

sustain it.

Mr. Suydam laid my proposition before the school Board and the following afternoon, to my surprise, I was most courteously invited to sit with them in their deliberations. The subject was fairly discussed, but with great misgivings regarding the hazardous nature of the experiment and its probable result. However they came to the unanimous decision that the old school house be refitted, and a school commenced.

The tardy preparations dragged into the second month, but finally about the fifth week, notice was given in the "Bordentown Register" and printed notices a foot square posted on all customary places, on spare boards, street corners, fences, market places, and tree trunks, that a public school, taught by Miss Clara Barton, in the brick school house corner of Crosswickh Street would commence on Monday next at 9 o'clock A.M., a good attendance was hoped for by the school committee. Signed,-- etc.

The early springtime waned in my waiting and it was nearing June when a prospective teacher with a decidedly New England aspect, a few books and desk outfit walked thoughtfully up the partially country street, turning abruptly to the right, as a solidly built brick house of small dimensions was reached, all firmly closed. A line of post and rail, "Virginia fence" commencing at the opposite corners of the house ran along, separating the yard from the opposite pasture land. On the top, or fifth rail of the fence were perched six boys ranging from ten to fourteen years, with the exception of one little brother of six; some shod, some barefoot, swinging their feet in concert.

We sauntered about the yard, picked flowers, found a young four-leaf clover for good luck, discovered a tiny yellow bird's nest on a limb nearby, and decided to protect it faithfully, allowing no one to disturb it, and finally, as if just remembering that I had a key to the

house, unlocked the door, and went in.

I recall at this day the combination of odours that greeted the olfactories. The old musty smell of a long shut, untidy house, the pungent flavor of freshly cut southern pitch pine, and the bitter soot of the long iron stove pipe rusting for years.

Altogether, it would have done credit to old, far-famed Cologne, said to be the worst smelling city in Europe. Save the half dozen little books I had, there was not a book in the house. They had brought none with them, from the doubtful impression at home, even if they would find any school, or stay if they did. But this was a matter of small importance, the lack of books being more than supplied by the two lusty black boards on opposite sides of the walls, and three school maps, of the world, the United States and Europe, which I had expressly named to the "Committee" as required among the furnishings.

School was not thought of, but house keeping was the order of the day. By twelve o'clock we were spick and span, clean and all ready to go home for dinner.

The stroke of one found us all at our posts.

Almost imperceptibly we became very greatly interested in the maps, and little "Alex" was delighted with the "big slates", as the black boards were to him. They had never seen a blackboard in school. In that three hours until four o'clock we had travelled the world over, sailed with Columbus to discover America, grown indignant at his treatment. We had found how it came to be hot in some parts of the world and cold in others, and as we wiped our sweaty faces, "wished it wasn't quite so hot here." We went to Africa for lions, leopards, elephants and great snakes; to Italy for oranges and grapes; to California for gold, and "wished we had some of it here, we would have a better school house." We were travellers, and really knew more about the world and its ways than we had ever known before in our lives.