

The Normal Index.

VOL. III.

SAN JOSE, CAL., MARCH, 1888.

No. 7.



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RURAL NATURE.

Where art thou loveliest, O, Nature tell!
Oh, when may be thy Paradise? When grow
Thy happiest groves? And down what woody dell
Do thy most fancy-winning waters flow?
And when the softest breezes longest blow?
And when thy ever blissful mountains swell
Upon whose sides the cloudless sun may throw
Eternal summer, while the air may quell
His fury. Is it 'neath the moving sea,
Where jeweled palaces and golden shores
Have awed the Eastern nations through all time?
Or o'er the Western seas, or where afar
Our winter sun warms up the southern zones
With summer? Where can be the happy climes?

—Ed.

STAGING IN THE SIERRAS.

Late one night in June, several years ago, my brother and I found ourselves standing in a small group at a hotel door in one of our country towns. We had been traveling by rail all day, through the hot, dusty valley of the Sacramento, and were now waiting for the stage that was to take us farther on our journey. A glance at the interior of the stage, as it drove up, showed us the character of our night's resting-place. There were three seats, the front and back ones facing each other, and the third, simply a cushioned board, placed midway between the other two. The driver offered to accommodate two of us on the seat beside him, on top of the stage, but as we all intended to pass the night in sleep, we climbed inside.

A crack of the whip, and we were off! For the first few miles the road was smooth and level, the horses trotted briskly along, and, soothed by the gentle rocking of the coach, we soon began to doze. But, suddenly there was a shock, such as roused all thought of sleep from our minds. My head was violently jammed against one side of the stage, while my feet wildly sought an exit through the door. As for my companions, each one seemed to be testing the hardness of his or

her skull against the roof and sides of the stage. As soon as we recovered our seats and our composure, we thrust out our heads to learn the cause and extent of the disaster. But the stage was moving steadily along, and as the driver seemed to be urging his team to further effort, we began to realize that we had simply run over a stone. That it was but a small stone soon became evident, for we subsequently ran over others, whose effects far eclipsed the first effort. For the next hour we did some of the liveliest tumbling and bounding that I have ever witnessed. We traveled all around the interior of the stage, returning at every lull to our seats to get breath for the next struggle.

At the first stage-station we decided that we were not so sleepy after all, and climbed meekly out to the seat on the driver's box. From this perch we had the opportunity of viewing the landscape, or such of it as was carved out of the inky darkness around, by the dim lantern at our feet. To our unaccustomed eyes, it seemed as if we were constantly running into a solid wall of black, but the horses followed the road as it twisted in and out among the trees of the dense forest, or wound up and down the steep hillsides, apparently with as much ease as on a broad turnpike under the full light of day. As we climbed up a steep mountain-side, nothing was heard in the awful stillness of the night save the dull, heavy thud of hoofs, and, far away in the dark depths around us, the faint tinkling sound of dashing water. At the top of the mountain the team was stopped for a short rest, before the descent into the shadowy valley at its foot. While we were waiting there, the driver pointed out a huge pine tree, that stood a short distance away. From behind that tree, and through the clump of bushes near it, many a masked highwayman had stolen forth upon the unsuspecting travelers. Only a few nights before, at this very place, the stage had been robbed, and now parties were out hunting for the offenders.

When the driver had finished speaking, we were startled by a long, loud shout from his lips. The

echo rang back from those mountain-sides as if a whole legion of goblins had awakened to answer the call of its chief. This about was for the ferryman at the crossing below, to prepare him for our arrival.

A snap from the whip, and the six horses plunged down the mountain-side. Down, down we rushed in mad haste, as if all the Furies were in hot pursuit. Bounding and bumping over rocks, dashing around curves, we flew at the same reckless pace. There was a strange, wild fascination in this headlong race in the dark that set our nerves tingling with excitement. Louder and louder grew the sound of the river, and, just as we felt that we must surely end with a plunge into it, the horses slackened their speed. By the light of the lantern we made out the shape of the boat, moored near the bank, and at the wheel we saw the form of the boatman. As we stood on the boat, the silence was broken only by the ripple of the water at the wheel, and by the soft rattle of the windlass, as the rope wound round it. It was in strange contrast with the noise and stir of our downward ride.

No sooner over the river, than we were once again climbing up on the canyon wall towards the stars above.

As we turned a bend in the road, a magnificent sight burst upon our view. The whole face of a mountain, several miles distant, was ablaze with light. The flames leaped far up into the air, twining their scorching, writhing arms about the long branches of the pines and lighting up the country for miles around. It looked like a huge camp-fire, and we involuntarily stretched out our hands, as if to warm them at the blaze. An intervening hill soon hid this from our view. It seemed to take with it much of the warmth of the air, for it was here we first became conscious of the cold.

But the cold betokened the approach of day. About four o'clock the stars began slowly to fade from the sky, the blackness turned to gray, and in less than an hour the transformation was complete. As we emerged from a deep canyon, and saw the grand snow-covered brow of old Shasta, bathed in the yellow rays of the sun, and saw the mists rising from the hills on which the night shadows still lingered, we felt well repaid for all the roughness of the night's journey. Around us stretched a vast sea of ridges, chains, and snowy-crested peaks, as wild and tumultuous as an ocean storm. Under the bright light of day the beauties of these mountains were revealed. At the bottom of the next gorge we came upon the Sacramento river, which is here a brilliantly clear and pure stream,

wearing its way through walls of rock and still bearing the "ice-chill of Shasta." Dark, feathery firs stood in files along the swift river; sturdy oaks, with lustrous leaves, rose one above another on the mountain slopes, and stately pines kept guard over all. We strolled along the bank while the rest of the passengers went in for their breakfast, and wondered if it could be that this was the same river that we saw yesterday, so muddy and sluggish in the hot, dusty plain! This stream, which was so pure and untainted, that high above it as we were, we could see the little fish swimming about over its rocky bed!

