

Education Column

A DOUBLE ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

The Story of a Teachers' Mistake.

"Fritz, you may stand on the platform."

The boy looked up from his book, but did not move.

"Fritz Avery, I request you to step to the platform."

The boy addressed raised his head, and looked his teacher full in the face, but remained seated.

Miss Dunham was rather under medium size, but she had grit.

Walking quickly up the aisle, she grasped the boy by the collar.

Fritz allowed himself to be lifted from his seat and stood looking calmly down upon her from his five feet seven.

As she attempted to move up the aisle with her charge, he gently passed his arm about her, and placed her in the seat he had just vacated.

Then taking the book from her hand, he placed himself in her chair at the desk and called out the primary class to read.

The frightened children not knowing what else to do, were about to obey, when Miss Dunham, having recovered a little from her surprise, walked quickly up the aisle.

With eyes blazing and voice trembling she said, "Fritz Avery, you are expelled."

The boy gave his teacher one searching look, then bowing politely he left the room.

There were examples to correct after the pupils were gone, and so the purple shadows had begun to gather before Miss Dunham left the school-house.

Her head ached and her heart was heavy. Fritz Avery was among her most promising pupils and one in whom she had always felt a special interest.

Together with the feeling of disappointment in her pupil struggled a feeling akin to remorse. Why could she not have kept her temper?

Why have allowed the whole school to witness her fall into the fault which had been the bane of her life?

How could she ever correct any fault of her pupils now that they had seen her own weakness? But it had been such a provocation!

In spite of all her reasoning she was conscious of having lowered her own standard.

The high hopes she had held of being a power for good among her pupils seemed to fade away into the purple shadows which were fast taking the place of the golden glow of the sunset.

It seemed now as if they would never lift, as if she must live henceforth amid their purple depths.

She was obliged to pass the home of the Averys on the way to her boarding place.

As she neared the house she saw Fritz coming down the walk.

"Miss Dunham," he called, "will you wait a minute, please? I would like to speak with you."

"I did not act the part of a gentleman," he said, stopping before her.

"I have taken time to think it over, and am now ready to tell you that I am sorry. My father has taught me that all women are to be treated as I would like other boys to treat my mother."

"I shall tell the whole story to-night after the children are in bed, and I know that my mother will grieve and my father will condemn. I will not ask you to forgive me, Miss Dunham, for such behavior does not deserve forgiveness. I would, however, like to say this for myself. You no doubt thought I had broken your rule about communicating, but I had not."

Miss Dunham opened her lips, but she could not speak. A great choking in her throat seemed to bar the way.

Fritz continued, "I am not going to pretend that I do not care about being expelled; I do care a great deal."

He stopped and gazed out into the west where the purple shadows were gathering. When he began again, his voice trembled.

"I feel the disgrace, not for myself alone. Father and mother have always trusted me, and little Tim—will never believe in his big brother again."

The words came slowly, but there was more to say, and he made himself go on.

"Miss Dunham, I have never told you, but if I had got along well this term my uncle was going to send me to the city to school in the fall. There are not many of the boys about here

who get that chance, but uncle has plenty of means, and he knows how ambitious father and mother have always been for me.

"It is all over now, and I am going to settle down and forget my ambitions. Ambitions are not for such as I."

He was about to turn away when Miss Dunham placed her hand upon his arm.

"Fritz, you shall come back to school you must come. I was in the wrong, and—"

Very gently did the boy displace the hand, as he said, "No, Miss Dunham, I shall not come. I have disgraced you and the school. I can never face those little ones again. I, the oldest pupil, should have set the example of deference to the teacher, but instead I insulted you before them all. No, Miss Dunham, my school days are over. Tomorrow I shall go to work with the farm hands. Maybe I can behave myself well enough to be with men all the time."

"Fritz you shall not give up school. I will apologize. I will tell the children that I was too hasty, that you did not whisper."

He put out his hand deprecatingly, but spoke as calmly as before. "No, but I will go tomorrow morning, if I may, and make an acknowledgment before the school, and, if you will let me I will finish the term. Unless I am greatly mistaken, you will have no more trouble with me."

Miss Dunham saw that it would be useless to reason with him, so mentally resolving to carry out her part of the humiliating process, she bade him good-night and went home, to spend many sleepless hours in the attempt to overcome her chagrin that a boy fifteen years old should set her, a teacher of as many years, an example in nobility of character.

