

# The Western Advance.

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

VOLUME II.

WORTHINGTON, NOBLES CO., MINN., SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1874.

NUMBER 41.

## Selected Miscellany.

### THE LITTLE LIGHT-KEEPER.

BY CHARLES S. KEWELL.

HE is the story of a little child who, with her father, lived beside the sea. On a lone island, from whose rocks was piled a lighthouse tower of stout masonry. A sleepless sentinel, whose hearing eye watched through the night to ward off danger.

One day her father, who had gone ashore, returned with the early twilight to return; and so she sat, and wondered more and more. Until the evening star began to burn.

At length, "O light-keeper, what true a ray. Let ships should be misled and cast away."

And so she sat, perplexed with anxious care. And listened to the ocean's restless roar; "What can I do? Indeed, I cannot hear. Through all the dreary night to stay alone; Nay, not alone," she thought; and, undismayed, The little creature then knelt down and prayed.

Then she arose, and with a trembling hand Slow drew a chair to the window, and gazed at the light; Perched her slight figure on the trusty stand, And stretched out to the moon's pale light, And then reached up—alike her heart grew sick; The lighted paper did not reach the wick.

What should she do in this her hour of need? She thought, and then she thought, and then she thought, Till the big light, kept with careful hand, And red at night, she saw the light's eye; But still she paused; for, with a reverent dread, Upon the book of God she feared to tread.

And yet she thought, "What if our light could save Some ship from wreck upon the rocky shore?" And so, with resolution strong and brave, The heavy volume she took down from the floor, The deed was done; the light's benignant ray Beamed o'er the boiling breakers of the bay.

Her father sat upon the shore meanwhile, Detained by cruel wretches, who had planned To keep the light, and so the light was kept, And, when the crisis of the night was past, To sail the cargo to the distant coast.

And as she sat there, plotting evil schemes, Hoping the midnight hour would bring them, True as a star, the light's prophetic beam Flashed o'er the waters, foiled and panic-stricken.

They rose together with a sudden start, And gruffly bade the keeper to depart.

Soon o'er the waves the little boat she steers, Its white sail gleaming in that grateful light; And now the strong man's eyes are full of tears, To see that she is leaving him so late, Peering through darkness from the slippery rocks, The night-dove falling on her father's face.

Glad was the daughter when her father came; Proud was the father when she came to him, But when she asked, with blush of bashful shame, If her young feet the Bible had denied, "No, no," he said, and then he said, "When sacred things are put to noble use."

And so she soothed her till her thoughts grew calm, And brought the Bible when she was in bed, And read the glowing legends of the past; Until her heart grew warm and comforted; And, listening to the roaring of the deep, The little light-house.

—*Oliver Optic's Magazine.*

### AUNT CHARLOTTE'S STORY.

"Now, Ida, my dear girl, take my advice," said Aunt Charlotte to her giddy young niece, "and don't imperil your own future happiness nor be guilty of injustice by slighting the man to whom you have given your word or by foolishly leaving him in order to test his affection. There is a story in my own memory that I have never told you; and I could not now bring myself to do so only that I see you don't like me. I wish you to learn wisdom by an easier method than that of bitter experience."

"When I was a young girl we lived, as you know, in Canada, in one of the small lake-shore towns between Toronto and Kingston. From my very infancy Harry had been my gallant, and though I sometimes pretended to be, and sometimes really was, jealous of him or otherwise offended, and he came to me with regard to me, we always got on very well, and he was a better friend than ever. There was not really any engagement between us, though Harry had asked me to form one; but my parents objected to long engagements, and we were not ready to marry. Matters stood thus when, early one spring, we had an addition to our family in the form of a dashing young fellow, an Englishman, sent out by the wealthy firm of the mother country for the purpose of establishing an agency in their line of business. His headquarters had been in Montreal, but he had now announced his intention of making our town his home during the summer."

"He had a good deal of leisure, and spent no inconsiderable part of it at our house, or in promenade with the girls. I could hardly set my feet on the sidewalk without encountering him. His name was Bowns, and he claimed to be of aristocratic parentage. He was handsome and affable, though rather supercilious, with a very distinguished appearance; so no wonder the girls of our set wished to attract his attention and were envious of me. Of course I was proud of my conquest, and perhaps carried myself a little haughtily in consequence. For some time Harry pouted, then openly remonstrated, even rebuked; but, as I angrily asserted my independence, he finally desisted from all apparent notice of the matter; and whenever we met he treated me with indifferent courtesy, and altogether showed a manly self-command which I did not fail to note and admire. Still I must confess that at that time I gave very little thought to Harry or to any of my old admirers; it seems wonderful to me how completely I was fascinated by the prepossessing stranger."

