

An Able Discourse.

We have just finished reading ex-Governor Chamberlain's address before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Yale "Education at the South." It is a masterly discourse, and most unsparringly exposes the meretriciousness of the Blair bill, concerning which the orator says:

"I shall not attempt to conceal my want of respect even for this scheme and its authors, for it is the product, almost alone, of perhaps the most arrogant and shallowest demagogue who now afflicts our national councils."

After pointing out the provisions of the bill, appropriating as a whole the sum of \$77,000,000 to be "disbursed on the warrant of the Commissioner of Education, countersigned by the Secretary of the Interior" Mr. Chamberlain says:

"This bill presents at once the gravest constitutional and practical question. It marks a distinctly new departure in our system of national idea of popular education. It proposes *quasi* law to make the work of popular education, or common schools, a national work, a Federal function. By the proposed bill not only are large sums to be given out of the National Treasury to the States, but of necessity, the conditions and restrictions upon the gift are to be enforced and judged of by designated Federal officers. This is and must be supervision to some extent by the Federal government of State schools—a thing as foreign to all our history and practice as can be conceived of. All former gifts by the nation to the States for schools have been absolute, and neither involved nor carried national supervision to any degree."

"But the gravest objection is not the novelty of the measure, but its demonstrable incompatibility with the Constitution. I need not remind you that the most precious product in a political or civic sense, which America has given to the world, the most precious political gift in my mature judgment, ever devised by the wit of man is the Constitution of the United States. Nor need I insist that the highest civic duty laid upon us, and each of us in obedience to that Constitution, not merely obedience to positive laws made under its sanction, but obedience to it in our wishes, in the laws in which we seek to frame. Neither does the fact that, like all other written documents, its expansions differ in its construction, lessen our obligation to obey it. The commands and precepts of even the *Semora* on the Mount are differently interpreted and applied by different minds."

As we read we ask ourselves with wonder, can this be our Chamberlain or some new Daniel come to judgment? Nevertheless, say we in all honest heartiness, all honor to such teaching and such sentiments, it matters not from whom they come. There is absolutely no other hope for the people of this great country than a self-restraining, conscientious, scrupulous obedience to our supreme Federal law. The political virtue engendered by such conduct has in itself a saving grace which lifts a free people far above brute force and hazardous impulses."

In discussing the question of the constitutionality of the educational bill Mr. Chamberlain takes as a cardinal principle of our Federal system:

"That the Constitution has created a government of strictly delegated, defined and limited powers, and that no power not so delegated, can be constitutionally exercised by the government of the United States, or by any branch thereof."

The constitutionality of the bill is then discussed at some length and with convincing force.

Mr. Chamberlain concludes that if Congress can assume the support of these common schools, it can only do so as its appropriate function and so conferred by the Constitution on the government of the United States in contradistinction of the functions of the several States. And it is maintained that if the clause "to levy taxes, &c., to provide for the general welfare," leaves it to the simple discretion of Congress to say what is the general welfare, and thereon to appropriate the moneys of the Federal Treasury for any purpose that it might deem for the general welfare, this would reach Congressional absolutism. At this point attention is called to the clause, which provides: "The Congress shall have power to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers, and all other powers, vested by this Constitution in the government of the

United States or in any department thereof."

Mr. Chamberlain failed here to strike the key note of the issue whilst quoting the above, which evidently and conclusively forbids to Congress the power to make laws for the execution of powers not vested by the Constitution in the government of the United States. And if this power to provide for the support of the common schools is one vested in the United States, then it excludes the State power in the premises, whereas the Blair bill predicates the support granted by the Federal government upon that which each State should grant in its own behalf for its own schools.

But Chamberlain also shows the pernicious effect which extraneous help has had on the school system of Connecticut, quoting the statement of Secretary Hine of the Connecticut Board of Education, in this behalf who concludes the statement with the following striking sentence: "The public schools must draw their sustenance from the people who are directly or indirectly benefited by them."

We have only space to call attention to the following letters written to Mr. Chamberlain among many, all leading to the same conclusions.

