The St. Tammany Farmer

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THE LARK'S NEST.

Footsore and travel-worn and faint,
The veteran ranks, in faded blue,
Turned from the highway's blistering track
Across a meadow bright with dew.

The feet that pressed that yielding turf
Had charged the rampart's slippery verge—
Bronzed brows the morning sunlight kissed,
Had faced the battle's storm and surge.

And the old banner fluttering free,
To greet the welcoming breezes fain,
Was stained through all its field of stars,
And rent by showers of fiery rain.

"Halt!" Swift and sharp along the line
They heard the ringing order pass—
"A lark's nest!" Lo! the mother bird
Rose startled from the trembling grass!

"March!" Moved as by a single will,
The column parts. Untouched between
The young larks in their downy bed
Nestle amid the clustering green.

A fearless thrill of half-fledged wings!
A scarlet flash of opening beaks!
And eyes that looked undimmed on death,
Rain sudden drops down furrowed cheeks!

Ah! true the poet's lips that sang,
The bravest hearts are tenderest!
And safe the land whose heroes spare
To trample e'en a wild bird's nest!
—Mary A. P. Stansbury, in Youth's Companion.

A JUDITH OF SOCIETY.

By Nixola Greeley Smith.

THERE was no reason why she should not have been called a beautiful girl, though her slimness was such that when seen in her slipshod home attire she looked more like the X-ray picture of one. But in the street, built out to the fashionable size, and equipped with that self-assurance necessary to complete effectiveness, she would have been noticeable anywhere.

Very tall, with a smooth, low forehead, an exceptionally straight nose and large brown eyes that looked at men and women with the same glance—often of disapproval, sometimes of easy friendliness, but never of coquetry or sentiment—it required a hypercritical observer to remark the expression of fretfulness that often marred her small, rather thin-lipped mouth. But for this there was some excuse.

Brought up in comparatively easy circumstances, upon her graduation from a fashionable school, whose educational value may be judged by the comment of a friend that "Life is too short to realize what Elizabeth doesn't know," she had anticipated several years of uninterrupted pleasure, and had been met by the failure of her father's business, and, six months later, by his death.

For the first disaster Mr. Coles held one man alone responsible, the Honorable Reading Payne, a politician wedded to his art, and, incidentally, married to a pocketbook. Their enmity was of long standing. Having come to New York from a western town, they had known each other as boys, had lived in the same boarding house in the city, and, possibly from the difficulty of making outside acquaintances, had both fallen in love with the landlady's pretty daughter. And Coles had married her.

The disappointed lover had subsequently congratulated himself upon an escape which made it possible for him to wed Miss Longstreth, whose father owned the best-paying patent medicine in America. But it had been widely said that Miss Longstreth must have sat for the "before-taking" pictures of the celebrated anti-dyspeptic tablets, and often, in looking at the blooming and effective Mrs. Coles, the Honorable Reading Payne would momentarily forget his father-in-law's ten millions and feel the old hatred of his rival rise hot and insistent in his heart.

He had been one of the first to know of the threatened failure of the large wholesale business the Coles had established in the city, and at the outbreak of the Spanish war, when the firm was making feverish efforts for government contracts, his political pull had turned the scale in favor of another New York bidder, and made the Coles failure inevitable.

It was in the midst of the confusion attending the firm's assignment that Elizabeth had returned home to a mother wholly occupied by the demands of a peevish son and a father almost hysterical with rage and hatred. The debut, the fine gowns, the pleasant attentions to which she had looked forward for three years were now, of course, out of the question, and when her father died and she emerged from two years' of mourning, it was into a society of small requirements and lower tone.

Yet, despite her undeniable beauty, her tomboy ways and careless speech, she went about with these men to ball games, and to the opera, returning, of course, after midnight with perfect safety, attributing their unfailing respect to some innate dignity of her own, and never dreaming that with a girl of less beauty and more attraction they might have been less sedate.

Among these young men there was but one person—and he was almost a personage—she appeared to like, the others all ranking according to the luncheons and theater tickets they provided. He was a young college professor, who, with a small talent for natural science, and a genius for respectability, had worked his way in life by slow and painstaking effort, and was trying to fall in love with Miss Coles by the same method.

