

the fence and had me surrounded before I knew what had happened—all shouting that they wished to ring the bell and each giving his reason why he should be chosen. After some maneuvering, the question was satisfactorily decided and they all scampered off to begin a ball-game, making more noise than a band of Apache Indians. As I entered the quiet school-house, the vociferous screams of "I'm pitcher! I'm pitcher!" "catcher! catcher! catcher!" rang in my ears.

The little girls accompanied me into the house and continued to inform me of the conditions of the school and the naughtiness of some of the larger boys, and even offered helpful hints for keeping good order. While they were making these comments I had an opportunity of observing my surrounding.

At the back of the room, numerous hooks and nails had been driven into the walls for the purpose of hanging up wearing apparel. Disposing of my hat here, and placing my lunch-basket on a bench among the bright, tin, dinner-pails of the children, I was ready to begin my day's work. I was just beginning to examine the old-fashioned double desks, when I noticed that it was time for school. I sent Delilah out to tell the boy to ring the bell and heard him answer that he would do so "just as soon as the game is over. It'll only be a minit." Somewhat ruffled in temper, and with resolutions of future discipline, I rang the bell myself and stood at the door to watch them tumble into line and march in, each in the manner peculiar to himself, and regardless of keeping step. When all were seated before me, I could not help but admire the happy, rosy faces and bright eyes. There were only six girls among that restless, noisy, mischievous crowd of thirty-three boys!

All the courage and optimism of an eighteen-year-old school-teacher sank under the calm, critical gaze of thirty-nine pairs of eyes. The last straw was added when a knock at the door announced the arrival of the school-board, who always made it a point to be present at the opening of school. The chairman of the board carried an armful of long hazel switches, which he placed in a corner with a significant glance at the giggling audience. Forgetting to ask the directors if they would favor the school with a speech, I began to take the names of the pupils. This required a deal of persuasion, as some of the little ones were too bashful to come to me, and had to be escorted up to the desk by the chairman, who seemed to take upon himself the responsibility of their behavior. This method of treating the little boys called forth explosions of