

TEACHERS' COLUMN.

All communications intended for this column should be addressed to D. H. RUSSELL, School Commissioner, Anderson, S. C.

An education is one of the most precious jewels on earth, and jewels are costly and precious. These cannot be obtained only at a sacrifice, and an education can no more be obtained without cost than jewels can. That which costs us no sacrifice is worth nothing much, and is appreciated at a low value. Shaming on the man who, through his unwillingness, claims to be unable to pay for the education of his children.

We call attention to two timely and thoughtful articles this week—one from the pen of our former Commissioner, Col. Glinckles, which we have no doubt will be read by every teacher with pleasure, as tidings from an old friend; and the other from the pen of one of our youngest teachers, Miss Laura Nance. This should be read carefully, and pondered over by the patrons of the schools, for it is straight to the point.

The School Commissioner regrets exceedingly that he has not been able to look in on any of the schools since the New Year began. The reason is that he has been kept here as a witness on a reference case before the Master. We would much rather be around among the "school-matrons" than dancing attendance on a Court, but don't any of you tell the "good wife" about that "school-matrons" business. We hope to be out again soon.

Don't fossilize. The teacher who graduated or "quitted" thirty or forty years ago and has never learned anything since, is a fossil. He belongs to a previous age, and has no place in this live, practical, progressive age, except to be labeled and laid away on a shelf in some museum of antiquities as a curiosity to be studied. He who feels and acts as though all progress ended with his leap into the arena, is certainly in the first stage of fossilization. Don't ever conclude that you have reached the *ultima thule* of all progress. Don't for the moment imagine that there are no loftier heights for you to climb. The teacher, himself, must be a constant learner—must be a close student of methods. He must be a close observer of men and things. He must note carefully all improvements in the profession, and be sure to have a nice discrimination to decide between that which is simply novel and that which contains the elements of real progress. A thing is not necessarily good because it is new, nor is the old way the best simply because it is the way "daddy did it." Don't become a fog. Our fathers traveled in stage-coaches, yet who would think of exchanging the palace car for the bumping coach? Don't imitate. Blaze out a path for yourself, and walk boldly therein.

DEAR TEACHERS: Having just returned from my day's work in the school room, I feel that it is with pleasure I avail myself of the opportunity of communicating with my fellow-teachers. Although my experience in teaching is very limited, I have fully made up my mind that the teacher's lot is one of the pleasantest, and at the same time one of the most laborious. I had always imagined that the teacher got along pretty well, only listening to what he or she had been over and over again; but I find myself mistaken.

Merely "hearing lessons" were the teacher's whole duty, it would indeed be light; even if the teacher's duty lay with the pupils alone, there would be no unpleasantness connected with the position; but neglected as are our school houses, and indifferent as our people seem to everything pertaining to education, sometimes I feel that if we were working only for pecuniary benefit, there would be no teachers. It is shocking to ride over our County and see the school dwellings of the patrons, and they sink into utter insignificance. I do not wonder that they feel no pity for the teachers, but they do seem to be that they would be unwilling to allow their children to shiver in those open houses.

The "fossilization" would naturally be that they are sent there to learn, but even when they have a teacher to instruct them, it is with difficulty that they put the mind to work. Every one knows that when the child is suffering in any way, his mind is sure to sympathize, and it is almost an impossibility to gain the attention.

Why is it our people send their children to school in a house in which they would be unwilling to remain any length of time? There are thousands of men and women suffering daily, even hourly; how do we know but that it was caused by sitting in open school houses with cold hands and feet?

Could thousands more, perhaps, have lost many valuable opportunities, because the mind was occupied with thoughts of their physical condition. I trust the day is hastening when the people, alive to the welfare of the rising generation, will see to it that the children have every opportunity that they can afford them.

LAURA H. NANCE.
Ruhamah School, Jan. 5, 1889.

MR. EDITOR: Do our teachers take and read educational journals? If they do not, I am sure, from my own experience, that they are missing much.

