A figure in Rhetoric whereby a fact is overstated, not that the exaggeration may be believed, but that it may add force to the actual truth contained in the statement. Thus, within such limits, indulgence in hyperbole is allowable. But the danger and temptation to this effusive generation appears to be the constant habit of extravagant expression rather than the rare practice. School-girls have a reputation for doing the most of this foolish work, a reputation only too well deserved. At least I doubt whether adjectives and intensives fly thicker and faster in any other circle unless we may except those who have been emancipated but a few years from the school-room walls, and have fallen among foolish books and foolish associates. I am led to hope that, commonly, added years and wisdom correct the fault.

In vain are girls told that they waste strength in the expression of mere nothing, so that real feelings fail in expression and falls flat and insipid from the lips; that it bespeaks a shallow brain, and a silly, unhonorable taste, or a range of reading that is ruinous to truth and judgment. Willfully, or heedlessly we go on calling common sweet potatoes “divine,” a pale face “perfectly ghastly,” an attractive face “awfully pretty,” a disappointment “horrible mean,” &c.

A case in point. While I write a companion enters to describe, with wide eyes, a mouse that is investigating the condition of the waste basket in the side-room. The creature cannot belong to any known species of house-mice since it is said to be three quarters of a yard from tip to tip. Yet we are not an editor nor a pair of lovers, but we went for Arbutus. We are old enough to take care of ourselves, but not too old to walk a few miles when our carriage-horses are otherwise engaged. We are fond of flowers, and had been directed to pass the third mill, cross a little bridge, turn to the right and follow along the hill up a ravine till we came to any quantity of the coveted blossoms.

We followed orders to the letter and found everything to answer the description, except that there was no Arbutus. No barrels and barrels of tears about it, however for fear I lapse into extravagance, saying he had shed barrels and barrels of tears about it, I will cease.

WE TWO.

We are not an editor nor a pair of lovers, but we went for Arbutus. We are old enough to take care of ourselves, but not too old to walk a few miles when our carriage-horses are otherwise engaged. We are fond of flowers, and had been directed to pass the third mill, cross a little bridge, turn to the right and follow along the hill up a ravine till we came to any quantity of the coveted blossoms.

We followed orders to the letter and found everything to answer the description, except that there was no Arbutus. No barrels and barrels of tears about it, however for fear I lapse into extravagance, saying he had shed barrels and barrels of tears about it, I will cease.

Salome.

WE TWO.

We are not an editor nor a pair of lovers, but we went for Arbutus. We are old enough to take care of ourselves, but not too old to walk a few miles when our carriage-horses are otherwise engaged. We are fond of flowers, and had been directed to pass the third mill, cross a little bridge, turn to the right and follow along the hill up a ravine till we came to any quantity of the coveted blossoms.

We followed orders to the letter and found everything to answer the description, except that there was no Arbutus. No barrels and barrels of tears about it, however for fear I lapse into extravagance, saying he had shed barrels and barrels of tears about it, I will cease.

Salome.

ONE OF TWO.

A student at the Theological Seminary at Andover, who had an excellent opinion of his own talent, on one occasion asked the professor who taught elocution:

"What do I specially need to learn in this department?" "You ought just to learn to read," said the professor. "Oh, I can read now," replied the student.

The professor handed the young man a Testament, and pointed to Luke 24: 25, and asked him to read that. The young man read: "Then he said unto them, O fools and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken." "Ah," said the professor, "they were fools for believing the prophets, were they?" Of course that was not right, and so the young man asked the professor, "No, O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken." "The prophets, then, were sometimes liars?" asked the professor.

"According to this reading," the professor suggested, "the prophets were notorious liars." This was not a satisfactory conclusion, and so another trial was made. "O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken." "I see, now," said the professor, "the prophets wrote the truth, but they spoke falsehood."
—It seems very much as though we were falling back into our former habit,—that of an unpunctual fulfillment of our duties towards the paper. But on second thought we can produce some excuses. For the first, we have been lately tried by examinations; and, secondly, Easter's festivities have interrupted our labors. We hope the public will consider these reasonable excuses and will acquit us of tardiness.

