

Brawford 2395
(1-6)

The Agassiz Chapter.

VOL. 1, NO. 5.

SYCAMORE, ILLINOIS, FEBRUARY, 1887.

50 cents a year; 25 cents for 6 months.

☛ Courage. ☛

Is knowledge worth the getting,
It must be bravely sought,
With wishing and with fretting,
The boon can not be bought.

To all the prize is open,
But only he can take it
Who says with Spartan courage:
I'll find a way or make it.

BURIED TREASURES;

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FIGHTING HIS WAY THROUGH.

BY HARRY H. HOLLISTER.

Author of "Up the Mississippi;" "The House in The Wood;" "Trapping Wild Turkeys;" "DuPue's Ghost," Etc.

CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

"Yer may jest reckon he does know, an' if yer ever raises a hand again' me, some one else will know it too."

The teacher, at he was troubled much by this last suggestion, had gained too good control of his nerves to again betray agitation. Perhaps he considered the possession of whatever the information was as too insignificant and weak to fear but what he could either threaten or coax him into silence. The boy may have divined as much, for when the teacher dismissed the school without further effort in his direction, except to remark that they would talk it over after school, he was one of the first to scamper out of doors, mumbling as he went:

"I don't know very much yet, but yer can't catch me alone to fix any thing now, not if I can help it." And away he went across lots home, while the teacher glared a look after his retreating figure that evidently boded the boy no good.

CHAPTER II.

Robert was not a hero. He had manfully held his own in the determination not to longer submit to what he deemed unfair treatment, yet as he neared home and thought of the stern look likely to come into his father's face when the other children, his brothers and sisters, reported his encounter with the teacher, his enforced courage seemed to slowly ooze out at his ragged elbows, and lumber up his legs. At any rate his legs refused to propel his feet very rapidly towards the house, even after its dingy colored clapboards came into sight. It took him longer still to get beyond the front gate, hanging on its one hinge, so the other children had reached home sometime before he appeared. It took but a glance to assure him that as yet his father had not been informed of his escapade. How quickly he moved. He was in eager haste to get out of the house and at his chores. He brought in a double supply of wood, and quite surprised his mother by getting a pail of water for her dish

water before being asked. She rewarded him by a pleasant smile but he did not feel happy. When his father came in with the two large milk pails he dodged out of the house although he knew well enough nothing had as yet been said about himself. It was a guilty conscience we fear, in part, that was troubling him, although he really had not gotten far enough along in his new way of independence to face that stern looking, quick-to-judge parent. He jumped nervously when his father called after him, and could not act naturally when he found all that was wanted was for him to carry one of the pails of milk to the calves. Supper time he dreaded the most of all. Then it seemed it would surely all come out on him; but his father was not at the table, a neighbor having come for him to visit his barn to see a sick horse. Robert began to breathe easier and regain some courage when one of the children mentioned the fact that his father would stop on the way home to attend a director's meeting at the school house. As if this was not enough to take away his appetite, for he was sure his father would be told all about it by the teacher, his sister added that Robert was to hitch Cub to the cart and come to the school house after him.

"Are you sick, Robert?" his mother inquired, as she caught sight of his distressed face.

"No—yes," he stammered, then as she came nearer he burst into tears.

In vain did she try to induce him to confide his troubles in her sympathetic ear. Her keen mother-eyes detects the conflict going on within, but understanding her boy's nature, if it can be said that any one could interpret the queer make-up of the lad, she refrains from pressing her inquiries. Child-honor, so difficult, for some, especially primary teachers, to understand and respect, had kept Robert's sisters from becoming tale bearers and mentioning his trouble with the teacher, and he now felt sure he could have kept it from his father until he could explain his actions, if only the latter had not gone right into the nest of the enemy as it were.

Now what should he do?
He kept asking himself the question, but came no nearer a solution of the difficulty by the asking.

