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BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 29, 1887.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XXI, NO 17

SCROFULA I do not believe that Aver's Sarsaparilla bas an equal as a cure for Scrofnlous Humers. It is pleasant to take, gives strength to the bady, and produces a more permanent result than any medicine I ever used.

— E. Haines, North Limialo, Unio.

I have used Aver's Humors. I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrotlla, and know, if it is taken faithfully it will Erysipelas, this terrible disease,
—W. F. Fowler, M. D.,
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for my complaint, but
found no relief until
I commenced using

Canker, and

Catarrh,

cured by

the blood

purifying

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After taking 1cn bottees of this medicine I am completely cured.

—M C Amesbury, Rockport, Mc,

I have suffered, for years, from Catarth, which was so severs that it destroyed my appetite and weak-ened my system.

After trying other remodies, without relief, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, in a few months, was cired.—Susant L. Cook, 300 Albany st., Boston, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is superior to any bleed purifier that I ever tried. I have taken it for Scrofula, Canker, and Salt-Rhund, and received much benefit from it. It is good, also, for a weak stomach.—Mille Jane Peirce, S. Bradford, Mass.

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We refer here, to the Postmaster, the Supt. of Woney Order Div., and to officials of the U. S. Patent office. For circular, advice, terms and references to actual clients in your own State or It will do to tie up the other bundles," C. A. SNOW & CO.,

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SELECT STORY.

THE CAPTAIN'S PROBATION.

I went to the Manor to look after Lady Pardock's boy. He was sever years old; a sturdy, bold boy; independ-ent, but as obedient as I have never seen a lad so young. His mother's word was enough; he did as he was bidden without questioning or fretfulness. Lady Pardock was a widow. Among the party was Captain Armstrong, of the navy and the Captain and the young heir became great friends. Lady Par dook seemed to despise the Captain little. She was a fine, handsome wo-man; tall, well-made and well dressed. She and Henry, another guest, were good friends. She was interested in his mining and was quite as ready to go down in the mines as she was to sail in Mr. Hemphill's yacht, the Fire-

fly. "You are, of course, a great traveler, Captain Armstrong?" she said one day to the sailor. "No," he replied car lessly. "I have

been around the world, not much in it A sailor sees a good deal, and there is something worth seeing occasionally, "Have you ever been in a battle?"

she asked again. "Never, I am thankful to say," he

"You are surely-not-serious?" she "I am quite serious-I dread battle Of course I should fight if I had to do

so-but I trust I never shall." "I wonder you entered the navy, Captain Armstrong," she half sneered. "You should have been a Quaker." "It was not my own choice, Lady

Pardock," he answered.
"He would make an excellent counry parson," she remarked to her neighbor, Captain Martyn-Henry; and very soon afterward the ladies left the dining-room. From that time Ludy Pardock seemed to think the sailor what Charley calls "a muff."

One day we started to Ludworth Cove. They all had heard of it, but few had ever been there. The wind was blowing briskly from the southeast-a favorable quarter, and, as Mr. Hemphill said, "If it does veer to the southwest, all the better; it will bring us home the faster." "Won't you come, Armstrong?" asked Mr. Hemphill.

"No." thank you, "I don't care much for sailing. Besides you are quite enough in that craft without me. I should only prove a Jonah."
"Why, do you think a storm will

"It does not look like settled weath er, I must say," replied the Captain cautiously. "But you can always soud, you know !" "Thank you," replied Hemphill.
"But, seriously, Lady Pardock, if you

"Fear! I fear? No; I think Captain Armstrong is afraid. Let us go, Mr. Hemphill." He at once gave the word little distance out, as the tide was low, So we went on board whither Mrs. Cardewe had already proceeded. Cap ain Armstrong had merely taken off CARPETS to him so contemptuously. But I knew quite well she respected his nature, and his cool firmness, for all her coldness to him. I was certain she thought of J. J. BROWER what he said, for more than once I had heard her talking to her boy, and Having received his Spring stock he told her what his friend, the Captain, had bid len him to do. Lady of Carpetings, is now Pardock always agreed with her son

on these occasions. So when we reached the yacht she spoke to the sailingmaster and asked him what he thought of the weather. "Fair and square, my Lady; I think it will change afore night, but, so far,

I see nothing to be alarmed about."
"Perhaps the boy had better go shore," said Mr. Cardew. "Nonsense!" said Mr. Hemphill. "Mrs. Farmer wants a sail as well as

At prices which cannot help but please. Call and examine ourselves. Let the lad remain. You'd like the sea, Sir Jocelyn ?" "On, yes!" he laughed; "I love the

That decided the question. I remain-J. R. SMITH & CO. ed, and we were soon under weigh, rushing down the coast in the direction of Portland Bill. Captain Arm strong watched us for awhile; and then, waving his hat as a farewell; turned up the path toward the Manor.