GRUMBLING.

What would life be worth to us if we couldn't indulge freely in grumbling? It is a pleasure, a relief, a safety-valve. There is a large class of people who seem to derive their greatest happiness from fault-finding, and discontent. Now just suppose laws to be framed and enforced which made this agreeable pastime a penal offense, and we diminish the sum total of human happiness at an alarming rate.

Grumbling is a practice that gives scope to the most fertile mind, developing and exercising its varied forms and degrees the imagination and judgment, ingenuity, &c., &c. The skillful grumbler never lacks entertainment; the weather, his employment, books, politics, his circumstances and surroundings, afford endless opportunity for the enjoyment of his favorite pleasure.

The wife who has her husband's comfort at heart, will encourage him to find fault with his food, with his children, with the way in which she spends his money, knowing what happiness it gives him, and that if she were to take that source of pleasure from him, she need only say she will turn to the wine cup or the gambling table.

Being a grumbler myself, I can not only testify to the charms of grumbling, but know to my sorrow just how dull and monotonous life seems when things run on in an eventful smoothness that prompts little cause for fretting, seething and whining. I don't know anything more exasperating than that calm, even temperament that never sees any just cause for vexation. The life of such a person must be as void of emotion, as monotonous to himself, as his character is insipid to others.

We will probably never know how many people have been saved from despair by a reasonable indulgence in a "square" grumble. If, for instance, school girls were to curb up all the dissatisfaction and disappointment concerning letters, clothes, boxes, visits from friends, besides the thousand and one lesser grievances incident to school-life, never giving expression to their wrath and resentment, never railing at circumstances, offenders or delinquents, I would not like to answer for the consequences. Suicide would be an everyday occurrence, and owing to the absence of a subject for a spring in Lititz, arsenic and other poisons would be in great demand. Disappointed love, failure in business, hitches in politics, and every crooked circumstance and event would have necessity find but one alternative, since anything is better than to vulgarly "grin and bear" things.

Praise and blame have a like effect upon me, so whether you approve or oppose what I have said on this subject, you may be very certain I will grumble.

LYNETTE.

A SPRING MORNING.

Before another number of the Echo presents itself, Spring will be fully upon us; and, as the mornings brighten, the birds and blossoms multiply, the swallows build their balmers, and the verdure puts on a livelier tint, we enjoy in anticipation the coming glories.

We often hasten our morning toilet so as to have a spare moment to drink in at the open window the pure, life-giving air and sunshine, the melody of winged songsters, and the budding beauty of tree and plant.

Spring stirs the blood in the veins as well as the sap in vines and trees, and at each return of this season life begins anew in hope and purpose. Nature puts forth new efforts, and displays such vigor and freshness as to inspire mankind with new hope and purpose. Nature puts forth new efforts, and displays such vigor and freshness as to inspire mankind with new hope and purpose.

The charm of a bright spring morning are irresistible, and the happy feelings they awaken in the human heart spring forth in joys of looks and utterances, and no wonder when we consider the bright array which a spring morning is wont to put on: the fresh green of unfolding leaves; the bright grass sparkling with dew; the delicate drooping buds and flowers; the deep blue of the sky; the merry songs and twirling of birds as they begin the day's labor. It is not strange that these should " exhilarate the spirit, and restore the tone of languid nature."

On a spring morning nature is most eloquent. To such as are in keenest sympathy with her she reveals the most. But she speaks to all, suiting herself to each mood and character. This is one of the many beautiful lessons taught us by our beloved and honored Bryant. Such gentle teachings tame and sweeten our fierce and restless impulses, and we are led from the contemplation of such brightness and beauty to cherish in our souls purity, peace, and innocent joy.

Early risers win the richest rewards. Later the sweetest bloom is gone from nature's face, and the edge of our enjoyment is dulled. To encourage slumber when the earth is apparend, in her fairest, is like lying down to sleep in the midst of a picture gallery crowded with beautiful specimens of art. A spring morning is the beautiful fulfillment of those bright promises that as the heart weary of bleak winds and forbidding sky and earth. From times remote in the dim past, men have rejoiced in spring mornings and have sung grand praises to their honor. But this will not prevent a myriad throng to come, from a like enjoyment and a like desire to express it.

