

The School Bell Echoes.

VOL. 3

MERRILL, WIS., MARCH, 1898.

No. 7

Personals and Locals.

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Many of our number availed themselves of seeing the "Glass Blowers" Saturday, it being free—for five cents.

A young lady was heard to say the other day: "I wish 'August' would come." This must be a favorite month, for certainly she meant nothing else.

In case of war with Spain we would need such patriotic girls as Miss G—t. She would, Carthaginian like, be willing to sacrifice her hair for her country.

We are now obliged to furnish our own paper and pens. In some cases this will cause greater economy; in others, not as much.

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The Juniors have taken up Solid Geometry, but as yet some of them are not very "solid" in it.

"Who is the hardest general ever conquered?" "General History."

The boys have already begun to hop, skip and jump, and play foot and a half. With the small boy playing marbles and small girls jumping rope we already begin to see signs of spring.

The appearance of the dry walks creates in the wheelman's heart a desire to again go forth on his trusty (?) little rambler. By the way, any of the students desiring to indulge in a term of lessons on a new bicycle, or the pranks of an old one, may upon application to any of the members of the foot ball team, secure their suits for that purpose.

Heard between two of last month's debates: "Where can I find something on Cook." "Why, in 'Cook Book, of course."

Mertyn Sophomore Hamlin has been displaying his oratorical abilities to quite an extent this month. He was trying to get into the mysteries of conducting a society one day this month, and after having heard the minutes of previous meeting, and hearing himself give his immortal "Half a League," he was about to proclaim that the society would listen to some remarks by the adviser, when Miss A——'s voice unsolicited was heard—reminding them that their proceedings were out of order.

McDonald's Department Store,

Mill Street, East Merrill.

If all the people of this community knew all about this store, and the advantages gained by trading here, our sales would double at once. As it is we grow just as fast as people learn the economy and satisfaction of trading here. Perhaps you are a stranger to this store. If so, it is bad for us, and at least not good for you. Let's get acquainted for mutual benefit.

McDonald's Hardware Dept.



Mrs. Pott's Sad Irons (as above)..... 45c
(N. B.—These irons are full NICKEL PLATE, not the common polished goods.)

Enamel Caspadores.....	1.00
No. 8 Copper Bottom Boilers.....	1.00
No. 9.....	65c
No. 8.....	42c
No. 9.....	39c
Dish Pans.....	11c to 42c
Coffee Pots.....	8c
Dippers.....	3c
Plat Caps.....	2c
Dripping Pans, 21x29x14 1/2.....	1.00
3x8x10.....	7c
Milk Strainers.....	2c
Strainers.....	7c and 9c
Covered Bread Raisers.....	35c
Blender Pails (2 and 3 parts).....	1.50 to 2.80

10

Days Sale

— TO —

Monday, March 21.

Prices will not count. This will be a Sale that will knock everything out. Let it be understood that O. E. Byington makes the prices.

Yours truly,

E. Byington.

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McDonald's Hardware Dept.



Mrs. Post's Sad Iron (as above)..... 40c
(N. B.—These irons are full nickel plated, not the common polished goods.)

Embossed Gasplodes.....	10c
No. 8 Copper Bottom Boilers.....	57c
No. 9.....	63c
No. 8.....	70c
No. 9.....	70c
Dist. Pans.....	11c to 42c
Coffee Pots.....	8c
Dippers.....	4c
Philips.....	2c
Dripping Pans, 21x30x14.....	10c
25x10.....	5c
Milk Skimmers.....	2c
Strainers.....	7c and 9c
Covered Bread Raisers.....	35c
Dinner Pans (2 and 3 parts).....	15c to 28c

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O. E. Byington.

A Letter.

WAUSAU, Feb. 3, 1898.

DEAR MISS JORDAN:—

You ask me to present to Merrill's view some of my fond recollections. Very well, then; I will undertake to tell you a true story. Once upon a time, in the early summer of 1859, and I a maiden of sweet sixteen, and just returned from school at "Brackway" (now Ripon College) in my native village ("Ceresco Valley") the name given by the "Phalanx of Fouriers" years ago; upon this memorable morning I was visited by a very dear girl friend, Miss Kate Goodrich, just my age, whose parents had been engaged in logging on Prairie river, and she had been "teaching the young ideas how to shoot" in the first school ever taught at "Jenny Bull Falls," now Merrill.