Singularly enough, the most frequent manifestations of their mutual partiality was an excessive rudeness to each other. Miss Coles thought the professor conceited, in fact, his view of life had no more perspective than a Chinese drawing, and she frequently and intentionally wounded his self-esteem. Then for weeks he would devote himself to another girl till, properly repentant and fearful of his permanent alienation she would greet him with "Hello, Jimmie, Jimmie, Jimmie! What have you done to your hair? How funny you look! Poor little Jimmie! Coming to take me for a drive?"

"Jimmie," weighing the proposed peace offering, would surlily acquiesce.

He thought her decidedly the prettiest girl he knew and would not perhaps have doubted his love so long had it not been for her poverty and his own. He took a childish delight in the pretty clothes she wore, for he had originated in a small town where a woman's weekday garments were of calico and her gala attire black bombazine, and for days after she had donned an especially effective gown he would be very attentive. But soon, realizing that it might one day become his province to pay for her finery, he would cool off.

And Miss Coles did not love the professor; she merely preferred him to the others in her tomboy fashion. She was not the possessor of a large heart. There was room in it for but one passion, and that was filled by an inherited one, the hatred, deep, unreasoning, relentless, of the Honorable Reading Payne.

In her walks about New York streets, she often saw him driving with his wife, the magnificent little woman who would be heiress to so many millions, and as she strode along in her calm, assertive beauty, she envied her the luxurious carriage and French gowns, though she might just as well have begrudged some shriveled mummy its rich wrappings. And that man had ruined her father, had deprived her of a hundred girlish pleasures which she felt to be her right, had rendered it necessary for her to make her own dresses, had been the cause of her bending over that horrid blue crepe de Chine all afternoon.

Unconscious of any anti-climax, she would walk on, breathing fresh drafts of hatred and wondering if the time would ever come when she could be revenged on him.

She was not literary in her tastes, knew practically nothing of books, but she had one day came across a quotation in a newspaper:

And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.

She cut this out and treasured it, and often told herself that she would like to meet the author. Yet, if any one had asserted that she admired Byron, she would have indignantly denied any acquaintance with his works and have protested that she had no desire to read disgusting books.

As her diversions were usually of the nature of church fairs or subscription dances it often happened that Mrs. Coles could not conveniently spare the money for Elizabeth's share in them, or perhaps could not supply the new dress necessary for the function. And these little disappointments loomed large in the girl's horizon, and were all, she thought, directly attributable to Reading Payne.

Sometimes on one of those evenings her more fortunate friends passed in dancing or at the theater, she would fret herself into a headache, and even after going to bed would stare wide-eyed into the darkness, spending the force of her young soul in hatred. And not until she had imagined that the rich politician had a son who would beg to be introduced to her and upon whom she would turn her back, or some other similarly soothing melodrama, would she go to sleep.

If he had only had a daughter over whom her beauty might have triumphed! She had once been present at an "at home" where Mrs. Payne had helped receive, and several times during the afternoon had caught the eyes of the childless woman fixed upon her with a certain wistfulness which, strangely enough, she had understood, and she met the gaze of the plain, overdressed little body with a cool stare of her hard brown eyes, and then had surprised her own mother by a strange, assiduous sweetness, playing the role of model daughter with now and then a surreptitious glance at her sadly observant enemy.

Miss Coles knew that some time or other Professor Leyburn would make up his mind to propose to her, and in imagination she had refused him a score of times, for she knew that as the wife of a poor man she could never hope to square the family accounts with Payne. Yet she felt at home an unconscious pressure toward marriage in her mother's frequently repeated "You know, Lizzie, when you are settled in life Jack and I will do very well," and she felt, too, that with the burden of her support off her brother's shoulders her place would soon be filled by another.

So she wavered, fearing any marked advance from the massive, easily checked professor, but still keeping him in line. It was not until one evening late in the third winter of their acquaintance that he finally overstepped the bounds set for him and brought matters to a crisis. It was at a large and semi-public dance where the various sets of New York were gathered, and Miss Coles was dressed in an ecru gown that she had labored six weeks to make—had, indeed, completed that afternoon.