I have just laid aside a copy of the *Southwestern Journal of Education*, which is suggestive and instructive. The one short article from the pen of Miss Clarke, of Georgia, on the use of "feeling bad" for feeling badly, is well worth the cost of the paper. A professor of English literature in Wesleyan College, like William Oakes Bryant, who, while editor of the *Reading Post*, gave to his subordinate a list of foreign words and Americanisms which were not to appear in the columns of his paper, recently made for his pupils a collection of words and expressions to be avoided. In the use of some of the expressions, particularly "feeling bad," Miss Clarke takes issue with him. The article is suggestive; let the teachers

A DEATH-DEALING STORM

Sweeps Through Pittsburg and Reading, Pa.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 9.—At 12:30 p. m. to day, during a heavy storm of wind and rain, the new four-story building on Diamond street near Wood, and in the rear of Reed Brothers' and J. B. Weidman & Co.'s, on Wood street, fell with a crash that was heard for many squares. The force of the falling building was so great that the rear walls of the two other buildings mentioned were crushed as they fell upon the pavement on Wood street, burying several people in the debris, and mangling some horribly. Of these two were a girl and a boy, one a man, unknown, all of whom were taken in the patrol wagon to the Home Hospital.

The falling walls crushed in the buildings on Diamond street occupied by George Trexler, barber; W. C. Thomas, dealer in shoe findings; and badly damaged portions of the buildings occupied by Joseph Eyebachman, printer, on Fifth avenue, and J. B. Watson & Co., book-sellers, and Rea Brothers, stock brokers, on Wood street.

The catastrophe created intense excitement, and in a few minutes the streets surrounding the fallen building were black with people. Hundreds of willing hands, heedless of danger to themselves, went to work to extricate the victims of the terrible accident. Up to 4 p. m., twenty-nine persons had been taken from the ruins of the Diamond street building. Of these four were dead and several so badly injured that recovery is almost impossible. A large number are still buried under the debris. Martin Hiller, who has just been taken out of the barber shop, said there were four more in there, and he became unconscious.

The storm lasted about thirty minutes and was the heaviest known in this section for years. The wind blew a hurricane, while rain and hail fell in torrents. A number of other buildings were damaged by the high wind. Portions of the foundry of McIntosh, Hemphill & Co. on Thirteenth street, was blown down, but as far as known no one was killed or injured.

Up to ten o'clock to-night forty-three persons had been taken from the ruins, and there is no doubt that others are still buried. All were promptly carried home or to hospitals, so the exact statement cannot now be made, but the facts seem to be that eight were killed outright or died shortly after removal and thirty-five others are injured, a number of them fatally wounded.

READING, Pa., January 9.—A cyclone passed over this city this evening, doing considerable damage and causing heavy loss of life. A silk mill in which 250 girls were employed blew down just before the hour for quitting work. Everything is confusion. About the same time there was an explosion and fire in the same neighborhood, by which eight men were burned to death.

The storm was a cyclone, and its track was only about 200 feet wide. The explosion referred to in the above dispatch occurred in the car shops of the Reading Railroad Company. In the paint shop were nine passenger cars ready to go out, their gas tanks being all charged. The building of brick, was demolished, the gas chambers exploded, and the gas took fire. Other gas chambers also exploded as the car burned, and all that the storm left was burned. Thirty men were caught in the ruins. Four of these were burned to death. The remainder crawled out, some of them badly hurt.

The silk mill when struck by the storm cloud crumbled as though built of a child's toy building block. Up to the present writing the extent of human injury there is not known, but is appalling to contemplate.

A great many other buildings were demolished in whole or in part, and other casualties are reported to human life, but the disaster at the silk mill dwarfs everything else at present.

SHREVEPORT, La., Jan. 9.—At 5:30 this evening a rain and wind storm came up suddenly and blew over two of the stacks of the snubny mill. The mill is situated between the Reading and Pennsylvania Railroads, on the outskirts of the city. The first is a puddling mill having six furnaces. Stack No. 2 was blown over on the roof, dropping with it stack No. 8. They crushed through the slate roof, completely demolishing the puddling department of the mill. Thirty-five men were employed in this department, and half of them were buried in the debris. A fire alarm was sounded, and soon hundreds surrounded the mill. Men were carried out half naked, and men are at work yet, as it is supposed several others are in the ruins. Two men were taken out dead. Nine are seriously injured and four are missing, supposed to be dead in the ruins of the mill.

READING, Pa., Jan. 10.—There is mourning and sorrow in many households in Reading to-day. The pall of death hangs over the city. Fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, relatives and friends, grief-stricken over the work of last night. Over one hundred voices are hushed forever in death as the result of the wreck and ruin wrought in this city by the storm. The cyclone left the entire city in darkness when the lights were all extinguished by the electric lights and huge bonfires which shed their lurid glare on the scene of death. All night long brave and willing hands assisted in the work of rescue of the dead.