We mounted the stage again for another climb and another wild descent, then we were told that the last mountain was passed. Now we glided in and out among the softly sighing pines, and all around was grace and beauty. Here a modest flower lifted its delicate head from a bed of dead pine needles; there shone a stately white lily blossom; and yonder was a rich profusion of wild honeysuckles, sending their rich, sweet perfume out upon the fresh, pine-scented air. All this time before us stood grand old Shasta, looking calmly down at us pigmies, crawling about at his feet. By his side stood a large hill, whose shape is the exact counterpart of his own. There is a curious Indian legend connected with these two. They say that Mt. Shasta is the wigwam of the Great Spirit, and when He built it, He took of the soil and stones that were left and built another wigwam, just like his own, for his little daughter. From this same daughter and the King of Bears sprang the race of Tchastas, whose hunting-grounds were around the two wigwams.

But Shasta was at last left behind; we emerged from the forest, and alighted for our noonday meal. That over, and the horses changed, we started over a broad, green valley. Once more our eyes met rosy houses hiding among the orchard trees, busy workers in the fields, and other signs of active life. Soon, familiar scenes began to appear; we gathered up our parcels, and before long we were getting off the stage into the midst of loving friends.

The old mountains now re-echo to a louder sound than the driver's shout, and we now go shooting at a madder speed over the river, beneath, instead of over, the canyon wall, and across the green valley to the mountains beyond. We have all heard of the picture of "The Arrival of the First Train;" but where is he who shall paint us its companion picture, "The Departure of the Last Stage-Coach?"

LILLIAN M. JULLIAN.

A RIVER OF FIRE.

Toward the end of January, 1887, there were some most beautiful sunsets seen in Honolulu, and those who were skilled in such matters predicted an outbreak of the volcano. On the arrival of one of the small inter-island steamers, all the city was thrown into a state of excitement by the report that there was a new lava flow from the southwestern slope of the mountains; that there had been several severe earthquake shocks, and that the new flow was well worth going to see. Later we heard that Princess Miriam Likelike, whose mother had died during the last severe flow of 18—, was very ill, and thought she must die to appease the wrath of Pele, the Goddess of Fire.

Hearing the subject so much discussed, a very wild but happy nation took possession of seven of us "Squann Girls." We felt that we must go; it was probably our last chance. Mothers and fathers shook their heads—let us leave school in the midst of a term! Who would chaperone us? They were afraid it was impossible. Seven girls, individually and collectively, teasing and planning did not fail in the proper effect, and on the 28th of January the steamer W. O. Hall left for a week's trip to the volcano, bearing among her passengers seven girls, under the chaperonage of a very jolly and delightful gentleman. The morning was perfect, and a livelier company never started, but one of our number immediately sought the stateroom, and our seven rapidly dwindled, till, when we were passing the buoy, I gave one last long despairing look at the shore and dashed madly to the cabin, to find five girls with woe-begone faces, lying in the berths, on the transom, on the floor. Into the remaining space I crowded, and for twenty-four hours volcanoes might have been going on every side for all I cared. The steamer was small, but everything was done to make us comfortable. The Captain abdicated his cabin in favor of ourselves and our six valises, before one of which a figure might have been seen kneeling at any time of the day or night. We had, moreover, a blessing, and a very substantial one, in the shape of a Kanaka. He was indefatigable in his efforts to please, and answered to the call of Charlie on an average of three times a minute.

On Saturday we landed at Kealahakua Bay, where Captain Cook was killed. We gazed at his monument with awe, blessing the people who erected the memorial, since they gave us a chance to land. The natives, however, contrary

to the usual belief, did not dine off the Captain, and they never were cannibals.

It seemed very hard to return to the steamer, but we did, and the rest of the day was passed in wondering about the volcano and in trying to ward off uneasiness. Each one of us had her own particular perspective and generously passed it around. Our friends were unkind enough to say that what we ate and drank would have been sufficient to make any one ill on dry land, and at sea—Among our remedies were oranges, broiled codfish, crackers, pie, lime, banana, coconuts, pineapples and brandy.

About 5 p. m. the volcano in all its glory stood before us, and a more disappointed company than we were is rarely seen. Before us, on the top of the mountain, was what appeared to be a good-sized bonfire, whilst a black streak zigzagged down the slope.

We lay off the shore till dark, and then were we rewarded for all our sufferings. The apparent bonfire became a grand display of pyrotechny, throwing out masses of molten rock, and columns of flame shooting one hundred and fifty feet into the air. The black streak became fourteen miles of glowing lava, winding down the slope like a fiery dragon. The lava, pouring into the sea, made the water very hot, and the waves, hissing as they struck the rocks, raised clouds of steam. The sea becoming too rough to land, we lay off the shore till the next morning. The landing at Punalu is done in small boats, as the steamer is unable to get within a certain distance of the shore. We were lowered in the boat, and, waiting for the right moment, were borne off on the crests of the waves. After a bath in a clear fresh spring, and a good breakfast, we started for a sugar plantation, Pahalā, five miles off. There we were most hospitably entertained, but owing to the effects of an immense box of candy, I, for one, spent most of the afternoon in reflecting on my past sins and planning new ones for the future. We were up early next morning to hear the roll-call of the plantation hands. This is done by numbers, because so many nationalities are represented, that it would take an efficient linguist to pronounce the names so that the owners might recognize them. We next went over the sugar mill, which is the second or third largest single mill in the world. Our mode of return was original and peculiar. There is a track laid from Pahalā to Punalu. On this, flat cars, used for carrying cane, were placed, chairs on these, and finally we were placed on the chairs. There is no engine; the cars were drawn by mules, which traveled very well. But, coming down, the mules

are dispensed with part of the way, and it was with surprise that we found that where the mules were to meet us, no sign of beast of any kind presented itself. With some trouble we finally pushed ourselves into the village, jumping on at every down grade. Next morning at 9 we were all mounted and ready to start for a ranch about twenty-five miles off. There were fifteen of us—eight girls, and all on astride. This mode is much easier on man—or rather girl, in this case—and beast. We lunched at a little village and were soon off and away again. The road was rough, but we dashed along regardless of everything. We rode through the remains of two previous flows, and about 4 p. m. reached the end of our journey. Next morning we rode over to the flow. The ride there and back was delightful, the scenery was so fine. We were unable to go to the source of the flow, as the trip was regarded as very dangerous, and impossible for ladies; but we amused ourselves by walking over the hot lava, gathering specimens, and digging down into the molten sea beneath.