He encountered Charley, my hus-

band, and the old fisherman on the way, and stopped, as sailors like to talk Shortly after Captain Armstrong announced that he was going over to Weymouth.

wonder you didn't go in the Firefly, then," remarked Miss Paradys.
"If I had, there would have been nobody to take them dry clothes," remarked the sailor-captain. Can also furnish any of the "Dry clothes! What do you mean ?

cheaper makes at manufacturers You don't pretend to say there will be prices. Do not buy a piano be-fore getting our prices. rain this afternoon with this wind? master, rushing to the tiller. "Furl, cried Captain Martyn-Henry. "Why, all—up with her—leave the jib slone, it's a lovely day."
"So it is," acquiesced the sailor, "but

fine days do not last forever. Do you will blow from the southwest before yacht drives upon Portland. night, and, with this ripple and a tide, raise a nice surf on the Chesit Bank. That's about the only bank in England the child! Bend the foresail. on which I do not care for a check."

While these preparations were being the wind veered again. made, the quiet captain sauntered on, Farmer's cottage. Charley, my husband, was at home.

"I'll bring them over, sir, thank you heartily." "No, come with us. You can sit with Roberts. Make haste. Have you

been completed when the wagonette Was this death?

Mr. Hemphill

gently with the whip, and off they started. The breeze was strong, but inland the people were sheltered. It We got on very well for a while; the breeze was rather behind us, and sent us dashing along beautifully. By degrees, however, the yacht began to plunge deeper and deeper. The sea got up, and broke on board frequently.

I didn't care, as I was accustomed to salt war, and I minded the boy. Lady Pardock came and stood by me. "I think Captain Armstrong was right, Mrs. Farmer," she said. "I right, Mrs. Farmer," she said. "I beard the master tell Mr. Hemphill that the wind was veering to the south-At that moment Mr. Hemphill came up with Mrs. Cardewe, who was glad to lie back in the stern of the yacht and be covered with shawls and tarpaulins. She looked wreached.

"I think that it would be more prudent to run for Weymouth at once,"
said Mr. Hemphill. "If we put into
Ludworth—supposing we can make the
entrance, which is doubtfut—we can

The ladies agreed to the suggestion, and the yacht was headed for Portland Bill. Even Lady Pardock bad Lady Pardock. The very last person had enough of the sea water before sunset. The waves dashed in and forced us to go below. The wind rose, who she had hinted was a coward. A as one who remembers that afternoon coward!

which we were aiming. From Port- answer for his life with my own !"

heir was fast asleep in my arms, and mother, who was waiting, tearless, obas we heeled over and listened to the
livious of the wind and rain and sea,
slapping and dashing of the waves out
while he was carried acrosss. And side and the rush of water across the this man she had said, was afraid!

It was evening and we were past couple of hours, after great kindness Portland Bill. The captain said we must go about and run in on the tide to make all the leeway up. The wind ceed into Weymouth. That night It was evenî was dead on shore. The waves beat as hat when Lady Pardock referred high upon the Chesil Bank, and if I could do some fine writing I could tell you about the curling tops of the masses of water which poured on the shingle. But that was nothing to the next day's sea. That I shall never forget.

The Firefly had been sighted and considerable auxiety had been express among the people who were watching us were Charley and Captain Armstrong, in fear for the result. Charley told me afterward that the captain was as cool as ever, and apparently afraid of getting wet; so he hired a cab and drove down through Weymouth to the Island, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Martyn-Henry at the hotel to receive the party The evening was deepening into a

if they ran alongside the pier safely. blustering and stormy night, as Charey and Captain Armstrong drove to Portland, and our yacht was driving on. We were still below when the easier motion of the yacht, consequent on our running before the wind, induced us to go on deck. Behind us was a limitless tumbling sea, dark clouds and rain; in front the Chesil bank, the island with its quarries and its prisoners, and the smooth waters we should be riding alongside the pier or in the harbor or pulling ashore to catch the train home. So we said!