The disaster is fully as bad as reported in these dispatches last night. The list of fatal cases will reach one hundred and may be more. The hospitals and undertakers' establishments are filled with victims. The physicians are all busy and many private houses have been opened for the accommodation of the injured.

When the first gray streaks of early morning appeared it promised a beautiful and happy day for all but the grief-stricken residents of Reading. The smiling sun appeared and everything was directly in contrast with the fury of last night. Then everything was dark, dismal, and foreboding, and the day ended in the sacrifice of one hundred lives.

Esosma, Herb, Sealy, Skin Treatments. The simple application of "Swayne's Ointment" without any internal medicine, will cure any case of Itch, Salt Rheum, Blisters, Piles, Itch, Sores, Fingert, Dermatitis, all Scaly, Itchy Skin Eruptions, no matter how obstinate or long standing. It is potent, effective, and costs but a trifle.

CHRISTMAS TIMES.

Bill, Arp Making Fun for the Children.

I never got a thing—not a thing. Old Santa pranced all around my household and left me out at last. But I did receive my share of fun and happiness. They let me look at and handle all their presents and kissed my face until it was right clean. A whole barrel of apples came from Rome, and I don't know who sent them, but they let me eat some because I paid the freight. These children and grand children have got an idea that I am Santa Claus and don't want anything. I sent some pocket-knives to the little boys at Rome, and one little chap, who can hardly walk, is mad because he didn't get a knife, and says he will never speak to grandpa again. His grandpa sent him a beautiful picture book, but the little rascal has got away ahead of pictures and wants a gun and a bowie knife, I reckon. When I was ten years old I got a barlow for a Christmas gift and I was proud and happy, but a three-year-old is too much of a man for a barlow now. I don't know what do with the generation. One of our grand daughters told me she didn't have but seven dollars. She wants ten, I reckon, and will soon be putting out their washing by the week.

We had a Sunday school Christmas tree last Friday night, and it was a pretty sight. The children were all dressed in their best apparel, and were seated in rows according to age. The beautiful tree reached nearly to the ceiling, and was illuminated and loaded down with story books and dolls, and toys and oranges, and pretty things and the little chaps behaved beautifully. As the gifts were taken from the tree, it was splendid fun to watch the eager expectant faces as they waited for the name to be read out. There was a lovely doll on top of the tree, a doll with angel wings, and almost as large as a sure enough baby. Every little girl wondered who it was for, and every one had hope until the good preacher said: "Children you may look at that doll, but you must not wish for it. That doll is for that sweet little girl who has been sick so long, and is still sick. You know that her good father died the other day, and she is an orphan now, and I am sure that you will all be glad for her to have that doll." And they were glad. I could tell it by their faces, for they all loved her and pitied her. After awhile there was a little woolly sheep out from the tree. It was mounted on a stick and would bleat when it was shaken. When the name was called I had to advance forward and take it, and the children laughed and cheered so I felt right sheepish and wanted to bleat too. I offered it to a little girl but she said she didn't need it. Just then I saw a preacher coming in, and so I had his name put on the card and called out again, and so the sheep kept traveling and bleating, and made lots of fun. A red jumping jack was given to the leader of our choir. He is a tall, stately gentleman, with red hair and long red whiskers, and is everybody's friend, and when he was called up his genial face turned as red as his beard, and the whole concern liked to have took fire as the children laughed and clapped their hands. I like red hair and red haired people. I think the rich suburb hair of the Scotch is the prettiest hair in the world. I wish I had some on the top of my head, but I would be willing to compromise on gray or green, or any other color. Well, we had lots of fun, and it was all innocent. If anybody had their tender feelings lacerated we don't know it—though there are some feelings that stick out on purpose to be lacerated. It was the largest Sunday School we ever had, but I'm afraid it will not last. Now the next thing we want for our little church is an organ. We want a hundred dollar organ for half the money, and some organ man had better embrace the opportunity to lay up some treasures in heaven and get in the papers on earth. We could get one from Mr. Cleveland or Mr. Harrison, for they are both good Presbyterians, but we don't want to bother them about a little thing like that. The Methodists and Baptists can run a State Government right well, but when it comes to running a big thing like the nation, we are just obliged to have a Presbyterian. I see by the papers that Mr. Cleveland is going to practice around with Mr. Harrison and General Harrison is going to dance with Mr. Cleveland at the inaugural ball, but that is just a little Presbyterian dance that our folks call trisification.