She informed me that her people were moving down the "Wisconsin" to "Big Bull Falls," now Wausau, and she had made the discovery that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," and must go to school, and as there was a good select school in Wausau, presided over by Miss Libby of New York, she had determined to take advantage of the golden opportunity presented and secure for herself the much needed educational knowledge, and should at once begin studying under the tutorship of this capable and accomplished young woman. While we were eagerly discussing her plans for improvement, she said to me, "Janie, how would you like to teach school?" I replied, "dearly!" It would be the height of my ambition to teach when I am prepared for the work. I have thought of it, dreamed of it, and shall study hard next year with that object in view.

She said, "Why not try it during this vacation?" "I know where they want a teacher, and

they want you." "Want me!" what in the world do they know about me?" "They know all about you, for I have told them how well fitted you are for the position, because you are a good singer, good natured, not one bit lazy and the dearest girl in big Marathon county."

"O! Katie dear, I very much fear, you have told them only my good qualities; because you love me and think I am a paragon of perfection, it is not probable that others will see my qualities of heart and character in the same light as you do. But I will engage to be their school-ma'am, if they desire to employ me in that capacity." In a few days Mr. Space called at our house (our folks lived in the house now owned by Cyrus Strawbridge) and informed my mother that he understood that her daughter desired to engage in the noble work of teaching, and that he and the other two men who represented their honorable school board had talked over the matter, and he had come down to interview the young woman. My mother was so astonished at what he said that she forgot to apologize for the flour on her dear hands that had just come out of the dough, but she looked every inch the lady that she was, as she proudly and quietly told him that "she greatly feared her Janie could not creditably to herself and to her mother fill such a place as school teacher." Why, bless your heart, man, that girl is only a child, as yet in short dresses, and had rather sing, dance and ride horse-back than to eat; but come into the parlor and see her. When they entered they found me with my dress turned up from the bottom, a towel pinned over my head, my slim arms bare to the shoulders, busy shining the windows; and I had to step down from my perch on my little sis-

ter's high chair to be introduced to his honor, the town superintendent of schools.

I recollect very well the amused twinkle in Mr. Space's gray eyes as he looked me over, while in my embarrassment I frantically jerked down my skirt and the towel from my head, thus exposing my short, curly, auburn hair. Mother said, "You see what a child she is, too slender and too full of fun I ween to teach; I do not believe you will want her, will you?" Mr. Space looked benignant and kind, first at mother then at me, and said, "Yes, Mrs. Miller, we want her, she is just the kind of a teacher we do want, one who loves to have a good time and to help others to have a good time, and ~~she~~ she is not afraid to take hold and help her mother about the housework. Well, my mother answered sweetly, "Janie always does more than I wish her to do, and is a good and loving daughter, thank God, and much more thoughtful than people would naturally give her credit for being, and now Mr. Space, if you and your wife will take good care of her I will let her go, but I know she will get homesick and come home in a week." So the arrangements were all made that I should go to Jenny the following week, should take my examination at Mr. Space's house in the presence of the other two members of the board, should teach the school for three months, receiving \$20 per month and my board at his house included.

The next week, one pleasant, sunshiny day, one of my mother's boarders (who afterwards became my brother-in-law) brought out his magnificent horses, "all saddled and bridled and fit for a fight." I hastily kissed my little sister and dear mother good-bye and receiving the usual "God bless you my child and be a good

girl," from my mother, sprang lightly into the saddle and away we cantered, the big tears rolling down my cheeks, but anxious to try my fortune as a teacher. Though the woods were thick, the roads rough and long hills to climb, we arrived in Jenny about eleven o'clock, none the worse for traveling twenty miles on horseback, and we were cordially welcomed by the Spacers, and after an elegant dinner, when we were introduced to the children, Allen and Etta, the latter now Mrs. McCord, wife of the present governor of Arizona. I took the examination which I dreaded, and should not had I known that the questions which I could not answer, would be promptly answered by the Secretary John Cooper, who was determined "that girl should pass," which she did. You may be sure ever after that I never forgot to feel very grateful to Mr. Cooper.