It was with some surprise that the pupils of Miss Dunham's school saw Fritz Avery walk up the aisle the next morning and take his seat as tho nothing had happened.

When the opening exercises were over, he raised his hand. Being granted permission he stepped forward to the place assigned him the day before and looking down upon the astonished faces before him, spoke as calmly as tho reciting an ordinary lesson.

"You all saw my misbehavior yesterday. I have apologized to Miss Dunham but I do not feel that I have done my duty until I repeat before you all that I am heartily ashamed of the whole matter, and I intend to become what, as the oldest pupil I ought always to have been,—a leader in all that is good and right. I want you to watch me closely, and if you see in me any want of deference to our teacher, I will thank you to remind me of my duty. I am old enough to know that our parents send us here to learn, and that Miss Dunham is doing her best to help us become noble men and women. The least we can do is to show her due respect."

At this moment Miss Dunham stepped to his side. "Children," she said, her voice trembling, with suppressed emotion. "Fritz is not wholly to blame. I spoke too hastily. He had not been whispering as I thought. He had broken no rule, and I aggravated him beyond endurance and without cause. Before the school I ask his pardon, and promise that I will try to be more patient with you all."

Miss Dunham was still teaching, when, ten years later, his college course ended, Fritz came to bid her good-bye, before entering upon his life work in a distant state. As she looked into his face and saw the strength of character, and steadfastness of purpose stamped upon it, she felt exceedingly grateful that the better part of herself had conquered in the struggle between conscience and pride.—By Susie E. Kennedy, Rhode Island, in Teachers Magazine.

Better than a Doctor's Prescription.

Mr. J. W. Turner, of Truhart, Va., says that Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets have done him more good than anything he could get from the doctor.

If any physician in this country was able to compound a medicine that would produce such gratifying results in cases of stomach troubles, biliousness or constipation, his whole time would be used in preparing this one medicine. For sale by A. H. Boyett, Smithfield, Selma Drug Co., J. W. Benson.

It is a good sermon that stays with a man when he is swapping horses.

The Famous Little Pills, "Early Risers," cure Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness, etc., by their tonic effect on the liver. They never gripe or sicken, yet they cleanse the system thoroughly. They cleanse, tone and strengthen the stomach and bowels and impart the kind of energy that makes one feel like rising early.

Let it Hurt and Let Them Howl!

We are surprised at the desperate tactics of the opponents of prohibition laws in Charlotte and Greensboro.

The Charlotte Observer, whose pages for years have been devoted to most loyal praise and enthusiastic faith in the Queen City, now comes with dismal croakings—of the dullcity, of the dead and dying city. We could not believe it but for the pages before us. That is not like the Charlotte Observer, and in all friendliness we say so. We respect that paper's convictions, and we hope it will repent of its unworthy way of expressing them. The want of bar-rooms never yet destroyed a city. But croaking will injure any place. How ill it becomes Charlotte!

At Greensboro a furor has been raised second only to the ancient Edenton Tea Party. A blundering Judge, of pitiful notoriety, sat on his bench, denounced the law and the men that had the respect for the State and their oaths to enforce it, and summarily declared it unconstitutional. The calmness of the bench seems never to visit him. The Greensboro law simply provides that "when an affidavit is made that an individual is selling whiskey contrary to the law, and a warrant is issued, the officer serving the warrant can go upon the premises and search them, and if he finds whiskey can seize it, and upon conviction of the person the whiskey is confiscated."

A man's home is his castle—but not to break the law in. The King cannot enter the home of a peasant—save with the due process of law, say, a warrant as above. All this talk apropos of Greensboro, with regard to the home as a castle, immemorial rights, etc., etc., is the merest moonshine. By the same immemorial rights the blockader may claim protection. And by the same unconstitutionality so rashly proclaimed by the famously wise and just judge—whose record so adorns the ermine and the dignity of the State—the United States Revenue law, giving officers the right of seizure, is also unconstitutional.

The plain truth is, the opponents of temperance laws declare that they cannot be enforced, and when we enforce them they howl. No doubt it hurts. But let it hurt; and let them howl.—Biblical Recorder.

Makes digestion and assimilation perfect. Makes new red blood and bone. That's what Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will do. A tonic for the sick and weak. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. A. H. Boyett, Selma Drug Co.