The strain of the exacting occupation had told in the dark circles under her eyes, but her cheeks were flushed with the certainty of its complete effectiveness, and the slight trace of fatigue gave to her usually shallow beauty a new and deeper tone.

She was the success of the evening. Young men who had met her at other functions stared, wondering whence this sudden beauty could have sprung and young women found their only solace in comments on the fit of her gown. And she was fully aware of her triumph. From the moment her eyes first swept the ballroom she had seen that in a far-away corner Reading Payne and his wife formed part of a group whose most conspicuous figure, a stout man of about 60, had put on his glasses to look at her.

And she read in the professor's small, gray eyes the proposal that she had a vague desire to postpone, for she felt that he would not be satisfied with less than a categorical yes or no, and she was not prepared to give either. When he asked her to sit out a dance with him and she declined he was not discouraged, for he knew her well enough to realize that, even to accept an offer, she would not consent to leave the line light for so long.

From time to time as she danced she cast furtive glances at the Payne party, and saw that the stout, gray-haired man was still looking at her. And she wondered who he could be. The other members of the group had gradually drifted away, and he stood in apparent earnest conversation with Mr. and Mrs. Payne. Suddenly came a swift impression that they spoke of her. She saw Payne glance furtively in her direction, and move his head in a scarcely perceptible negation.

Then the waltz absorbed her, and when she looked again in their direction the politician and his wife had disappeared. But their friend was talking with an old gentleman she knew, and she was not at all surprised, when, after a few moments, the couple moved toward her. As they approached her slim figure stiffened with hostility, she was not disposed to be overcivil to any friend of the Reading Paynes. Her mouth hardened into an expression of almost insolent indifference.

"Miss Coles," said her friend, with smiling benevolence, "may I introduce Mr. Longstreth?"

She quivered, breathless with astonishment at the name; then suddenly an idea smote her with instant, overwhelming force, for she had never handled an idea before and was quite unprepared for the recoil. But the next moment she broke into a smile, so lovely that the professor, staring at her over his partner's shoulders, wondered why he had never noticed her dimples before, while the old millionaire, who had braved a family difference to make her acquaintance, felt in its sudden radiance the renewal of his youth.

For the rest of the evening Miss Coles had but a vague idea of her surroundings. She talked she hardly knew what, but she felt that her remarks, however childish, were received with an appreciative deference no other man had ever given them.

Within a week she had received her first call from Mr. Longstreth, and so much had her wits been sharpened by the subtle instinct for revenge that she, who had received a score of younger men alone, never saw him except in her mother's presence. Indeed, Mrs. Coles, with more or less excusable vanity, soon began to wonder if she, instead of her immature daughter, were not the object of his visits.

In a month Reading Payne, tremblingly alive to the situation, gave his father-in-law a pressing invitation to accompany him on a long yatching cruise, and when, somewhat to his surprise, the invitation was accepted, his relief was fortunately unmodified by the knowledge that Miss Coles wore the millionaire's flowers daily during his absence. But the separation served to crystalize an idea that had long been forming in Mr. Longstreth's mind. His youth and extreme poverty, concluding with a marriage to a bloodless woman, whose $5,000 had launched the patent medicine into fame, had not initiated him into those keener pleasures of life which, in his practically inexperienced judgment, a union with Miss Coles seemed to promise.

And he did not consider that any injury to Reading Payne's prospects should weigh with him for a moment. He knew, of course, that the politician confidently expected to become, indirectly, his heir, and when he had proposed to and been accepted by Miss Coles, in the midst of his pleasures as fiance of a young and beautiful girl was a lurking sense of having gotten the better of his son-in-law that only served to complete his felicity.

Yet he was not more radiantly pleased than Elizabeth, who felt for the man who had thus enabled her to gratify her supremest passion, an intensity of gratitude that was perhaps as much like love as she could have been made to feel.

The happiest moment of her life was not that which brought her to the altar a self-possessed and singularly handsome bride, but that which came a year later, when, profiting by the surface friendliness her defeated enemy professed, she held up for Mr. Payne's inspection her first-born, that bore her father's name.