From the flow down to the port was a long ride, but we arrived safely, the only accident being that a mule, on which one of the party was mounted, insisted on kicking any who ventured within the reach of its heels. Thursday morning at 2:30 o'clock we left for the steamer, having tried vainly all the evening to sleep in a room where at least three girls were talking. After a pleasant trip we reached Honolulu, but to our surprise saw that all the flags were at half mast, and the usual demonstrations for an important event were being made—Princess Liliuokalani was dead.

M. R. R.

AFTER THE WAR

"Auntie, Auntie, tell us a story—tell us a story, please, Auntie!" clamor the voices of the children at my door.

"Run away, now, and play. I am busy sewing," said Auntie's voice from within.

"Just one, please, dear Auntie. We are so tired playing in the house. It is raining and we can't go out doors to play. We won't ask you again for a long time if you will just this once."

I could not resist the dear little ones, so gathering my work together into a large basket and fastening the lid firmly I opened the door. In they rushed, jumping and tumbling over everything in their way, hunting for some signs of old St. Nicholas, for Christmas time was drawing near. Not finding what they expected, Jeff, the oldest, pulled

my great arm chair to the fire, and the others drew me into it.

"As soon as you get quiet I will tell you a story," said Auntie.

In order to keep quiet, Jeff perched himself upon the back of a chair, with his feet on the seat and his chin upon his hand. Charlie found comfort on the foot-rail of the old-fashioned bed. May snuggled herself in Auntie's arms, so that the boys did not dare tease her.

"Well, children, what kind of a story do you want to-day? A fairy tale?"

"O, yes, please, Auntie dear," said May.

"Just like a girl," said Charlie, "to want an old fairy tale. Humph! if Auntie couldn't tell us something better than that, I'll quit."

"Wh-e-w!" whistled Jeff; "your children stop your nonsense and let Auntie tell us a war story."

"I don't like peoples to kill each other," whispered gentle little May.

"Now, May, you go and spoil all our fun if you don't hush. Let Auntie do as she pleases," chime in both the boys.

"Oh! children, be good now and I will tell you a true story."

About the beginning of 1861, two young men, just from school, entered the army. Their sober, careful habits, and their bravery won them the friendship of both fellow-soldiers and officers in their regiment. Soon they were raised from the ranks—one to the office of captain, the other to that of lieutenant. The elder, having been badly wounded at the battle of Lexington, was sent home on a furlough. It was a long and tedious journey. Winter was approaching, and he was still far from home, when he was taken very ill—so ill, that, being three days' journey from any town where a doctor might be procured, he gradually grew worse until he became unconscious. His companions, thinking him dead, made a rude coffin and carried him home. The old father, removing the coffin-lid, touched the lifeless hand; a tremor shook his frame, for the hand felt warm. Further investigation proved him to be right; the young man had fallen into a trance, and while he knew all that was being done, he could not speak.

When he recovered consciousness, he found that many changes had taken place around the old home. His mother had died; his father had married again. On looking from the window only soldiers' tents could be seen, where had been dense forests when he left home. Half the town lay in ashes. Gen. Grant's army had held the place as a Union post. The soldiers had no respect for life nor for property. They would steal meat from the smokehouses, and vegetables from the gar-

dens; horses would mysteriously disappear, often in broad daylight; silver would be taken from the tables in the hall and dining-room.

"Nearly every family that could possibly get away had gone to the interior towns, so but few of the old familiar faces could be seen. His father had placed his sister Lily in charge of the nuns at Nazareth, a convent in upper Kentucky; being only six years old when her mother died, she could not be left alone with the negroes.

"After Gen. Forrest's attack, in 1864, the village being again half burned—"

"Whoopie, Auntie, did he take it?"

Jeff and Charlie had jumped from their perches and stood one on each side of their Aunt, eager to hear every word.

"No, boys, but Gen. Forrest pillaged the town and took away everything that he could possibly carry."

"Who was the sick man that came home from the war, Auntie?" asked May.

"That was your father, dear."

"Do tell us what became of Uncle?" all said in the same breath.

"Nothing was heard of him until a long time after the war. We had all given him up for dead; our youngest brother had gone to California, and your Grandfather dying had left us in the care of your step-grandmother, who he thought would be as a mother to us. She had turned him against his own children, and had driven your Uncle Bob, the youngest, to desperation. He vowed vengeance on her for her wickedness; so one day, when he was about twelve years old, she had guests at dinner, and they were just seated at the table, when the door flew open with a bang and your Uncle rushed in with an immense carrying-knife. The dinner was lost for that day; the guests were so frightened that they ran away. Soon after your Uncle Bob left home for good, nor could the tears and entreaties of his idolized sister influence him to stay at home.

"But I must tell you about your Uncle Joe—Lieutenant Joe—who is coming soon. One day Aunt Chloe came into the house with her face the color of ashes:

"O, Misses! come out to do lot. I knows I've seen a ghost! Fur such young Massa Joe was out dar, and I call and went to see, but I couldn't find 'im."

"So I went out to the lot with Chloe and looked for her ghost, but found nothing to frighten me. Just as I began my return, I saw a poor, forlorn, ragged fellow sitting at the foot of an old oak. His head had dropped upon his thin hands; his

stern hat had fallen at his feet, in sympathy with the old dusty shoes. I guessed right; this was Chloe's 'ghost.' I thought of my poor brother off on the western plains, and I wondered if he had ever suffered as this poor fellow had. As I neared him, I could see that his tattered garments were once a soldier's uniform, and as I saw his cold, pinched features, I thought of the battle at Fort Donelson, when our army was so badly defeated; when, on those cold, winter days, the dead were left on the field as so many dead cattle; when many of our brave men were frozen to death in the trenches; when the battlefield was filled with the stiffened bodies of the slain, surrounded with pools of congealed blood, mingled with the snow. How certain we were that your Uncle Joe had fallen then, for we heard nothing and had lost all hope of ever seeing him again. I went to this poor fellow and asked him if he would come to the house and let me give him something to eat. At the sound of my voice, he looked up as if he had heard a voice from the clouds. But one look from those sunken eyes was enough to tell me that my long lost brother was found. We supported him until he reached the house, and nursed him through a long and severe illness. As the poor boy, wild with fever, tossed to and fro, again he lived over the scenes at Fort Donelson. He would start up, crying, 'Forward, men!' Again, as the ensign was shot by the enemy and the flag was about to fall, he seized it, and waving it aloft that all could see him still leading. For weeks he lay, raving with fever, until the early Summer. Towards June he was just able to be out in the yard, when we sent for your Aunt Lily to come home. A lovely young girl—"

"Auntie, is that her picture you wear in your locket with Grandmother's?"