With steady old Cub securely hitched to the cart he went out of the yard on a brisk trot. On top of the hill he held him down to a walk, and finally when the school house loomed in sight, with the flickering light shining from its one side window, old Cub was brought down to a small-space, then stopped altogether.

"I don't care anyway, but I aint going right in among 'em, I'll wait out here 'til dad comes." Then thinking a moment he was starting Cub forward when a form darted toward him from the shadow of the school house, and ejaculated:

"Is that you Bob?"

"Why, yes, Will! But what are you doing here?"

"Let me get in with you and I will tell you as you drive along."

"But, I aint going any further," replied Robert as the other took a seat by his side. "I am waiting for father."

"You are? Then I say, don't wait any longer! They are telling him all about that scrape of

yours' with the teacher to-day, and he is just a biling.—"

"Is that so?" faltered Robert.

"Yes, and if I can judge, from my slight acquaintance with your most respected ancestor, it will not be healthy for you to let him catch you in his present condition."

"Is he—is he hot?" faltered Robert

"Steam up to forty-four and no governor belt on!"

"Gracious!" was the reply from between Robert's pallid lips.

"Better let him cool off by walking home," continued the other not heeding the interruption.

"You'll get an awful licking if you don't, or my name is Will Wallace, and I know that it isn't."

"Is the teacher stuffing him?" anxiously inquired Robert.

"Excusing your poor taste in using slang, when asking a gentleman an important question, I will briefly answer that my position on that block under the window did not permit a very careful reconnoiter, with my eyes, but judging from what I could hear Mr. Robert Gower, senior, has not heard one word from the teacher."

"Hey!"

"No, nor straw either!"

"What then? Hasn't Mr. Moon told on me?"

"Permit me to alliterate," in a mock solemn tone. "Mr. Moon is mum!"

"You said dad was foaming," interrupted the other rather impatiently, "and now you say somethin' else. Quit your talkin' 'round, Will, an' tell me what you mean, an' how the thing is for me. They'll be out here in a minute—"

"Well, Bob. It is just this: your father heard something about the trouble over at the other directors, but not the particulars. At the meeting he asked the teacher, but Mr. Moon edged around an answer. Your father then became angry, and said as the teacher wouldn't tell he knew a boy who would, and Robbie, my dear Loy, the tone he said it in made me feel for you. Don't anticipate any particular pleasure, my boy, in sharing your confidence with your father, for it may be disappointing.—"

"I won't!" interposed Robert.

"He says he will know who this Mollie Randall is, and I am after the same information myself. The tone of the boy has now changed to one of eagerness.

"You, Will! Why?"

"For the very best reason in the world. If she is the personage I hope then my long searching and tramping is over, I trust. Drive along a little and I will tell you; or better still hitch the horse so that it will be ready for your father when he comes out, then come with me to the den, and I will tell you that which I have confided to no other living soul."

The suggestion is no sooner made than acted upon. Cub's halter is tied securely to the hickory post near the door, and the boys turn quickly away. They have gone, but a short distance when someone is seen in the cart driving rapidly away, but not towards Robert's home, and the form of the person on the seat is not large enough to be Robert's father.

"A horse thief!" cried Will.

"Stop thief!" shouted Robert.

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THE AGASSIZ CHAPTER.

Why He Was a Tramp.

Written for The Agassiz Chapter.

Slowly he entered the door of the City Clerk's office, where the Marshal set writing at the Clerk's desk. A ragged, ill-dressed tramp. With a limping gait he staggered up to the desk, and placing his hand on the Marshal's shoulder, said:

"Gimme a quarter to get a night's lodging."

The Marshal looked up and said as he showed his star to the surprised tramp:

"Yes, my fine fellow, I will give you a night's lodging, (behind the bars,) and to-morrow will see that you are placed in the work house."