Mr. Longstreth has never regretted his second marriage. Elizabeth satisfies him completely, for he likes a strident note in everything, from red ties or plaid socks to his wife. And it is just this touch of vulgarity—this hint of the onion, as it were—that makes young Mrs. Longstreth the social leader that she is to-day; for no ball, no subscription list is now complete without her name, and withal she is a very good wife. In the first years of her marriage she was, of course, the object of many men seeking flirtations, but the most persistent of her admirers, a musical composer of fashion, finally retired with the remark that "flirting with Mrs. Longstreth is about as inspiring as playing upon a clavier."

Yes, she makes a very good wife, indeed. And she sometimes thinks she would make a better widow.—St. Louis Republic.

Sorry He Spoke.

Mr. Stubb—Here is an item that says when women marry they stop reading so much fiction.

Mrs. Stubb—Well, John, I guess that's because they hear so much from their husbands."—Chicago Daily News.

PUZZLE PICTURE.

"HOW MY WIFE WOULD SCOLD IF SHE KNEW I HAD THE DOG IN THE HOUSE."
WHERE IS THE DOG?

VOLCANOES OF AMERICA.

A Great System of Vents, a Chain of Fire Which Surrounds the Pacific—Views of Scientists.

Prof. Israel C. Russell in his book on the "Volcanoes of America," says that they form a part of a great system of volcanic vents which may be said to surround the Pacific ocean. This "chain of fire" extends along the west border of South America, where its course is marked in the Andes by some of the loftiest igneous mountains in the world; it is narrow and well defined on the west border of Central America and far into Mexico, where still steaming craters define its position.

The volcanic belt broadens in the northern part of Mexico and the United States, but is unmarked by active craters. Again contracting and approaching close to the ocean shore, and in several instances marked by island volcanoes, the igneous belt follows the coast of British Columbia and Alaska, and extends westward throughout the length of the Aleutian islands. Still active craters in Alaska show the positions of earth fractures, which unite the volcanic belt of the New World with the still more energetic volcanoes of Kamchatka, Korea, Japan, Formosa, the Philippine islands, New Guiena, New Hebrides, New Caledonia and New Zealand.

The greatest volcanic belt in the world embraces the largest ocean, but Prof. Russell is not willing to say that this association indicates an essential or genetic connection.

Interesting in connection with the Martinique disaster and the statements of eminent scientists, and particularly geologists, is the fact that they ascribe the growth of the American continent to a circle of volcanoes in the original archaean nucleus, and the sea, which occupied what is now the Mississippi valley and the northward extension of the same interior basin to the arctic regions.

Recent as have been the migration of civilized people into North America they have witnessed volcanic outbreaks that are scarcely second to any that have occurred elsewhere on the earth during the same period. In some instances volcanoes have been born and grown to lofty mountains since white men have occupied the land of their nativity. This is particularly true of Central America. Neighboring mountains, built by similar forces in more distant times, exhibit the unmistakable marks of age.

There are 18 volcanoes in the United States and 11 in Alaska. There are none in the eastern states—that is, none that have been active in millions of years. Several of the western volcanoes have shown signs of life in the past, and may not now be dead.

Cinder Cone, near Lassens Peak, Cal., has been twice in eruption within 200 years. At the summit of the cone there is a well-developed crater with a double rim. The whole aspect of Cinder Cone suggests recent disturbance, yet there is evidence that the earliest eruption occurred before the beginning of the present century. Its age is shown by the relation of the old and new forest trees to the volcanic sand of the first eruption, there. Trees grow upon the top of the sand, but there is another larger forest which grew from the soil covered by the sand. The first eruption must have occurred some 200 years ago, and the second more than 50 years ago.

Mount Hood, in northwestern Oregon, was ascended in 1888 by M. W. Gorman, who reported that there are still steaming rifts on the south side of the mountain. He stated that the sulphurous fumes from the openings will discolor silver at a distance of half a mile. Clouds gather above the crater and have more than once in recent years given rise to reports in Portland that Mount Hood threatens an eruption. Arnold Hayne, who has examined the summit, however, says that there have been no eruptions of Mount Hood within the memory of man.