But how is this? We are the pier face, for she perceived what construction might be placed may be constructed. But how is thisf We are not going

for the harbor direct! Yes, we are—what is that behind us!—a roar, then a flash, and, another roar. Blow, blow, good wind, ere the storm overtake us, or we shall fare badly. Flap! flap. The wind has suddenly failed us. "We are in the centre of a little cyclone!" So said the captain.

"Bear a hand, men; we shall be taken aback in a minute!" shouted the clew up the mainsail, smart ?

comes the wind from the northeast see those long white wisps of clouds? with a rush. The Firefly heels over Do you see that dark line to windward, like a toy; the jib strains. "Up with and the bank of clouds in the south- the helm!" The canvas splits with a west. The wind is in those clouds; it | fearful rending, ripping report, and the "Steady, men! All hands out of the dinghy! Remember the women and

Let her run?" roared the master. Captain Armstrong ordered some dry yacht paid off, and turning her back clothes for the ladies, greatly to the amusement of the maid who packed them in the portmanteau.

on the sea, rushed down channel—alas, into a tide-eddy, which sucked under the rocks of Portland Island as The soldiers at the Verne by this

telling the others to pick him up at time were crowded upon the cliffs to see the "wreck." Some shouted for and, was at home.
"I think you're a sensible young fel- were forth coning. The yacht drove low, Farmer," said the sailor. "Just in, and in five minutes ran between put a few of your wife's things in a two rocks, where (the wind having carpet bag or a box; and I il take them chopped again to the southwest) she to Weymouth. The yacht will get remained stern to sea—frequently wet, I expect." Charley was not so swept by the waves, and apparently much surprised, as he had been talking with only a few minutes to live. We with Barnes the fisherman. But he ble distress. Lady Pardock alone said not a single word. She took her child from my arms and said: "Mrs. Farmer, try to save yourself when the time comes; Jocelyn and I

> "Mamma, I am very hangry. May have some tea soon?" whimpered Jocelyn. The mother kissed him passionately.

will die together."

Mr. Hemphill did all he could to

begins to break up?
Mr. Cardewe and his wife were they bad been praying: I had prayed too. The light was dying out. A black figure was seen upon the beach.

If he could swim out that fifty yards

but there's not ten men in this sountry The figure came near and stood by the cliff in a place opposite the wreck. Three men were behind him on a ledge —holding a rope—he intended to come out then! Hurrah!

He plunged from a rock into deep secthing water which broke over his head. He was gone! No! He reappeared beyond the wave; he had gone through it and was making pro- There every or gone through it and was making pro- There every or gone towards the yacht, steadily. We private house. gress towards the yacht, steadily. get no real accommodation. Now at Weymouth we can, and there are the train and the telegraph. train and the telegraph, plenty of shops, and so on." yacht's bow, was hauled in bleeding, dripping, half naked and with a strong

line around his waist. A cheer! another; a scream from

as one who remembers that afternoon in September will recollect. It got fierce by five o'clock and positively boisterous by six. Great waves rolled up from the southwest, and we plunged fearfully into the sea. We had only a jib on her, and two reefs in the mainsail were taker in.

Nevertheless we plunged on to wind ward, for the captain did not dare to turn now and "scud." We tacked and went first, and was landed dripping but tacked, beating until the sun went down and we did not seem to be much near-er Weymonth or Portland Roads, for strong said: Trust him to me. I will

land Island the great Chesit Beach, I She smiled at him and gave knew, and so did all the sailors, extendim ber hand. He clasped it. ed right away to Bridgeport, where the mighty Portland stones have main with Captain Armstrong. Sir dwindled through all shapes and sizes Jocelyn said never a word. He ac dwindled through all shapes and sizes of pebbles to sand and gravel; and the biggest always the highest up the bank.

The captain or sailing-master, was brave enough, but anxious; the crew were sturdy; the gentlemen on board were serious; the ladies very ill and quite careless of danger. The little heir was fast asless in my arms and delivered the child to his mother was fast asless in my arms and delivered the child to his mother was fast asless in my arms and

hours, after the wind was terrible, and the Firefly was knocked to pieces at high water on the Chesil Bank on Monday morning; went down and saw her broken up.

