

# The Normal Index.

VOL. V.

SAN JOSE, CAL., SEPT. 25, 1889.

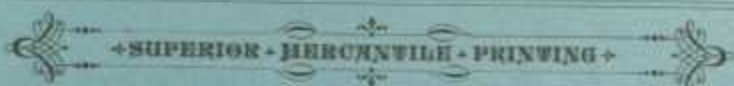
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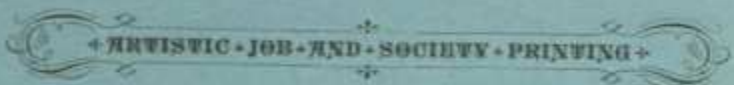
*Published by the Senior Class of the State Normal School.*

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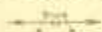
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# The Normal Index.

VOL. V.

SEPTEMBER 25.

No. 1.

## The \* Normal \* Index.

SAN JOSE, - - - CALIFORNIA.

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ON Thursday, Sept. 3d, the Normal halls presented their usual appearance on opening day; but beneath the familiar face of things were hidden many changes that may appear trifling in themselves, but the sum of which is no trifle. The examination of applicants for admission, for instance, instead of beginning on Tuesday, was finished on the Monday previous, and the regular recitations began promptly at the opening hour on Tuesday morning. As a result of this and other changes that will be spoken of, we find ourselves, at the end of two weeks, as far advanced in our studies as heretofore at the end of a month.

Instead of having from five to seven recitations daily, we have now four recitations of forty-five minutes each, and one short general exercise, in which the whole school participates, music and manual training ranking as regular studies, and

coming in the regular hours instead of at the close of the day's work, after the other recitations are finished. In order to make this new plan practicable, technical grammar and some of the less practical work in arithmetic and geography have been omitted in the work of the lower classes; penmanship and spelling also, are not now a part of the course of study, and are pursued only by those who give evidence of their deficiency along these lines.

Similar changes in regard to the number of recitations per day have been made in the training school. The Model Class has been discontinued, and pupils will pass into the Junior class of the Normal, from the highest class in the Training School.

Many transformations have taken place in the various rooms of the building. The room formerly occupied by the model class is now known as "Miss Wright's room," and room 8 has been fitted up to accommodate the first grade of the Training School. Room 33 has been transformed by a handsome carpet and suitable furniture into the Principal's office, while, in the basement, play-rooms have been turned into dressing-rooms and class-rooms until no unoccupied rooms are left. The library and museum have not been forgotten in the plan for general improvement.

The various changes in the library are thus described in the *Mercury*:

These changes consist in removing the cases which stood against the walls of the room, and on top of which the book shelves were placed. These cases, while giving considerable room for storing pamphlets and other articles, raised the shelves so high that the books were almost wholly out of reach and only those on the lower shelves could be got at without a step-ladder.

The removal of these cases brings the shelves down to the level of the floor, so that the titles of the books can be easily read and the book itself taken out without any climbing or other inconvenience. The cases taken from the library have been set up in the hall, where they are as readily got at

as when they were in their former position. In their present place they constitute a nice furniture for the hall and give it a much more attractive appearance than when bare and unadorned.

Besides superintending these alterations, the librarian has been busy in looking after the books and in arranging them. Many of them required new bindings and had to be sent out for that purpose. The sum of \$834.13 has been expended since the close of the term in the purchase of new books. The library has now about 3,500 volumes.

**C**ONTRARY to the announcement made in the catalogue, no class beginning the post graduate course could be formed until February, many of those who wished to enter this term being unable to leave their schools.

Anyone who wishes to do any preparatory work at home should correspond with the Principal at once.

Prof. Allen, already much improved in health, is enjoying the quiet and retirement of his mountain "ranch."

**I**T was a hearty cheer that the school, on their first assembling this term, gave as Miss Wright took her place upon the platform.

We had shared with her in her travels; with her we had visited Melrose Abbey, seen the gate through which Wm. Delorme passed, and the tomb of Saint Michael, which held the treasured book. Through her pen, the poet's picture became to us a reality.

The Normal walls re-echo our "Welcome home!"

She returns from her travels on three continents, enriched in experience and wisdom, but best of all in the vigor of health. May the pupils of this school long have the privilege of sitting at her feet in instruction's ways.

**M**RS. Mary W. George, (nee Mary E. Wilson) the former Principal of the Training Department of the Normal School, returned to San Jose, July 30th, after having spent fourteen months in travel. Mrs. George visited the most important cities of the U. S. and made quite an extended tour through Europe, Egypt and Palestine, and in addition to the sight seeing made a special study of the educational systems of the different countries visited. Mrs. George is now at her home in San Jose.

**M**RS. Hughes, our "new teacher" comes to us from Auburn, Placer Co., where she has taught with marked success in both the private

and the public schools, in the higher and in the primary grades.

Mrs. Hughes is a graduate of the Normal School, at Salem, Massachusetts, and has since taken a course in Natural Science at the Harvard Annex. She has entered into her life's work with spirit and the determination to succeed. She has made Methods of Instruction, Primary, and Kindergarten work specialties, and has extensively corresponded with Eastern Journals, among them the "Popular Educator", on these matters. As an instructor in the Chautauqua summer school at Monterey, the people throughout the state are more or less acquainted with her.

We are to be congratulated on having our vacant chair so ably filled, and, on behalf of the pupils, we extend to Mrs. Hughes a heartfelt welcome.

**W**E missed one more face from among the Faculty at the opening of the year. Miss Hudson has resigned her work among us to enter upon a broader one where the laborers are fewer. On the eleventh, she sailed with her husband, Dr. Wagner of Ann Arbor, Mich., for North Western China. We extend to her our hearty congratulations; we feel proud that this school is to have a representative in the Foreign Missionary field. Her address will be Tientsin.

**W**HENDEAN: Our dear classmate, Annie R. Adams, has been called by our Divine Teacher to higher work in that Great School beyond the skies, be it,

*Resolved*:—That in her death we mourn the loss of a kind and loving classmate, and an earnest, painstaking fellow worker; also be it

*Resolved*:—That to her bereaved relatives in their sad affliction, we tender our most loving sympathy; be it further

*Resolved*:—That these resolutions be published in the Index and a copy of them be sent to the bereaved parents.

