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OUR GOD, OUR COUNTRY, AND TRUTH.

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What the Inside Pages Contain.

Second Page—Editorial Miscellany, Congressional Proceedings, Missouri State News and Cullings, Legislative Proceedings, Removal of the State Capital, etc.

Third Page—'Phone Flirtations, Private Brown (a serial), A Shaken Reed, Condition of the Treasury, History of the Teacup, etc.

Sixth Page—The Honored Dead, The Free Silver Men, A Fiery Visitation, State News, etc.

Seventh Page—Domestic Concerns, Agricultural Hints, With Spoon and Cup, The Markets, etc.

Old Times.

Ed. Register.—In my last article I spoke of the pen; now I want to say something about the printing press. And do you have any idea how many at the present time, as they take up a paper or magazine, or a book, ever stop to think of the origin, or when printing was first thought of? and how many ever think of the wonderful strides the art of printing has made in the last half century? And do they, as they read, ever stop to think of what a civilization—if that's the proper word to use—a book, a paper, or magazine, is? How it lifts the mind to better and higher spheres?

In my boyhood days there were but few papers and magazines printed in all the world. As I have said before, the first paper I ever subscribed for was the Philadelphia *Dollar Newspaper*. Soon after I was married, I thought, as I had a wife, I would take the *New York Observer*. Soon after that *Harper's Monthly Magazine* was published by Harper & Brothers, and I subscribed for the magazine and took it for a good many years. About the same time I subscribed for *Godey's Lady's Book* for my wife's benefit. After awhile we took *Arthur's Home Magazine*, and last the *St. Louis Republican*. So we were pretty well provided for reading matter. And now let us look back over the world, and see what has been the result of the press. As we read of the early days of the world, in the times of the Pharaohs, Herods, and Old Testament history, before the age of letters, we find a cruel, barbarous world, without laws or morals. Might was right. The human family seemed to be but a little above the brute creation, and it continued to be so until people learned to read. Ignorance, superstition and vice always keep company with the ignorant.

A few days ago I received the January number of *Harper's Magazine* from a young lady in St. Louis, with a note saying she would send me the magazine every month. When I received it I sat down and looked at the cover and read every word on the cover. Then I began and carefully turned over, leaf after leaf, and looked at all of the illustrations and read the title of every article, even to the last cover. How it brought up to my mind my early life, and how my mind wandered over past years that have gone, never to be recalled! How, in my sleep that night, scenes of early life came back to me as if to mock me and tantalize me with their memories. And as these memories woke me up, and I lay awake for hours, I thought how this world has advanced in the last fifty years; and I thought of the refining influences good reading has on a community. Just take away all reading matter from a man or community, and you carry them back to barbarism. To illustrate what the effect is when cut off from all books or papers: In the year 1849, two years after I was married, news spread all over the land that gold had been found in fabulous quantities in California and such an excitement as it created, all over the land! Nothing was talked of but gold; nothing was thought of but gold; old men, middle-aged men and young men wanted to go to the Land of Gold. Thousands left good farms, stores, shops, manufactories. There was no business, no trade, but what had got the gold fever. Nothing was thought of only to get to the gold mines as soon as possible and in the quickest, shortest, cheapest way. Men, with ox-teams, in clubs; men with pack mules; men, even with a hand-cart or wheelbarrow—to make the journey over thousands of miles of unknown mountains and deserts. All that was thought of was to get there. As thousands got to the mountains they abandoned their teams, and took on their backs packs of only such things as would prolong life until they reached the mines. The route was marked by the dead bodies of cattle, and mules, broken down wagons, etc., and the wayside with graves of the dead that had fallen by the way—buried without a coffin—just covered out of sight of the living. Relief parties had to be sent out from the mines to aid those thousands to reach the end of their journey, and they were

in a wretched condition. If gold was plenty, bread was scarce, and you paid a dollar for a loaf of bread; and the worst of all, there were no books or papers to read, or anything to feed the mind. Soul starvation is the worst starvation. In the absence of reading matter a person soon becomes demoralized—is ready to give away to all kinds of crimes and dissipation. There is nothing that will demoralize a community (except the absence of good female society) as soon as the loss of all reading matter. And now, let me give you one more instance of the evil effects of being without something to read.