When my brother-in-law started back the same evening, leading one riderless horse, I felt very homesick, a veritable orphan, deserted and alone in the world. Did you ever notice what a wonderfully recuperative influence tears give to drooping spirits? After indulging in a good cry and counting the seven weeks which would intervene before Fourth of July, when I could go home, I was as happy as a lark and ready to battle with the world.

The next day was Tuesday and Allen, Etta, and Sarah Stowbridge, now Mrs. Walter Alexander, wended our way over to the old house that was fitted up for a school.

Let me describe a room 15x18 feet whose walls of rough boards were blackened with the mosquito smudges that everybody kept going at that time—three small windows without shades of any kind, three long benches with long desks in front of them,

a home-made stool and table for the teachers, the floor of wide boards, showing great cracks, not a black-board or picture on the wall of any description. I found a dozen bright boys and girls waiting to greet me and spend a very enjoyable forenoon getting acquainted with them, even going with them at recess away up to what they called "the cold spring," near the mouth of the Prairie river. It was a beautiful romantic spot and I felt glad to be there, for it seemed the birds were welcoming me with their songs, and the saucy squirrels beckoning me to a frolic with them as they chattered each other out on the branches of the tall trees, chattering as loud as they could. There was such a delicious, piny spiciness in the odor of the pine and hemlock. The children were all so kind and volunteered to enlighten me upon all subjects of sport, and one little fellow, Walter Kollock, asked me if I liked to catch frogs, and if I would not go with him after school to catch some, to which I gladly assented. Looking at my borrowed watch I discovered that we had taken nearly an hour's recess, but we had become acquainted and I liked my pupils, and did not worry about what the board would think or say.

Among the girls were three young ladies—one older than myself, Mrs. Space's sister, and one just my age, now the wife of a millionaire and residing in a palatial residence at Nyack on the Hudson. I had the pleasure of dictating the first letter she ever wrote to her husband while "Jim" was taking a trip down the river. It would take too long for me to tell you everything that transpired during that eventful summer, but I may say that I was happy and taught the children everything I knew in poetry and prose, in song, dance and games.

We had to teach twenty-two days in a month those days, so on Saturday afternoons, every two weeks, the girls would help scrub the floor with water which the boys brought from the river close by. We covered the walls with illustrated papers, the New York Ledger and Harpers Weekly which were sent from home each week; made window curtains of papers and bedecked the homely places and niches with burch and princess pine and hemlock boughs until the old place looked like a picture gallery. Mr. Space made us a black-board and a low bench for the babies. Mr. Pat Smith brought a dust-pan and broom and Mr. Stowbridge a brand new dictionary. Mr. Norway brought a set of maps. Talk about environments. We had the very best if we had not learned the meaning of that word yet. I worked hard in and out of school, rambled in the woods with the children teaching them the names of birds, flowers, shrubs, trees, rocks and animals, they in turn teaching me where to find them, how to catch fish and frogs, how to fasten them securely with string and bush, their names and habits, and when not used for food made good bait when we did not have a good find of angleworms.

The brave boys taught me how to paddle a canoe, pole a float, ride on a log and to swim. "Chilli" and "Billy" Averill gave me my first lesson when I went home with them to stay all night at the old "Jo Newcomb Landing." "Chilli," with his hand under my chin to keep my head above water, laughing at my efforts to keep from going to the bottom, while little "Billy" bravely swam ahead, shouting encouragingly: "Miss Miller, do the way I do; kick and paddle like thunder," which I did and

Continued on Sixth Page.

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MARCH, 1898.

Literary Notes.

The last meeting of the High School Literary Society was held on Feb. 11th and an interesting program was rendered, which consisted of recitations, orations, quotations, anecdotes and music.

The officers elected at the previous meeting took the oath of

office and assumed their respective duties. The society is to be congratulated for securing such competent and energetic officers who, we are confident, will perform their duties in a very complete and satisfactory manner.

President Porter gave an address to the society, in which he set forth the importance of the literary work and exhorted the members to a more active interest in the work.

The majority of the officers for the coming term are members of the Freshmen class. Although a little inexperienced they fall in line readily and prove themselves competent to perform their duties.

The next program will be held on March 25th, and will be specially interesting. The question, "Resolved, that the death penalty for crime should be abolished" will be debated by Wm. Sherman and Lola Drew on the negative, and Frank Anderson and Margaret Dunn on the affirmative.