MIDDLE B 2.

#### SENIOR A CLASS ELECTION.

**O**N Thursday, Sept. 12th, the Senior A Class was called together for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing term.

The election passed off quietly as there seemed to be but one candidate in the field. The first nominee was Mr. Frank M. May. Other nominations followed, but the nominees all declined in favor of Mr. May, so he was elected unanimously.

Mr. May is in every respect a gentleman, and is well deserving the honor thus bestowed upon him. He entered the Junior class with us, and has made

many friends in the school. He also took an active part in the Senior B class meetings, and did much to aid the President of said class. That he will make an able and efficient officer no one doubts. May he be successful in guiding his class past the stormy shores of class pictures, class pins, class colors, class motto, etc.!

Before the other officers were elected, Mr. Sanford, the out-going president, vacated the chair, and called Mr. May to the position. Addresses were then made to the class by both Messrs. May and Sanford. Mr. May then resumed charge of the class, and the following other officers were elected: Vice President, Miss Edwina J. Duffrey; Secretary, Miss Rose Dietrich; Treasurer, Mr. Elmer L. Cave; Sergeant-at-arms, Mr. Irving Glen.

DIED, on the second day of September, at 7 o'clock P. M., at his home in Fresno City, John M. Holmes of the May Class of '86.

This simple notice will carry sadness to many hearts outside of those who knew and loved him at home.

For eight weeks, through the long hot days and weary nights, our friend lay on his sick bed, suffering from that insidious disease, typhoid fever; yet he was patient and cheerful to the last.

Mr. Holmes, from his earliest school days, was noted for his studious habits. His faithfulness in performing whatever he undertook, and his cheerful disposition won for him the respect and love of teachers as well as of schoolmates.

Since his graduation he has been teaching near his home in Fresno City, and here, as in his school life, he won for himself a large circle of friends, both among the old and the young.

We extend our deepest sympathy to the bereaved relatives.

"There is no death; What seems so is transition;

This life of mortal breath

Is but a suburb of the life elysian,

Whose portal we call Death."

#### NEVADA NOTES.

Lake Tahoe in all its wondrous beauty, lay pillowed against the towering peaks of the Sierras. Reflected from its glass-like bosom the timbered and snow-capped mountains lay like a painted picture, its surface broken only by a distant steamer which plowed the light waters, while the long line of smoke appeared like a silken band connecting the azure sky with the equally blue waters of the "Gem of the Sierras."

Such was the scene that presented itself to the

eyes of a small party of pleasure seekers, as they stood near the mountains' airy summit, and took a last long, lingering glance at the picture their eyes seemed loath to leave.

Most prominent in this little group stood the jolly, kind-natured Vice Principal of the State Normal School, who was on his way from this popular summer resort, to accept a cordial invitation of the Normal graduates hailing from the Silver State, to view the resources and wonders so little known to our sister State and her fortunate inhabitants.

A few moments later a carriage might have been seen winding down the steep grade that led to the "Mother Town of Nevada," the pretty, thriving village of Genoa, where Professor Kleeberger intended to spend the first few days of his visit. Diversified by rocky hills, timbered flat and fertile mountain valley, the road stretched on till a turn brought into startling and distinct panorama, the Valley of the Carson, one of the most productive and attractive of Nevada's agricultural districts. Stretching far away we beheld the green fields, dotted here and there by the tree-embowered homes of the prosperous ones, and, nestled snugly against the foot of the mountains, Genoa appeared, seeming at this distance a verdant clump of shade trees and shrubbery. Entering through the snow-lined canyons and winding its way along the center of the valley, was the Carson river, looking like a silver thread in the distance. Along its banks grain fields waved and eagerly drank of its cooling waters, which, continuing for some miles, again disappeared in the mountains that skirted the lower end of the valley. As we entered the valley and drove along the smooth roads, we found that for once the old adage, "Distance lends enchantment to the view," was incorrect, for, as we passed by orchards laden with fruit, and everywhere beheld the evidence of thrift and prosperity, our kind Professor said, "I should never have believed that Nevada could produce such a varied assortment of agricultural products, had I not seen them."

Among other objects of interest to the tourist, are the relics of pre-historic man to be seen at Nevada's State Prison, about a mile from Carson City. Some few years ago, prisoners, when blasting rock at the sandstone quarries, unearthed gigantic tracks, the principal ones being mastodons' tracks about two feet in diameter, and others resembling those of a man, woman, and child, the largest being about twenty inches long and of proportionate width. The State Prison yard is literally covered with tracks of birds, coyotes, deer, hyenas, etc. There are different

opinions as to the origin of these tracks, but, by geologists, it is generally conceded that they were made by a gigantic flat-footed quadrupedal mammal. Dr. Harkness of San Francisco, however, gives as his opinion, that the foot-prints are those of a race of men whose history is buried in obscurity.

This much is established:—that that part of Nevada was at one time a vast lake, which, by gradual processes of nature, was covered, so that the impressions in the mud, now hard as stone, lie buried under banks of sandstone about thirty feet high. In the interest of science, excavations were made in the solid rock, thus showing that the tracks continued farther along; this leaves cave-like openings, in each one of which a different track may be traced. Prof. Kleeberger is responsible for this statement, "You see the creature went in as an elephant here, and came out as a man over there."

But space forbids that I linger on the enjoyments participated in here, and I hasten to speak of our memorable trip to the Comstock Lode at Virginia City. We boarded the train at Carson City, and a ride of two hours brought us to Gold Hill. The journey was full of grand and majestic scenery, and, as the train glided along on the grade, the traveler might see, far below, the Carson River, now crowded in between two rugged hills, now leaping some precipice. But even here its waters were not useless, for, lining the river's edge, stood numerous large quartz-mills, and the water, which, in its previous wanderings, had helped to irrigate the fertile valley lands, was now utilized to obtain the glittering gold and silver from the crushed ore. Train loads of rock and the continuous thunder of hundreds of stamps in the mills, gave evidence of the increasing work in the silver regions.