We remained at Weymouth until Monday, and then all returned to Car dewe Manor except myself, Captain Armstrong, Lady Pardock, and Sir Jocelyn The lad could not bear to ed about her. Little did I think that part with his friend who had rescued him and had told him so many nice

stories.

obliged to go." "Oh, Captain Armstrong, can you ever forgive me!" cried Lady Pardock tearfully. "I beg your pardon most humbly for so misrepresenting you."
"My dear Lady Pardock, please say no more. I am really glad that I was appalled to read the say."

enabled to render you a service." "A service I can never repay," she said. "Now Jocelyn, go with Mrs. Farmer." For once the child paused. Then be said: "I want Captain Armstrong to stay

with us always, mamma. We have pleuty of money for us all and such a big house. Will you come t' he cried-"I am afraid I cannot go for long, Jocelyn," said he, "not for always."
"Why not?" said Lady Pardock sud-Then the blood rushed to her She motioned me to leave the room and then I went out with Sir Jocelyn until rain came on, when I came back.

"Captain Armstrong is going to be my new papa," cried Sir Jocelyn that evening as he rushed into my room. 'Is it not splendid ? Now he will tell me plenty of tales. Mamma is glad too, for she kissed him when he said he would stay with us, and she never

kisses anyone but me." This was satisfactory! Next day Captain Armstrong and Lady Pardock same to the Manor, and drove up in the new omnibus alone. I came in cab with the heir and the luggage, and there were great rejoicings when the engagement was announced at Cardewe

"So you cared for him all the time. dear ?" said Mrs. Cardewe to Lady Pardock. "I did," replied the radiant young widow. "He is the best and bravest

man in the world."

The First Nitro-Glycerine. The first nitro-glycerine that was ever shipped from Europe to America was sent by the way of Panama to San Francisco. It came through safely The nitro-glycerine was rendered in explosive by being dissolved in alco holic other, from which it could easily be separated at any time by evaporation The only danger was that the air-tight package in which it was shipped might burst in transportation, allowing the ether to evaporate. This happened with the second shipment in 1867, and the result was very disastrous. While shifting the cargo of the steamer at Aspinwall, a box of caps was dropped among a lot of leaking cases of nitroglycerine. The resulting explosion shatttered the steamer to atoms and killed 100 natives and many others. San Francisco Call.

"How greedy you are!" said on little girt to another, who had taken he fauttered.

Tears came into my eyes as I rememthe best apple in the dish; "I was going
Charley's preparations had scarcely bered my own children and Charley. to take that." The Polite Japanese.

"Here you are then!" exclaimed Captain Heavy; "you seem determined to bring luggage enough."

"Just a change all around," was the reply. "All right!"

The coachman touched his horses gently with the whip, and off they kiss, shake hands or embrace. They simply bow, sometimes for five minutes rm. at a time, Their bows are so nicely yed graduated as to express a wide range of sentiment. They are never petu-American lose his temper. They never or so he might bring us some assistance. The master shook his head.

"There's no swimmer in Dorset as with. They haven't even the funione profanity of "Oh, my!" "good grawill do it. It's possible. I've seen cious," or "dear me." Eating upon men in the Pacific swim as bad bits, the street is considered a rudeness, even among children and the very poor. It is not only rude to contradict another but rude to have a different opinion. This has its disadvantages, especially when one is in search of information, as no one will be impolite enough to correct his errors. Women are the servants at their own tables, as they do not sit with their husbands or neighbors. It is rude to criticise food or service at a hotel or restaurant.

There every comer is a guest as if at a No mattter how pressing one's busi ness at a house, it is rude to mention it until the very last, and then only inci-dentally. The same is true of a letter. There may be a roll of paper sixteen feet long, with fifteen feet and nine

No woman is ever insuited or even annoyed on the street. A lady may travel by night or day, unattended, throughout Japan quite safe from any affront. Kindness to animals is universal, and has become proverbial. Crows are the scavengers upon the city streets, and are never harmed. Birds build in the city houses; wild fowl alight in the ponds of the parks. If a dog goes to sleep in the busiest street, the crowd will turn aside rather than disturb him. A dog does not know what is meant when a stone is thrown at it. In a busy village street in the inland sea the speaker has walked with a wild deer which had come in from the forest trotting at either side of him, waiting for the rinds of the watermelon which he was eating. The people study nature with a true artistic instinct which shows its effect in their wonderful skill in the mechanical arts.