"Yes, dears; she died not many years after this visit home. She was the prettiest and best of all the family. She always had a kind word for everybody, rich or poor, white or black. It was she who taught the servants to read, and who, while she was home that Summer, filled the house with sunshine by her presence. This was the last time your Uncle Joe ever saw her, for she went to Danville in school that Fall and stayed there four years. In the mean time, your Uncle Joe had been traveling to regain his health. He and your father had purchased homes in the same town in which they had spent their childhood.

"Children, do you remember the large oak on Jefferson street? It was under that tree your Uncle sat when I found him so ill and ragged. He had been left, after the war, without a cent of money, and often he had nothing to eat for two

days. He tried to get work, but could not, so he tramped from place to place looking for some way to get home to us. He had reached the central portion of Kentucky and had wrapped himself in his blanket for a night's sleep, when he heard the sound of horses' feet. Tramp, tramp, nearer and nearer they come. They stop within five feet of him. The riders dismount, build a huge fire and begin to pour something shining out of a canvas bag. Lying breathless, Uncle Joe hears them counting this, dollar by dollar. After making an equal division, they set a guard and fall asleep. Every time the guard passes back and forth upon his watch, he comes closer and closer to Joe. The guard then goes some steps farther past him than formerly, and as he returns he sees some one with a soldier's cap over his face, lying upon the ground. The man seizes Joe and quickly arouses the others. Binding him with green twigs, they take him through the dense forest to a cave on the bank of the Ohio. This cave is not accessible from the water, for it is in a steep bluff, just at the water's edge. A narrow path from the woods leads around it to the cave in front, but this path is so narrow and slippery that many have trodden it but once—have gone into this cave never to come out again. This place was well known to your Uncle Joe by the name of Cave-in-the-Rock. Furthermore, he knew that here many dark deeds had been planned and had been committed. All hope left him; for his captors had boasted of many dark crimes committed by them and would not hesitate to put him out of the way if necessary. But they kept him in this cave for some time, with hardly any food. In a corner, he saw the die and moulds for counterfeiting and he knew that he had fallen into the hands of counterfeiters, and this was their den.

"On one occasion they staid much longer than usual and had left no guard. The water being at low tide, Joe made a desperate effort to go back around this narrow path. Fortune was against him. Just as he reached the turn of the path his foot slipped and he fell into the water. The water being very deep he sank, but rose some distance beyond. Swimming to shore he followed the path until he came to a narrow opening in the woods. To his joy he found the cabin of an old negro. Old Uncle Ned made a warm supper for him and dried his clothes. Leaving the old negro early in the morning, Uncle Joe started for the nearest town, where he again found the same desolation that had spread over the whole country. It was about eight months after this that I found him sitting at the foot of the old tree.

"He will be home next week to stay, for his health is so broken that he will not consent to be returned to Congress. He has served his country in war and in peace, with the same fidelity, honor and nobleness of soul that have won for him the respect of all.

"It is growing dark and you must run to get ready for supper."

"Oh, thank you, Auntie, thank you," and away the children go to their supper. As I see their happy faces, I thank God that their manhood will see peace among their fellow-countrymen.

O. T.

THE ELECTRIC RAILROAD.

In less than a month San Jose can boast of having the first electric railroad with an underground conduit in the world. In Los Angeles and San Diego, electric railroads have been constructed on a similar but less effective plan. The structure is entirely too complicated, with too much machinery above ground, thus making it inconvenient both for the car, carmen and the traveling public. The road in Los Angeles is a partial success, but the one in San Diego is a complete failure.

Through the genial courtesy of Mr. Fisher, the inventor of the Fisher Electric Railroad System, which is now approaching completion in this city, we have attained a tolerably fair conception of the mysterious workings of the road. It is similar in the cable railways in our cities, but instead of conveying the power employed in driving the cars by an immense movable iron cable, that is constantly getting out of order, a small, immovable copper wire is used; no lubrication, no friction, no loss of energy—while in the cable road eighty per cent. of the energy generated is expended in moving the cable, leaving only twenty per cent. of the power to be put into actual service.

The iron frame-work of the road is laid on a concrete foundation, which becomes as solid as rock when it has hardened. About eighteen inches beneath the center of the track are two insulated iron rails. These rails are charged with a current of electricity by means of copper wires, which are in contact with them throughout the entire circuit. On these rails runs a small four-wheeled apparatus called a trolley, which is connected by means of two insulated wires with the motor in the car above. The motor consists of a series of temporary magnets and armatures. By the breaking and closing of the circuit the armatures are made to move back and forth.

This motion is utilized by a mechanical contrivance in propelling the car, the motor being in con-

bination with a system of cog-wheels, which turn the axle and thus move the car. To prevent accidents and to keep the circuit closed, the gearing in the car is well insulated. On a little stand in the middle of the car is a small lever, about six inches in length, which regulates the speed of the car by diminishing or increasing the amount of electric force supplied to the motor. This instrument, called a restate, is managed by the conductor. The speed of the electric car can be regulated at the will of that officer, from an ordinary walking rate to thirty-five miles an hour; but to change the rate of motion of a cable car, it is necessary to change the rapidity of all the machinery connected with the road, and this affects all other cars on the line. The ordinary rate of the cars will be about fifteen miles an hour, but if necessary, they can be run about forty. This will be done when the road is extended to Alum Rock.