Mr. Chamberlain says: "I hold in my hand, from a Yale graduate of my own college generation, an eminent citizen of one of the old slave States, who writes thus: 'I am deeply interested in the public school system, and hence opposed to national aid. You cannot plaster the South with this system. It is a growth, and its certain and healthy growth can only be secured by compelling each community to provide for its own schools. The Blair bill is simply, in another form, the old hallucination of forty acres and a mule,' which has caused more briars and sassafras bushes to grow in Southern fields than all else."

Then, among other letters from the South, we find the following from South Carolina: "From a colored planter and country merchant in South Carolina, who was a slave and *house* or driver of his owner's slaves before the war, cannot read, and can only write his own name, but owns \$10,000 of real estate, and has a bank account of good size the year round. His letter is written at his dictation by his *white* clerk and bookkeeper: 'Politics are at a standstill here. Corn, cotton and sweet potatoes, with a little Northern bacon, is what we live on now. Politics did us no good, and here is this something or other they call the Blair bill, which our preachers and others say is going to cure all our sores. I never knew much about it until I got your letter. It's enough to know that it is going to give us 'darkies' something or other. I don't want it. We darkies, don't want it. Schools are poor and short here so far, but we're getting on. I bossed 'niggers' once and worked like a 'nigger' myself. I know 'em. No more bossing for me nor 'ping neither. Who said 'root, hog or die'? It's the God's truth, but we have said also, 'eat hog or die.' If we can get corn and bacon, hog and hominy, we can get schools. I stand just where I did when you were here—work hard, save my money and send the young ones to what schools we have. When we get more money, we'll have more schools."

"From a colored preacher in South Carolina—a preacher in that State before the war, and once a slave: 'The South is my home and the home of my people. We must stay here, or most of us must. Things are getting better all the time. The white people are more contented, and crops are getting good generally. We move slowly but sure. We need more schools, and are getting more every year. Governor Thompson has done nobly in this. My people only know that the Blair bill is something the North is going to give them for schools. You know them well enough to see they want it, and will blame any of us who say 'No!' but I tell them, in spite of that, it is not good for them. We must help ours sooner or later, and we had better begin now, and keep on. Whites and blacks here are bound together. What hurts one hurts both. You told us so years ago. Emancipation Day, 1863, you said it in Columbia, and spoke Whittier's word: 'The laws of changeless justice bind Oppressed with oppressed, And rise as sin and suffering joined, We march to fate abreast.' 'So we go now, and we don't want this thing done for us. We must all stand together, and take the best care we can of ourselves.' 'From a Charleston, S. C., merchant and factor, of fine culture and much travel, especially at the North and West:

"Charleston wants the Blair bill, and so does the State, if you count noses. Many of our best men want it too, but not all. Governor Thompson thinks he wants it, and so does Dawson of the *News and Courier*, and Courtenay (Mayor), who is a genuine friend of schools, as you know. I could name a good many more, but, after all, in private almost every one of these will say they are for it because the idea of recouping for old losses is popular. I am dead against it. M. C. Butler was right when he said in the Senate two years ago that it was a blow at what is the best thing among us here, the spirit of self-help. 'I'm agin' it too, because it is meddling with, and will surely end in Federal control of State affairs. There's so much of State's rights left in me after our drubbing, anyhow, and I don't apologize for it either. Scotch the snake, I say, in the cradle, and pray excuse my lame effort to be lassical. If I were talking to you I'd use army words instead.' 'From a mechanic, a master builder of Columbia, S. C., well known in New York and New Jersey: 'I was a Bourbon till 1877. Rip Van Winkle didn't sleep sounder than I, but when we got you down and had things our own way, I woke up. I am for education for all. I pay my taxes, and would pay more, gladly, for education. Thompson is our best Governor since the year of 1876! He's off in this thing, though. Don't I remember the Freedmen's Bureau and the calling for troops from Washington? This is it over again, and nothing short of it. I don't think Columbia would vote for the thing (the Blair bill), but I suppose Charleston would, but Charleston is the under dog in this State now. The darks want it of course, and lots of white niggers, who want anything they can get for nothing. Let us alone let us fight it out here. Neither blacks nor whites will go to the wall, but both will get educated and know how to get it alone. That is my policy, and it is the only policy in education, or in anything else, for the South."