It is considered orthodox even by Sam Jones, and does not imply falling from grace. In fact, it is the only dance that Grover can perform with alacrity and it suits the occasion, as he is going to twist out and Benjamin is going to twist in about that time. I am awfully sorry for General Harrison. If the hungry Republicans from all the other States are besieging him like ours from Georgia, I don't blame him for having his life insured. His good old grandfather was tormented in his days and actually died from the aches and gimlets that office seekers bored into him, and I'm afraid the grandson will surrender and his last sigh be:

"Oh, where shall rest be found;
"Rest for the weary soul."
Why don't he take the advice that Je-
thro gave to Moses and shove off all this
little business upon his secretary or some
other man.

But the new year brought us a box
from the boys who are far away, and I
got a lovely blanket for my couch, some-
thing to cover me in my evening nap. I
can now wrap the drapery of my couch
about me and lie down to pleasant dreams.
They sent their mother a beautiful shawl
and she can wrap it drapery around her
alabaster shoulders. They sent the boys
some lovely cravats and they can wrap
their silken drapery around their necks
and strut around like young peacocks
among the girls. And they sent their
sisters a lot of beautiful handkerchiefs
and they, too, can wrap their drapery
around their noses and inhale the sweet
odors that came with them. So we were
surprised with unexpected happiness and
in return have sent the boys our photo-
graphs, which they have long wanted.
But it was awful hard work to get Mrs.
Arp to set in that large camera. We

SOME NEW AUTOMATIC TOYS.

The latest arrival is an Egyptian Harp-
ist, or a Moorish queen, according to
taste. She is a little body, only two feet
tall and automatic, but she knows more
than some people twice her height and
alive. She is elegantly dressed in Ori-
ental finery. When she is wound up she
plays a harp with great skill and accom-
panies the exercises with appropriate
expression and gesture.

A handsome, dark-skinned troubadour
came over with the harpist. He is just
as accomplished as his companion.
When he is started and begins to strum
his guitar his eyes roll in ecstasy. Just
before he runs down, he is overcome with
emotion. His hand goes up to his eyes
and his tongue rolls out of his quivering
mouth.

A figure no less noteworthy and no
less talented is a little blonde Parisian
lady, dressed up all the latest art. She
is wound up by turning a key in her
bustle. Then she turns her head grace-
fully, rolls her eyes coquettishly, puts
up her eyelashes, fans herself with the air
of a belle and flirts with everybody about
her.

A little French waitress with a magic
tear completes these wonders. When
inspired by a few turns of a brass key she
pours tea into the enchanted pot. Then
the lid of the pot raises and birds, frogs,
mice and other charming creatures jump
out.

A blue doll, as big as a real girl, is
another of the new contributions of the
French toy makers. She throws kisses
and dances before a looking glass for half
an hour at a time.—*Philadelphia Times*.

Some Wilkes-Barre, Pa., young men
who have been dubbed "The Pious Ten"
have organized an Anti Profanity club.
As \$1.50 in fines were collected within
ten minutes after the adoption of the by-
laws, it is expected the club will live long
for a time at least.

Ayer's Hair Vigor improves the
beauty of the hair and promotes its
growth. It prevents the accumulation of
dandruff, cleanses the scalp, and restores
a natural color to gray hair. Have you
received Ayer's Almanac for the new
year?

They have a church for deaf-mutes
in Philadelphia. The people who
occupy the back pews are never heard
complaining that they can't hear what
the minister says. However, front seats
are desired, as all want to see the
sermon.

When the eyes become weak or the
lids inflamed and sore, a disordered sys-
tem or a scrofulous condition of the
blood is indicated, for which Ayer's Sar-
saparilla is the best remedy. It invigor-
ates and vitalizes the blood and expels
all humors.

THE BOY WHO WOULD NOT BE WHIPPED.