Alumni Notes.

Mrs. Moore, '88, of Mouravia, Cal., is visiting friends in the city.

Katharine Graham, '95, has left her studies at the State University at Madison and is taking up the work at Downer college, Milwaukee.

Charles Hunter, '97, had the misfortune to hurt his foot in some way, and is now at home trying to cure it.

Louis Rolfe, '96, was down a few days from the woods on a visit to his friends.

How do we know spring is coming? Daisies are here. We've seen two.



WM. CONNORS,
Books and
Stationery

The Shirk.

Dona H. Shoven, '98.

The disposition to shirk seems to be constitutional with some. We might justly say, that the first recorded act was between Adam and Eve, an attempt to shirk a moral responsibility; and many of their descendants have inherited this disposition.

We must acknowledge that there are some men in the world who love to work for work's sake, but generally men work because they are obliged to do so, for the procurement of the necessities of life, or because they are compelled to do so by the desire for wealth or some other good. I hardly suppose that the boy lives who prefers to chop a cord of wood to a game of foot ball. Labor is the price we pay for everything that is not free and common to men.

There is a prevailing disposition among the people of our native land to shirk, the hardships of useful and productive labor; to shirk personal, political, and social responsibility. The haste to get rich, the desire to acquire sudden wealth without being obliged to pay in labor the legitimate price for it, this is the principal cause of the financial calamities that have befallen our country during the late hours of the nineteenth century. Some men would rather sit behind a desk or stand back of a counter all day than to do common labor, they consider it degrading, they love to shirk the hard duties of life. How unlike our poet, Burns, who worked behind the plough from early sunrise till dawn, in order to prevent the little sisters and brothers from starvation, and in the meantime composing, and leaving for us, his masterpieces of literature. Did he shirk the duties of life?

Some people entertain the idea that the shirks live only in the

country, but alas, no, if you look back at the time a presidential election you will find that the most humiliating exhibition which the shirks make is at this time, they will hastily make a journey to Washington after the President has been elected; and what are these men looking for? Is the interrogative put to all? Oh, they only want a clerkship, postmastership, a collectorship—any kind of a ship that will carry them through life without much exertion on their part. They swarm around the White House like bees around a flower.

Neighbors shirk their social duties, they are not friendly or charitable to those who are not up "in society," as they term it. Some people will shirk all moral and social duties only to elevate themselves in this upper class.

Much of the failure in commercial and professional life is due to a lack of preparation for success. Lawyers are made in a day, physicians exists in large numbers, who are almost totally innocent of any knowledge of science.

Men enter various trades without the familiarity with the forms of business habits at all. Long periods of training for the profession and patiently pursued apprenticeship to the arts and trades are almost unknown. We find in the youth that he pursues a trade which will enable him to shirk labor as far as possible, and then to shirk the necessary preparation to win success in it. Would it not be better to put in your full time as an apprentice rather than to shorten those days of labor, and as a result be able to hold your position for an unlimited time?

School duties are many times shirked for outside pleasures. We only have one school life. Why not lay everything aside for a time and devote all the minutes to the best advantages possible

to derive fruitful benefits to the intellectual mind. We shall never regret it, for many have grown before us, who long for the wasted hours at school. The genuine shirk, whoever he may be, has no honor, no patriotism, and no conscience.

Some men who are out of work and complain of hard times, talk about their families as if they were burdens more than they can bear. The real burden-bearer is the mother, who is bringing up the children, making and mending their clothes, keeping them at school, planning their future lives, and doing with her might and ever her hands can do; it is she who is the true citizen of this great republic. There is no long day of rest and lounging for her, since every moment of her time is more than taken up. She must be both father and mother to those children, for she has picked up the duties that her companion shirks and carries them along with her own.

Why is literature full of references to the child learning at the mother's knee? Have fathers no knees? I once saw a man helping his wife wash dishes, the hired girl had taken a vacation; the man had on a long bib apron and he washed them—he said it was safer for the dishes—while his wife wiped them and put them away. He held a responsible position in a bank, belonged to a foot-ball team, a glee club, was popular with his friends, but he never appeared to such excellent advantage as then, when he was sharing the "for better or for worse" of domestic life.