As the train steamed into Gold Hill, our genial Professor was forcibly seized, dragged from the train, and marshaled by a gang of chattering school-girls—beg pardon, dignified (?) school-marmas, conducted to the home of Miss Julia Crowley. Gathered in the parlors, this merry party of Normalites, led by whole-souled Prof. Kleeberger, and consisting of Miss Nettie Sharp, Dec. '84, Miss Julia Crowley, May '86, Miss Mary Holmes, Dec. '86, Miss Lydia Adams, Dec. '86, Miss Agnes Gillespie, May '87, Miss Cora Angell, Dec. '87, and Miss Annie Berry, May '88, passed an evening which so long as memory lasts, will ever be cherished. Bright reminiscences, bits of gossip, amusing anecdotes, all enlivened by Prof. K's inexhaustible store of puns, carried us back, till

in imagination, we were attending one of the long-past but well-remembered receptions given at our beloved Alma Mater.

On the next day came our memorable visit to the "lower regions," or perhaps I should say our descent into the mines. We decided to descend the C. & C. shaft at Virginia, and, after examining the interior, to return by way of Sutro Tunnel to Sutro, and from there to Virginia by carriage. On arriving at the C. C. hoisting works, we exchanged our comfortable suits for those worn by the miners, which suits consist of a blue flannel shirt, a pair of pantaloons of the same color and material, a pair of heavy boots and an oiled hat. I am sure the imagination of the reader can well picture this joyous crowd after the change had been effected. It would therefore be useless to describe the way these dignified school-marmas tried to walk and talk like men, and how they appeared in their new apparel. Suffice it to say that most of the suits did not appear to have been made to order, though some seemed to be in the latest style. We then stepped upon the cage, the bell tapped, and we dropped down in a few seconds to the 1750-foot level. We stepped from the cage into the underground station, which was lighted by numerous lamps that burned before bright reflectors, and, as we looked around, we saw tunnels branching off in many directions, all of which were lighted. It seemed not unlike the streets of a city on a dark night. Donning two and three overcoats apiece, and each carrying a lantern, we followed our guide along one of the numerous passages.

After walking several hundred feet the heat began to increase, and we took off an overcoat, to be taken up on our return. Some distance farther on, we left another coat, and continued to do so, till all were disposed of. The heat meantime had become intense, and the miners at work wore only a pair of thin overalls.

One notable curiosity we examined, was the compressed wood or timbers which had been used twelve or fourteen years ago to timber the old tunnels, but, having failed into disuse, they had, in time, caved in, and the immense weight of earth had compressed timbers over a foot square to small planks, in some cases not over two inches thick. This wood, so compressed, is extremely hard, and when polished, resembles agate, and is very beautiful.

After some time spent in inspecting the various grades of ore, and in perspiring (for the trip through the mines might well be compared to a steam bath) we picked up our overcoats, and, putting them on, entered Sutro tunnel, which is

connected at this level with all the principal mines. This far-famed tunnel, through solid rock, 1750 feet under-ground and over five miles in length, was nearly nine years in building, and cost \$1,500,000; it is used principally as a drainage adit, by means of which the water in the mines is conveyed to the Carson river.

Perched upon a small narrow car made especially for visitors, and having for motive power a docile mule ornamented with two flaring torches, we started along the immense tunnel, and, after a novel ride of two or three hours, we emerged at Sutro City, where we entered the carry-alls that stood waiting and were driven back to Gold Hill.

That evening the party descended to Crown Point mines, where our pictures were taken by Prof. Kleeberger. The day's pleasures were concluded by a reception tendered the party by Miss Mary Holmes; vocal and instrumental music, refreshments, and genuine good-fellowship made the occasion one to be long remembered.

The next morning, July 28, we left our kind friends and at Carson bade God speed to Prof. Kleeberger, who departed for his California home.

This visit to Nevada will be long remembered by those who were favored in meeting him, and especially by

The "Largest" of the Seven.

#### CLASS SONG.

June 79.

#### COURAGE!

CLASS.

'Tis the morning of life's battle,  
'Tis the evening of our play;  
We are ready, ay, we're ready  
For the march or for the fray.

SCHOOL.

Through the dawning of the battle,  
Through the training many a day,  
You've been anxious and disheartened  
In the time that's passed away.

CLASS.

Brightly now the sun is shining  
On our banner streaming high;  
Clear and bright in letters golden,  
"Courage!" floats along the sky.

SCHOOL.

Though you've courage on your banner,  
If not written on the heart  
'Twill be useless, vain and useless;  
Woods alone can play no part.

CLASS.

Courage have we true and holy;  
It will lead us up and on.  
In all ages God has aided  
Who to him for strength has gone.

SCHOOL.

Then have courage, then have courage,  
As through life you press your way;  
Courage have to-day, to-morrow,  
Courage each and every day.

BLANCHIE TARR.

#### THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES.

"The genius of Hawthorne is a flower whose fragrance has been shed upon man but whose roots rest with God." This is the criticism passed by a certain distinguished critic on the author of the "House of Seven Gables," and it seems to me that this beautiful simile contains the most and the best that may be said of Hawthorne. The fragrance of a flower is indeed exhaled from his pages; and, after an analysis of his methods and meaning; we begin to realize that his roots rest with God. His biographers tell us that Hawthorne's was a peculiarly sensitive nature, that his manners were reserved and quiet, and that, though he studied the world and all forms and combinations of life, still his moods were introspective. All of these characteristics enter into his style. Compared with the novelists of his own century, Nathaniel Hawthorne has no equal, and, in his analysis of the supernatural and his deep study of the soul, he is to be classed only with such authors as George Eliot or Balzac.

His four great works are, "The Scarlet Letter," "The House of the Seven Gables," "The Marble Faun," and "Mosses from an Old Manse."

"The House of the Seven Gables," the subject of this paper, is considered by some critics his best production. It is a story of ancient crime and hereditary wrong relieved by pictures of youth and beauty. The charm of this book is of a peculiar kind; it leaves an impression on the mind and feelings similar to that which we feel in listening to a musical composition by one of the great German composers—a weird, strange something that defies analysis.

Of the many characters introduced, the one that adds the greatest charm to the book is dear little Phoebe, the heroine. How we should all endeavor to imitate her, the comforter and helpmate of her poor old aunt, the golden thread that bound together the youth and the old age of her Uncle Clifford, and the embodiment of everything noble and refined in a Christian woman!