Mayas well tell the boys now that

my mother was a widow, and a woman
of great firmness and decision of character
and of deep piety. When she said any-
thing she meant it, and yet she was just
as gentle and tender as a lamb. One time
in the fall of the year, when I was about
fifteen years old, I was in the yard trying
to move a heavy stick of timber. I asked
my brother, then twelve years of age, to
assist, but he stood stock still and
laughed at me, while I almost strained
my eye-balls out of my head. At last I
lost my temper, grew hot, got mad, and
picked up a switch and gave my brother
a whipping. That was one thing my
mother did not allow—she did not allow
one child to whip another on her place.
When she heard the row, she came out
of the house and gave my brother a good
thrashing, and made him help me put
the timber in place, and then said to me:
"Now, my son, I am going to whip you
for whipping your brother."

I had not had a whipping for a long
time, and had begun to feel like a man.
In fact, I waited on the girls now and
then, and some white, drowsy looking
stuff had begun to grow on my chin, and
I felt large over the prospect of beard at
no distant day. The fact is, I had gotten
"too big for my breeches, and needed to
be taken down a buttonhole or two." I
had no idea of taking a whipping—none
in the world. I had violated one of my
mother's rules, but the provocation had
been a great one to the boy. True, I had
gone five steps to the door, and told
mother she would have adjusted matters
and made brother do what I wanted him
to do. Instead of this I had assumed
authority, had taken the law into my
own hands, and had done what I knew
my mother did not allow.

I said, "Mother you shall not whip
me."
"But I will do it, my son," she replied,
and started toward me with a purpose in
her eye. I got out of her way, and had
boy that I was, I turned my back upon
home and mother, and went about four
miles and hid myself to a clever,
thrifty, well-to-do farmer for five dollars
a month. I told him what had occurred,
and how I had been outraged at home,
and that too, by my mother. He told
me that I had done wrong and that I
ought to go back home, and he proposed
to go with me, and intercede for me. I
had too much of my mother in me to
yield just then. I went to work but was
not happy. I lost my appetite and could
not sleep. I grew worse and worse, but
hoped all along that my mother would
send for me, and apologize and take me
back "hot free," but I heard nothing
from her. I began to feel that I needed
mother and home more than mother and
home needed me—a lesson most boys do
not learn until it is too late. At the end
of the week, on Saturday morning, I told
my employer I wanted to go home. He
approved my purpose, and kindly offered
to go with me, but I preferred to go
alone. He paid me for my week's work,
but I hated the money. It felt like lead
in my pocket, and grew heavier as I got
nearer home, till finally I pulled it out
and threw it as far as I could send it into
the woods. I did not go home in a hur-
ry. It was four miles and I was four
hours on the way—and morning hours
they were. I hesitated, and turned back
and resolved and re-resolved. The better
to think in me said, "Go home, and yield
to your mother, and obey her," but some
other thing said, "I would die first."

Those who have never been in the
shoes of the "Prodigal Son" do not know
what an effort that trip home cost the
poor boy, nor how long he was making
it. When I felt that I could go no
further, I would kneel down and pray.
That always helped me. I felt fiercer
afterwards. The last hundred yards
before I got home seemed to be a mile
long. If it had been night and no lights
burning, so mother could not see me,
how glad I would have been; but there
it was a beautiful sun-bright day in the
calm, cool November. Oh, how black
the bright light makes a guilty heart
look! The last hour before day is
said to be the darkest hour.

When I got near enough to hear,
mother was singing,
"Jesus lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."
Ah, that song! What mingled feel-
ings it stirred in my heart, and how
appropriate it was. Hope and shame
had a struggle, but, thank God, hope
prevailed just as I reached the kitchen
door where mother was setting the table
for dinner.

"Good morning, my son," she said,
just as pleasantly as I had ever heard her
speak in all my life. "Come in," she
continued, "have a seat," setting a chair
for me. "I hope you are well, my son?"
That word "son," how it hurt me. I was
not worthy of it.

"Very well, I thank you." I did not
venture to say "mother." "Are you all
well?" I asked.

"Well, thank you, my son," and she
went on chatting away just as pleasantly
as if I had been a neighbor called in. I
wanted to tell her my sin and shame, but
did not know where or how to commence.
Dinner was soon ready, and mother
asked me to dine with her, with all the
politeness and deference due a visitor.

When seated at the table, mother said,
"Will you please say grace for us?" That
was awful. The words choked me,
though I had been accustomed to asking
a blessing for a year or two. I could not
eat; I was too full already. Mother
hoped I was well. I told her I was.