The capacity of the road is about fifty cars, but twelve are all that the present traffic requires. The cars to be used on the road were built by the Pullman Manufacturing Co. They are similar in appearance to the well-known cable car, and are handsomely built, much skill being shown in the workmanship. Each car is propelled by a fifteen horse-power motor, and can accommodate from twenty-five to thirty persons. At each end of the track are a set of turntables and a series of switches by which the power may be conducted in any direction.

In order to economise time—the great problem with which our thrifty business men have to contend—cars are to stop only at crossings. It is not sufficiently remunerative to stop a car loaded with twenty-five or thirty eager persons, to accommodate one who is a few minutes behind time. The elevated railroads in New York City carry on an immense traffic, and they are run on this time method. Merchants, on going to dinner, know just when to catch the car; no time is lost in waiting, everything goes by clock work. This economy of time is characteristic of the American, and enables him to acquire a fortune in half the time that it takes a foreigner.

The dynamo, which generates the electricity, resembles the electric light machine, and makes eight hundred revolutions per minute, the energy being supplied by a powerful engine.

The railroad is now ready for the cars, from Coyote Creek to the limits of Santa Clara. As soon as this part of the road is in good working order, the company contemplates extending the line. Sometime in the future it will, undoubtedly, reach from Santa Clara to Alum Rock—the Normalite's favorite resort.

The inventors and scientific men of the world are looking forward with much enthusiasm to the success of Mr. Fisher's experiment. As for the inventor, he has not the least doubt of its being a success. A trial trip is to be made in the course of a fortnight, and every one having an interest in the success of science, or any loyalty to the welfare of San Jose, looks forward with the greatest of anxiety to see if this project will prove a scientific and financial success.

L. F. PUTER.

SAN JOSE, Feb. 3, 1888.

My Dear Marion:—

After reading of your amusing and interesting experiences in the Sandwich Islands, I am tempted to write you some of mine while in the East.

The day spent at Niagara Falls was particularly eventful. My uncle and I took the early train from Buffalo and arrived at Niagara at about 9 o'clock. We deposited our wraps at the hotel and started immediately for the Falls which are about half a mile from the town of Niagara, an uninteresting little place of a thousand or more inhabitants.

The Falls on the American side are surrounded by prettily laid out and well kept parks, and every now and then along the principal drives in these parks you meet a dingy looking hack-driver, standing by the door of his conveyance, and gallantly lifting his hat he offers to drive you to some particularly interesting spot for "only fifty cents."

At a great distance off we could hear the low, sullen roar of the water as it fell in such immense volumes over the cliff down to the rocks below; and as we drew nearer and at last stood on the very brink of the Falls, the sound was so deafening we could hardly hear ourselves think.

We stood leaning on the stone wall which is built on the bank of the river just above the Falls, when the thought came home to me, "Where does it all come from and where does it go?" It seemed to me that it must cease to flow sometime, such a body of it was constantly going over the precipice. I was so awe-struck and bewildered that I could not frame my thoughts into words, but stood gazing silently at the river.

Finally I felt the queerest sensation creeping over me. I drew nearer to the wall and, leaning over, tried to put my hand in the water, at which my uncle drew me back, saying that the force of the current is so strong that it is unsafe to do that. But I felt as if I must get my hand in that water, and if I stayed there much longer I should jump in. So we went right away.

Of course we went under the Falls. Before going down, we disrobed and arrayed ourselves anew in red flannel suits, over which we had yellow oil-cloth suits and caps; we had felt shoes, tied on with a piece of bale-rope, for our feet. The suits were made somewhat after the fashion of those worn by the Esquimaux, and were, to say the least, picturesque.

By the side of the cliff is a high, slender tower, with winding stairs inside, down which we go to the foot of the cliff. Leaving the tower, we climb along the cliff for a short distance, and then enter a sort of cave, over which the water falls. As the rocks over which we had to go were wet and slippery, our guide, who was a big, good-natured Irishman, led me by the hand and lifted me down the steep places.

When in about the middle of the cave, we turned and looked up at the Falls and let the spray dash in our faces. It came with such force that it almost threw me over. It seemed as if the earth above us must give way under the mighty pressure of water. We then went out of the cave on the opposite side from where we entered, and crossing from rock to rock by means of small wooden bridges, at last stood directly in front of the Falls and turned again to look up at them. This was the grandest sight of all. It seemed as if the flood-gates of the great Pacific had been suddenly opened, and all the water in the ocean was crowding through the narrow space. We then walked back to the cliff and up the winding stairs of the tower, with a new feeling of reverence in our hearts for the great Creator.

After resting and refreshing ourselves, we prepared to cross over to the Canadian side in the "Maid of the Mist," a seemingly frail little craft, which plunges as boldly into the turbulent waters as though they were smooth as glass. All the passengers wore rubber overcoats and caps and sat on the fore-deck of the steamer, from which place they had a full view of all the Falls. We were all seated on little round stools, which, in spite of all that we could do, occasionally rolled across the deck, and of course we followed them, much to the amusement of the crew. The path of the little steamer is straight towards the Falls until it gets so near them that a perfect shower of spray dashes over it; then turning round it crosses to Canada.

Reaching British soil we procured a carriage and drove to the Rapids, which are some distance up the river. Oh, those Rapids! How the waters dash and tear along in a mad race; each wave trying to leap higher and flow faster than its neighbor, and all in one wild rush, hurrying to meet the

whirlpool below. It is, indeed, a foolhardy venture to attempt to ford this river even in its quietest places. The river near its banks is comparatively smooth, seeming to reserve all its force for the middle of the stream, where the waves leap as high as ocean billows.

The whirlpool, farther down the river, appears like a great smooth lake, and is surrounded by high, green banks, which smile on this calm surface and give no hint of the terrible tempest raging beneath. It reminds us of Hamlet's words, "That one may smile and smile, and be a villain."

After leaving Niagara it was some time before I ceased to hear and see those restless, roaring waters. When one who has lived there all his life goes away, he must miss the constant rumbling of the falling water and feel lonesome without it. I know I did for many days.

ALFRED CHASE.

Our popular song as sung with great success by a Normalist.

What is the Normal boy made of?

Oh! what is the Normal boy made of?

Ways that are rude, &

Material crude,

That's what the Normal boy's made of.

What is the Normal girl made of?