Poor old Hepzibah! how one loves her in spite of that unfortunate scowl, in spite of her foolish love for gentility, even in spite of her abomination of shop windows! Her great trouble makes us forget her errors and we see her as she really was, a noble, self-sacrificing woman.

The character we pity is Clifford, the wronged

man. The author says of him: "There seemed no necessity for his having drawn breath at all,—the world never wanted him; but, as he had breathed, it ought to have been nothing but the balmy summer air. "Yet how different was his lot! The poor man is accused of a crime of which he is guiltless; he is thrown into a dungeon there to lie for thirty long years, and there to breathe the foulest prison air.

Judge Pyncheon, the fac-simile of the first owner of The House of Seven Gables, is the character one despises in reading the story. My feelings on meeting this character were akin to those experienced when meeting Carker in Dickens's "Dombey and Son." When we first meet the Judge, we are inclined to think him an honorable citizen; but, as we proceed with the story, Hawthorne, the reader of the conscience, forces us into a recognition of this man's villainy and unworthiness.

The descriptions are so vivid that we live in the places described and enter into conversation with the individuals pictured. It does not require a great strain of the imagination to fancy ourselves standing in the ancient part of Salem and gazing upon the old house with its seven gables. We can see "Alice's posies" growing near the chimney, and we can see the great Pyncheon Elm with its branches so far spread as to hide almost the little shop window, the source of so much misery to Hephzibah, but the source of so much pleasure to little Jim Higgins, the purchaser of the gingerbread crows.

The style of this romance is not popular with the reading masses, yet the book is read with deep interest by the cultured. We call the style original since it is exactly characteristic of Hawthorne. The work is a deep study in psychology, now and then relieved by side lights of thought and description. The chapter treating of the author's interview with Judge Pyncheon, as he sits dead in the home of his ancestors is an excellent example of Hawthorne's psychological study. The history of the "Pyncheon hens," and their likeness to the Pyncheon family; the description of Uncle Verner's appearance; and the horror of poor old Hephzibah when she dropped into the till the two-cent piece she had received for the gingerbread elephant, are all examples of the strains of humor that run through the book.

Almost every page contains figures of speech; and the long, smooth sentences, together with the beautiful thoughts, make the work truly elegant. There are so many exquisite gems of thought, all perfectly set, that it is hard for one to discriminate in his choice. But the simile about Alice Pynch-

eon, the one for whom the garden was named, is certainly a perfect gem. The author says, "The fragrance of her rich, and delightful character still lingered about the place where she had lived, as a dried rosebud scents the place where it has withered and perished."

The purpose of this romance as given by Hawthorne in the preface is to teach, "that the wrong doing of one generation lives into successive ones; and, divesting itself of every temporary advantage becomes a pure uncontrollable mischief."

Nathaniel Hawthorne's influence is always refining; but it seems to me that in this book we have the quintessence of the author's personality, and we lay the volume down with a sense that we should be stronger in mind and finer in soul after its perusal.

#### BESIDE THE BROOK,

Oh, sweet it is on summer's eve  
All thoughts of toil behind to leave,  
And down beside the babbling brook  
In some bevel'd and grassy nook,  
To sit and dream.

'Tis sweet to feel the cool winds blow,  
To watch the boughs sway to and fro,  
To listen the whispering breeze  
As soft it winds amid the trees  
That shade the stream.

'Tis sweet to see the moonlight shewn  
Stream down the rustling leaves between,  
And dot the dark, deep pools below  
With dancing spots that gleam and glow  
With silvery beam.

'Tis God who gives these scenes so fair;  
The same who gave that gift so rare,  
That all who on his Son believe  
Might everlasting life receive,  
The soul to redeem.

F. M.

#### CAMP ON WEST BRANCH.

Nagafia is a pretty little mining town situated on "West Branch of Feather River." During the summer months, the roads of the surrounding country are lined with tents, belonging to families who come from the valley towns to the mountains to spend a few weeks in sport and recreation.

Our tent was spread under a large spruce tree, near the house that furnishes all the water for the noted Cherokee gold mine, fifteen miles below us.

The streams in the vicinity swarmed with fish, and there was an abundance of game in the woods. Squirrels, grouse, and deer were the principal game; yet, in those days, it was a common occurrence for an old hunter to bring in a "grizzly" on his hunting party.

We had heard that game was plentiful near the "deer-lick," some fifteen miles up the canon; so the following day, as the sun was peeping through the pines in the East, father and I shouldered our guns and started on the trail to the famous "deer-lick."

On reaching the brow of the canon, we passed through the pine grove on to a ledge of quartz. From this point, stretch as a landscape that will be as beautiful a hundred years hence as it is to-day. Far off to the right lie the green, fertile fields of the Sacramento Valley, and beyond rises the hazy Coast Range, hedging in the mammoth garden. On the left tower the snow-clad Sierras, holding on their mighty shoulders the white snow-fields, which during the summer months furnish the water supply to the thirsty foot-hill land. Directly across the canon, two mountain ranges meet at right angles; at their junction, towering above the neighboring ranges, rises the lofty Magalia Peak. Over these two ranges, Nature with her harnessed forces carries down her treasures of gold and water into this immense store-house, Magalia Peak. Here we have proof that Nature does not secretly hold her treasures; for, at the base of the peak, she is giving through the miners' tunnel, a constant supply of gold, and from the summit flows a stream of crystal water, slaking the miner's thirst and washing from the dump of clay and rock his shining gold.

Leaving this beautiful scenery, we descended the canyon through a forest of spruce and cedar, which the ax has never scared. We were soon on the lantern flame, when walking was easier but not so safe, for the foot boards were not nailed and some of them were only four inches wide, and all were badly warped. Before us was a sight, which no poet has ever described. It was the old arch that spans the canyon and supports the flame three hundred feet from the flaming rapids beneath.

If the mill hands wish to go down the flame, they nail two wide boards together in the shape of a "V", turn on a "head" of water, put their rule boat into the flame, and then jump aboard. The water bears them to the other end of the flame, a distance of ten miles, in sixteen and three-fourths minutes.

Adventurers often slide down for the experience, and for the compliments that friends shower upon them for so daring a feat. Such a ride is indeed dangerous, for should some obstacle be in the way, or the boat catch on a nail, the rushing water would hurl boat and men into the air and down into the canyon, never to be seen again.

