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DIRECTORY.

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Secretary of State, Treasurer, Auditor, Superintendent of Public Instruction and Attorney General constitute the State Board of Education. The Governor is President, and the Superintendent of Public Instruction, Secretary of the Board.

boys, of old. The one that took 'em I'll have his life. Come, now, confess. Walk here and be ruled. The boy that's played me the disrespectful trick of taking me glasses."

the door she stood against it and panted. "There's my son, Mr. Balch," she said. "You can take what you've a mind to him, for he wanted to play truant again, he did; but what's the matter, Mr. Balch, with that lot, if I may ask?"

of that old woman's head I'll make a funeral here!" Aunt Martha knelt again, folded her hands and said: "These young men were children not long ago, and they had praying mothers and God-fearing fathers. They are walking in wicked paths, and their hearts know no good. I pray that their eyes may be opened to their wickedness, and that their feet may be turned into other and better paths!"

Robert Emmet and His Love. 'Twas the evening of a lovely day, the last day of the noble and ill-fated Emmet. A young lady stood at the castle gate and desired admittance into the dungeon. She was closely veiled and the keeper could not imagine who she was, nor why one of such proud bearing should be a suppliant at the prison door. However, he granted the boon, led her to the dungeon, opened the massive iron door, then closed it again, and the lovers were alone. He leaned against the prison wall with downcast head and his arms were folded upon his breast. Gently she raised the veil from her face, and Emmet turned to gaze upon all that earth contained for him—the girl whose sunny brow in the days of boyhood had been his polar star—the maiden who had some times made him think this "world was all sunshine." The clinking of heavy chains sounded like a death knell to her ears and she wept like a child. Emmet said but little, yet he pressed her warmly to his bosom, and their feelings held silent meeting—such a meeting, perchance, as is held in heaven, only there we part no more. In a low voice he besought her not to forget him when the cold grave received his inanimate body. He spoke of bygone days—the happy hours of childhood, when his hopes were bright and glorious—and concluded by requesting her sometimes to visit the place—scenes that were hallowed to memory from the days of his infancy.

A story comes from Florida with the genuine flavor of romance. It seems that at Cedar Keys an old Spaniard calling himself Rios De-Rafalo made his appearance some time ago and settled down as though impressed with the qualities of Cedar Keys as a place of residence. Many wondered at the whim of the old man which led himself to thus seek a home among strangers, but now it seems that many years ago he was engaged in the occupation of a pirate, and while so engaged was a party to the burial of a large amount of treasure in the vicinity of Cedar Keys. Now, the old man has come to look for the result of his enterprise in the past, and it is reported, not without success. He has succeeded, it is said, in finding one iron box containing precious stones and old Spanish coin to the value of \$10,000, and expects to unearth still more of the treasure. The iron box has been already shipped to Havana, where the old Spaniard lives when at home. That is the story.

POETRY.

She Walks in Beauty. She walks in beauty, like the night Of cloudless climes and starry skies, And all that's best of dark and bright Meets in her aspect and her eyes, Thus mellowed to that tender light Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. BALCH'S SPECTACLES. BY MARY KYLE DALLAS. I went to school to Mr. Balch. He was a man of whom little boys stood in awe. He had a switch, a rattan, and a ruler. The switch was for the little children; the rattan for the middle-sized boys; the ruler for the big ones. There was a rumor in the school that one very infamous boy had once had all three "taken to him," and demolished over his back in turn. This was not, however, quite believed in. I don't remember that we ever learnt anything except obedience, but that we did acquire thoroughly. Mr. Balch's rules were as those of the much quoted Medes and Persians, unalterable. One of them was that we must not answer back. Another, that we must not contradict. A third, that explanations were not allowable from little boys, and that, to a question, we must answer Yes or No, no more. When a boy had been ruled, punished, or swi-ched, according to his age.

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A Devoted Wife.