Oh! what is the Normal girl made of?

A brain that's gigantic,

(If somewhat romantic,)

That's what the Normal girl's made of.

What is the training school made of?

Oh! what is the training school made of?

Teachers that would be,

Juniors that should be,

That's what the training school's made of.

And what will the teachers do?

Oh! what will the teachers do?

Be kind of P's,

And sparing of C's,

That's what the teachers will do.

ACT I.—Training school. Evening. Confusion of paint pots and pictures of miniature form. Two notices in art hanging over the table.

She.—"Oh, there's the bell."

He.—"I'll climb up the moss."

She (hastily).—Be sure to put the paint brushes in water."

ACT II.—Training school. Morning. Sun shining through the window reveals the paint brushes carefully arranged in order, handles as carefully as, *brushes* & carefully set.—(Curtain.)

NOTICE.—In order to encourage the contributors of the INDEX we will give five dollars for the most satisfactory original prose contribution to the paper during the present term; and the same amount for the best original poem, provided a sufficient number of the latter are sent in. All efforts to be by pupils of the school.

The * Normal * Index.

SAN JOSE, - - - CALIFORNIA.

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THE Senior Class, the publishers of this paper, at a recent meeting voted to discontinue as a separate department that part of the paper formerly known as the "Los Angeles Department." This was done partly for business reasons, and partly on account of the school terms being so differently arranged, that it was impossible to fill the department at the proper time. The contributions have always been good in the past, and we regret exceedingly the necessity which has severed our official connection with our sister school; we shall always be glad to receive anything of general interest from them in the future. Los Angeles has thrown off her allegiance as a school, and become independent; she needs an independent paper, in which her pupils take a genuine interest, financial and literary. The publishers have doubled the home staff to fill the vacancies; and the new Board intend to increase the amount of local matter, and to introduce, as an experiment, an educational department, which we have long felt ought to belong to a teachers' paper.

LISTEN to the critic! If any of our readers feel as if the paper is not quite to their taste, take Charles Reade's advice and "Put yourself in his (the editor's) place." We are always glad to receive helpful suggestions; such criticism, given in a kindly spirit and a pleasant manner, benefits ourselves and the paper; but a spirit of carping criticism is abroad, ready to find fault with anything, even perfection. As a contemporary neatly puts it: "There is no further use for a paper which suits everybody," and we will leave

room for further use for the INDEX. Our critics, who for the most part borrow the paper from their neighbors, or do not read it at all, may find themselves in the position of Hans Andersen's Critic, in his charming little story; who, when he arrived at the gates of Heaven, and was asked by St. Peter what good he had done, replied that he had criticised the others. He is still waiting outside the gate, trying to recall some good deed, and it is whispered that he expects company from the Normal.

REV. H. R. HAWES says: "Humor is the electric atmosphere, wit is the flash. A situation provides the atmospheric humor, and with the culminating point of it comes the flash." Some one else has said: "Wit is bringing incongruities together with a jerk." Many people consider humor frivolous, wit a waste of time. This lack of appreciation is probably due to the fact that we Americans, from childhood up, are taught to believe that life is too short and too precious to take mere enjoyment. If by-and-by we slip the leash of sordid business, and endeavor to extract the nectar from the flower, in our superficial sip we taste only the bitter pollen. Time has stolen from us the sweet power of appreciation. We Normalites must be careful not to be so absorbed in the desire for knowledge as to forget that "wit is the best sense in the world," and that a truth found in the atmosphere of humor is riveted to the mind with indestructible bolts. But a few days ago, we heard it claimed that the quaint humor of Holmes was satire. Read beneath the surface. Study the works of our great American humorists, Irving, Holmes, Lowell, Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, and a host of others. There may be a great many more, but still they are humorists. We are too prosaic in our work. Let us put a little more life into our essay work and not be so matter of fact.

WHAT is the reason that the Nortonian Society does not meet with the favor hitherto shown? The name "Nortonian" should be to us a constant stimulus to work of a high grade that shall forward the interests of the Society and reflect credit on its name. That the Society is at present in a somewhat critical condition is made evident by a hasty glance at the following weak points:

1. The attendance is irregular.
2. Little interest in the Society is shown by the Normal pupils in general.
3. The Seniors do not take an active part in the programmes.

4. Too much time is wasted in discussing parliamentary law.

5. The programmes are becoming too monotonous.

6. The young ladies do not take an active part.

7. The refusal on the part of members to do work required of them is censurable.

8. Those that take part in the Shakespearian readings might with benefit to themselves be more thoroughly prepared.

9. Better order has been, and could again be, maintained; (the Assembly Hall is not a whispering gallery; those wishing to visit, or comment on their neighbors, can find acceptable quarters elsewhere.)

In spite of this somewhat discouraging list of shortcomings, there is much to encourage the enterprising among us to go forward in this matter. To find fault—to make, as it were, a hole in the bottom of the society kettle—is an easy matter; but to suggest an efficient remedy, to tinker the kettle and make it whole and sound again, requires an ability beyond the reach of the writer of this article. There is talent in our school. The columns of the *Index* are open to suggestions for the improvement of the *Normalian*, and we shall welcome anything that betokens an awakening interest on the part of the members of the school in this particular direction.

Y. W. C. A. RECEPTION.

On Friday evening, February 3, the presiding genius of our beloved Alma Mater was aroused from her slumbers by the sound of many laughing voices, and the unaccustomed sight of manly and womanly forms threading the passages sacred to the evening rambles of departed years. With a step as light as a Summer zephyr, the genius fled to her most secret hiding place; but before she went, she sent her youngest born, the Spring Term of '88, to ascertain the cause of all the unusual uproar. Her messenger soon returned to calm her fluttered spirits, by telling her that it was not the dreaded attack of the lost hours and minutes, the fear of which so often haunted her waking and sleeping moments, but the reception of the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, tendered to the new pupils. Quietted by the pleasing intelligence, the genius sent the Spirit of Enjoyment to preside over the merry-making, and retired to her well-merited rest. The delighted Spirit of Enjoyment flew to her appointed task, and, judging by the happy faces, all of the participants were under the shadow of her outstretched wings.