The flame in places crosses such terrible chasms that we were glad to jump into the flame to shut out the sight below us. After seven miles of flame walking, we arrived at the "deer-lick," where we were fortunate enough to kill one of the "antlered monarchs."

Night was stealing on; it was too late to retrace our steps; and we could not sleep out for fear of the "grizzlies." Fortunately at the end of the flat before us, we spied an old miner's cabin. Hastening to it, we found a forsaken room with a large fire-place in one corner. Here we spent the night in safety; and many times since have we carried provisions to the old cabin, making that our headquarters during a week's "hunt."

In the summer of '84, circumstances prevented the family trip to "West Branch," so I resolved to go alone and set up my camp in the old miner's cabin. Taking with me a few provisions, a Winchester rifle, and my faithful dog, Sport, I set out for my solitary camp and arrived there on the afternoon of that same day. How removed from the world and its duties one feels when alone in such a delightful spot!

All the little birds are merry; the squirrels are barking as they frisk about in the sun; the hawk hails noiselessly down the stream; the wind murmurs through the pines; and from a short distance below comes the roar of the river. One is com-

elled to listen; then steals in that lone-some feeling that seems to hear one away to places where the soul wanders.

I tried to shake off my listlessness by wandering about in search of game; but the "hoot," "hoot" of the grouse increased my emotions, and, returning to the cabin in the shades of evening, I was even more dismal than ever. What did it all mean? My mind wandered through the jungle of fantasy. The night itself was dismal; for the wind whistled through the roof and as I sat gazing into the fire, the candle by my side flickered, then went out. Suddenly the blaze of the fire died. A shudder crept over me that thrilled my very soul. Staring into the darkness, in the opposite corner of the room, I saw the figure of an old man, bald and gray. His wasted face told of sorrow and misfortune. His withered hands hanging over his knees seemed pointing to some buried secret. I strained my eyes again, but he had vanished; and in his place, sat an old woman, a black shawl thrown across her narrow, stooped shoulders, a haggard face, a ghastly appearance; a face that told of nothing but misery. She held an infant in her arms. Raising her head for an instant, she stared at me, then slunk away as if afraid that the child would be torn from her. My heart was beating violently, when before me, appeared a beautiful young woman in the attitude of prayer. She was being borne upward as toward heaven; then all was still. That night, sleep gave way to meditation.

In the morning I shouldered the rifle for a hunt; but Sport hung his head, whined and refused to follow. So I took the fishing rod; at this, Sport harked, jumped about frantically, then led the way down the trail to the sand bar. Running across the bar he stopped by a strange object near the river, and gave a short quick bark. The object proved to be a man, apparently lifeless, whom the current had stranded there; but he was yet warm and his heart was still beating. I rubbed his limbs and face vigorously and administered some brandy from my hunting flask. The efforts were successful; the man soon returned to consciousness, and, helping him to the cabin, I built a roaring fire and gave him food and drink.

On asking his name, he replied: "My name is Meagher Black; I was born in Virginia in '38. My father he came to California in '46; he's dug a heap o' gold from these hills. Before he died, he told nuther that some-ere on West Branch he had ten thousand dollars in gold dust. Fainter died in '72; I was only a boy then, and a bad one, too. I never did do right. In '78 I married one of the best Christian girls that ever lived; I promised"—here he broke down—"I promised to quit drinking; but, in a few weeks I went at it again. One night I went home drunk; and, in my fury beat my wife and drove her with my child out of the house. But the worst was not yet. I got in row and more trouble, and had to cross the Rockies to skip the police. Here, I have been for three weeks hunting for the gold dust. Last night, I received a letter from home telling me my wife is dead! Oh the cursed drink! I felt too wretched to live, and this morning, threw myself into the rapids,—you know the spot."

Black's confession made me think of my vision of the night before. Perhaps the gold dust was under the old cabin in thought I. The next day we dug about the cabin but found nothing to encourage us. The vision of the old man had not faded from my memory. Perhaps the withered hands were pointing to the very spot. The following morning, we made another search—this time, directly beneath the place where the form of the old man had sat, three nights before. Two feet below the surface our picks struck a piece of iron;

it proved to be an old Dutch oven. Raising the oven, we found beneath it the buried treasure in an Indian mortar.

The experience of that trip has ever since tinged my mind with a superstitious belief in the inter-communication of the spirit world and the material world. J. K. A.

## EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

### ORAL INSTRUCTION.

SUBJECT.—COCK.—A REVIEW LESSON.

Age of class from seven to nine.

The teacher first asked, "How many of you like to hear fairy stories? All hands were raised.

"How do they usually begin?"

Ans. "They usually begin 'Once upon a time.'"

"Well, once upon a time," continued the teacher, "many, many years ago, there lived a fairy princess who was as good as she was beautiful. Her palace was in a tree that looked like an oak. What kind of a tree was it?"

Ans. "It was a cock tree."

"What did it look like outside?"

"It had low, spreading branches, and a great many green leaves."

"Yes, and it was very beautiful inside where the fairy's palace was. Her throne was made out of something that grows on the cock tree, also on oak trees. What was it?"

"The throne was made of acorns."

"Yes, of the outside of the acorn, the inside, she ate. One day she heard a terrible noise. She looked out of her window, which was so tiny that no one but a fairy could see out of it, and saw some men with a dreadful looking something in their hands coming towards her palace.

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" cried the princess, "they are coming to chop down my palace." How she trembled! But we know what they were going to do, don't we?"

Nois, indication of yes, from the children.

"What was it?"

"They were going to get the Cock bark."

"What did they have in their hands?"

"They had axes."

"How did they get the bark off?"

"They made three cuts around it; one near the ground, one near the branches, and one around the middle. Then they made three straight down the tree and beat the bark with the handles of their axes until it fell off."

"Nicely told," said the teacher. "They beat the palace so hard that it scared the princess, and, when the bark came off, she thought the tree would die. Do you think it did?"

"No ma'am."

"Why?"

"Because the men did not hurt the green bark underneath the other."

"But you see the fairy did not know so much as we do. She had lived there a long time and no men had ever come before. How long do you think?"

"I think it was fifteen years."

"Why?"

"Because they wait until the tree is fifteen years old before they take off the bark."

"Yes, and a good many years passed away before they came again. How many?"

"It was eight years before they came."