But before the Marshal could rise, the tramp slipped through the door he had just entered, crossed a hall way and passed into a lawyer's office, closely followed by the vigilant guardian of the peace. Limping up to a lawyer, who was idly seated at a table, with his feet on a chair, the tramp pulled out a dirt-begrimed and well worn letter and serenely said:

"Gimme a paper to wrap this in."

"What is it?" inquired the lawyer.

Without a word the tramp handed the letter to the lawyer. While the lawyer was opening the letter preparatory to reading it, the Marshal who had been watching the movements of the tramp with much curiosity, placed himself between the tramp and the door so that he could not make his escape again. The lawyer at once proceeded to read the letter which was as follows:

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Allow me to thank you for your bravery in saving the life of my little boy Henry, from drowning, and as a slight token of my regard please accept the enclosed check for \$300.

Yours Sincerely,

HERBERT D. HOWARD,

"What did you do with the money?" inquired the Marshal.

Then the tramp pulled an empty bottle from his ragged coat and said as he laid it on the table beside the letter:

"That's what made me a tramp."

For a moment there was silence in the room. Then the Marshal walking to the table picked up the bottle and tossing it into a coal bin which stood in the corner of the room, where it fell and broke! into pieces against the coal. Then turning to the tramp he said:

"I will give you an hour to get out of town, so now go!"

Slowly picking up his letter, without waiting for the paper he had asked for, the tramp left the office, and took the State road that leads to the rural districts.

An Unfortunate Boy.

BY CHARLES R. RUSSELL.

My hero was a very unfortunate lad. Nobody was ever more anxious to do right, and no one was more certain to do wrong. Nobody ever tried harder to please people, and surely no one ever had such poor success.

When but a little boy, one bright summer day, he was sitting on a rug laid on the floor, playing with two kittens, when he accidentally pulled the tail of one and set the two kittens to fighting. He came out after his mother had driven the cats away, with his face and hands looking like his mother's pattern lines.

Everything seemed to have a spite against him; let him touch what he might, it was sure to break or tear or become dirty, for his hands were

never clean for an hour, in consequence of which he received many scoldings.

"Our folks," said he, "all hate a noise, so I try so hard to keep still. I walk over the floor on tip-toe, until my ankles are stiff and sore. If that brother of mine is asleep the cat sticks its tail under my foot so she can have an excuse for snarling, and have me blamed for it.

"One day last week, I went to the woods to gather nuts. There were plenty of them, and I soon picked up what there were on the ground, and started off for more. I soon came to a big walnut tree with a few on the ground. But in shucking them, I stained my hands, and in climbing the tree I hit my head on a limb, and now there is a big bump there. Before reaching home the string to the bag came unfastened, and spilled half of my nuts. When I arrived home I put what I had on the house to dry, and yesterday father made me take them all down, for they colored the cistern water. Now I have got to saw wood all day tomorrow, and can't go hunting. Oh, dear! I don't see what I was in de for."

Illinois Chapters.

All Illinois chapters that are interested in forming a State assembly will address George L. Brockman, of Mt. Sterling, Illinois. Mr. Brockman is one of the earnest workers who are laboring to build up and strengthen the A. A. Prof. Ballard has given his willing consent to the movement. Some fourteen chapters have reported favorably and much enthusiasm is shown in the letters of those who have thus reported.

U. S. STAMPS.

BY A. A. ALLEN in *Golden Eclipse*.

A search through old boxes and trunks where old letters have been stored for years, will often reveal stamps which are worth quite large sums. Letters that were written years ago, often had no envelopes, and were sealed with red or blue wax, and the stamps on these were of high value if they were sent an great distance, for the rates of postage was graded according to the distance they were carried.

During the war of the Rebellion, letters sent from the Southern to the Northern states, were apt to be full of news, and so often required double postage. For this reason, many good stamps of the issue of 1861 can be found. A discovery of even one of the high values of the issue of 1869, will amply repay the finder, and help some collector to complete that scarce set. Envelope stamps such as the red and green 3 cent Centennial envelope stamps, and high values of issues of 1861 and 1864 can occasionally be found, and bring good prices if they are not spoiled by being too closely cut. If the entire envelope is saved, the buyer is easily convinced that the stamps are genuine. Nearly all United States stamps are held at high prices now, and become more valuable every year.