RAY.

THE HAND.

The eyes tell their own story, and the mouth its story. Some people even pretend to read character by means of the nose and ear. But there is probably among the features and organs no more reliable story-teller in its way than the hand. Many are familiar with a game in which the faces and bodies of the players are concealed, the eyes alone being visible through openings made for the purpose. Those who have been appointed to guess the name of the owner of each pair of eyes know how puzzling a question it is, no matter how well the owner is known to them. I venture to say the hand would be recognized far more promptly. This organ has time to express the various characteristics of the possessor, and has wrought out as various deeds and purposes.

Thus, there is the hand that is reached out to welcome the trustful repentant offender, that gives to the poor or smooths the pillow of suffering, tells a tale of forgiveness, charity and tenderness; while the closed hand, the patient above and gesture of repulse reveal a closed heart and a cruel purpose. There are the soft, white, jewelled hands of Indolence or cultured ease, and the hard brown hands of honest toiling poverty; the slender, delicate moving hands of active grace, and the plump and pugny, great and clumsy "paws" of obesity.

Few things are as useful as the right hand, but to say that of a person even is to use very strong language. It digs and delves, it paints and carves, no work is too homely or too grand, too serious or too trifling for its offices, it strikes from the harp and organ chords of tender sweetness and stormy joy or woe.
In novels the nervous hands move restlessly, or the firm hand saves somebody’s life at a critical moment; the fierce and cruel hand of a relentless tyrant performs deeds at which we shudder, or the generous and self-sacrificing heroine gives hers away.

The eye is a sort of overseer, doing a good deal of useful work, no doubt, along with considerable damage with its lightening flashes of anger, tender glances of love, indulging the imagination, kindling the thoughts of the fleeting joys of earth, car...
the following census: There are in the whole establishment 45 rooms, not counting the Chapel and kitchen, 17 pianos (including the beauty in the Play Room), 2 cabinet organs, about 60 lamps, 4 furnaces and about 10 stoves, not far from 3000 volumes in both libraries, a mineralogical collection, a complete philosophical apparatus, a stuffed crow (which once figured in some famous tableau as the raven who said "Nevermore"), a stuffed owl (whose image is familiar to our readers) and a squirrel, a collection of Lancaster County birds, Miss Royer's Natural History collection, an Indian scalp from the Custer battlefield (presented by Lieut. Kendricks), and various other curiosities which are boxed up and are waiting for a suitable cabinet, 171 framed pictures, besides maps, charts, etc.

We conclude with the suggestion that if this description is not satisfactory, you come and see for yourself. We are always glad to see old scholars.

SCHOOL JOTTINGS.

How about the darning premium?

—How many days till the long vacation?

—Lucy's "rabbit" laid us each some colored eggs at Easter.

—The Fourth Room style for wearing aprons is to put them on the back.

—One of our final Examinations is safely over. We see ahead of us a dismal array of others.

—Clara Jones, valedictorian of the class of '77, spent a few days with us recently. We were very glad to see her.

—The weather on Easter Monday was very fine, and, contrary to our expectations, we had a fine afternoon, spending most of the time at the Springs.

—The Fourth and Third Room girls play quodits a good deal, and there are some indefatigable croquet players in each of the Rooms but ours. Our time must be otherwise employed.

—Ascension Day is a holiday. Decoration Day is a holiday. The Principal's birthday is at least a half-holiday. This year all three come on the same day! We should really like to know what this means, and what is going to be done about it.

—Lilies of the Valley, "Shrubs," and Lilac blossoms, swallows and orioles, in the last week in April, the "oldest inhabitants" surely never knew this to happen before. Going to the Springs has commenced also, so that the season is a full month in advance.

—The Fourth Class girls are distinguishing themselves by getting a good many "Optimes," i. e. flourishes which Mr. Brickenstein makes for five 4's received in succession in Dictation. For ten 4's in succession a picture of Mr. Obadiah Oldback is the premium.