It is stated by George Gibbs, of the American Geological society, that stumps of trees occur in abundance on the side of Mount Hood, above the present timber line, suggesting that formerly the heat of the mountain was sufficient to encourage the growth of forests at an elevation impossible when the mountain grew cold.

Mount St. Helena, in Washington, according to scientists, is extinct. Frontiersmen, however, say that it has been active within the last 50 years. It is recounted that in the winter of 1841-2 people 20 miles away could pick up pins from the grass because of the great light from the exploding mountain. M. W. Gorman climbed Mount St. Helena in 1889 and found that it had been active within recent years. Lava had flowed northward from the mountain for about 20 miles, passing through forests and in places cooling about large trees, so as to take a cast of their charred and seamed trunks.

The most northerly of the volcanic piles connected with the Cascade mountains south of the United States-Canadian boundary is Mount Baker. On clear days it can be seen from Puget sound. George Gibbs wrote in 1873 that he had been told by officers of the Hudson Bay company, and also by Indians, that Mount Baker was in eruption in 1843, and that "it broke out simultaneously with Mount St. Helena, covering the whole country with ashes." It was reported that during the eruption the neighboring river, the Skagit, was obstructed and that the country for miles around was covered with fire. Scientists are skeptical. They say the flames were forest fires.

Scientists were skeptical and would not believe that Mont Pelee would explode the day before the disaster at Martinique, and on their advice the people were kept in the doomed city at the point of the bayonet.

The Cigar of Peace.

"Every attention is being paid to the Boer leaders, whose comfort in the matter of lodging has been well looked after." Thus the report from Pretoria, and in the interests of peace it is to be hoped that the comforts include some reasonably choice cigars, the reduction of which to ashes forms the best basis for an agreement between men who differ and smoke. By much tobacco Bismarck reduced Thiers to acceptance of the German terms, and the Spanish-American peace commission after the war of 1898 proceeded but lamely until the delegates kindled the pipe of peace. At the fifth meeting, little progress having been made, Senor Rios, on behalf of his colleagues, proposed an escape from the formal atmosphere. "I have observed," he said, "that the American commissioners are accustomed to smoking. May I suggest that we join together in our one bond of sympathy and light our cigars and cigarettes?" This being done, the negotiations speeded happily, thereby proving that a smoke in time saves much firing.—London Chronicle.

The present is an era of the political boss. He is found in every nation where a liberal constitution grants the right of suffrage.

The Era of the Political Boss

By HERBERT SPENCER,
Author of "Facts and Comments," Etc

The advancement of democracy and republican institutions has but taken the sceptre of authority from the hand of the crowned king and placed it in the hand of the uncrowned boss. He is a product of conditions.

England suffers from his rule, but not to so great an extent as does the United States. In both nations slavery is theoretically extinct, and suffrage is theoretically extended. PRACTICALLY WE HAVE ESTABLISHED A NEW SORT OF SLAVERY, we have limited the liberty of suffrage, WE HAVE REVERTED TO THE SUBORDINATION OF THE INDIVIDUAL.

Since the days when there grew up in the United States local bosses to whom clusters of voters were obedient, there has been a development of bosses whose authorities extended over wide areas, and these men now mainly determine the elections, both municipal and national. Officials who have been elected to represent the wills of their respective localities, have become bodies which merely register the decisions of certain heads, who nominally advise, but practically dictate. And so completely has this system submerged the traditions of individual freedom that now the assertion of such freedom has become a discredit, and the independent citizen, here and there found, who will not surrender his right of private judgment bears the contemptuous name of "mugwump."

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A long dozen among Cornish fishermen signifies 26.

Cambridgeshire (England) fruit growers are paying children a halfpenny for every wasp they capture.

The lake of Neufchatel is the largest in Switzerland, being 13,459 miles in area and 512 feet deep. In its bed is a curious hillock of rock 380 feet high.

Australian blue gum timber has been chosen by British engineers for harbor works because it will sink if washed away, and will not endanger shipping.

Prof. Mohn, of Christina, having discovered that at the Lofoten islands cod are invariably to be found in waters whose temperature is always between four and five degrees above the freezing point, Norwegian fishermen now make use of the thermometer as a recognized means of detecting the presence of the fish.