OUR LETTER BOX.

"Our Letter Box" is unusually interesting this month, although we can publish but few letters for lack of space, we are always glad to hear from our readers. The first is from Bert Snow, a member of the DeKalb Agassiz Chapter, (No. 33,) who was the first to correctly answer the question, what bird has a tongue running round its head? He receives this paper for one year free, as per our offer in the January number.

DeKALB, ILLINOIS.

The bird that has a tongue round the head is the woodpecker. It begins at the top part of the bill and goes round. Please excuse bad writing.

BURTON B. SNOW.

NEW YORK CITY.

Inclosed find 50 cents for which please send me the AGASSIZ CHAPTER one year. I like the A. A. very much. Our chapter is studying natural history. I went down by "Theatre Alley" and saw the news boys waiting for their papers to sell. When the papers were ready what a scramble there was at the delivery window. The papers were passed out very rapidly and were paid for by checks the newsboys had previously purchased at the office counter. I also saw some men unloading big rolls of print paper.

Cedar St.

LIVINGSTONE SHAW.

MT. STERLING, ILLINOIS.

Do you think we will be able to organize a State Assembly of the Illinois A. A. this spring? We want to begin early if we do anything. I wrote to Wm. A. Ross, his chapter is thoroughly in earnest, that is just the kind of members we want to make the movement a success. I like your paper very much indeed. It ought to have good support.

GEO. L. BROCKMAN.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

I enclose two "curiosities" for you. I want to buy department stamps, used and unused.

Box 455.

E. L. GEORGE

I guess they are street car tickets from Buenos Ayres, S. A. But am not certain. Write again and tell us what they are.—Ed.

RED LAKE FALLS, MINN.

I have Indian arrow heads, minerals, shells, and many curiosities to exchange for U. S. Dept. stamps and old issues. Make offers on above, and state what particularly you desire in line of anything else.

J. I. WYER, JR.

WHEATON, ILLINOIS.

I have read every number of your paper and found them very interesting. How I wish it was larger or came more than once a month. Do you remember what a good time we had at the reunion of the 165th Illinois here over a year ago? I take 'St. Nicholas,' 'Hutper's Young People,' and your paper. A new railroad has just been built north of here. I think it goes through Sycamore to Freeport.

H. PADDOCK.

Thank you for your kind words for this paper, we expect to enlarge it soon. Indeed our pleasant trip to Wheaton is well remembered. The Minnesota & Northwestern the rail road you speak of is the shortest line between Chicago and St. Paul.—Ed.

All business letters should be addressed to,
VERNON A. ALLEN, SYCAMORE, ILLS.

THE AGASSIZ CHAPTER.

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Published Monthly by

VERNON A. ALLEN,

Sec'y A. A. Chapter 935.

SYCAMORE, ILLINOIS.

In the interests of Young People.

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Agassiz papers please exchange.

Minerals to Exchange.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

I have specimens of vivinite, actinolite, moonstone, brown az. and other minerals to exchange for minerals. Send lists and mention which of mine are wanted.

1002 Tloga St. W. S. NEW COMET.

Make a Scrap Book

Written for The Agassiz Chapter.

Our advice to every boy and girl is to make a scrap book, and if you do begin, start with the determination to make it a good one. Handsomely bound scrap books are sold at any book store for a trifling sum, but most any old ledger or account book can be used. We have been shown a very neat scrap book made from a volume of Patent Office reports. Keep a place for selections of poetry, short sketches, and stories that you meet in general reading. Also have a family corner where a place can be reserved for the short local notices in which the name of the family appears, those relating to marriages, births and deaths can go in side by side with the list of pupils at the public school who were neither absent or tardy during the term, or the longer piece descriptive of the graduating exercises of the high school scholars. Photographs that have become soiled can be loosened from the card on which they are mounted by soaking in water, and when placed in the scrap book will help to make its pages attractive. Programs of concerts, theatres, operas and other entertainments can thus be preserved. Pictures from the illustrated papers, to amuse the children, should adorn every page of the family scrap book.