The heroes of ancient Greece ran races for a crown of laurels. The modern athlete who assists his wife with the wash boiler is a hero, and the laurels of labor are as honorable as the Olympian crown. Small service is a true service while it lasts.

Exchange Column.

Many of our old exchanges have arrived again this month. We are always glad to get them, because they seem like old friends. We also note some new ones that have "peeped in" to see how we are getting along. We hope they were satisfied and will visit us again.

Among the new ones we notice "The New Era," Manitowoc, Wis. We think that it would improve the paper if the stories were longer.

"The Orange and Black," Freeport, Ill., and "The Oracle," Broadhead, Wis., have visited us. Come again.

True German to stranger who stepped on his toe:—"Mine friend, I know mine feet is to be walked on, but dot, privilege belongs to mineselfs.—Ex.

"The Climax," Beloit, Wis., has an interesting article on "The Real Negro of Today."

"The Burlington Klondike," Burlington, Wis., "The Calendar," Buffalo, N. Y., and "The Normal Advance," Oshkosh, Wis., are all old friends, whose arrival is always hailed with delight.

The only reason why a foot-ball team is like a pair of boots is that each is made brilliant by a "scrub."—Ex.

"The House Across the Square" in the "H. S. Record," Amsterdam, N. Y., is exciting.

Small daughter—"It's most school time and I've mislaid my geography." Cultured mother—"Well, tell me what your lesson is about and I'll write out the answer for you to learn." Small daughter—"The lakes of Africa." Cultured mother—"Um—er—if you've lost your geography, you careless child, you can just hunt till you find it."—N. Y. Weekly.

Continued from Third Page.

succeeded in getting several good duckings. I thought of my early training years after when I dipped in the briny surf at Santa Monica, and wished I had "Chilli" with me, knowing that he was not far away in California. How those scenes all come back to me as I recall those lessons learned from these boys; the rides on the carriage in the saw mill, the hoisting of the old-fashioned gates to let the water on to turn the wheels, the gang saws going up and down, which seemed to say: "Get away, get away; no time to play, no time to play." "Saw big logs every day."

We watched the men raft the logs and knew that only clear stuff would be floated to market, and all shaly boards and slabs would go into the flood trash piles. We learned just how many feet it took to raft a crib, how many cribs in a rapids piece, how many rapids pieces in a raft, how many rafts in a fleet; what wood was used to make wedges, if the grubs were elm or iron wood, or if their heads were a perfect root, if the oarstems and blades were the proper size and shape, and we were delighted when we were allowed to pull on the tail-oar while we rode, making the shoot over the mill dam; it was such fun to get sopping wet.

I live it all over again and in my mind's eye see the swings in the high trees, the children jumping rope, playing "ante high over," "chase the squirrel," "blind man's bluff," "London bridge," "funeral," and what not; and I say to myself tonight, "Play on, play on, I am with you, there in the midst of your merry ring. I can feel the thrill of the daring jump and the rush of the breathless swing."

We learned the Chippewa language and often visited the In-

dians in their wigwams, ate the maple sugar out of their mococks, although we knew it had been strained through a blanket before sugaring off. It was "heap nish she shin." We knew the names of all of the tribe that spent much of their life about Jenny, and found them very good friends when sober, but when they got too much "scooty wauboo" they were inclined to be aggressive and quarrelsome. On one occasion the tribe had returned from a payment at Wausau and were encamped near the school house, and had partaken of enough fire water to render themselves, bucks and squaws all alike, "heap squibby." They surrounded the house, poked on the windows and doors, shouting in their hilarity for the "shmokey man's pappooses" and the "nish she shiasquaw, school ma'am indos" to come out and dance with them, which nearly frightened us to death. I tried to be brave and not faint, but it was an effort when I saw "Chilli" and "Billy," who knew them so well, sit pale and trembling, and warning me not to let them in.