A Message Worthy of A Spartan

This State has in its Hall of History one of the most patriotic and at the same time interesting relics of the Civil War, this being in the case devoted to Gettysburg. It is the dying message written by Colonel Isaac Erwin Avery, the commander of the Sixth North Carolina Infantry, and beside it is his war-time photograph. He was that day commanding a North Carolina Brigade and was shot, the ball injuring the spine and causing paralysis of the right side. His sufferings were increased by the fall from his horse which followed the injury. His ordinary penmanship was beautiful, but his dying message was written with his left hand, while he was suffering acutely. It was addressed to Samuel McDowell Tate, who was the major of the Sixth, and is in these words: "Major: Tell my father I died with my face to the enemy.—I. E. Avery." The message, thus scrawled and irregular, is upon a little piece of dingy brown Confederate note paper, along the bottom portion of which are spots made by the blood of the writer. When he was found the paper was near his hand.—Raleigh Correspondent to Charlotte Observer.

The leading story of Lippincott's Magazine for July is "An Orchard Princess," by Ralph Henry Barbour. This is almost enough to say in its commendation; for those who read his other Lippincott novel, "Kitty of the Roses," will be sure of an idyllic treat in picking up a second tale by him. The "Orchard Princess" is wooed, as she sketches the orchard day by day, by a very persistent man and an unyielding bull pup; and how it all turned out the reader will want to discover for himself.

Some people think to redeem a bad day by dreams of heaven at night.

No Admittance.

This is the epitaph written over the door of a young man's future who tampers with strong drink. Every high and worthy position is closed to him, and he is as one who faces the midnight darkness and storm without the lantern. Society repudiates him and the commercial world close her portals against his entrance. Railroads will admit him to no responsible position, business houses of all kinds vote him out, and the great world which at heart is kind and sympathetic, scorns and rejects him.

This is a dark future pictured for the man who indulges in temperate habits but there is no falsity in the coloring, there is no exaggeration in the outlook it presents. And the records of history and the sad stories of wasted lives confirm and prove its truthfulness.

Intemperance tends toward weakening the human will. To every young man sometime in the course of his life comes a determination and a resolution to rise to sublimer things. The intemperate young man wastes the years of his best and most powerful energies of the body and will, and then when the desire comes to enter the realities of life, he finds that his assets are insufficient to carry out his intentions. The thriftlessness of younger days have thwarted his success and when he might have become a man of responsibility, he is forced to stop on the very threshold of success. Young men little dream of the clinging power of evil habits, how they eat out the fibre of the will and destroy the energy of the mind until it has little power of resistance.

Then this waste of moral fibre carries with it also a waste of reputation and the loss of a good name in the community. A man may be respected by his associates for his family's sake, or if he has inherited a fortune he may be respected for a time for his money's sake, but the inebriate is a discredited man and can never rise in the scale of decent society. To rise here necessitates a possession of a higher degree of manliness and morals than the intemperate man has in store, and therefore he is rejected by those who would otherwise honor and associate with him with pleasure.

The greatest failures in life are oftentimes traceable to these habits of early life. Failure to achieve distinction in those fields where moral force is essential is often due to a misappropriation and misuse of those energies in the years when their development would have guaranteed success. The dreams of life are shattered through the follies and thoughtlessness of youth. The world moves on to grand achievements but the man who drinks is left behind.—Charlotte News.

Thrown From a Wagon.

Mr. George K. Babcock was thrown from his wagon and severely bruised. He applied Chamberlain's Pain Balm freely and says it is the best liniment he ever used. Mr. Babcock is a well known citizen of North Plain, Conn. There is nothing equal to Pain Balm for sprains and bruises. It will effect a cure in one-third the time required by any other treatment. For sale by A. H. Boyett, Smithfield, Selma Drug Co., J. W. Benson.

We wish to commend Congressman E. W. Pou of the Fifth District for his boldness in announcing his views at this juncture on the question of strengthening the Navy. He is reported as saying: "The United States must do one of two things, either relinquish her colonial possessions, which is so highly improbable that it might be termed almost impossible, or increase the size of the American navy." Mr. Pou, on this question, is not in accord with his party, or at least with the platform of his party—a platform constructed at a time when "issues" were rather scant. But the Congressman shows himself to be a man who is not afraid to express himself even when the expression runs counter to his party. We need more of such men.—Raleigh Christian Advocate.