The reception was given under the joint auspices of the Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. For several terms it has been the custom of these societies to welcome the new arrivals, realizing that pupils coming into the busy life of the Normal, far from friends and home, have a lost, lonely feeling; remembering their own homesick experience, the members of the Association have adopted this method of welcoming the strangers within their gates.

The parlors were crowded to overflowing with the pupils of the Normal. Quite a number of the teachers were present. The sight of so many bright, beaming eyes and smiling faces, and the sound of the merry tongues gave evidence that "Normalites" were real, live young men and women, and not, as I have heard suggested, "perambulating encyclopedias."

During the course of the evening, the following impromptu programme was presented: Introductions without limit; exceedingly well carried out, in a most pleasing and natural manner. A vocal duet, by Miss Furaythe and Mr. Martin, was received with a round of applause. A recitation by Mr. Lane was irresistibly funny. A vocal duet, by Miss Brittan and Mr. Glen, was rendered with charming vim and spirit. The acting of several charades finished the evening's entertainment, and the participants wended their ways homeward.

In January, 1886, three or four young ladies met at the house of a friend. Some one suggested that they organize a Y. W. C. A. society. The matter was discussed and soon after they met at the home of one of the lady teachers, elected officers, appointed committees and decided to hold their meetings at half past two every Friday afternoon, in the Normal building. From this small beginning came the society that now numbers over a hundred members. The officers of the society are, President, Miss E. M. Sietson; Vice-President, Miss M. Durham; Corresponding Secretary, Miss O. Calhoun; Recording Secretary, Miss M. Post; Treasurer, Miss N. McFarland. This society is doing a noble work and merits the support of every pupil in the school.

A. L. P.

Mr. Geary and Miss Goshby, of Senior A, and Miss Cliff and Miss Welch, of Senior B, have been elected to positions on the Editorial Board. Miss Campbell has also been elected to fill the place of Miss Macchese, (resigned).

What is the reason that the numerous patrons of the various dressing rooms do not take up a subscription to provide themselves with an article that will reflect credit upon themselves—namely, a handsome mirror.

ALL SORTS.

Just to St. Valentine.

In Algebra— 2 is or not 2 is, that is the question.

What is the matter with Tebbe's cuffs? Ask Echo.

Ask the Middlers how they like the "Little Green Book."

Where do all the good Normalites go? To teaching school.

The title of the latest song is "When the Robins Roost Again."

B—and L—will sing a bare face at the commencement exercises.

March 1, 1888. Well, what does that mean? O, nothing; only a good hand.

Why is Middle B like a traveling menagerie? Because it carries a *lion* with it.

The present Senior A is the banner class, every member subscribes for the INDEX.

"Here the still," said a Senior A, while pondering over the training school, to his talkative roommate.

Why is the Senior B class like the cord worn by a nun? It has a *Black Sogget* the end of it.

A Normal girl upon being asked if she liked fish-balls said, "I don't know, really, I never attended any."

Exercise in punctuation:—When the grate is putting on:—When the grate is full, stop putting coal on.

All seem well pleased with the Newtonian programmes. May they continue as interesting in the future.

Will some one kindly tell a member of Middle A2 how to find the "weight of an equal volume of water."

Mr. Geo. W. Welch deserves a good share of Normal patronage, on account of his generous support of the INDEX.

Why do all people stand on an equal footing during rainy weather? Because they all stand on a slippery basis.

Mr. G., of the Senior, sings—

"The bright black eye, the melting blue,

How can I choose between the two."

Attention, Senior Girls! You are neglecting your opportunities. Start a dancing class, a literary society, a tennis or an archery club.

Better late than never. The pumpadour which has been discarded by the Senior boys, is now in vogue among the Junior girls.

A young lady of Senior B on being asked what was the best way to get metaphors, replied, "I get all my metaphors from De Quincy."

It reflects credit on the Normal to see Miss Ithel and Miss Keel, both recent graduates, now holding responsible positions in this school.

FOR SALE—As fine a bit of *Le(e)land* as is to be found in California. Inquire at the office of Middle A1. N. B.—None but the rich need apply.

Prof. C. to one of his Algebra classes:—"If you cannot keep with the class I shall drop you out of the window." Senior A's.—What principle of teaching does this violate?

Prof.—"In adding negative and positive quantities how do you tell what sign to give the result?" Miss E.—"You add up the signs and give it the sign of the equant."

It seems as if some pupils had nothing to do but to send valentines, especially in Junior B. Nor did they show very highly educated sense of luxury.

A gold medal should be awarded to Mr. Arlequin, of Senior A2, for his success in securing from any one class the largest number of subscribers for the INDEX.

As it is now leap year each refusal given a young lady costs the young man a silver dime. Be economical, boys, your pocketbooks will not hold out.

"What is the matter with chocolate?" said High to Low, "I don't know about having it chalked," said Jack. "I think it rather late," said Low.

A Senior B who was having a metaphor seriously questioned as to its appropriateness, etc., triumphantly arose to class and stated, "It ought to be good, I got it out of a book."

MARRIED—In this city, February 23, 1888, at the residence of Prof. R. W. Holway, Miss Kate L. Gordon, formerly a pupil of the Normal School, to Mr. Allison Drew, of San Francisco.

Teacher in Geography—"What is the size and use of the snakes in South America?" Pupil—"One hundred and fifty feet long, sir, and are used to paint circus advertisements on. That's what the circus boys say."

New chemical classifications:—H + H = an acid, because it turns the cheeks red. C + C = the salt of satisfaction. C + P = a hair, because it turns one blue.

Great changes occur in the different periods of history. Once the Saxons conquered the Britons. Now a single *Bro-fax* holds in her hand the fate of our best representative of the Saxon race.

NORMAL BAKERS SHOP—The Middle A's are prepared to carry on a tumerical cash business according to the latest improved methods, having a neat *Supper* and a splendid *Chamber*.

The young ladies of Senior A propose dropping Geometry at the end of this term, combining Literature. This is astonishing, as it is leap year, and they should know as much as possible concerning angling.

Subscriptions for the INDEX will be received from their various classes by the following agents: Martin, Arlequin, Clark, Gray, Spinks, McKean, Baskin, Rayburn, Healy, Sanford, Leland, Fred Tebbe, Hanna, Trundle and Adams.

