

FAIR COUNTRY POSTMASTER.

The various annoyances and perplexities attending the office of a country postmaster are almost innumerable. Let me relate just a few. I have tried some very difficult things, but that of getting a newspaper postmaster promoted to the head of the list of difficulties. There is a certain divine who patronized our office, who never has to be asked for postage, but comes squarely up and liquidates at the proper time. In my opinion, he is not far from the kingdom of heaven. Would that his followers and the rest of mankind might follow his most excellent example.

Your country postmaster has no quiet hour that he can call his own unless it be after midnight, and then he is not always safe. He is called up after failing to be at night, to see if there is not a letter to the office, for a man who did not have time to come in day light. He is met on the road to church and asked to leave his wife had children and go to the office. If he succeeds in getting to the church at all, it is in great tribulation, and perhaps at a late hour; and every footstep he hears after getting there, he thinks some one is after him to go to the office; so he gets very little good of the sermon. Then, there is a certain class of men who say, "I think you ought to sell them two three cents stamps for five cents. (This class never buy any thing else of the postmaster, but stamps.) We also have a few business men who never buy but one stamp at a time. No matter what they are doing, you must wait on them instantly. When they come to buy a quarter worth at a time, the interest on the money would be something lost. Another class of men expect you to lick every stamp they buy, as a matter of course. At times you are writing; a man comes in and calls for a stamp; you get up and hand it to him, but do not offer to pay you for it, but proceeds very deliberately to go down to the bottom of his pocket for a letter wrapped up in a yard and a half of paper, unrolls it slowly, reads the message on nettles to get to your writing), takes the stamp and holds it so thoroughly that it takes every particle of envelope off, then says "this won't stick." You put postage on for him, he sticks it on, hits it five or six ticks with his fist, and hands it to you, (never drops it in the box), then goes down for his pocket-book, utters a hard no, unrolls four yards and a half of twice, takes out a five dollar bill, and hands you, saying that it is the smallest he has. Now, Mr. Eliot, if it seems to the that man, under these circumstances, if his morality is not of the highest tone, will be almost obliged to use a little profane language. Nothing but the strictest only moral training by a pious mother descended from the "Pilgrim stock, restraining me. Our office is sometimes thronged at mail time. A number of fact man plants himself at the window (about twenty-five persons behind him waiting for mail) asks you if there is a letter for George A. Brown. You inform him there is none, he then calls for the whole family. Failing to get a letter he then relates to you that he was expecting to get a letter from Ephraim Jones, who lives just on the edge of Poosy town, I. O., that he married Jones sister in the fall of 1868; that they have five children—three boys and two girls; that the youngest only weighed 18 pounds, and 3 ounces when it was born; that some of Ephraim's folks were sick, the last letter they got and heard the old woman were getting anxious to hear from them. All this once a new idea strikes him; he wants to know if there is any package for him, he has been looking for a package a long time; did not know whether it would come by mail or express. Which would be the cheapest? Of course you must answer his questions, and ask him if his children have had the measles or whooping cough; and whether Mrs. Brown's health is good. He, at last brings his remarks to a close by asking you to send a letter to Indiana, Posey county, Ephraim Jones, and you get rid of him. By this time he had bettered himself by getting pretty tired, or having received their mail over his head and are gone. O, dear, I must close, for we shall have no more of lack of employment for women.

SOME STARTLING STATISTICS.

We clip from the Evening Post the following comparative table of prices paid for different kinds of labor in the Americas, & of speak more accurately, the New York City market:

Per Week.

Waiters, \$12.00 to \$15.00.

Cook, \$12.00 to \$15.00.

Waitress, \$10.00 to \$12.00.

Waiter, \$10.00 to \$12.00.

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ter of Cambridge University is paid but \$3,000 for his services.

It is not creditable to American culture that it pays its educators so miserable a pittance. It is notorious that the best professor in our best seminaries of learning are not half paid, and are compelled to take out a merge income by the products of a poorly-paid pen. Public-school teachers would be justified, if any one could be, in forming a trades union, and in combining in a strike for higher wages. The free schools, inestimable as is the service they render to the country, have the effect to make private tuition cheap, and so keep down the pay of private teachers. The only schoolmasters who have any opportunity to achieve a pecuniary success are those who own their schools. By holding their pupils, and so combining the duties of school master and hotel-keeper, they make the profit of the one office compensate in some measure for the poor pay of the other.

One of the evil effects of this system is that it deprives the professional teacher of a profession. Teaching, indeed, is not a profession, it is a trade. College students, who cannot earn money by sawing wood, teach for a term or two to pay their way through college, but alights the school-room at the earliest opportunity. Just as the teacher begins to acquire experience, he resigns his place to a raw recruit. As few teachers expect to make teaching their life profession, that ambition which is the best stimulus to good work is wanting. The *esprit de corps*, which unites other professions in a recognized whole, is left, indeed, unimpairedly supplied. In many, if not a majority of instances, the teacher is also a student, and divides his time between teaching, reading, writing, and arithmetic, and studying law, medicine, or theology.

He serves two masters, almost inevitably holds to the one, and despises the other.

What would become of the school if the teacher began to teach for a term or two, and then left?

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