"To be sure, he flattered my vanity not a little, and my empty head was turned by his lavish, adulatory style of compliments. He raved about my eyes of heavenly blue, the golden color of my mermaid locks, my swan-like neck, and an endless flow of eulogies that ought to have disgusted me, but did not, and so I listened and he ranted. About the middle of August we made up among our set a picnic party to drive out to Rice Lake. I and spend the day in boating on the lake, gathering huckleberries, wild-flowers, etc., and generally amusing ourselves."

"You must know that there is an irregular chain of small lakes extending transversely from the Bay of Quinte, near the eastern end of Lake Ontario, to the eastern end of Superior. Rice Lake is the first of the chain counting from Ontario, and it lies at a distance of from two to four hours' drive from several small towns on the frontier. We had an early breakfast, and set off at eight o'clock, so that we need not be on the road during the heat of the day. There were several carriages; the one in which I rode was a handsome barouche hired from a livery stable for the occasion, and by my side sat the all-conquering Mr. Bowns."

"For some unexplained reason, Harry Vane did not get in any of the carriages, but was mounted on horseback, and he rode gaily by the side of first one vehicle then another. When we had gone a little distance on toward the country air, sights and sounds were so exciting that we in our carriages began to sing. Harry, hearing us, rode up and joined in the song, he being particularly fond of singing. Shortly we struck out into an old style which he and I had sung together countless times when we stood each first in the esteem of the other and no gay stranger had come between us. For a stanza or two Harry sang bravely, but when we came to the refrain suddenly his horse bolted and he rode off, catching at his hat with one hand and seeming to draw rein with the other. The remainder of the party thought his horse had shied and run away with him, but I saw thoroughly the whole maneuver, and as I was riding I saw through my self-hat that Harry was there and I laid my hand on his side, but quick as a flash Bowns' head came down on mine, and though he afterward tried to get up, he was unable to assist me. I know that he dislodged my hand. True, I should have upset the boat, and just as true he flung me off to perish. As I sank again, even through the water, I saw in my ears a heard the voice of Harry Vane: 'Courage, Charlotte, I'm coming!'

"Again I rose and again sank. Then I ceased to struggle and the pain of suffocation was gone. I knew that I was dying, and like electricity all my past life flashed before me. I died of death, but I longed to ask Harry's pardon. Bowns I seemed to have forgotten. The tall rice was all about me, and I knew no more until a deadly sickness and great pain woke me to consciousness. As it was the morning of the 10th of August, I was in the guttering water, or human sympathy, I tumbled in my ears? I did not know, I did not care; I only wished not to be disturbed—not to suffer."

"Slowly my comprehension returned and I found myself in a bed in the log-cabin of the man who kept the boats on hire, and it was night, for candles were burning. Some of my companions of the picnic were there, but I was too ill and weary to ask questions."

"Suddenly I remembered something of the drowning and I cried out, 'Where is Harry?' He said he was coming."

"They hastened to my side, and I suppose administered a narcotic, for I have only a faint recollection of lying on a bed in a covered conveyance and of being annoyed by the jolting."

"The next time I awoke my mind was clear. I recalled the boat and heaped to me told how I was saved. My friends evaded this question, and my suspicions being aroused I demanded to see Harry Vane. Finding they could no longer put me off they told me that Harry rescued me, and I swam with him to the shore, and one of the boats had just landed. Another gentleman waded out breast high to meet him and drew me to the shore, supposing that Harry was following. But Harry did not follow, and in the excitement about me he was not missed until too late. Whether he was exhausted or whether he took cramp no one could tell. This only I know and never shall forget: Harry Vane was drowned in saving my life. I shall live and die in debt to his name. He left our town almost immediately after the occurrence, and I never saw his face again after the day of the picnic."