"Free Whiskey and Tobacco." The *Macon Telegraph* joins its Augusta and Atlanta contemporaries in the cry that the South is opposed to the internal revenue system "almost solidly." There is no evidence of such solidarity outside of Georgia however, and we doubt that it exists in Georgia, outside of two or three newspaper offices.

There are several good reasons for this doubt, of which we need mention only a few. In the first place there is no proof of the alleged solidarity, so far as we know, except the testimony of a few Protection newspapers, whose wishes doubtless largely affect their view of the situation around them.

In the second place, we do not believe that the people of Georgia would prefer to have the tax removed from tobacco, for instance, rather than from clothing, food, iron manufactures, and a thousand other things, which all the people are forced to use, while no one is forced to use tobacco in any form.

When you see those who use tobacco, you will certainly prefer to pay a vote tax rather than to pay compulsory taxes, countless necessities. Besides, the tax on tobacco is raised to a very small extent in Georgia, and the people of that State have the assurance of Protection newspapers in Virginia that it is the tobacco producer, and not the consumer, who pays the tax. They understand too, as the *Philadelphia Record* says, that the advocacy of the repeal of this tax is not out of solicitude for the poor man's welfare, or for the welfare of the people as a whole, but, in order to maintain a wage on certain articles for the continued benefit of those who are engaged in the manufacture of such articles.

A proof of this may be found in the fact that nearly every politician or newspaper favoring the repeal of the tobacco tax is opposed to a repeal of the duties on wool, hemp, flax, jute, iron ore, coal, lumber, salt and other raw materials of production. The more effectively to conceal their real purpose, some of these organs and politicians profess a willingness to remove the duty on lumber or salt, or "hogs' bristles," or some other article on the tariff list. But their real aim is to defeat tariff reform, first by a repeal of the tobacco tax, and then by a repeal of the whiskey tax.

It is certainly significant that newspapers published in a State which has so little interest in the cultivation and manufacture of tobacco should devote themselves, day after day and year after year, to a strenuous effort to secure the repeal of the tobacco tax, while they uphold or are silent in regard to taxes which increase the cost of living to every man, woman and child in that State, by about 40 per cent.

The assertion that Georgia is "solid" for the repeal of the tax on whiskey is still more remarkable. That State is held up as the model temperance State in the Union, and a very large majority of its counties, we believe, have imposed almost prohibitory restrictions upon the liquor traffic. It is inconceivable that the people who support this temperance movement, should at the same time be clamoring for free whiskey; and yet free whiskey and free tobacco is precisely what our Protection contemporaries declare to be the first desire of their hearts.

The *Atlanta Constitution* not long ago was engaged in a bitter fight against the iniquitous Protective tariff, and now prides itself upon having contributed at that time to secure the repeal of the duty on quinine—in the interest of the people. The *Constitution* has since changed sides, however, and is now fighting in behalf of the protected manufacturers. We would be glad to hear from it, or any of our Protection contemporaries in Georgia, a single good reason why quinine should be taxed again, in order to have tobacco and whiskey go scot free; and, if quinine should not be taxed anew for this purpose, why any other article of necessity, should continue to be taxed for the purpose. —*News and Courier*.

Shoeless Confederates.

An old soldier recently talked to a reporter of the *Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution*, his subject being certain shoeless Confederate soldiers:

"If you had been around just after the rout to Nashville you would have thought there were 10,000 elephants loose in the country. The ground was covered with snow, and, as you may imagine, the air was eager and nipping. The routed Confederates put out down the snow-covered pikes making for Corinth and thence to Mobile, 240 miles distant. We were clothed in nothing but shirts and breeches, comparatively few owning old hats, and only here and there a fortunate man with a pair of shoes. The half-starved and half-frozen men wrapped their feet in old sacks and

any sort of rags they could get until the tracks they made were great round holes in the snow like the tracks of elephants.