A London medical journal says that American apples are cored, sliced and dried, sent to France, and there converted into cider. With the addition of carbonic acid gas and yeast and a little flavoring powder the cider becomes champagne, and much of it goes to England and is drunk under the delusion that it is of the best brand.

Germany has the largest sailing vessel in the world, the Preussen, of 8,000 tons, just launched at Geestemunde. She is owned by the firm that owns the former largest sailing vessel, the Potosi, of 6,000 odd tons, and will be used in the trade with the Pacific coast of America. The Preussen is 437 feet long and 53 feet wide. She draws 34 feet and has a spread of sail of 48,000 square feet.

In Vienna every man's home is his dungeon from ten p. m. to six a. m Vienna is a city of flats, and at ten p. m. the common entrance door of each block is closed and bolted. Thereafter persons passing in or out must pay a fine of 2d. to the concierge until midnight, and 4d. from that hour to six a. m. To go out to post a letter costs 2d., and the same amount to return. To prolong a visit to a friend after ten p. m. means 2d. to get out of his shouse and 2d. more to enter your own. A natural result of this irritating tax is that of all capital cities Vienna is earliest to bed.

ACTS OF BAD SOLDIERS.

Shameless Conduct Costs the British Army a Large Number of Men Each Year.

In the year 1900 there appear to have been 11,808 English soldiers committed to military prisons at home and abroad. Very nearly half of this number, or 5,227 in all, had been guilty of offenses held to be such by the civil law, writes Maj. Arthur Griffiths, in Fortnightly Review. Thus "disgraceful conduct" is the soldier's designation for thefts and frauds, and the whole range of wrong-doing, included in breaches of obligation to serve. Desertion, absence without leave, offenses in relation to enlistment and fraudulent reenlistment, rob the army annually of more than 5,000 men, a more or less permanent contingent of worthless persons predetermined to rob the state by false pretenses and other fraudulent acts. These men come and go continually, shameless and for the most part unrecognizable. Many of them have served previously, have enlisted, perhaps, several times, have deserted or have been discharged as incorrigible characters, who disgrace the king's uniform. But all the old safeguards against their reenlistment have now been removed. Tenderness carried a little too far has led to the abolition of marking with "D" or with "B. C.," "deserter" or "bad character;" the recruiter can only trust to his memory or acumen to detect the condemned candidate who presents himself a second time, and although inquiries are made occasionally into antecedents, the answers are seldom sufficiently explicit to insure rejection. It is to be feared that a considerable number of recruits already belong to the great army of crime before they join the king's; that they very speedily relapse is to be seen in the numerous discharges with ignominy recorded in the returns. These amount annually to close upon a couple of thousand, and it is a fair inference that many of the subjects so treated were too readily, too lightly, accepted on enlistment.

BABIES FROM CABBAGES.

Little Italian Boy Gives a New Version of the Old Stork Legend.

There are almost as many versions of the stork legend as there are of the original creation, but one that combines the familiar features of that pretty fiction with cabbages is certainly unusual. Such a version was recently told to an East side kindergarten teacher by one of her Italian pupils, says the New York Tribune. Just before the morning exercises began she was sitting at her desk and the children were standing in groups about the room animatedly discussing their various important affairs, when suddenly the teacher caught the following scrap of their conversation:

"But they are born in cabbages; I tell you, I know they are."

The speaker was a bright-eyed little Italian boy, who had for his audience a little Sicilian girl, whose soft, dreamy eyes belied a very practical nature.

"You don't believe that, do you, teacher?" she queried, turning round.

"Believe what, Carlie?" was the inquiry.

"Alberto, he say that babies are born in cabbages."

"Why, teacher, of course you believe it, don't you?" inquired Alberto, excitedly. The teacher was rather puzzled To say "no" was to shake the child's faith in his mother's pretty fable, so she temporized.

"I don't really think I ever heard of their being," said she.

His Financial Encumbrance.

"Yes," explained the lawyer, "you go through bankruptcy, and it will relieve you of all financial burdens."

