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BONAMY PRICE ON EDUCATION.

The theory of education which Prof. Bonamy Price propounded in his recent lecture deserves criticism, favorable and unfavorable. We can heartily indorse the distinction he drew between education and skill. It can best be given in his own terse words: "The sailor who knows how to trim a topsail is a man of skill; the clerk who knows how to speak German in a counting-house is a man of skill; the groom who knows all about the points of a horse is a man of skill; the man who acquires a special knowledge may be called skilled, but not educated; education must be thorough." Reviewing his points as he made them, we come next to the assertion that the skill which nearest approaches education is mathematical. This is too sweeping. For, as the speaker afterward confessed, the main advantage of mathematical training is to make a man logical. Now it may make him too formal in his logic, like the lawyer whom Prof. Price knew, who was always vainly trying to formulate legal propositions as axioms. And if this is the main outcome of mathematics, from an educational standpoint, we should advise the seeker for logical training to study the text-book of Mill and the speeches of Burke rather than the problems of Euclid. The next point of the lecture was the study of science. Prof. Price well rebuked the arrogance of modern scientists. He made good-humored fun of Huxley's wild statement that a man who knew the history of a certain piece of chalk was better educated than he who had studied Greek and Roman civilization. Admitting the value of scientific study, he rightly denied that it is the be-all and end-all of education. Had he known the story, he might have quoted the witty Boston lady who said that she preferred literature *per se* to science purblind. He estimated in the same just way the benefits of linguistic study so far as the modern languages are concerned. When he treated of Greek and Latin, however, the traditions of Oxford proved too strong for impartial judgment. He ignored individual idiosyncrasies when he said: "I hold, deliberately and earnestly, that as an educational tool there is none comparable, in the slightest degree, to the Greek and Latin languages." Different tools are needed in order to shape different substances,—iron, wood, marble—into the most beautiful forms of which they are capable. Mind differs from mind far more than matter from matter. The process that will fully develop one may be comparatively powerless in regard to another. The dead languages are valuable, as the lecturer said, because they embalm the thoughts of the greatest minds the world has produced. They are valuable, too, because their mastery demands study, and study is drill. But the same drill may be got by hard study on other themes, and the great thoughts have all been clothed in English words, and are within the reach of the man to whom the original is a sealed book. Something is lost, of course, by straining Aristotle the author through Thompson the translator. Goethe suffers even in the hands of Carlyle. But it is certainly a reasonable question whether that part of the original which is lost in a translation is not more than counterbalanced by the knowledge that may be got by studying other themes during the time usually devoted to acquiring Greek and Latin. If a man has read an English rendering of Plato, and has mastered a science besides, is he not better educated than if he knows nothing of the science and has read Plato in the original Greek? The universities of England have made a fetish of the dead languages, and the colleges of America have followed the fashion they set. He is a bold man who confronts the idol and protests against its power. Yet there may be reason in the protest. When Bonamy Price spoke of the high standing of Oxford graduates as a proof of the benefits of classical training, he forget the important fact that the raw material on which Oxford works is about the best in the world. To make his argument apply, he must show what Sir Robert Peel and Gladstone would have been with a different education.

The truth of the matter seems to be that the study of language, like that of science or philosophy, is the best thing for some minds and the worst for others. We see no reason for giving it a higher place *per se* than any other first-class study occupies. Let each mind judge for itself. When youth forbids this, it should be the grateful task of the teachers to discover the individual bent and plan courses of study accordingly. The ideal education is summed up in the saying "Something about everything and everything about something." What the latter something is, individual circumstances must determine. Once fixed, it should be steadily pursued, and all other subjects should be studied as diversions. This theory differs somewhat from that of Bonamy Price. It recognizes more fully than he does the all-important principles of individuality.