Stranger (to gardener, who is standing on the grass plot) —"Do you know you are violating one of the rules of this institution?" Gardener—"No, sir." Stranger (pointing to notice "Keep off the Grass")—"Observe and obey."

Last Friday a Middle A class spent a delightful hour with Miss Armstrong, who, though suffering from a severe cold, absorbed the deep interest of the class. Being unable to talk—a fact deeply regretted, as the few words she said proved her most fascinating in conversation—Miss Bennett read a paper, which Miss Armstrong had prepared, on the old Fourth Church of Boston and the work of Mrs. Hemmaway, a benevolent Boston lady. Miss Armstrong has been spending several months with Mrs. Hemmaway at her home, and so could give us an accurate description of this noble work. A few of the points was knitted in the heart of every pupil, and a desire to reach the high ideal of womanhood, as interpreted to us by Miss Armstrong, was keenly felt.

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

THE NEW EDUCATION.

This is an age of educational activity. Universities, colleges, Normal schools and seminaries are being multiplied. The public school system is being perfected, and in some form is in effective operation in all parts of the Union. Lectures on science, literature and religion impart instruction to the masses, so that this generation is highly favored with facilities for acquiring knowledge. The result of these advantages is already seen in the increased intellectual quickening of the times; in the wide diffusion of information among all classes, and in the spirit of intelligence which characterizes the average citizen.

The central idea of the new education is mental growth. Stagnation and death belong to the old; life and inspiration belong to the new. New methods put the pupil on the track of right thinking, and then let him work out his own salvation, but without fear and trembling. Hard study comes as naturally as fowling, eating or sleeping to a pupil who has been taught to make it delightful. The *adulgence of study* does not comport with the true spirit that ought to be cultivated in any century of a Christian era. Study and labor are central thoughts and ruling motives of to-day.

There are certain fundamental principles, as old as man, beyond which the newest of the new will never get. Any methods ignoring these principles must be self-condemned. "Self-activity is a necessary condition of healthy growth;" "Individual freedom must not be destroyed;" "Never do for another what he needs to do for himself."

Wherever and whenever there has been education these principles have been observed, unconsciously, wherever some of the old methods have been blindly following, the new methods clearly declare.

With advancing light we can better discriminate between gold and dross. We are passing through a process of sifting, selecting, rejecting and keeping. Every true worker will hold and guard the precious nuggets of pure gold. Together we are searchers after the pure and genuine.

Because we advocate better methods it must not be concluded that we consider them as nothing good in the old. Many great men and women, through the fires of its furnace, became gold-like characters.

Thousands of earnest teachers are asking to behold what good teaching is. It is answered, "Give them principles, and from them let particular methods be deduced." This is not a satisfactory reply. The time may be when a body of doctrine will be all the preparation the teacher will need, but the solution will come first. At present the ordinary teacher has had no opportunity of studying the philosophy of education or mental science.

There are two classes of earnest learners among teachers—those who imitate and those who adopt. The one says, "I'll do like that;" the other, "I'll do something equally good." The last class are continually asking, "What end is reached? What principle is followed?" Thoughts go deeper than the surface. There hark the true educational spirit, and the larger this class grows the better our schools will be taught.

If a master is teaching—one who has had constant experience in the schoolroom—would report exactly what he does, says, commands and directs, and what the children under his care say and learn, in the most minute and painstaking manner, the world of inefficient teachers would be benefited.

Young teachers would catch the inspiration of his success and thousands would be helped; yet among all his intelligent followers no one would ask his questions *because he asked them*.

The idea that "study does not comport with the vivacity of youth" is condemned nonsense. That "education must be poured into the minds, until the aroma of flowers and the gentle flow of whispering breezes," is the idiotic fancy of an educational dilettante, and is so far from being applicable to reformed methods in education as to the school system of the antislaverys.

The ten thousand recent inventions in daily use, attest the work of brain and brawn, as in no other age the world has ever seen. We are daily receiving unnumbered blessings from an education by thinking and doing—not by theorizing and dreaming. Never did men read more, travel faster, eat better, live more securely, and work harder.

What brought about the change? The old education? S. G.

ALIBI NOTES.

James W. Graham, Dec., '87, is at his home in Yukon Valley, and is at present engaged in farming.

Miss Nina Crowden, Dec., '87, is now teaching twelve miles from Traver, Tulare county.

Miss Lizzie Johnson, May, '87, has begun her second term of teaching near Traver, Tulare county.

Miss Ella L. Kelley, Dec., '87, has been teaching for nearly five months in the Buckleys District, Yuba county.

Miss Euvella Baguelle, May, '87, has resumed her new term's work as teacher in Mulvra.

W. M. Mason, former editor of the INDEX, is teaching near Fresno City, and likes it very much.

Miss Lucy Denton, May, '86, is still teaching the Second Grade of the Fourth Ward school of this city.

Miss Florence Hays, May, '86, is not teaching at present and is residing in Barney Valley, Shasta county.

Miss Belle McMullin, May, '87, is teaching in the Jackson School District, ten miles from her home in Mulvra.

Miss Bernice Week, May, '87, is teaching at Round Mountain, Fresno county.

Miss Della M. Watkins, May, '86, is teaching this year in one of the city schools of Los Angeles. Her present address is 37 S. Fort Street.

Miss Della Cress, May, '87, has been teaching since last September in Gridley.

Allison S. Meily, May, '84, is now at Enterprise, Butte county, teaching the Mt. Spring school.

Frank K. Canby, May, '85, began his second term as teacher in the school at Lake City, Modoc county, last September.

Duncan Swilling, Dec., '86, reopened his school at McPherson, Los Angeles county, after a short vacation.

Miss Wilhelmina Eason, Dec., '84, is at present teaching the First Primary Grade in the Public school at Santa Cruz.

Miss Mahel M. Leinbach, May, '87, has been teaching at Michigan Bar, Sacramento county, for the past five months.

Miss Maggie Singer, May, '87, has been teaching for the last term in the Blue Tent school, near Nevada City.

THE NORMAL INDEX.

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