### Twice Married.

M. H. B. WRITES to the St. Louis Republic: "There are tragical, comical and common-place divorce suits, and the following certainly is as comical as any on record. A young couple ten years ago agreed to disagree, and she of the firm went West to the Eldorado of discontented wives in those days, Chicago. Then she commenced suit, but before it was granted he went on, made up the peace between them, and he returned, and she returned. Before the year was out, however, they quarrelled again, and this time he didn't reach her quick enough; the bill passed, and as a divorced woman she resided in Boston for five years. Then in an idle hour she answered a matrimonial or a personal notice in a New York paper, corresponded some months, journeyed on to this city to meet the Adolphus of her matutrine dreams, and found in him the Ichabod of her early days. They had lied so faithfully in their letters and so unambiguously that neither had discovered the other's identity. Whether the deception had cast a new light on the subject, or whether they were convinced that in all the world they couldn't find a fool like the other, at any rate once more they parted. A second wedding and a second hand honeymoon ensued. But the husband speedily began to rehearse to his moment against their checks. Having thus bidden his pathetic 'good-by,' he feebly crept out into a grove adjoining the house, the family lawyer, and the end, looked pitifully over the familiar spot, lay down, and was dead!"

### A RING ORGANIZATION.

At Little Falls, N. Y., some years ago two gentlemen had been hunting with a dog in the woods. After staying at the village a large cur sprang over the fence and attacked the hound, injuring it severely, but was beaten off. Mr. McKenry was advised to shut up the hound, but soon after he reached home he left again, and it was during the chase that he and the dog returned to the village. The dog's conduct is thus described:

"He trotted along some two miles, then stopped at a house where two hounds were kept with whom he often hunted. Arriving there he found a crowd of men, and by intimation understood by them the two were induced to follow him. The three, returning to the village on a good road, trot, heads and tails up, went directly to the yard where the cur was, and jumping over the fence fell upon him and never let go their hold until he had killed him."

### A SOCIAL VISITING DOG.

Several years ago a gentleman and wife spent a few weeks in the family of my friend, Mr. John G. Tallman, living at Nyack, on the Hudson. They had with them their dog, remarkably good natured and intelligent. He was kindly cared for, as is everybody and everything—man and beast—who comes within range of that hospitable home; made himself as one of the family and had a good time generally. At the close of summer, master and dog returned to the city. About six weeks later who should trot into Mr. Tallman's house one day, soon after the boat arrived from New York, but old Towser, he evinced signs of great pleas-

ure at the meeting, barking and frisking about, and doing all he could to express his joy. The family of course thought he preceded the arrival of his owners; but as they failed to appear, his presence created no little surprise. Still that did not disturb Towser. He ate and drank, barked lazily in the bargain, sunning himself and crept into a warm, cosy corner by night, evidently enjoying his visit wonderfully well. At the expiration of three or four days he quietly trotted out of the yard one morning about the hour of the arrival of the boat from New York, and his way to the dock, went on board the steamer, remained there until she reached the city, and then wended his way home like any other traveler."

### Six Dog Stories.

Dr. PRIME, in one of his "Trenaus Letters in the New York Observer," relates several anecdotes of dogs that have exhibited an intelligence almost human. Some of these tales of dogs, it is remarked, are quite well authenticated. The first is about

### A RELIGIOUS DOG.

Dr. S. S. Marcey, of Cape May City, writes to me of one known to the summer visitors as "the Presbyterian dog." He was raised, said the doctor, and owned by one of my neighbors, living near the Presbyterian Church. The dog was taken to the Sabbath morning he would quietly and orderly walk to the church, and after the congregation had assembled and services commenced he would quietly walk into the middle aisle and lie down. When the congregation arose for prayers he would devoutly rise to his feet and remain until the close, then recline to some other place. At the close of the services he would walk out of the church and quietly return to his kennel. On a funeral occasion, near the close, he has been known to stand upon his hind feet, elevate himself high enough to view the corpse for a moment, and then quietly retire. These ceremonies he performed for several years, as I have often been an eye-witness."

### A DISTURBED DOG.

Mr. Walter Chester, of New York city, writes to me that the following story was related to him by Dr. S. B. Woodward, formerly of Wethersfield, Conn., and afterward principal physician of the Insane Asylum at Worcester, Mass.:

"Dr. Woodward had a fine Newfoundland dog, which always accompanied him when driving his rounds, and frequently rode on the boat as he crossed the river to Gloucester. On one occasion, he remarked to me that the dog had been very quiet and unobtrusive animal from the church with several kicks. The dog so resented the ungentlemanly treatment that he abandoned the church entirely and never returned to the place. He was posted his home during the remainder of his life."

