

I tried my lungs to see how much more they might stand, and lifted up my eyebrows to shake off the mental stupor.

"First class in figures!" shouted the master.

One tall girl and two boys, not less than five feet each, without coat or vest, their suspenders drawn over their woollen shirts, strode up the aisle. They only brought slates and pencils with them.

"Change!" was the order.

Etta's slate was passed to Charles; Charles's to Blake; and the latter reached his property over to Etta.

"Begin!"

I saw the master furtively open a key, and lay a ruler across the top.

Etta read, "5,624 dollars."

"Wrong!" came from the instructor. "Charles!"

"5,625 dollars," was the evidence furnished by the latter.

"Right!"

I remarked that each pupil was scoring off his neighbor's property with checks or zeros.

"Right! Wrong! Right! Right!" came from the desk, in response to the pupils' various offerings.

This operation went on. I fell into a dreamy frame of mind, which was disturbed by no conversation, no word of explanation, no comment or question, till I was roused again by the command, "Change!"

Etta's lips pouted as she saw the result of her slate, and Charles gave Blake a sly nudge with his elbow.

"Two pages of Cube Root!" was the lesson for the following day, and the file retreated.

A rap at the door at this moment, accompanied by the lowing of a cow, brought every pupil's eyes up from his book; and craning over their desks, they all looked out.

A handsome heifer put her nose in, and winked her great liquid eyes at us; but a rough man restrained her with a rope.

"Come to see if you don't want to buy her, Mr. Brown. I know it is school-keepin' time, but she'll be put up to auction to-morrow. She's full blood Durham."

I did not hear the conditions of the bargain: for the door swung together; but the master soon returned, motioned his oldest boy, and told him to take her home.

The school had brightened up at this influx of fresh air and interesting change of programme, and showed some signs of intellectual life; but I announced my departure by rising, and making signs for my parasol.

"Can't you stay to the diagrams?" asked the master; "would like to have you, and then make some remarks," running his fingers through his heavy forelock.

"I think I must go; it is about three, and I wish to meet the stage."

"What! don't you have a box!" he ejaculated, following me to the door.

"Yes, grandfather has one; but I have a message for the driver."

What was meant by the box would not be clear without a word of comment. Hillside people pay the stage-driver one dollar a year, and that entitles them to their mail at night, and its delivery in the morning. The receptacle employed for this office are usually cigar or starch-boxes nailed to a post that stands by the wayside in front of the house. The more pretentious individuals, whose possessions allow them to reach forth a little towards luxuries, have theirs painted; so as you ride through the one long, shady street of this rural district, your eye lights upon these little white, yellow, and green signs, often in the morning flying a red flag to signal the driver as he passes.

If I had escaped from a long siege of captivity, I could scarcely have welcomed the sweet air and warm sunshine with greater delight; and had the boys been out, I am sure I should have joined in their war-whoop with gusto. How the river sparkled and the hills smiled! I walked along in the direction of the post-office, but my mind was inwardly discoursing with itself. Here was a town well advanced in all the modern improvements of house and farm! Here they raised Durham stock, pure blood, and could show you fowls in their honories that were prized at ten and twenty dollars apiece! Here the houses were painted white, and hung with green blinds, and surrounded by pretty door-yards and picketed fences. Here the women read *Harper's Bazaar*, and knew how to drape their dresses and friz their hair. Even the modern cook-books were consulted for cake, and the housekeepers raise their bread

with the patent compressed yeast. But there progress stopped. It had not entered their schools or churches, or even rolled its car within sight of their doors; and this within a few hours' ride of the modern Athens!—*N. E. Journal of Education*.

Practical Methods.

A FRIDAY LESSON.

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It is Friday afternoon, and the children are seated at their desks, waiting expectantly, not for dismissal, but for the promised lesson. "It shall be different from our other lesson," Miss Hayes had said. "We will make it the happiest lesson of the week, and it shall send us home with sunny faces." Then her smile was reflected in the children's eyes, and their ready wills were at one with hers.

Hugh cannot wait. His hand is lifted, and his lips are already framing his question. "Please tell us what the lesson is about." "That is for you to learn, with the rest," is the teacher's reply. "You may ask questions about it. I have something in my desk that you may see when you have found its name."

Now the eyes are speaking in their eagerness, and the hands are flying. "What color is it?" "It is red." "How large is it?" "It must be smaller than the desk," says Lillie, with an amused look. "It is as large as Henry's fist." Henry had been gazing out of the window, but is roused to some measure of interest by the honor just conferred upon him. He doubles his fist, to aid his judgment, and inquires, "Is it a cup?" "No." "A ball?" asks Kate. "No." "Is it to play with?" "No." "What is it good for?" "It is good to eat." "An apple! an apple!" chorus the voices. "Yes, it is an apple," says Miss Hayes, drawing a bright Baldwin from her desk. "I knew you would find its name. Now you may tell me first all you know about the apple."

"It is good to eat," says Mary. "Mother makes sauce and pies from apples," adds Jamie. "It grew on a tree," Frank suggests. "It is round and red," Hugh offers.

"Let us see what we can find in the apple," says the teacher, as she cuts it crosswise. "What is there on the outside of the apple, Mary?" "Skin." "What is its color, class?" "Red." "How many have seen apples that were not red?" The hands testify now to abundant knowledge, and the answers do not come singly. "Russets are brown." "We have some Porter trees at home, and the apples are yellow." "Hightops are yellow. They are early apples." "Greenings are green when they are ripe."

"Has the skin of this apple always been red?" asks Miss Hayes. "Oh, no! When the apple was green it wasn't." "Tell us more plainly what you mean, Jennie." "Why, the skin isn't red until the apple is ripe; it is green before."

"How else can we tell when the apple is ripe?" Hugh is ready to tell. "The apple is mellow, and the seeds are dark. They are white while the apple is green." "I don't think Baldwins are very mellow in the fall," amends Frank. "They are when they are ripe enough to eat," avers Hugh.

"What do you see beneath the skin?" is the teacher's next question. "White." "What name do you give it?" "It is the part we eat," says Kate, quite sure that such knowledge is sufficient. "It is called the pulp," says Miss Hayes. "I want you to learn something new about it this afternoon." Taking from her desk a magnifying-glass she held it over the apple, and called the children in turn to the desk. "Now tell me what you have seen through the glass," she continues, as the last small investigator returns to his seat. "Little round specks." "Little white balls." "Little grains," are some of the answers; until Mary, with happy thought, suggests "Cells." Then they accept her term, and state readily, in reply to the teacher's question, that the pulp is composed of cells. "I will scrape the pulp with my knife, and Kate may tell the class what she sees upon the blade." "Juice," asserts Kate. "The juice spreads all over the blade." "Then what must the pulp-cells contain?" "Juice," is the unanimous verdict.

"Now notice these little chambers within the apple," says Miss Hayes, pointing to the seed-cells. "What do they contain?" "Seeds." "They are the seed-cells. Tell me how many there are." "Five," they count. "I want you to notice the number in other apples, and tell me how many you find. Hugh may come and look at the seeds, then represent their shape on the board."