We like best to call SCOTT'S EMULSION a food because it stands so emphatically for perfect nutrition. And yet in the matter of restoring appetite, of giving new strength to the tissues, especially to the nerves, its action is that of a medicine. Send for free sample. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409-415 Pearl Street, New York. 50c. and \$1.00 all druggists.

WON FROM DISASTER

SUCCESS AT TIMES FOLLOWS SEEMING ILL LUCK.

How the Baku Petroleum Deposits Were Discovered—A Dying Seal Disclosed Cape Nome's Gold Secret. The Origin of Tinted Paper.

The Baku petroleum deposits, which have yielded millions of pounds' worth of fine oil, are situated in Russian Caucasus.

Years ago a number of cattle were placed on several tracts of land well covered with herbage. The animals, however, refused to feed at first, but later, in their hunger, they ate up the grass ravenously. All of them were taken ill, and a number died.

The cause of their death puzzled the owner for some time. In the long run he discovered, with the assistance of an Englishman, that below the meadows were rich oil springs which caused the grass to be poisoned with paraffin. The loss of his cattle brought a fortune.

A summer or two back a sea wall on the Suffolk coast was blown down during a strong gale, and when the tide rose many acres of low lying land were flooded by the sea. The farmers who rented the land were in despair, and in order to save their crops they started draining the water off.

Two days later the water sodden meadows were a sight wonderful to behold. They were one thick carpet of fine mackerel! A big school of the fish had swept in through the breach in the embankment and been carried to the fields by the incoming sea.

The farmers hired scores of carts to collect the mackerel, and within twenty-four hours the fish had been packed into boxes and were en route to Billingsgate, where they were sold for over £600.

Starring, ill clad and bootless, Robert Hyams, a homeless Jew, wandered to the top of a lonely hill on the Yorkshire moors. There was a strong gale blowing from the east, and to protect himself from the cold blast he entered a big shed of wood and gorse on the summit which was used to store fodder for the sheep.

Stepping through the door, which opened to the eastward, he was astonished to find inside over sixty wild ducks, half stunned, but quacking violently. He slammed the door to and started catching the birds and wringing their necks.

The shed lay right in the flight lines of the myriads of wild ducks that come to Britain from the north, and, flying low in their hundreds, some of them had entered the door of the shed, which had been left open by the shepherds, and stunned themselves on the rear wall.

Hyams sold the lucky haul for a sum exceeding £5, and with this he was able to clothe himself respectably and thus find employment.

On the beach which fringes the precipices below Cape Nome there is now a prosperous city peopled by 40,000 miners, but at one time, and not so very long ago, the spot was uninhabited. The discovery of the gold in the district and its ultimate prosperity was entirely due to a seal.

Two American hunters had wounded the strange creature, and it led them a pretty dance across the ice and into an unknown bay, where the seal was killed after badly wounding one of the hunters.

In its death struggles the seal flung up the ground, and the hunters, to their agreeable surprise, found themselves on a golden strand—the richest one in the world.

The death of a mule brought great wealth to Frederick Butler, a Klondiker, who took part in the memorable "rush" to the gold fields of Yukon. He left his mule standing one day on a plot of land far away from the "claims," and another miner who had a grudge against his fellow digger shot the animal in the neck with his revolver.

The mule fell and in its agony kicked up the ground with its hoofs. When its owner returned he found several "pebbles" of strange weight and shape lying around the dead animal. He cleansed the supposed pebbles and they proved to be nuggets of virgin gold. The dying mule had struck one of the richest veins in Klondike.

A similar case of gold being discovered by an animal occurred in Scotland in 1868. A dog, badly wounded by a shot from a gamekeeper's gun, scratched up some gold on ground which was afterward known as the Dunrobin gold mines, near Golspie. Over £20,000 worth of the precious metal was washed out of the mine by the owner of the fortune bringing dog.

The Patrol silver mines in Spain were also discovered by a wounded dog, and it is said that the famous diamond mines at Kimberley were first revealed to a wide awake Boer by a sow which he had shot.

Gold to the value of some hundreds of pounds was dug out of a portion of the ground belonging to a Mr. Ireton of western Cumberland. A fowl chased by a boy threw up a nugget of gold with its claws as it fled from its pursuer.