General Lowrey—God bless his soul—tried to do something for us. He had some shoemakers, and at night would make the soldiers report at his headquarters, where the shoe shop would be located. Green hides—not an hour of the cows' backs—were used for shoenaking. A soldier would plant his foot on the hairy side of the hide, and the shoemaker would cut out a round piece of skin, slit it in various directions, and with a coarse twine gather up the ends and literally sew the foot up in the raw hide with the hair inward. The shoes were good for about twenty-four hours' use, and then they would draw our feet and we would have to throw them aside and go back to bagging. When I got to Mobile with a lot of the fellows we took quarters in a warehouse. Theodore Hamilton was playing "The Wife" at the Mobile theatre, and I scuffled around and got a ticket. I went to the theatre bare-headed and bare-footed and in my shirt sleeves. I thought it was the best show I ever saw. After the performance an old man carried me home with him and gave me a long tailed coat, a hat and a pair of shoes.

When I got back to the warehouse the boys tore the tails of the coat, but she was a double-breasted fellow, and I stuck to her. I looked like a jaybird with his tail pulled out.

Usefulness in Old Age.

Suppose, then, we agree to call no man old till he is past sixty-three. Let us set down the names of some of the illustrious people of the world who have prolonged their days of usefulness after that age. We shall make a table of them, and begin it with those who have died at seventy—that is to say, with those in whom the springs of life have not stood still till they have at least seventy years of old age. It will be found, however, to be far from exhaustive, and every reader may find pleasure in adding to it from his own stock of information.

Age at Death.

- 70—Columbus; Lord Chatham; Petrarch; Copernicus; Spallanzani; Boerhaave; Gall.
- 71—Linnaeus.
- 72—Charlemaigne; Samuel Richardson; Allan Ramsay; John Locke; Necker.
- 73—Charles Darwin; Thorewaldsen.
- 74—Händel; Frederick the Great; Dr. Jenner.
- 75—Haydn; Dugald Stewart.
- 76—Boswell.
- 77—Thomas Telford; Sir Joseph Banks; Lord Beaconsfield.
- 78—Galileo; Corneille.
- 79—Wm. Harvey; Robert Stevenson; Henry Cavendish.
- 80—Plato; Wordsworth; Ralph Waldo Emerson; Kant; Thiers; Wm. Cullen.
- 81—Buffon; Edward Young; Sir Edward Coke; Lord Palmerston.
- 82—Arnauld.
- 83—Wellington; Goethe; Victor Hugo.
- 84—Voltaire; Talleyrand; Sir Wm. Herschel.
- 85—Cato the Wise; Newton; Benj. Franklin; Jeremy Bentham.
- 86—Earl Russell; Edmund Halley; Carlisle.
- 87—John Wesley.
- 89—Michael Angelo.
- 90—Sophocles.
- 99—Titian.
- 100—Fontenelle.

We may question the utility of the lives of some of these people, but most of them furnish good examples of useful old age. It may be said that they were exceptional in living so long, but if what the best authorities say be true, the exceptions ought to be the people who died young, and not those who prolong their lives and carry on their work till they are old. Few of us may find our greatest vigor at seventy; or be able, like Thiers, to rule France at eighty; or have any spirit for playing the author, like Goethe and Victor Hugo, when over eighty; or for playing the musician, like Händel and Haydn, when over seventy; but by good management we may do wonders.

The wisest men and the best have been conspicuous for working to the end, not taking the least advantage of the leisure to which one might think they were entitled. They have found their joy in pursuing labors which they believed useful either to themselves or to others. John Locke began a "Fourth Letter on Toleration" only a few weeks before he died, and "the few pages in the posthumous volume, ending in an unfinished sentence seem to have exhausted his remaining strength." The fire of Galileo's genius burned in the very end. He was engaged in dictating to two of his disciples his latest theories on a favorite subject when the slow fever seized him that brought him to the grave. Sir Edward Coke spent the last six years of his life in revising and improving the works upon which his fame now rests. John Wesley, only a year before he

died, wrote: "I am now an old man, decayed from head to foot. However, blessed be God! I do not slack my labors; I can preach and write still." Arnauld, one of the greatest French theologians and philosophers, retained, says Disraeli, "the vigor of his genius and the command of his pen to his last day, and at the age of eighty-two was still the great Arnauld." It was he who, when urged in his old age to rest from his labors, exclaimed, "Rest! Shall we not have the whole of eternity to rest in?" —*Home Journal*.