When dinner was over, I said, "Mother,
what work do you want me to do?"
"None at all, my son; I do not expect
visitors to work for me," she answered.

"But, mother, I have come home, and
I want to go to work and quit this fool-
ishness," I said.

She replied firmly, "Well, my son, to
be candid with you, if you will now take
a whipping, you can say; but if not, you
can have your clothes and leave."

I jumped up and pulled off my coat
and vest, and sat down with my face
toward the back of the chair, and my
back toward mother, and said:
"Well, mother, I will take the whip-
ping and stay at home with you. So get
your switch and give it to me."

Nature's Own True Laxative.

The delicious flavor and healthy prop-
erties of sound ripe fruit are well known,
and seeing the need of an agreeable and
effective laxative, the California Fig
Syrup Company commenced a few years
ago to manufacture a concentrated Syrup
of Figs, which has given such general
satisfaction that it is rapidly superseding
the bitter, drastic liver-medicines and
cathartics hitherto in use. It costreix
bilious, try it. For sale by Simpson
Field & Co.

THE CHARLESTON CORRESPONDENT OF THE NEW YORK HERALD.

Recently sent to that paper a review of the position of South Carolina upon the divorce question.

He gave the views of several eminent men as follows:
Judge Wallace, of the Circuit bench, who is now holding Court in Charleston, said to me:
"South Carolina has no divorce law, because the belief is general in this State that the indissolubility of the marriage bonds promotes public and private morality. Our laws allow separation, either by agreement of the parties or by the judgment of Court, upon a proper showing made, but neither party can marry while the other survives. It has been so always, except during the existence of the Government of reconstruction in this State. The belief is general in South Carolina that the lasting nature of the marriage relation promotes domestic happiness, because the tendency is to produce the habit of content in marriage on account of its indissolubility. I think that the position of South Carolina on the subject of divorce is a wise one."

STATE AND CHURCH IN HARMONY.
In compliance with my request in behalf of the *Herald* for his views as to "the effect of the indissolubility of the marriage bond in this State upon the marital relation and on domestic happiness," the Rev. Henry P. Northrop, Roman Catholic Bishop of Charleston, writes as follows:
"I have, of course, but to say, in union with all the Bishops and priests of the Catholic Church, and in accordance with her teaching, that the law of our State being in conformity with the law of God on this matter, the effect is necessarily beneficent—sanctifying and strengthening the marital relation and tending to secure domestic happiness. This is an *a priori* conclusion, and I think there are few men in South Carolina who would not acknowledge that it is a conclusion justified by the facts of the last thirty years. I am sure it was not in a spirit of mere willfulness or unreasonable love for 'the old ways' that induced our legislators in 1875, while accepting I may say all the rest of the legislation of the years since the war ended, to make a striking exception in every matter that you are interested in. They re-established the old laws with regard to matrimony and forbade divorce absolutely *a vinculo* in spite of determined efforts made to admit at least one exception."

"I believe the intelligent citizens of the State, who, like myself, are proud of the peculiar position we hold in this matter, will admit that the experience of the past decade will justify the wisdom of our Legislature. I do not think that the effect of the contrary legislation in our sister States upon the marital relation and domestic happiness will ever induce us to change our law in this matter, especially when we consider the blessings that have followed its exercise. Individuals must sometimes suffer for the public good, and cases of apparent hardship may occur in the State, but in the one as in the other I believe that the general good is subserved, the proper relation between husband and wife is defined and protected, and that domestic happiness is increased and secured by the law forbidding divorce."

THE REV. GENTLEMAN EXTRACTED.
The Rev. C. V. Vetter, D. D., pastor of the Huguenot Church in this city, says in regard to the position of South Carolina on the divorce question:
"I believe the intelligent citizens of the State, who, like myself, are proud of the peculiar position we hold in this matter, will admit that the experience of the past decade will justify the wisdom of our Legislature. I do not think that the effect of the contrary legislation in our sister States upon the marital relation and domestic happiness will ever induce us to change our law in this matter, especially when we consider the blessings that have followed its exercise. Individuals must sometimes suffer for the public good, and cases of apparent hardship may occur in the State, but in the one as in the other I believe that the general good is subserved, the proper relation between husband and wife is defined and protected, and that domestic happiness is increased and secured by the law forbidding divorce."

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