"Why?"

"Because the bark is cut off every eight years."

"In the country where the fairy lived (where was it? It was South America) it was so pleasant that the princess used to like to go swimming in the lakes the day made in the leaves. But the king, her father, was afraid she would drown; so he offered a reward to anyone who would invent something to keep her from drowning. What was invented?"

"A life preserver was invented."

"What was it made of?"

"It was made of cork."

"A young fairy prince invented it, and he was so handsome that the princess married him. The princess' wedding shoes had soles made of what?"

"They were made of cork."

"So you see the princess made as much use of cork as we do. She always lived happily because she knew how to make the best of what she had."

This lesson was given as a review of the subject of COCK. The class had in previous lessons seen pieces of the cork tree showing the rough bark; had seen pictures illustrating how the bark was taken from the tree, and practical illustrations of how cork floats.

They had also had thorough drill on the principal facts concerning cork.

### SELF-DISCIPLINE.

All education is not obtained in schools; self-discipline often gives quite as valuable results.

The schoolgirl, who, on coming to school without a book she had meant to bring, returned for it of her own accord, saying, "When I make up my mind to do a thing, I don't believe in forgetting it," was giving herself a discipline equal in value to the best the school could afford; and the so-called self-made men, imperfectly made though they may be, have, by this means secured many of the best results of education.

An incident related by Rev. J. H. Gulliver in the New York Independent, in regard to a conversation with Lincoln, shows what can be done toward the cultivation of the thought powers even in childhood. Being asked what his education had been; Mr. Lincoln is said to have replied:—

"Among my earliest recollections, I remember how, when a mere child, I used to get irritated when anybody talked to me in a way I could not understand. I don't think I ever got angry at anything else in my life. But that always disturbed my temper, and has ever since. I can remember going to my little bed-room, after hearing the neighbors talk of an evening with my father, and spending some part of the night walking up and down, and trying to make out what was the exact meaning of some of it, to me, dark sayings. I could not sleep, though I often tried to, when I got on such a hunt after an idea, until I had caught it; and when I thought I had got it I was not satisfied until I had repeated it over and over, until I had put it in language plain enough, as I thought, for any boy I knew to comprehend. This was a kind of passion with me, and it has stuck by me, for I am never easy now, when I am handling a thought, till I have bounded it much, and bounded it out and bounded it west."

God calls us through ability.—Gail Hamilton.

Clever men are good but they are not the best.—Carlyle.

## THE HYDRA.

Apr. 17. I brought a glass of water from the Normal fountain this evening and set it away in a light place.

Apr. 18. There is one hydra on my glass this morning. I see that it has budded. The bud is very small, and looks like a small knot on a tree. This evening I find I have three hydras and I now commence to study them.

The body is cylindrical in form. With my small lens I find that the body is hollow, as there are small objects floating around in it. I also see that one end has a hole in it and has six tentacles arranged around it. These tentacles have a knotty appearance. The other end of the body is flattened and it is with this end that the hydra holds on to the glass. I find that the bud has increased a little in size. I observe how the hydra eats. It waves its tentacles to and fro in the water, till they strike against some very small object. The object seems to become paralyzed and the hydra slowly contracts its arms, in some instances bending them in as we would ours, till they reach its mouth. Then the insect is deposited in the stomach of the hydra.

Apr. 19. —To-day through the microscope, I saw that the tentacles of the hydra were hollow like its body. These tentacles are closed at the outer end and the hollow part opens into the general body. Thus the hydra resembles a glove. The tentacles are the fingers and the hollow body is the other part of the glove.

This evening I was very much amused while watching my hydras eat. One of them would double up its long cylindrical body and grasp the posterior end of its body with its tentacles. In this position it resembled a little ball somewhat elongated. Now it commenced to execute a series of somersaults; tumbling over and over somewhat as a hoop rolls. It was at the top of the glass when it commenced, but it was soon at the bottom. After it had reached the bottom, it concluded it wanted to come up again. It reached up as far as it could with its tentacles and sucked fast to the glass with its mouth; then it contracted its body and thus brought the lower end up a short distance. It continued in this manner till it had traveled about half an inch. Later I found one of my hydras floating upside down on the surface of the water. It seemed to be taking a rest, for its tentacles were not moving at all.

I see that the little bud has grown a great deal; it now seems to have an opening in its outer end. The stomach of the bud opens directly into the stomach of the old hydra, for I can see particles

of food pass from the stomach of the mother hydra into the stomach of the little bud. Another peculiar thing I have noticed is this:—when the bud formed on the old hydra, there was a growth formed in the stomach of the old hydra just below the place from which the bud sprang. This seemed very wonderful to me; its purpose is obvious. The food from the old hydra has to get into the stomach of the young one, and as this young bud is sometimes formed quite a distance up on the body of the old hydra, the food would rush by the opening into the bud; but this membrane stretched across the stomach prevents the food from going by the stomach of the young hydra. When the food strikes against the membrane, some of it is forced into the stomach of the young hydra. This seems a wonderful provision made by nature for the growth of the young hydra.

Apr. 20.—I have discovered another curious thing about my budding hydra. I find that the bud has six very small tentacles formed around its mouth. But the curious thing is this: I saw the mother hydra feeding the young one. The old hydra would get some very small insect fastened to its tentacle, then wave the tentacle back and forth till it happened to hit the mouth of the young hydra, it then deposited the insect in the stomach of the young hydra. This evening I find that the little hydra has tentacles quite well developed and is catching food for itself. The connection with the old hydra is very nearly severed, only a small thread seeming to hold them together.

Apr. 21.—The little hydra is now free and looks about as large as the old one.

Apr. 22.—To-day I saw one of the tentacles of the hydra highly magnified. I could see the lance cells with their threads thrown out. The knotty appearance of the tentacle was also very distinct. This evening my hydra did a curious thing. It had a piece of thread-like moss about a fourth of an inch long. The moss was very stiff and the hydra could not manage to swallow it. At last it fastened the piece of moss, or rather balanced it, across its body near the posterior end, then it expanded its mouth until it was at least one eighth of an inch across. It now looked exactly like a little balloon. Next it reached one of its tentacles up into its body and took hold of its posterior end and quickly pulled it through its mouth, pulling the piece of moss with it. Thus you see it turned itself inside out. The moment the piece of moss was in the hydra's stomach, it flew out as a piece of whalebone does when you bend it and then let it go. When the piece of moss flew out and tried to straighten itself, it, of course, expanded the

stomach of the hydra. This gave the hydra a curious appearance. The hydra did not seem to like this sharp piece of moss sticking in its body and bulging it out, so after a while it spit it out.