Gossip About Pretty Girls.

With the very latest news on fashion before me and my pen suspended, my eyes fell upon an article which lies on my desk, entitled "Gossip About Pretty Girls." It gives the modus operandi of making oneself beautiful, and goes on to tell how a ruddy blonde of Washington fastens her fat little hands to the forehead on retiring so as to reduce the supply of blood and produce the delicate complexion of an invalid friend. To allow the mouth to be open in sleep is simply outrageous, so, as to assure an avoidance, many a dainty miss wears Morpheus with her lower jaw and closely bound with a skate-strap. A narrow pillow placed vertically under the back and between the shoulders encourages a perfect posture, so the good old bolster is consigned to the comfort of retired belles and beaux. Disregarding the fair, fresh skin, classical mold and every law of proportion and in deference to an arbitrary fashion, which can not but prove fatal to beauty and health, our wasp-waisted belles claim the necessity of slumber corsets to retain their acme of shapeliness. "A mask of moist rye flour or coating of cold cream is as regularly assumed as the night robe, and the feminine head drooped pillowward minus curl papers or leads is exceptional. Hot foot baths are a regular feature of the toilet, as they tend to draw the blood from hands and face."

Every girl knows the value of beauty and seeks to make herself as attractive as possible, and should strive to preserve all attractive qualities; but artificial devices only can conceal the ravages of time and dissipation. Still, "without true regard to the laws of health, even the powder-box, rouge pallet and pencil prove a shallow resource. The maid with a spirituelle cast of features and complexion clogs the pores of her fair skin with paint, while they ignorant, plump, rosy beauty tortures her digestive apparatus with acids and chalks. Each persists in possessing attributes foreign to her constitution."

To my mind all fresh young faces are beautiful, and where neatness of person and order in dress is preserved with the natural graces given to the maiden there is no occasion for the "paint and powder" rage which prevails among our daughters. They begin the use of cosmetics so early in life that before they are middle-aged the skin is ruined and in many cases so yellow that it takes a thick coating of powder to keep it from glowing through. —*Brooklyn Eagle*.

Cats' Toes.

Sometimes it is the most commonplace question which proves most puzzling. A class of young girls, in taking an examination in natural history, stopped in despair, with uplifted pens, at the question: "How many legs has a fly?" One of them, however, was equal to the occasion, and slyly counted the members of one fly which had kindly alighted near her.

Typographic Accuracy.

Painstaking people who know next to nothing of printing find special delight in searching out typographical errors in newspapers, periodicals, and books—the detection of a blunder, in their own estimation, putting a premium on individual intelligence. Men who write well, but not legibly, never tire of pointing out mistakes of printers and the oversight of proof-readers. These self-constituted censors of typographic may find food for wholesome reflection in the fact that just about one hundred years ago a number of professors in the Edinburgh University undertook the publication of a book which should be a perfect specimen of typographic accuracy. Every precaution was taken to prevent errors of the types. Six experienced proof-readers were employed, who devoted hours to the reading of each page. After their careful task was completed, each page was posted in the hall of the university with a notification that £50 would be paid to any person who should succeed in finding an error. Every page remained posted, beauty, and for two weeks before he attracted the attention of the printer, who turned to printing office. The determined proof-readers felt confident so much that the object so diligently striven for had been attained. Great was the discomfiture of the learned men, when, on the work being issued, several errors were found, one occurring in the first line of the first page.

A curious application has recently been made of electricity to condense dusts and fumes. If air filled with smoke is charged with electricity, the smoke at once flies to the sides of the containing vessel in a way that appears almost magical. In the same way, electricity will cause fine dusts, which are in suspension, and which are often very difficult to remove from the air; to condense, or coagulate so as to be easily removable.

Mark Twain on Education.