Sleep Necessary.

AN ITALIAN'S FUTILE ATTEMPT AT GOING THREE WEEKS WITHOUT SLEEPING. The present epoch is one in which the mind of man seems to turn to the performance of impossibilities. Explorers seek to penetrate to the North Pole, and mountain climbers to scale deck, I prayed carnestly and wondered whether we should ever see Carde we
Manor again.

And I! Well, I say nothing now.
Dry clothes and a welcome to the barracks were within reach; and in a
to swim the Niagara Rapids. Dr. Tanto swim the Niagara Rapids. goes forty days without food. The latest attempt at doing something that nobody else had ever done, is that of an Italian named Rouzani, who essay ed to go three weeks without sleeping but was speedily convicted of using deception in making people believe

that he got along without sleep. Whatever feats of endurance men may accomplish, they can not live long without sleeping. The victims of the Chinese waking torture seldom survive more than ten days. These unfortunate men are given all they wish to eat and drink, but when they close their eyes they are pierced with spears "I must go, my boy," the captain and awakened. There is no torture more horrible. Men steep under albliged to go." tal suffering, however. Men condemn ed to death-even those who fear their fate-generally sleep at night before

their execution. Soldiers sleep lying upon sharp rocks, and even while on the march. No one knows just what sleep is. The prevailing theory as to its nature is that of the physiologist Preyer, who holds that refuse matter accumulates in the nervous centers in such quantity as to bring about insensibility, which is sleep, and continues until the brain has been relieved of this waste matter by its absorption into the circulation. By way of contrast to the cases of those who seek to do without sleep, or are often unable to obtain it, a case is recorded by Dr. Phipson in which a young man slept thirty two hours with our waking. - Youth's Companion.

Wisdom of the Sages. BOR BURDETTE TELLS HOW A VILLAINOUS

HAWK TRIED TO MISLEAD HIM.

What a grand thing it must be to

have a good, thorough education, and

flew into a pine tree close to my window and began his breakfast. I called the Prince, and we watched the hawk sparrow on the limb of the tree with his talons, and tore off bite after bite with his great beak. He did not plack a feather before eating. Now and then, when a feather would come away with a shred of meat, the hawk shook it from his beak, but went right on with his meal. He didn't swallow any feathers, but beyond that he paid not the slightest attention to them, simply shaking them off his beak when they got in his way. Half an hour later l statement by a learned ornithologist and an old hunter that "the hawk failed. I am going to take the word of a miserable, ignorant hawk against that of a great ornithologist? Not 1. I may not know much, but I trow that I wot a learned ornithologist kens more good government. Hence, the teacher about hawks than any hawk that ever is the author of the citizen and the citbolted a feather .- BURDETTE, in Brook | izen the author of good government.

pations in the anthracite coal mines. A glance at the pay-roll of any big com-pany reveals the fact how useful they are. Run your eye along down the column heated "occupation" and every once in a while you see the word "rat-catcher." As this is as distinct a feature of employment as the driver, s'ate-picker, door-tender and so on, it excites no particular attention among hose who understand it. The rateatcher is paid 90 cents a day, and his special duty is to guard the bins where the feed for the mules is stored against the invasion of the rodents. The mine rat is as large as his brother of the wharf. He subsists upon the refuse of the feed troughs and the crumbs that drop from the fragal luncheons of the miners. They inhabit all parts of the colliery and find their way into the crevices far beyond the reach of the miner. They are useful in one way, however, and for this reason are fed and protected by many who labor in the dark and distant chambers of the subterranean depths. The rat instinctively knows where a crush from above is to come, and when a miner sees them leaping about him or hears them scampering off along the gangways to-ward the shaft he knows something is wrong and follows them at once. There are many instances on record where the rats were first to give warning of danger from which men have fled in safety and without which they might have perished.

Juvenile Rat-Oatchers.

BOYS IN PENNSYLVANIA MINES WHO DIS-COUNT THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN. [Wiixesbarre Letter to the Philadelphia News.]

Boys are employed in various occu-

have perished.