The Birds Of Sweden.

The question having arisen, "How long does it take to write a short sketch?" It was answered by a local story writer, who was given the subject and in just eighteen minutes had written the following story.—E.L.]

It is the custom among the people in Sweden to hang a sheaf of wheat above the door, or attach it to the chimney top at Christmas time as a peace offering to all the world. The sheaf furnishes food for the birds which, even in that cold clime, are as numerous as with us at home. The sheaf above indicates the good hearts of the dwellers below, and no traveller fears to seek admittance and refreshment at the door with the sheaf displayed above.

Christmas day has arrived again, but no sheaf is on the roof top at Borgemaster Anson's home.

The good wife with tearful eyes and heavy heart goes about her household duties. The Borgemaster sits sulkily before the rudy glow lit by the flames ascending the broad mouth of the fire-place.

"Hans," broke in the tremulous tones of the good wife, speaking in the musical tones of the Svenska; "Wilt thee not hang the sheaf?"

"Woman, be quiet!" angrily retorted the man, "Hans Anson has naught to be thankful for and has no peace offering for the birds."

"Nay, say not so hastily, good father; remember the Lord has lent his watch-care over the harvest, and the golden corn is now safely housed from the winter's cold. Can we not then give the tripple sheaves for the birds, and for good will towards men?"

Her words seem to move him.

"This once," she continued, and if the act is not blessed by goodness from the Great Hand, I'll worry thee no more."

Thus importuned the Borgemaster, honored by all in the Stadt, rich in stocks and bountifully filled cribs, takes the sheaf to bind to the house top. While he is blinding the sheaf to the chimney top arising from the grate in the front room so long unused, the good wife starts the fire whose ashes have remained cold since the morn so long ago when her beloved boy Alex was driven forth in disgrace. She thinks of it all now as she in vain attempts to start the draught up the chimney. How the pocket-book filled with bonds and money was missing, and how Alex, her son had been accused, for no one else had been around. He would not deny the accusation and the stern Borgemaster put away the father's love and drove him forth.

The fire would not burn and the chimney pole is handed to the house-top. Down the chimney it starts. It lodges against something!

"What is this, good father? Come here, haste thee!"

Down he comes. On the floor fallen from the chimney is a blackened sheaf hung to the chimney top that morning long ago. The old band has broken asunder, and there is the lost found; the pocket-book in the sheaf!

"Now praise be to Him and joy to the birds forever!" cries the dame.

"Amen," replies the Borgemaster, "My son, my Alex is innocent. Home once more we'll bring him."

Shall we tell you the happiness that followed. How Alex was found and brought home; and how the good dame and the Borgemaster hung the sheaf at Christmas time ever after.

HELPS TO LITERATURE STUDY

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THE AGASSIZ CHAPTER.

Penmanship.

BY Vernon A. Allen.

In order to be a good penman, good health is the most essential attribute. Steady nerves, practice and patience will make a good penman, where any of the above named qualities are lacking, a poor one is formed.

In writing, as in other studies, we are in too much of a hurry. We want results immediately. But it takes time to become a good writer, and to accomplish that end does not depend on any one thing, but on many little things; upon the neatness and care of the writer, combined with the use of good materials, pen, ink and paper, so that the first glance give an idea of carefulness and finish.

There are so many poor writers, and so many of average ability, that when any one becomes but a little better writer than ordinary, his ability will prove remunerative. Calls for card-writing, addressing of letters and circulars, the filling out of blank registers, diplomas, certificates and family records are numerous, and prices paid according to the work executed.