In a recent address, Mark Twain said: "It is so common that an education is within the grasp of every one, and if he does not want to pay for it, why here is the State ready to pay for it for him. But sometimes I want to inquire what an education is. I remember myself, and all you old fellows probably remember the same of yourself, that when I went to school I was told that an adjective is an adverb and it must be governed by third person singular, and all that sort of thing—(laughter)—and when I got out of school I straightway forgot all about it. [More laughter.] In my combined character of publisher and author I receive a great many manuscripts from people, who say they want a candid opinion, whether it is good literature or not. That is all a lie; what they want is a compliment. (Laughter.) But as to this matter of education, the first thing that strikes you is how much teaching has already been done and how much is worthless cramming. You have all seen a little book called "English as She is Spoken." Now, in my capacity of publisher I recently received a manuscript from a teacher which embodied a number of answers given by her pupils to questions propounded. These answers show that the children had nothing but the sound to go by; the sense was perfectly empty. Here are some of their answers to words they were asked to define: Ariferous—pertaining to the office, (laughter,) ammunition—the food of the gods, (renewed laughter,) equestrian—one who asks questions, (roars of laughter,) parasite—a kind of umbrella, (shouts of laughter,) peccae—a man who likes a good dinner, (renewed laughter.) And here is the definition of an ancient word honored by a great party: Republican—a sinner mentioned in the Bible. (Shouts of laughter and applause.) And here is an innocent deliverance of a zoological kind: "There are a good many donkeys in the theological garden." (Great laughter.) Here is a definition which really isn't very bad in its way: De'magogue—a vessel containing beer and other liquids. (Prolonged laughter.) Here, too, is a sample of a boy's composition on girls, which, I must say, I rather like:

"Girls are very stuck-up and dignified in their manner and behaviour. They think more of dress than anything and like to play with daws and rags. They cry if they see a cow in a far distance and are afraid of guns. They stay at home all the time and go to church every Sunday. They are always sick. They are always funny and making fun of boys' hands and they say how dirty. They can't play marbles. I pity them, poor things. They make fun of boys and then turn round and love them. I don't believe they ever killed a cat or anything. They look out every minute and say, 'Oh, isn't the moon lovely!' This is one thing I have not told and that is they always now their lessons better boys."

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Sometimes it is the most commonplace question which proves most puzzling. A class of young girls, in taking an examination in natural history, stopped in despair, with uplifted pens, at the question: "How many legs has a fly?" One of them, however, was equal to the occasion, and slyly counted the members of one fly which had kindly alighted near her.

Typographic Accuracy.

Painstaking people who know next to nothing of printing find special delight in searching out typographical errors in newspapers, periodicals, and books—the detection of a blunder, in their own estimation, putting a premium on individual intelligence. Men who write well, but not legibly, never tire of pointing out mistakes of printers and the oversight of proof-readers. These self-constituted censors of typographic may find food for wholesome reflection in the fact that just about one hundred years ago a number of professors in the Edinburgh University undertook the publication of a book which should be a perfect specimen of typographic accuracy. Every precaution was taken to prevent errors of the types. Six experienced proof-readers were employed, who devoted hours to the reading of each page. After their careful task was completed, each page was posted in the hall of the university with a notification that £50 would be paid to any person who should succeed in finding an error. Every page remained posted, beauty, and for two weeks before he attracted the attention of the printer, who turned to printing office. The determined proof-readers felt confident so much that the object so diligently striven for had been attained. Great was the discomfiture of the learned men, when, on the work being issued, several errors were found, one occurring in the first line of the first page.

A curious application has recently been made of electricity to condense dusts and fumes. If air filled with smoke is charged with electricity, the smoke at once flies to the sides of the containing vessel in a way that appears almost magical. In the same way, electricity will cause fine dusts, which are in suspension, and which are often very difficult to remove from the air; to condense, or coagulate so as to be easily removable.

The New York suggestion that the hen be made the national fowl instead of the eagle is deserving of consideration. There is no lighter like the rooster, which is the son of the hen, and her industry in egg-laying is wonderful. The hen, as the national emblem, would represent industry, frugeness and courage, and would indicate that we have much to cackle over. —*Courier-Journal*.