"So?" said the man who was in trouble. "What becomes of her?"

"Her! What do you mean?"

"My wife, of course."—Chicago Post.

Southern Education

PURSUING DELUSIONS.

Better Educate For the High Station of Private Life Than Pursue the Official Bee.

There is no more agregious error, says Prof. J. J. Britt, of North Carolina, than for teacher or parent to hold up the ambitious and aspiring youth, as a stimulant to exertion, the probability of his becoming a president or a goveronr of a state. It is a fact of history and statistics that in this great country of ours only one man out of twenty-nine million can reach the presidency of the United States. When you reflect that it is restricted to native born male citizens who have attained the age of 35 years, aside from the thousand and one other contingencies, the bright youth may see how infinitesimally small are his chances to become president of the United States. He stands less than one chance in five hundred thousand of becoming governor of North Carolina, and an almost equally slim chance of becoming a senator in congress. He stands one chance in seventy-five thousand of becoming a representative in congress, and on infinitely less chance of becoming a foreign minister or the president of a great college. There is another and a grander consideration. The highway of public life is strewn with wrecked fortunes, blighted ambitions, and blasted hopes. Besides it opens the way for temptations to corruption, deceit and malpractice. You must disabuse your minds of the delusion that there is no greatness outside of public life. There is another and grander field for development, and that is in the exalted stations of private life.

PRODUCTIVE EDUCATION.

Gov. Montague of Virginia, Pleads For Manual Training in the Public Schools.

The social, commercial and industrial state of the commonwealth has almost wholly changed in the last thirty-five years, says Gov. Montague of Virginia. These changes have imposed new conditions that must be met with courage, energy and intelligence, or we must fatally lag behind in the march of progress and civilization. Education for speculative thinkers and professions will not save the people. But few of the many who ever enter public schools make their living other than by the use of their hands and eyes. Why not, therefore, educate those faculties and members which produce the substance and comforts of life? Such education is not merely material. Upon labor all civilization primarily rests, and the education of this labor will teach knowing by doing, and blend science with art. It will beget habits of order, accuracy, industry and intelligence; it will produce contentment and develop skill and productive power; it will dignify labor and energize the creative forces of society. These momentous needs can be greatly facilitated, if not accomplished, by some forms of industrial education. Ample experience affords indisputable proof of the practical and ethical value of this form of education, which in some branches may be introduced into many of our public schools with little, if any, additional cost; and in a few years we shall have a system of teaching that will popularize the free schools and powerfully advance the state.

PATHS OF SELF-HELP.

The Work of the Southern and General Education Boards is Not Charity.

In speaking of the work of the Southern and General Education boards, the Chattanooga Times clearly states the case when it says, "It is proposed above all else, to lead the parents and children into the paths of self help. All that hints toward charity will be scrupulously avoided. There will be no pauperizing in the National Education board's work for the improvement of the people's schools. The people who are unable to secure the necessary means of giving their children a sound English training, schooling in the common branches of practical science, will not have the means "given" them without they shall first make a strenuous effort to help themselves. They must do their share, first of all. The plan contemplates no "bounty," no gift, but is to be strictly on co-operative lines. There will be no gifts of "scholarships" or free living for peculiarly bright pupils in this scheme. All will share the benefit of the newly-awakened interest, and the assistance added to the means raised by the patrons. No singling out of pupils, except as their merits and achievements in study make them conspicuous. The spirit of generous rivalry will be encouraged.

In short the plan is at once the most benevolent and safest of its kind that has ever been devised by any association or individual, in this or any other country.

Industrial Education.

Industrial education does not mean "learning a trade" any more than studying arithmetic means learning a trade, says C. E. Vawter. All true industrial schools should include a course in the sciences, both theoretical and practical, that fits one for any industry. The object of industrial training is to teach the art of doing. It trains the eye. It trains the hand. One takes a course in wood turning, not because he ever expects to be a cabinet maker or a carpenter any more than those expect to become practical chemists who take a course in chemistry.

Speaking of the object of education Edward Inglewell says in the Manufacturers' Record that it is "the proper equipment of the products of the schools (the children) to perform their full duty to their God, their country and themselves."