We sat there, it seemed to me, an age, when at last I heard Mr. Cooper's kind voice say, "Jamie, open the door, it is me." Oh, joy. It did not take us long to drag away benches and table with which we had barricaded the doors, and recklessly fairly tumbled into the arms of the rescuing party, consisting of John Cooper, Geo. Kollock, Cyrus Strowbridge, Mr. Space and Dan Klein. They knew how frightened we would be when we heard them, and came to bring us home. I lived through that scare and went back to school in September promising to teach the next summer, and did for five months at \$22 per month and board, this time making my home with the Strowbridges, who were like my

own kindred. "Lib" was my sweetheart and I her love; Sarah was noted for her frankness, and the faculty of crying the biggest tears of any child in Jenny. The next two summers I concluded to teach at Eau Claire, now Schofield, and was about ready to return to school again in Ripon, when Gid Young came down and offered me the school at Jenny again and would pay me \$75 per month. I agreed to take it, but a few nights after there was a hull at Forest House and the alarm was given that the Indians were now surrounding the village, and "every man to arms." I received such a terrible fright that I have never ~~entirely~~ recovered from it, and the very next day I departed on the stage for Ripon, where I went to school day times, and had the nightmare nights all winter long. I forget that I am only writing reminiscences of Merrill. Once when riding to the mouth of Pine river to visit another school, and had one of my girls astride behind me on the horse, just as we came to a curve in the road, we saw a big bear sitting on her haunches right in the middle of the road, and a short distance off. I changed my position so that I was also astride, and said: "Flora, put both of your arms around my waist and hang on tightly, see that bear?" I am going to turn this horse and make him run like sixty, if I can whip him hard enough. I did some but he refused to budge an inch. At last I began an Indian war-whoop which scared the bear off into the tangled wild wood, and next day was shot by Frank Andrews who went in pursuit of her. I wish I had her hide now. The men at the "burnt mill" offered it to me and I was too unsophisticated to know enough to accept the trophy as a mem-

ento of a young girl's bravery.(?)

Respectfully yours,

MRS. M. J. MILLER ARMSTRONG,
Wausau, Wisconsin.

A Modern School House and Its Improvements.

Hand North.

The students who went to school in the old High school building at Menasha, felt that a new school house was needed. The school board thought so, too; so, of course, it was built. The plans were finished and the contract was taken July 4, 1896.

The building was completed and dedicated January 1, 1897. The city owns a large piece of ground, a half block in area, and on this the school house stands. The play grounds are covered with grass, and in summer flowers are cultivated on them. The school house is built of cream colored brick, has large polished pillars near each door, and window sills of sandstone.

Electricity is used extensively in this building. An eight day clock is in the High school room, and this is made so that it will ring thirteen bells at any time they are set. The principal of the High school set the bells so they would all ring at noon, recess and for each recitation. If the time for recitation should be changed, the bells would only have to be reset. The building is lighted by electricity also.

The building is heated by steam. The pipes are connected with a thermometer, which is regulated so it will register no higher or lower

than 70°, and then it will turn the heat either on or off as needed.

The ventilation is very good. There are two registers in each room, one through which impure air goes out, and the other through which pure air, with a temperature of 70°, enters.

The desks are made of polished wood and are arranged so they may be raised or lowered to suit the pupil. Each pupil is measured by a stick which has numbers on, some referring to the height of the pupil and others to the desks. Some of those who are too tall for the measuring stick must have their desks and seats as high as possible. If a pupil wishes to write, he can tip his desk toward him.

There are thirteen rooms in the building without counting the dressing rooms and basement. There are eight grade rooms, a kindergarten room, and a High school room with two recitation rooms and a laboratory. The basement contains play rooms for both boys and girls. The High school room has a decorated steel ceiling and all the rooms have hardwood floors.

Two flights of stairs lead to the second story. The one which is nearer the front is used by the High school students, and the one farther back is used by the students of the sixth, seventh and eighth grades. The other grades are on the first floor.

Patronize the advertisers of
the School Bell Echoes.

Advertise continually.

Punishment.

Richard Lauders.

A little bird, commanded strict
Not to leave its warm nest, kicked
Against its mother's sharp command;
And for the offensive took its stand.

So down it flew, or rather fell
Into a dark and dirty well:
Was pulled to top in bucket wet,
And kept by children for a pet.

But the children, tired of it grown,
Left it sitting on a stone.
When along came pussy, young and lean,
And ate it all up, slick and clean.

A Good Shot.

Richard Lauders.

One day, as nothing else presented,
I took my gun and to the woods did go.
Then tried my best, with strange results,
To give my skill a show.