—The Trailng Arbutus half-holiday came off April 3d, three weeks earlier than last year. The flowers were not very plentiful on that day, however, other gatherers having preceded us. Since that time quite a number have been obtained. We went in the morning this year.

—One of the girls while reading Thompson's Seasons came across the word "heifer," and seemed puzzled as to what was the meaning, for she asked if it were a horse or a cow. "When we laughed," she said, "Oh no, it is a man." The teacher told her to look in the dictionary and she was surprised to find that it was a young cow.

—Our local newspaper recently told the story, that when the entertainment was given for the benefit of the Lyceum and the placards announced, as part of the programme, "Thirty Minutes for Refreshments," a young lady of this school eat no supper in view of the above-mentioned thirty minutes. Got home to hear the news." Of course, the story can't be true.


—The sympathies of the School have been strongly enlisted for the four sisters who were for nine years inmates of Linden Hall and who have recently been the main witnesses in a trial in which the father was accused of the grossest brutality towards them. They left the School in 1874 and seem to have led a wretched life since. The jury disagreed and the suit was not further pressed on condition that reasonable provision should be made for the children by their father.


—Quite a number of the girls went home to spend Easter, though there was no vacation. The Easter morning service was at 10 o'clock, and was continued on the grave-yard. The effect as the sun rose in unobscured glory out of the Eastern horizon, can surely never be forgotten by any who witnessed it. The air was balmy and fragrant with the odor of the blossoming fruit trees, the birds chartering their morning hymns of praise, all nature seemed throbbing with the new life of Spring, and we thought that it must have been just such a morning that greeted our Risen Lord.

A number of the graves were very prettily decorated with flowers, and the decorations in the church were very handsome indeed.

TRAILING ABBUTUS.

Welcome, modest little blossoms, 
Fairest of Spring's tender bloom; 
Growing low upon the hillside,
Shedding round a sweet perfume.

Scarce have the snows departed,
Scarce have Spring her reign begun—Eve, from winter's close remaining,
Come your leaves to greet the sun.

From his warm rays strength deriving,
Watered well by April showers,
Soon your beauties all unfolding,
Blossom forth your stately flowers.

Some pure white, some faintly tinted
With a lovely rosy hue,
Closely clinging to the hard soil
Whence your tender life you drew.

Welcome then, oh sweet arbutus,
May you ever bloom as fair
Telling of God's tender goodness,
Show forth His love and care.

MUSICAL SOIREE—FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 12, 1878.

PROGRAMME:

Chorus, "Ein Fetter," from "Stabat Mater.""—K. Smith

Junior Choir.

Piano Solo, "Confidence."—M. Potts

Senior Choir.

Recitation, "How Ethel helps things along."—Miss E. Schottler

Miss B. Bowman.

Piano Quartette, "Prises March, from Athalia."—M. Royer, M. Potts, M. Dix, M. Brickenstein.

Muses N. de Schweinitz, G. Jones, C. Huebener, L. Hamilton.

Vocal Duett, "Young Spring."—M. Royer, B. Bowman.

Misses A. Hassemping, E. Keeler.

Piano Solo, "Chant du Barrier."—M. Royer, P. Schottler.

Miss F. Conemy.

Duett, Piano and Organ, "Frelude L'Arlesiense,"—Miss M. Redinger.

Muses M. Reisyneder, L. Nicholson.

Recitation, "From Ghide to Alk."—B. Becker.

Miss M. Potts.

Senior Choir.

Vocal Solo, "Maiden's Spring Song."—L. Schettler.


Vocal Solo, "I Bache."—Miss M. Potts.

Miss L. Schottler.

Piano Duett, "Marche Hongroise,"—Wollenhaupt.

Misses B. Bowman, E. Rulon.

Recitation, "Some Old Friends." (Arr by Mrs. Dietl.)—Miss M. Potts.

Chorus, "Sweet Spring has Come."—Miss M. Potts.

Junior Choir.

RECORD PRINT, LITITZ, PA.