Subsequently it transpired that where the bird had been was a dried up stream and contained gold dust and small nuggets in large quantities.

Ramsgate harbor was once flooded with a mighty shoal of mullet, and when the dock gates were opened to allow a ship to pass into the inner basin the fish followed, and the basin became thick with them.

When the tide went down the authorities had the dock sluices opened and the water drained off. Over twenty cart loads of mullet of two pounds weight and upward were taken away

from the floor of the basin, and their sale brought to the coffers of the Rams-gate council nearly £500.

A piece of blue dropped by accident into a vat of pulp was responsible for the production of blue tinted paper, and to this slight disaster the foundation of a great industry is to be traced.

The wife of William East, a poor paper maker, dropped a blue bag into one of her husband's pulp vats, and as a result the pulp assumed a blue tint.

East considered the paper to be a grave pecuniary loss, but when he sent it up to London it found a ready market. Indeed, it became so popular that East was asked to supply more. He did and eventually made a great fortune out of his "blue bag" paper.

A chemist of Nuremberg was pouring out some aquafortis from a bottle when a few drops fell upon a pair of gold rimmed spectacles, which he had recently purchased.

"That's a catastrophe," he called to his wife. "I've upset some aquafortis on my new specs."

"Has it spoiled them?" was the reply.

"Well," said the chemist, "the glass is corroded where the fluid touched it."

Then an idea struck him, and, getting a piece of window glass, he endeavored to etch thereon. He succeeded after many failures. By drawing designs on the glass with varnish and applying aquafortis he made them appear as on a gray background. For many years he kept his secret close and made a small fortune out of his designed glass.—Pearson's London Weekly.

THE PRICE OF TORTURE.

Eighteenth Century Punishments and the Costs Thereof.

Among the monuments of superstition which exist to this day, the traveler sees the "witch towers," the torture chambers and the collections of instruments of torture in various towns on the continent—notably at Nuremberg, Ratisbon, Munich and The Hague. But perhaps nothing brings the system more vividly before us than the executioner's tariffs still preserved. Four of these may be seen in the library of Cornell university and among them especially that issued by the archbishop elector of Cologne in 1757. On four printed folio pages, it enumerates in fifty-five paragraphs every sort of hideous cruelty which an executioner could commit upon a prisoner, with the sum allowed him for each, and for the instruments therein required. Typical examples from this tariff are the following:

Table with 2 columns: Description of punishment and Thalers Uib. (Cost). Includes items like 'For tearing asunder with four horses', 'For quartering', 'For beheading and burning', etc.

and so on through fifty-five items and specifications.—Andrew D. White in Atlantic.

A Hanging Bridge.

When the Denver and Rio Grande prepared to build through the Rockies engineers said the canyon of the Arkansas could never be penetrated its entire length. There was one spot in this awe inspiring chasm where there was not room for a roadbed on either side of the stream. The walls of the canyon came down to the swift current of the Arkansas without foothold for a man on either side. But an engineer suggested a hanging bridge suspended between the walls of the canyon. The bridge was built with supports imbedded in the solid rock, and across it the heavy transcontinental trains fit daily, with nothing but the slender ironwork between the river and the top of the canyon, 2,600 feet above. Great iron braces, which look almost spider-like in the vastness of the canyon, have been thrown across the gorge, being anchored securely in the sheer sides. Huge cables depend from these braces, holding a long iron bridge, which extends not across but parallel with the course of the river.—New York Tribune.

The City of Is.

You might exhaust yourself looking in atlas and gazetteer for the city of Is, because it is purely legendary. Here is a brief statement of the legend: "The magnificent city of Is was situated on the coast of Brittany where now is the bay of Douarnenez. It was built below the level of the sea and surrounded by massive walls. Here in the fifth century was the court of the pious King Gradlon and of his wicked daughter, Dahut, who had a pleasant habit of throwing her suitors into a well when their society became tiresome. One of her favorites asked her to obtain for him the silver key which fastened the sluice gates in the city wall. Dahut accordingly stole the key from her father's neck while he slept, the lover unlocked the gates and the sea rushed in and overwhelmed the city and its inhabitants, including the princess. Only the king escaped. The Breton peasants say that the spirits of the drowned still haunt the spot, and the bells of the city are often heard ringing at the tide."