killed. The railroad beat him in the courts, and he treasured up the hardest feelings against the company. One day a rail was laid across the track near an old farmer's land, and the first passenger train that came along was wrecked. It was believed at the time that the farmer tied the rail across the track.

Many persons were killed and all the bodies but that of an aged woman were identified. The first day after the accident the old farmer did not go to the town, but in the body awaited burial but on the following morning he visited the postoffice, and received word that his sister was coming on from the East to visit him. He hurried to the morgue and identified the body of the unknown lady as that of his sister. In less than a year he became a man, and in his ravings admitted that he had wrecked the train.

A stout lamb was seen to run between the wheels of a rapidly moving locomotive near Sunbury. The engineer suffered a pang of regret, for he was tender hearted and wouldn't run over a snake if he could help it. He looked back over the road for the corpse of the unfortunate lamb. To his astonishment he saw the lamb leap from the track behind the last car, and run off wagging its tail. It had passed under all the cars and was uninjured.

A Hudson River engineer killed a man that suddenly stepped in front of his engine. He had been watching the man and saw his face as he crossed over the track and walked into the engine. The man was blind. The engineer caught a glimpse of the victim's face as he was struck. His expression was one of terror. His scream was heard above the pounding of the engine. The sight haunted the engineer until he quit the business. Every night at that spot that scene was re-enacted. He took a day train, sat at noon the apparition haunted the spot. He even went into the service of another company, yet at unexpected moments the spectre of the blind man seemed to start up in the track, to throw his arms over his head wildly, to scream, and to be crushed under the locomotive. It was more than the engineer could bear.

There is narrated a weird story about an apparition of a train on the Hudson River railroad. It is said that there are many trackmen and laborers along the Hudson River railroad, who pretend to have seen the spectacle. The tale is about a mystic counterpart of the funeral train that bore Abraham Lincoln's remains to the West. The actual and substantial train passed over the road on a certain day in April, 1865. The car that contained the President's remains was heavily draped. It is said that on that night, every year, all the train men who are on the road during a certain hour (that varies in different subdivisions of the road) hear and see and feel the spectre train rush by them. It sounds hollow and awful. Its lights are yellow, pale and funeral. Its train hands and passengers are sepulchral figures. It looks like the outline of a train, yet every detail is perfect. Those who have seen it say, though they felt that it was only a vision, that a man could walk through it if he dared, or throw a stone through it; yet it seems perfect in everything but substantialness. It even carries with it a whirl of wind as fast trains do, but it is a cold, clammy, gravelly atmosphere, all its own. As it passes another train the shriek of its whistle and clang of its bell strike terror to the hearts of those that hear them.

CHINESE PROVERBS.

Ambition is like hunting for fleas. A hasty man drinks his tea with a fork.

A little scandal is to tea what an olive is to wine.

A wise man at court is like a maid in a ball-room.

Shave with a file if you like, but don't shave the razor.

A disobedient son is a bad bull tied to his father's gip-tail.

Teaching a woman to scandal is like teaching a kettle to boil.

Be not too prodigal; the kettle when too full puts out the fire.

Carrying a peacock on your head does not make you a nobleman.

Malaria Fever.

Malaria Fevers, constipation, torpidity of the liver and kidneys, general debility, nervousness and neuralgic ailments, yield readily to the great disease conqueror, Hop Bitters. It repairs the ravages of disease by converting the food into rich blood, and it gives new life and vigor to the aged and infirm always. See "Proverbs" in other column.

## CATARRH

Sneezing Catarrh, Chronic Catarrh, Ulcerative Catarrh, permanently cured by

## SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE is a safe, certain and permanent cure for Catarrh of every kind.

It is purely a vegetable distillation, and is applied locally by instillation, and constitutionally by inhalation.

It soothes, heals and cures the nasal passages of every feeling of heaviness, obstruction, etc.

It removes it removes the blood, purifies it of the acid poisons which it is always charged in Catarrh.

It has a decided tonic effect over the entire system.

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