### Desperate Fight with a Burglar.

FARMER SAMUEL BOND lives with his family eight miles from here. On Saturday night last he awoke in the middle of the night and saw a burglar in his room. He jumped from his bed and grasped him by the throat and whiskers. The burglar struck Mr. Bond in the face, but he did not release his hold. The burglar responded to his call for help. The burglar, unable to release himself, started for the head of the stairs, dragging the farmer with him. Mrs. Bond seized the burglar by one leg. He knocked her down. She jumped up and seized his right arm, while her husband showered blows on his face. Reaching the head of the stairs, both the farmer and the burglar rolled to the bottom. The noise made by the struggling farmer and his wife awoke Mr. Bond, who joined his father and mother in their attack on the burglar. At this juncture the burglar drew a pistol and would have shot the farmer dead had not Mrs. Bond, seeing the movement, pushed the pistol on to the floor. The burglar fired in the groin of her son. The burglar fired a second shot in the right arm, near the elbow. The farmer's wife seized hold of the pistol, while her son ran out and got a club. The weapon was discharged while the burglar held the club, but doing no damage. Young Bond returned with a club and broke the burglar's right arm with one blow. The pistol dropped to the floor. Mrs. Bond picked it up with the intention of shooting the burglar, but before she could use it her son had knocked him senseless to the floor with two heavy blows on the head.

### ALL OF THE BONDS WERE BADLY INJURED.

The farmer was terribly badly about the head and face. The pistol ball had made an ugly flesh wound in his arm, and his body was bruised by the fall down stairs. Mrs. Bond had a long, deep cut over her left eye, where the burglar had struck her. Her son's wounds were not serious, but the pistol shot in the groin. The ball entered near the hip joint, and was imbedded in the flesh. They were all covered with blood, as were the walls and floor in the hall.

### MR. BOND ATTENDED TEMPORARILY TO THE WANTS OF HER HUSBAND AND SON.

She then bound the senseless burglar so he could not escape if he came to. Mounting a horse, she started as fast as it could carry her for this place. Arriving here she notified Dr. Billings and Constable Watts, and started them both for her house. In an hour and a quarter after leaving home she arrived back there, and was soon followed by the Doctor and the Constable. Mr. Bond and his son were found to be suffering severely from their wounds, but their injuries were pronounced not dangerous. The ball was extracted from young Bond's wound with little difficulty. The burglar was found dangerously injured. The fall down stairs had broken the bones of his ribs. The blow from the club, besides breaking his right arm, had fractured his skull in two places. He was also badly cut and bruised. The ropes with which Mrs. Bond had tied him were removed, and he was placed on a bed. He suffered intensely. Dr. Billings gave him every care, and in an hour or two he felt easier, and gave an account of himself.

### HE WAS ONE OF A GANG OF THREE PROFESSIONAL BURGLARS FROM PHILADELPHIA.

His name is George Myers. His comrades were Jake Schell and William Fry. They traveled through the country disguised as umbrella-menders and peddlers. Their plan of operation was to enter a town and work it thoroughly. They always got into places where good things could be made. In Milton they learned that Farmer Bond had received a day or two before the attempted burglary a large sum of money, the proceeds of a sale of cattle. They determined to make an effort to obtain it. From various parties they had received a good idea of the interior of the house, the habits of the inmates, etc. Fry unlocked the front door with a false key. Myers was to search the upper part of the house, while his companions were to take the lower part. When the noise up stairs warned the latter that Myers was discovered they fled, leaving him in the lurch. Myers said it was his intention to kill all three of the Bonds at the foot of the stairs, and he was about to do so when the young man knocking him down with a pocket-book belonging to Mr. Bond containing \$500. This had been taken from his pantaloons before the burglar was discovered.—*Milton (Pa.) Dispatch to N. Y. Sun.*

### GREENFIELD (Mass.) girls have taken to "the national game" with success.

They have won several prizes.

### CURRENT ITEMS.

INTERESTING MAN—A bank clerk. A MAN is thinnest when he's shaving. MANY A MAN with means is a mean man.

THE love for office is the root of much evil.

MOONLIGHT is merely the beautiful old age of day.

DEER waters make a still noise. So do deep men.

RATS are known for the cellarity of their movements.

DARK rooms are unfit for the dwellings of human beings.

AN unpleasant sort of arithmetic—Division among families.

HAPPINESS is where it is found, and seldom where it is sought.

NO matter how ignorant a man is, he can at least make a mark in the sand.

THE season for sleeping on window-sills and rolling off is here.

MONOGRAM buttons are introduced on some of the new walking-suits.

WHY should a magistrate be very cold? Because he represents justice.

A PORTLAND (Me.) railway crossing is called "the gridiron of death."

LITTLE girls should remember that murderers die of dancing rope.