To the boy or girl who has no desire or opportunity to learn a trade or profession, the broad field of penmanship stands with open gates, inviting them to enter. A dollar invested in any of the beautiful copies of writing called "compendiums," and a few cents in pen, ink and paper, are all that are necessary to start. Then must follow regular, systematic practice, day after day. Use what is called the free, muscular movement, which should be a steady, regular movement sufficiently under control to begin and finish the letters with the same light, easy movement, and with enough accuracy to give the writing a uniform appearance.

At the time of beginning regular practice in writing, save a specimen of your work, and note the improvement at the end of a few months. At first, it may seem as if little or no improvement is being made, but do not be discouraged; keep on practicing, and it will not be long before the work can be executed with ease by the use of the muscular movement.

Do not waste time in trying to execute flourish, lig, hard and other pen drawings, until a good business hand is acquired. Skilled penmen are always in demand, and neat, rapid business writers will never wait long for a good situation.

Some persons by spending from five to ten minutes on each line they write can produce a legible handwriting, but when it becomes necessary to write a business letter in the time it generally takes to write one line, their writing degenerates into an unsightly scrawl, and we do not wonder at it.

No good writing can be done when the body is in a cramped position, for in such a case the movement will be rough and uneven and no good work done. Keep the feet square on the floor, and the head upright when writing. Remember that every unnecessary curve and line added to writing, injures its legibility and hinders the rapidity with which it may be executed.

What is everywhere wanted is a good, plain business hand, not written with glossy ink, nor ornamented with double curves. The neater and plainer the better. Such a hand-writing is not hard to obtain, and is that which will prove of real worth to the young man about to enter the active duties of life.

All like to receive letters from correspondents that write in a clear running hand, but of such how few come. Some letters are so poorly written that it is all the receiver can do to make out the words.

One thing is certain, a young man who has acquired a good system of penmanship, has a great advantage over the one who has not, and will rise all the more rapidly in whatever position he may occupy.

Our readers can place reliance on Stephenson's advertisement in another column, of a rapid method of tanning. His finely executed pamphlet, giving "complete receipts for handling all furs, skins, pelts and hides," is before us.

Some A. A. Figures

New York State has 113 Agassiz Chapters, of these 24 are located in New York city, 12 in Brooklyn, and eleven in Buffalo. Illinois has 65 Chapters, 19 of these are in Chicago, Peoria has 4, and Sycamore 3 Chapters. Massachusetts, the parent State of the A. A. has 53 Chapters; including Chapter 1, at Pittsfield, Mass., formerly at Larox, Mass. Pennsylvania claims 89 Chapters, 29 of the Pennsylvania Chapters are in Philadelphia. New Jersey has 44. Ohio, 42. Iowa, 32. Connecticut, 31. District of Columbia, 11. 1885, all of which are in Washington. California has 28. Indiana, 22. Michigan, 20. Wisconsin, 20. Arkansas, Georgia, Louisiana, Nevada and West Virginia have one each. Other States have varying numbers. There are 8 in Canada; 7 in England; 2 in Scotland; one in Chile, S. A., and one in Japan.

CHILDREN'S STORIES.

Describing a picture in How To Write.

BY PEARL S. LOOMIS.

Little Mable wanted something new to play one day. So her brother suggested that they should dig a well.

Oh! that will be nice, exclaimed Mable, and the children ran out to the barn to get a spade. They were soon out in the fields near a gravel pit.

Frank said he would dig the well, while Mable gathered a pile of stones. This she started to do at once, and she worked so fast that by the time the hole was dug by Frank she had enough to stone the well piled near by. Frank then carried some heavy stones from the gravel pit and laid them in the well, and called to Mable to bring what she had gathered. Some of them were quite heavy for her, but they both worked so fast that the

well was soon done. A few pails of water was poured in, and then they ran to call their mother to see the work. Her quiet, "Well done, children," made them feel very proud of their work.

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