Naturally the professional rat-catcher grows fond of his exciting pastime, and, like the hunter, tries to bag all the game he can. Recently a spirit of enthusiasm broke out between several rat-catchers employed in the Diamond and Empire collieries, which was kin-dled into a flame by the offer of a prize of \$5 to the boy who would slaughter the most rats in thirty days, "Rat-Catcher Dick," a little red-headed fellow not over ten or a dozen years old, feet long, with niteen rect and this inches of humbug, and three inches of business, the only thing for which the business, the only thing for which the and had made a record of killing 320 rats in six days. This had never been beaten. Indeed the only approximate work had been done by "Blinky Bill," a twelve-year-old, of the Diamond, who had a record of 271. When the prize was offered the boys all set to work with a will. It was stipulated that they were to do the work separately and unaided. Judges were quietly appointed to see that the articles of agree nent were done fairly and carried out During the progress of the slaughter "Dick," of the Empire, was the favorite in the pools, "Blinky Bill" selling There were other lads in the contest, but it was generally agreed that one of these two would carry off the prize.

As the days passed the miners got deeply interested. Even certain sport-ing men in this city paid more or less attention to the rat killing contest, and when the final week's run was on every gambler in town was backing one of the boys. News from the Diamond and Empire was anxiously awaited in some of the saloons each night as to the count. The reports were very conflicting. All sorts of stories were set afloat as to the records of "Dick" and "Bill." Both the lads kept their own mouths shut close. Nobody could get a word out of either, and nobody really knew what each was doing. Even the porting places in town to hear the result. The judges gave sworn testimony of the count. The score for the thirty days' killing stood as follows: Dick 2,419; Bill, 1,956—an average of eighty rats a day for Dick and sixtyfive for Bill. Dick's biggest week was the last, when he killed no less than 618 rodents. A careful estimate places the weight of the rats slaughtered by Dick at over four tons. A nurse was made up and presented to "Blinky Bill." Dick's method, it is said, of catching the rats was by fixing barrels along their runways and by setting lines with baited hooks for them. He is proud of the championship, and another match will be arranged soon be-

tween the two boys.

The other lads who entered were practically out of the race the first week. The miners who won on little Dick all chipped in something for him subsequently, and it is said he carried home his widowed mother last night nearly \$100.

THE VANGUARD.

Without warlike demonstration, city

din, glorious pomp or flying colors, the picket guard is being pushed forward

to sure and complete victory. Though obscure, retired and unappreciated, modest and reserved, meek and unassuming, they carry by storm the whole business world to complete and successful accomplishments. Our public schools are the open door to every department of business life, and our teachers the key to the stepping stone to any and all positions to which the youth of our land wish to aspire. True, our public schools seem not materially to advance in proficiency from year to year, as the daily routine is but a repitition from time immem-orial. But much, however, is orial. changed in method and manner of know all about astronomy and natural thought, while the schools are continhistory and phlebotomy and all those things. A painful sense of my own the continued and onward flow of pugeneral ignorance always makes me pils, of legal age, through the public look very ill at ease in the presence of learned people. Not a great while common school system to a higher ago, two months, perhaps, I was written the common school system to a higher standard of moral and intellectual acago, two months, perhaps, I was with ing, and happening to glance out of quirements and the primary department to a system of methods attaining perand catch a poor little English sparfection under skillful and experienced teachers to such a degree that the public schools as the "Gibraltar" of our liberties. Gradually climbing to devour the little bird. He held the the top round of the ladder to intelligent and literary realms through a series of higher grades, thousands upon thousands are struggling to ascend; our public schools are the bottom round at which each and all must begin The perpetuity of our institutions, the moral purity of our people and the foundation of a good education are wholly dependent upon the purity, character and proficiency of our teach ers. A high standard of morals in got in his way. Half an hour later I our public schools is as essential for read in a most excellent paper the the public welfare as a high standard of intellectual qualifications. If vices be permitted in the schools with imnever begins devouring a bird until he punity, unrebuked and uncorrected, has first carefully plucked every feather victous habits will be formed, which, in out of it." Now if I hadn't read that, after life, will be difficult to reform, you see how ignorant I would have and may lead many to a bad end. Our been of a simple fact in natural history! teachers, therefore, ought to be men
I believe that villain of a hawk acted and women, possessed not only with as he did on purpose to mislead me, the requisite qualifications, but right-But, thanks to the learned man, he cous principles as well, which they can



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