COLORADO claims to yield sapphires, one of which was sold recently for \$500.

THE Washington Star says that every approach to both houses of Congress is blocked with pie-stands.

THE Jackson Whig and Tribune has been presented with a hen's egg which is the perfect shape of a walrus.

IT is proposed to try cremation on the dogs of New York.

A VIRGINIAN is under arrest for pawing his wife's corset for a pint of whisky. He believed that tight-lacing would kill her.

AN Atlanta child, only three years old, makes his parents proud and happy by carrying forty-eight pounds of meal fifty yards.

A DELAWARE man, arrested for murder, proved that on that night and at the hour of the murder he was at home mauling his wife, and this fact saved him. A word to the wise is, and so forth.

THE article of some omnibus-drivers in New York has gone far to convince the people of the city that the omnibuses are a nuisance any way, and may safely be abolished.

THE Grand Trunk Railroad authorities have decided to change the line to narrow gauge east of Montreal in September. It will then be of uniform gauge with the rest of the line, and correspond with its American connections.

ON a recent Saturday afternoon George Mead, nine years old, while playing with several other boys in front of a blacksmith's shop, was accidentally run over by a piece of wood which was dropping up a wagon, and knocking it down, the vehicle fell upon him, killing him instantly.

A NOVELTY, in the handsome \$4.50 field Croquet Set that the *Excelsior Magazine* is giving to new subscribers for 50 cents, through a special arrangement with a large manufacturing company. They furnish sample copies of the Magazine for 35 cents, from their office, Room 59, No. 157 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

THE Detroit Free Press says that recently, while a runaway horse was going up Michigan avenue, having a saddle on his back, a horse and buggy crossed the avenue in front of him, and he made a flying leap over the horse and continued his flight. One of the flying straps, however, knocked off the hat of the man who was driving, but he forgot to get frightened until the runaway was a block distant.

A STRANGE ROBBERY was recently committed at Louisville, Ky. A young lady who had an unusually fine head of hair, which she wore in two braids, awakened during the night with the idea that something was wrong, arose and examined the door, and finding it was locked was about retiring again, when she perceived that one of her long braids had been cut off close to her head. The thief had entered through an open window, but left no trace to aid in his recognition.

THE historic \$7,000 package which Col. York furnished in the memorable joint convention of the Kansas Legislature is again engaging public attention. Mr. Francis, of the new State Treasurer, has received for it, and reports it among the list of valuable papers in his keeping. What to do with it is the all-absorbing question. York, who surrendered it as a bribe money, will have none of it. Pomory claims that it was given to York in trust for the State, who has relinquished all claim to it. Hence there appears to be no owner.

STRAWBERRIES—Never wash strawberries if it can be avoided. If it must be done, do it before they are hulled. Use a large bowlful of water, put in a few berries, stir them up, and then lift them by the hands until they are clean, and then hull them at once, putting them into the saucers in which they are to be served. Sprinkle sugar over them if needed, and send to the table without further handling, or leave them to be served as you please. Every time they are handled takes something from their freshness, but if it is preferable for other reasons to place them in one large dish on the table put them from the water and hull them, sprinkling the necessary sugar as you proceed, so that they will need no stirring afterward. They need no draining. The little water that clings to them will melt away, and with the juice of the fruit will make an exquisite dressing.—*Harold of Health.*

A GEORGIA paper describes a Southern beauty as follows: "Among the many visitors who came to our city on Saturday last to sell their country produce was a young lady from an adjoining county who had chickens, eggs and butter for sale. Her beauty was of transcendent excellence. Bright, flashing, intellectual eyes and face round and rosy, while her calico dress was plain and neatly made and fitted beautifully. Her rich, black hair flowed in luxuriant richness. Highly educated, she conversed fluently, and departed herself with becoming modesty. She wore no purchased complexion; had no top knot on her head, but stood in the majestic beauty of a created intelligence that would not yield to the despotic dictation of frivolous fashion. It has been a long time since we gazed upon such a sight. The young men crowded round her wagon with curiosity in their eyes and admiration in their hearts. The old men wept for joy that there was one who had

### Tortures of School.

CHILDREN are naturally graceful, and when allowed to act freely will generally assume such attitudes and make such movements as are most favorable to elegance of carriage and justness of proportion. When noticed during their unrestrained moments of play, nothing is more beautiful in animal life than the vigorous boy and girl in action or during their rare moments of repose. Their rapidity, facility and precision of movement are marvellous to behold. Anatomy has been termed a hymn to Deity. Its display in the full vitality of childhood gives the highest expression to all its sacred music. Divine and precision of movement are strikingly illustrated by the free action of the young, whose muscles, great as they are in number and various in purpose, are worked with such accuracy and quickness of alternation that the only result seems to be a uniform flow of graceful motion.