You remember the years of '61-2-3 and 4 were years never to be forgotten, when the land was aroused with war and rumors of war—great armies contended in many parts of the world—such a time as this continent had never dreamed of. Men from all walks of life; from the rich, the middle class, the poor—of all professions, all classes of people called to lay by their own labors and take up arms and go into the active service. Every man was supplied with food and raiment and instruments of warfare. But not a morsel of food for the mind, food for the soul. I will remember at one time a large army was sent to West Plains in the Southwestern part of Missouri, from Pilot Knob, which was the key of the trans-Mississippi at that time: a place where all troops and their supplies were drawn from. I think, as near as I can recollect, there were about twenty thousand of all sorts—infantry, cavalry and artillery—and several hundred great army wagons to take the supplies for the army. And it is surprising what vast quantities of food and raiment, with feed for the horses and mules to subsist on, are required. After the army had arrived at West Plains, they were for a few days kept very busy building winter quarters. After the army had got well settled, there was nothing to do but go through the regular programme set down in the manual of war, such a roll-call, drill, and some such work, except as each company was detailed to do each day; and as there was no mail, no papers, nothing to read, the men soon fell into all sorts of dissipation—gambling, playing cards, etc. As one officer told me, they had become uncivilized—gone to the dogs in general. He said, "The men have no books or papers to read; every scrap of paper that has any printing on it is read and reread." One day I was in town and a train of teams came in for supplies; as I was acquainted with the trainmaster and the officer in command I said to this officer, "Have you anything for your men to read? He said, "Not a thing and the men are starving for something to read." I asked him if he would take some reading matter along if I would put a box of it in his wagons.

He said, "I am ordered to bring nothing but what is absolutely necessary." I asked him if the mind did not want food as well as the body. He said, "Yes; and if you can get a box in the wagons without my seeing you put it in, you may do so."

So I went to the first store I came to and got a good new box that would hold about two bushels. When I got home I told my wife about it, and she seconded it; and as she looked the magazines over to see that the numbers were all there, and in order, I would pack them in the box. We first took *Harper's*, as long as they lasted, then *Godey's*, then *Arthur's*, and so on as long as we could find room for a magazine or a tract or a leaf; and we filled that box until it would hold no more. Then I wrote a letter and laid it on the top of the last one, and fastened the cover on solid and tight. I then printed, in large letters on the top of the box, "Food for the Mind."

I took that box to the Pilot Knob, and as I drove up to a wagon that was being loaded I saw Lieutenant Norton looking for me. When he saw I had brought the box he turned his back towards me until I had put the box in the wagon. A soldier that was inside of the wagon packing the things away said, "What's that you are putting in here?" I told him to never mind; it was all right.

When the train got back to camp as the wagons were unloaded a great crowd had gathered around the wagons to see what was brought. When my box was taken out they saw on the box, "Food for the Mind." An officer took the cover off from the box, and when they saw the letter and the books and papers, such a shout went up as to set the whole army on the rush to see what was up. And such a shout as went up from every mouth I don't think ever went up in the days of Joshua at the fall of the walls of Jericho. And such a grabbing for something to read! The commandeer had to

put a guard over that box of reading matter, and dole it out, and they formed themselves into groups and companies, and the best readers would read to the others. When one set had gone through a magazine, he would stand up and call, "Who has got N. of the year —? Whoever has got it, please hand it over!" And so it went on from day to day. I was told by an officer that those magazines were read and reread until they were completely worn out.

One evening at dress parade, it was resolved that the thanks of Trans-Mississippians be sent to the sender of the box, "and that Rev. Mr. Eddy, chaplain of the 33d Ills. Vol., be and is hereby ordered to communicate the same to the sender of the box." In his last words, in obeying the order, he said, "If that box had been full of gold it would not have received the welcome that those magazines did." He also quoted, "Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it after many days."

And now let me thank the lady for the *Harper's*: Thank you! T. P. R.

The Government as an Educational Publisher.