Several times since the indictment of her husband a young and beautiful woman has been to the parish church in San Francisco to pray for his acquittal, and even while in court did not cease her devout exertions on his behalf. Endorsing herself in a quiet nook this pious lady continued to pray with such whole-souled earnestness for the prisoner's release as to attract the attention of the court. Unheeding the curious glances bestowed on her, the good woman continued her devotions without interruption until the jury returned with a verdict of not guilty, when she testified her joy by an earnest "amen." She then left the court room accompanied by her husband, and expressing her gratitude by such expressions as "God be praised," and "Heaven be thanked," etc., until she reached the street and was lost in the motley crowd that usually assembles around the doors at recess.

Correct Speaking.

We would advise all young people to acquire, in early life, the habit of correct speaking and writing; and to abandon, as early as possible, any use of slang words and phrases. The longer you live, the more difficult the language will be; and if the golden age of youth, the proper season for the acquisition of language, be passed in its abuse, the unfortunate victim, if neglected, is, very properly, doomed to talk slang for life. Money is not necessary to procure this education. Every man has it in his power. He has merely to use the language which he reads, instead of the slang which he hears; to form his taste from the best of speakers and poets in the country; to treasure up choice phrases in his memory and habituate himself to their use, avoiding at the same time that pedantic precision and bombast which show the weakness of vain ambition rather than the polish of an educated mind.—Youth's Companion.

A Wonderful Memory.

President Taylor, of the United States, had a most wonderful talent at remembering people. He was introduced to two thousand men, women and children on the occasion of his inauguration ball, and was not known to forget their names afterward. A lady, in the evening, who had barely been presented to him, going up to shake hands with him to bid "Good night," to her he said, "Good night, Mrs. Southgate; I believe I had the honor of giving an escort to a lady of your name in Mexico." It proved to be a family connection, and the recollection was, of course, very agreeable to Mrs. Southgate, or whatever her name was. He showed this talent noticeably throughout his administration; it is one that is a great advantage for presidents, emperors, and kings to possess. Mr. Fillmore, his successor, was very deficient in this talent, and rarely remembered any lady's name correctly. "Wiry, what drove you from home such a bitter night as this?" asked a woman of a poor little boy, shivering and crying at the corner of a street. "Cross words," he answered, with the tears streaming down his cheeks.

THE ARTS OF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

One hundred years ago what a man discovered in the arts he concealed. Workmen were put upon oath, in the name of God, never to reveal the progress used by their employers. Doors were kept closed, artisans going out were searched, visitors were rigorously excluded from admission, and false operations blinded the workmen themselves. The mysteries of every craft were hedged in by thickest fences of empirical pretensions and judicial affirmation. The royal manufactures of porcelain, for example, were long carried on in Europe with a spirit of jealous exclusiveness. His majesty of Saxony was especially circumspect. Not content with the oath of secrecy imposed upon his work people, he would not abate his kingly suspicion in favor of a brother monarch. Neither king nor king's delegate might enter the taboed walls of Meissen. What is erroneously called the Dresden porcelain—that exquisite pottery of which the world has never seen the like—was produced for two hundred years by a process so secret that neither the bribery of princes nor the garrulity of the operatives ever revealed it. Other discoveries have been less successfully guarded, fortunately for the world. The manufacture of tinware in England originated in a stolen secret. Few readers need to be informed that tinware is simply thin iron plated with tin by being dipped into the molten metal. In theory it is an easy matter to clean the surface of iron, dip it into a bath of the boiling tin and remove it enveloped with the silvery metal to a place for cooling. In practice, however, the process is one of the most difficult in the arts. It was discovered in Holland and guarded from publicity with the utmost vigilance for nearly half a century. England tried in vain to discover the secret until James Sherman, a Cornish miner, crossed the Channel, insinuated himself master of the secret, and brought it home. The secret of manufacturing cast steel was also stealthily obtained, and it is now within the reach of all artisans.

QUESTIONS.

What holds all the snuff in the world? No one nose. How did Queen Elizabeth take her pills? In cider. When is music like oysters? When there is a quart eat. What animal comes down from the clouds? Rain, dear. At what time was Adam born? A little before Eve. What relation is the door to the mat? A step farther. What is that a poor man has and a rich man wants? Nothing. When will there be only twenty-five letters in the alphabet? When U and I are made one.