Apr. 23.—This evening I find a very small projection on one of my hydras. This I know is a bud.

Apr. 24.—I find that the little bud I observed yesterday has developed very rapidly. It now has six tiny tentacles.

Apr. 25.—The young hydra has its tentacles greatly developed, they are now one fourth of an inch long and are being used to procure food. The connection with the mother hydra is nearly severed.

Apr. 26.—The young hydra is now free. This shows how rapidly hydras multiply.

Sometimes one of the hydras will go down to the bottom of the glass and stay there for two or three days, then it will come up again.

Apr. 28.—Another one of the hydras has budded.

Apr. 29.—The little bud observed yesterday has increased in size, but no tentacles are found. I observed something about the connection existing between the stomach of the old hydra and the stomach of the bud. One of the hydras that has a bud on it, swallowed a long dark colored worm. The worm was too long to get into the stomach of the old hydra, so part of it was pushed through the opening into the stomach of the bud. This evening I noticed that one of my hydras had seven well formed tentacles.

May 2.—I have watched the growth of buds long enough to satisfy myself that it takes from four to five days for the bud to separate from the mother hydra. I shall now try an experiment. I cut one of my hydras into two pieces, to see if these pieces would take the form of the true hydra.

May. 6.—The pieces of hydra are living and have taken the shape of the true hydra. Tentacles seem to be forming.

May 8.—There seems to be very little change in my pieces of hydra. A few points in general. I find that my hydras prefer staying at the top of the glass. One of my hydras has eight tentacles and quite a number have seven. This shows that the number of tentacles ranges from six to eight. I have discovered that there is another mode of traveling among the hydras. The hydra will stretch its body out to its full length and then by suddenly contracting it, is enabled to slip along the smooth surface of the glass. This mode of traveling can be used only when the hydra is on some smooth surface.

May 9.—One of the pieces of hydra is now a

perfect hydra. The tentacles are long and seem to be perfectly developed. The other piece seems to be slowly developing. M. S.

#### SOCIETY NOTES.

On Friday evening the members of the Young Women's Christian Association gave their fourth semi-annual reception to the new students. Of the two hundred strange faces that now gather daily in the Normal halls, the greater part were at that reception and many of the old students as well.

The reception committee, consisting of Misses Margaret Bowles, Nellie Markell, Maggie Morrison, Mamie Corbett and Sadie Johnson, met the strangers at the door, gave them a cordial welcome and then fastened to the dress or coat of each a slip of paper on which had been written the name of the wearer. This little aid to sociability, together with the efforts of the committee and other members of the association, the interesting program provided by them, and the games which the more active and hilarious indulged in made the evening pass only too quickly.

The following program was rendered and received with hearty applause:—Instrumental quintet, "Waltz-medley," Messrs. Kennedy, Adel, Hill, Jackson and Leland; address of welcome, Miss Sadie Eastwood; recitation, The Church Music-box, Miss Clara Black; quartet, Come Where the Lilies Bloom, Misses West and Hay, Messrs. Adicott and Tebbe; recitation, The Kitchen Clock, Miss Julia Sander.

The Y. W. C. A.'s are entitled to the gratitude of every student, old or new, for this opportunity of forming new acquaintances and renewing old ones. On no other occasion throughout the year do the students of all classes meet together for an evening of recreation and social intercourse.

Long life and prosperity to the association and to each and all of its members.

Many of the old pupils were filled with surprise and sorrow when greeted on their return by the news of Miss Hudson's resignation and intended departure for China—she has done so much for us not only as to our mental, but more as to our moral and spiritual development.

May success attend Mrs. Wagner's labors in the mission field of China as it did in her work here!

How grateful we are for the last hour spent with her! Her brave, cheerful words robbed the parting of half its sadness.

She will long be remembered in the earnest prayers of many friends.

## THE KITCHEN CLOCK.

Knitting is the maid o' the kitchen, Milly;  
Doing nothing, sits the chore boy, Billy:

"Seconds reckoned,  
Seconds reckoned;  
Every minute,  
Sixty in it.  
Milly, Billy,  
Billy, Milly,  
Tick-tock, tock-tick,  
Nick-knock, knock-nick,  
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"  
Goes the kitchen clock.

Closer to the fire is rosy Milly,  
Every whit as close and cozy, Billy:

"Time's a-flying,  
Worth your trying;  
Pretty Milly—  
Kiss her, Billy!  
Milly, Billy,  
Billy, Milly,  
Tick-tock, tock-tick,  
Now—now, quick—quick!  
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"  
Goes the kitchen clock.

Something's happened, very real is Milly;  
Billy Boy is looking very silly.

"Pretty misses,  
Plenty kisses;  
Make it twenty.  
Take a plenty  
Billy, Milly,  
Milly, Billy,  
Right, left, left, right,  
That's right, all right,  
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"  
Goes the kitchen clock.

Weeks gone, still they're sitting, Billy, Milly,  
O, the winter winds are wondrous chilly!

"Winter weather,  
Close together;  
Wouldn't tarry.  
Better marry.  
Milly, Billy,  
Billy, Milly,  
Two-one, one-two,  
Don't wait, 'twont do,  
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"  
Goes the kitchen clock.

Winters two have gone and where is Milly?  
Spring has come again and where is Billy?

"Give me credit,

For I did it;  
Treat me kindly,  
Mind you wind me,  
Mister Billy,  
Mistress Milly,  
My—O, O—my!  
By—by, by—by,  
Nickety-knock, cradle rock,"  
Goes the kitchen clock.

## ALL SORTS.

All silk ribbons. The Notion Store.

The class of 1889 Taken at Wright's Gallery was very satisfactory.

Mr. Mac says he honestly believes that Paier is better than gold.

Langtry curling irons \$25. The Notion Store.

Mr. A—of Senior A1 was heard to say, "Go West, young man, go West."

Fast black hose \$25, fine values. The Notion Store.