The United States Government is on the way to be the greatest publisher in the world, if it is not so already. The amount of printed matter bound and unbound, issued by the various departments at Washington is enormous, and the output increases every year. Probably ninety per cent. of these publications is not mere routine report, but an account of investigations or theories, scientific, economic, educational, statistical, or impertinent. The Bureau of Education seems to have no other purpose than to accumulate and publish such material. The latest volume which we have received from that gross humbug and fraud is the two hundred and tenth published by it. This book is the nineteenth number in a series called "Contributions to American Educational History." The series was begun by Mr. Nathan H. R. Dawson, the predecessor of the phantomic philosopher, Harris, as Commissioner of Education, and is edited by Prof. Herbert B. Adams of the Johns Hopkins University. The present volume is edited by Dr. Steiner of the same university, and, unlike most Government literature, it is well edited and well written. Its merits do not make its publication any less of an imposition upon the people of the United States. Here is a volume of 331 octavo pages, with forty-nine illustrations. It treats leniently of the "History of Education in Maryland," and gives an interesting and presumably an accurate account of education in colonial Maryland, of secondary educational legislation in the State of Maryland, and of the various universities and colleges and theological seminaries that have existed there, or now exist. All this is a matter of value to historians or students of American educational history, and the descriptions of the various institutions of secondary education will appeal to their graduates, and in the case of the Johns Hopkins University, Mount St. Mary's College, and perhaps others, to a considerable number of persons outside of Maryland. The work is one that might well be published at private expense by a patriotic Marylander or a society of patriotic Marylanders. The whole series to which it belongs might be published in New York as a library of American educational history, a collection of monographs on American education in the various States at various periods. Commissioner Harris is the editor of an educational library of a different scope now in course of publication, and there might be a welcome for this book and the rest of the series edited by Prof. Adams, if they were published by private enterprise and not at the expense of the people. To make the people pay for monographs on the Second University of Maryland, the seventeen Maryland colleges that have gone out of business, the Centenary Biblical Institute, the Maryland Agricultural College, and so on, is to tax the whole people for the amusement or improvement of a few. It is robbery done in the name of education, and contributing nothing to education.

The Bureau of Education has no legitimate reason for existence. It is obliged to attempt to justify its existence by engaging in historical or pedagogical lucubrations. Education in the State of Maryland is no affair of the United States Government. Anybody in Maryland or out of it who wishes to write the history of that education, is free to do so, and to publish his work at his own expense if he cannot find a publisher to take the risk. The financial condition of the country is not so flourishing that it can afford to waste money for a purpose that promotes not the general welfare, elastic

as that phrase has been found to be, but the vanity of a Commissioner and the studies of a few specialists; and even were a surplus swelling in the Treasury, there would still be no warrant for the publication of these monographs.

The Government Printing House is one of the worst of our Federal extravaganzas. These never-ending series of Government publications well illustrate the paternalistic tendency of the bureaucracy, its chafing for more authority and more money.—N. Y. Sun.

Why Not Move the Capital?

An attempt to remove the capital of Missouri from Jefferson City has been a regular feature of the legislative proceedings for many years. Sedalia has become invariably been as aspirant. With each recurring biennial meeting of the Legislature the people of the state old Cole county town have been frightened almost out of their wits by an army of lobbyists who descended upon them, bent upon wresting from them their one remaining claim to glory. Finally, repeated successes in combating these iconoclasts brought on a sense of security and the removal resolution got to be looked upon as a joke.

But now comes startling news. Both houses of the General Assembly yesterday by decisive votes adopted a resolution to submit the question of moving the capital to Sedalia to a vote of the people, and fixed the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, 1896, the general election day, as the date upon which it is to be decided.

This begins to look like business. The resolution provides that the citizens of Sedalia shall furnish the State with buildings that shall exceed in quality and beauty those now standing in Jefferson City. So, why not? It can not be claimed that the present capital city is a credit to Missouri. It impresses the visitor with the idea of mockabism. Its people are hospitable, generous and intelligent, but they are not wide awake and progressive. Its hotel accommodations are miserable. It is not easy of access by railroads. In fact, but one railroad runs into it.

Sedalia, on the other hand is a five nineteenth century city. It is centrally located. It has good hotel accommodations, comparatively, and much better railroad facilities. If the proposition of its citizens is made in good faith and there is nothing behind this scheme that appears not on the surface, let the capital be moved. At least it is well to allow the sovereign people to have their say.—Kansas City Times.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise.—A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood.—Will drive malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers.—For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50 cts. and \$1.00. per bottle at Crisp's Drug Store.

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ALL RUN DOWN No Strength nor Energy Miserable



IN THE EXTREME. Hands COVERED WITH SORES. CURED BY USING

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

"Several years ago, my blood was in bad condition, my system all run down, and my general health very much impaired. My hands were covered with large sores, discharging all the time. I had no strength nor energy and my feelings were miserable in the extreme. At last, I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla and soon noticed a change for the better. My appetite returned and with it, renewed strength. Encouraged by these results, I kept on taking the Sarsaparilla, till I had used six bottles, and my health was restored."—A. A. TOWNS, prop. Harris House, Thompson, N. Dak.

Ayer's Only Sarsaparilla

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