Children, naturally so graceful in freedom, become exceedingly awkward under constraint. No sooner do they observe the eye of authority upon them than the eye of change is upon them. Their heads hang, their eyes blink, their expression assumes a scared look, their step becomes hesitating, and their whole body stiff and angular in movement. So great is this change that the frank and flexible child, so beautiful to sight in the playground, seems only a shy and ungainly booby in the school-room.

The constraint to which the young are ordinarily subjected in school is unnecessary and unprofitable. It does not effect not only upon their bearing, but upon their health. The fixed postures they are expected to assume are so repugnant to their organization that, however disposed to comply, they are forced by nature to resist them. The very effort they make to obey leads to the most ungracious variations from the perpendicular and rectangular requirements of school deportment. The grotesque movements observed in a class of pupils while reciting under the eye of a master, or in the distinctive protests against his rigid rule that they must stand, like a platoon of soldiers, erect to their work. Fastened to a certain spot, and forced to keep their heads more or less on one level, their natural elasticity, unable to find vent it require, bulges out, as it were, in strange and irregular movements. Some will swing like a pendulum, some twist their two legs into the semblance of a rather awkward figure, and some will wrench off the buttons of their waistcoats, some torture their pockets into holes, some devour their handkerchiefs, and the rest will be either squirming their bodies, or remaining perfectly motionless, with an irresistible fit of conching.

Again, behold them at their desks, with the desk of unvarying height and the seats without a back. Who would recognize the graceful child of the playground in the cramped deformity, with tongue jutting out, rounded shoulders, twisted spine, sinking head, arms akimbo, and fingers cramped over the slate or copy-book.

Continued subjection to a system of school constraint of the kind is, of course, destructive of all the grace with which the young may have been naturally endowed. This, however, unfortunately, is not all the mischief. There frequently result some serious deformities, which, if not distanced by the subjects of them for life, but greatly impede their usefulness, bitter their happiness, and prove not seldom fatal to their health. Curvature of the spine and short-sightedness are the most common of these deformities, and are generally developed during attendance at school. There is no doubt that they are directly caused by certain conditions common in the school-room, and which are the result of the system of constraint. Both of these serious deformities are to be attributed to constraint of posture.

Short-sightedness is the consequence of an undue lengthening of the axis of the eye during the period of growth, when the ocular apparatus is especially endowed with a power of adaptation to distances, is frequently produced by habitually exercising the sight upon very near objects. The child kept bent to his book or copy for a long period, and either forbidden to rest his back or unable to do it for want of proper means, has no alternative in his weariness but to bend forward and droop his head. In this seeking a rest he cannot dispense with his eyes brought close to the page where he is reading or writing. This habitual proximity of sight to its object causes the fluids of the eye to jut forward, lengthen its axis, and permanently shorten its vision.

The awkward postures assumed by the child under the ordinary restraints of school discipline are the main causes of the crooked spines so common, especially among growing girls. Whether assumed from formation, or from the habitual contortion of the body in a posture to result in permanent deformity of the back. The act of resting on one leg, which will be found as general in a class of school children as among a flock of geese, sets at once the figure awry, and if persisted in day after day for a long time as it generally is, will be sure to result in what the surgeons term lateral curvature of the spine. The constrained posture at the rest he cannot dispense with his eyes brought close to the page where he is reading or writing. This is not merely a deformity but a disease. The frame, in losing its symmetry, is deprived at the same time of one of its main functions. It can no longer, as it was designed, afford space for the free exercise of the functions of the internal organs. The lungs, the liver, the stomach and the bowels are pushed away from their original sites and thrust one upon the other in such a way as to hinder all justness of action. Thus comes disease, and finally organic disease and premature death.

No school, whatever may be its scholastic merits, is fit for youth that is not provided with the two essentials to ease of posture, the chair or seat with a back, and a desk or form that can be raised or lowered as the height of the pupil may require. A larger liberty of posture and movement, within of course the limits of decorum, should be allowed to children in school. They ought not to be too severely drilled according to any perpendicular, rectangular, or other mathematical idea of propriety, but permitted to assume often the waving lines of grace and ease to which nature inclines them.—*Harper's Bazar.*