So up I stepped to a large oak tree,
And a mark upon it put.
Now thinks I, right for the center,
As back I drew to shoot.

Carefully aimed the gun and fired,
(At last my skill shall proven be.)
I walked up to the mark and found—
I hadn't hit the tree.

Go to—

**PETERMAN
BROS.**

For—

School Shoes,

Ladies' and Gent's Shoes.

We have a large assortment
at the lowest prices
in the city.

When you want

**Wall Paper
and Paints**

Remember that C. M.

HOWARD has the

Best assortment, the
lowest prices, the only
large stock to be
found in the city.

413 West Main Street.

My Lady Love.

To all you ladies now at hand,
I first would have you understand
That she is prettier by the far,
Than any other shining star.

Like beauty, by you, can nowhere be
found.

You may search this earth from sky to
ground.

And if 'ere found—as only God knows—
'Twill be secretly hid in a blooming rose.

Imagine you see her near at hand,
Drawn by her doves over the land;
Riding in her chaise of gold,
In which are flowers of every mold.

Her lips as two cherries kissing in play,
And each grows redder every day;
Her cheeks how ripe and red in show,
Like two roses in the sun.

And her long, black raven locks,
To her graceful form do lend
A shadow of as deep a haze,
As ever on a mortal gaze.

Ah! this true I may go here or there,
But she in my thoughts is everywhere,
And ever by her lily-like beauty,
My heart does constant duty.

If ever you saw a fly grow,
Or ever marked the falling snow,
Or felt the coat on the back of the weaver,
Before it was changed by the hands of
the weaver.

If ever you smelled the hails underfoot,
Or tasted in honey, so pure and sweet,
Then you know and surely see,
How delicate, fair and pure is she.

Humorous.

Some people don't like collies;
but we think Collie's alright.

Teacher—"Conjugate sting."
Girl—(dreamily) "Sting,
Stang(e), stung."

Charles—"Say, Jack; every-
body is talking about your
sister." Jack—(angrily) "How's
that?" Charles—"She stands in
the midst of the crowd."

Little girl—"The little leaves
are coming out on the trees,
mamma." Mother—"Are they?"
Little girl—"Yes, I just saw a
tiny, little bit of a one, but 'twas
an old one, though."

Teacher—"Where is your ex-
cuse, Tommie? Why are you
late?" Tommie—"Cause I
didn't git here before."

SATISFIED CUSTOMERS

Are our best advertisements. Therefore, if for no other reason, we would still try to give the perfect satisfaction which we do. We try to make every man so happy that he will immediately tell all of his friends of us. We do this by selling the Best Clothing ever made on earth, at prices which are honest. You can't get better Clothing at better prices. We don't mind proving this statement at any time.

Confirmation Suits for Boys,

All Styles and Patterns, at the Lowest Prices. It will pay you to look at them before buying.

LIVINGSTON MERCANTILE COMPANY.

The hours were growing later,
The light was burning low,
He lingered still beside her,
Though 'twas time for him to go.

His eyes were growing weary,
In spite of his companion fair,
He dreams of wealth and pleasure,
He dreams that she is there.

He wakes from pleasant fancy,
He quickly glances round,
Realizes the situation,
And springs to his feet with a bound.

The seat beside him is empty,
The beautiful maiden has fled,
While he from over-exhaustion,
In sleep has bowed his head.

He hears the town clock striking,
And listening counts, one, two,
Standing in utter amazement,
He wonders what next to do.

The cloud on his brow grows dimmer,
A thought has struck his brain,
He rushes madly for the door,
Unmindful of hat, gloves or cane.

Suits for morning, noon and night,
Suits to fit you snug and tight,
Suits well made, at prices light,
Are waiting for you here.

Suits of shades and patterns new,
Suits superbly lined all through,
Suits that are a bargain true
Inside our store appear.

Heilman Bros.,
Merchant Tailors.



The best selected stock
of Fancy Groceries to be
found in the city. Call
and be convinced.

P. HANSCOM.

W. S. POPHAL,

FINE MERCHANT TAILOR,

OPP. POST OFFICE.

I have received a fine line of Spring Goods. All the latest styles. Come and look them over.

A fine line of Tablets
and every-
thing in Stationery

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