The young gentleman in Senior B2 who gets read out, is unfortunate in having no long a name.

100 kid gloves reduced to 75c at The Notion Store.

The boys of Senior B2 are greatly to be envied, because they have a Banister in their class to support them.

Full line of ladies under-ware and furnishing goods. The Notion Store.

The reporters on All Sorts, especially in Senior B2, ought to be Le(a)land true to duty.

Buy combs, brushes, jewelry and stationery at The Notion Store, prices lowest.

Among the improvements at the Normal, a fine new clock in the Library deserves special attention. It is a regulator, and is to be set to keep standard time.

It seems strange, but we have not yet heard of any of the Seniors' taking Brown-Sequard Elixir to restore their Junior days.

Many changes in the school work have been announced from the restroom; the most striking one is that the monitors are expected to keep the rooms clean.

Do Normal boys like a change of diet? What young gentleman was it that wanted a variety of desert, and consequently bought one rhubarb pie and one pin-plait pie?

Before going elsewhere to purchase goods, take a look at the large assortment of ready-made clothing at Prof. K—'s laboratory. Perfect fit guaranteed or money refunded.

Is it because the girls of Senior B2 are guilty of some unpardonable misdemeanor that they are forced to put their books on the floor while adding the few necessary touches to their silken tresses?

Two or three young gentlemen of the Normal have been deterred in the act of raising their hats whenever they enter a book store. It is supposed that they do so in homage to the learning contained within its doors.

Fine stock kid gloves. The Notion Store.

Lost! In Middle B dressing room, a white napkin containing a lunch. Finder will please leave in Precinctress' room.

Mum social at First M. E. Church, Friday evening, Oct. 4th. Novel programme. Special invitation extended to all Normal students.

Reporters of the Senior A1, Senior B2, Senior B3 and Middle B4, are requested to meet the editors of the *All Sorts* Department.

Wanted.—A small boy, one who is competent to raise windows, run for chalk boxes and escort young ladies to socials and other evening entertainments. One who is able to sing tennis and is not subject to colds, preferred. Address Senior B4 at this office.

Found! (On Sept. 5th, 6th, 10th and 11th).—a white napkin containing the remains of an ancient lunch. Owner may have the same by calling at the Precinctress' office, proving property and paying laundry bill.

Normal graduates wishing to teach may obtain schools by applying to the Pacific Coast Bureau of Education, 300 Post street, San Francisco, which makes a business of placing teachers. Send for circular and registration blank.

The most noticeable of the many improvements made at the Normal since last June consists of the beautiful tinted walls and ceilings. Prof. H.—'s fastidious tastes and his desire to have his surroundings in harmony with one another, probably account for the delicate but decidedly green tint to be found in his room.

How beautiful is the landscape upon which our teachers feast their eyes each morning. Immediately in the foreground a romantic Cave is to be seen. Just back of this Cave and forming a picturesque relief for its gray and somber appearance, is a charming little Glen(s), on one side of which dances a gay, sparkling Brook(s), while on the other extend delightfully cool and shady Woods. A green Hill in the distance is all that could possibly be added to enhance the beauty of the scene.

A traveller interrogating a backwoodman received brief but pertinent answers. These:—

"Whose house is this?"

"Mogges."

"Of what built?"

"Dogs."

"Any neighbors?"

"Frogs."

"What is the soil?"

"Bogs."

"The climate?"

"Fogs."

"What do you live on?"

"Hogs."

"How do you catch them?"

"Dogs."

## ALUMNI NOTES.

Miss Ada McKenney, May '88, is teaching in the Los Gatos school.

Miss Ethel Ayer, May '87, is teaching the Third grade in the Los Gatos school.

Among Placer Co's teachers is Miss Fannie Fowler, June '89.

Colusa Co. numbers among her teachers, Miss Mattie Powell, June '86.

Miss Mary Matschlechner, June '89, has begun teaching near Merced.

Miss Laura Thomas, June '89, is teaching at Placerville, San Benito County.

Miss Oscar Ashley, ever since her graduation has taught in the Milpitas School.

Miss Nettie E. Rickard, May '87, is one of the six teachers of the Los Gatos school.

Abbie F. Phillips, Dec. '87, is still teaching at Cayucos, San Luis Obispo Co.

Mr. Alfred Ashbire, Dec. '88, is Principal of the Windsor school, Sonoma County.

Miss Addie Lacy, June '89, has accepted the position of teacher at Damascus, Placer Co.

Miss Georgia Thatcher, June '89, has begun work in a school six miles from Auburn, Placer Co.

The Intermediate Department of the Milpitas School is very ably filled by Miss Edith E. Ayer, May '85.

Mr. John G. Jury, President of June class '89 is successfully engaged in teaching at Forest Hill, Placer Co.

Miss Lizzie MacKinnon, June '89, has nearly completed a very successful term of school in San Luis Obispo Co.

Kate Wambold, May '89, has gone to Los Angeles to take the post-graduate course with the class just started there.

A country school six miles from Elk Grove is progressing under the teaching of Miss Alida G. Spring, June '89.

The Primary Department of Warm Springs school is very skillfully managed by Miss Annie E. Durken, May '87.

Miss Kate E. Johnson, May, '83, is very successfully engaged in teaching in the public school of Willows, Colusa Co.

Wedding bells have rung again; Annabel Tuttle, Dec. '87 was married Sept. 12, at Watsonville, Cal. to W. R. Radcliff.

Miss Bessie Fowler, May '88, has been engaged for her third term in the Primary Department of the Cloverdale public school.

Mr. E. E. Brownell has left the profession of teaching and is now acting in the capacity of book-keeper for an enterprising San Jose firm.

Mr. Lawrence F. Pater, Dec. '88, has completed a four months' term in Working District, Humboldt Co., and is now studying law in San Francisco.

Sadie C. Ryan, June class '89, is very successful as a teacher in Independence, Inyo Co. where she is associated with Miss Annie Kohler, June '88.

Mr. James A. Black, Dec. '88, is principal of the Mt. Eden School, Contra Costa Co., and has an able assistant in Miss S. Ellen McFarland of the same class.

Mr. Albert C. Shonmatt accepted the principalship of the New Almaden school, and began work Sept. 2nd. He was married to Miss Ida Hunter of Santa Cruz a few weeks ago.

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