THE WAY TO TAKE CARE OF CHINA.—All china that has any gilding upon it must on no account be rubbed with a cloth of any kind, but merely rinsed, first in hot and afterwards in cold water, and then left to drain till dry. If the gilding is very dull and requires polishing, it may now and then be rubbed with a soft wash-leather and a little dry whiting, but this operation must not be repeated more than once a year, otherwise the gold will most certainly be rubbed off and the china spoilt. When the plates, etc., are put away in the china closet pieces of paper must be placed between them to prevent scratches on the glaze or painting, as the bottom of all ware has little particles of sand adhering to it, picked up from the oven wherein it was glazed. The china closet should be in a dry situation, as a damp closet will soon tarnish the gilding of the best crockery. —*N. Y. Herald.*

BAD SHOOTING IN SPAIN.

So long as newspaper correspondents have the officers only to deal with, be they Republican or Carlist, they are sure to be well received, but if any of the rank and file see a man in their neighborhood whose identity with either side is not clearly visible, they fire upon him. If they only fire at him, he is comparatively safe, for worse shots I have never met. While at Hendaye I met a young English doctor who is attached to the ambulance corps, and who has occasionally been fired at himself, in spite of a white badge he wears round his arm. In the course of conversation he mentioned that a few days since he was taking a sketch of the church at Irun from the top of a neighboring hill. While he was sketching he heard several shots fired from behind a rock near to him. Although he did not hear the bullets pass, he was uncertain whether or not they were fired at him, and was about to beat a hasty retreat, when, suddenly, a Republican soldier showed himself and fired down into the valley below. Seeing that he was not the object at which the man was firing, the doctor spoke to him and asked whom he was shooting at. Pointing over the rocks to a road 200 yards below, he called attention to a peasant who was walking along it. The man was unarmed, and appeared quite at his ease, although several shots had been fired at him. "I believe he is a Carlist," said the soldier; "I have tried four times to hit him, and have failed. Will you take a shot?" There is a superstition among the Spaniards that if a man is missed four times his life is being protected by the saints, and consequently he is safe for that day at least. My informant declined the offer, his business being to heal wounds rather than cause them. Just at that moment the peasant discovered that he was the object of the Republican's attention, and he therefore lost no time in climbing over a wall, so as to place some protection between himself and the marksman.—*Letter from Spain.*

GRAY EYES.

The gray color is peculiar to the eye of women. And here we meet with a variety enough to puzzle Solomon himself. We will pass over in silence the sharp, the shrewish, the spiteful, the cold, and the wild grey eye; every one has seen them—too often, perhaps. But then, again, there are some beautiful enough to drive one wild, and it is only them which we mean. There is the dark, sleepy, almond-shaped gray eye, with long black lashes—it goes with the rarest face on earth—that Sultana-like beauty of jet-black hair, and a complexion that is neither dark nor fair—almost a cream color, if the truth must be told—and soft and rich as the leaf of the calla Ethopian itself.

Directly opposite to this is the calm, clean, gray eye—the eye that reasons, when this only feels. It looks you quietly in the face; it views you kindly, but, alas, disappointedly; passion rarely lights it, and love takes the steady blaze of friendship, when he tries to hide within. The owner of that eye is upright, conscientious, and pitying his fellow-men, even while at a loss to understand their vagaries. It is the eye for a kind, considerate physician, for a conscientious lawyer (if such a man there be), for a worthy village pastor, for a friend as faithful as any poor human being can be.

Last of the gray eyes comes the most mischievous; a soft eye with a large pupil, that contracts and dilates with a word, a thought, or a flash of feeling; an eye that laughs, that sighs almost, that has its sunlight, its moonbeams, and its storms; a wonderful eye, that wins you whether you will or not, and holds you even after it has cast you off. No matter whether the face be fair or not, no matter if the features are irregular and complexion varying, the eye holds you captive, and then laughs at your chains.

DEATH FROM EXCITEMENT.

The following incident is recorded in connection with the announcement of the death of Miss Emma McLean, daughter of Capt. George McLean, of Rochester, N. Y.: "Miss McLean had been suffering with typhoid fever for about five weeks previous to her death, but had commenced to recover slowly a day or two before her final illness. So much better had she become, indeed, that she was left alone in her room a short time on last Wednesday evening, as she had fallen into a peaceful slumber. The sun was just setting at the time, and a bright streak of sunlight was thrown across the sleeper's bed-chamber. Miss McLean happened to awaken suddenly, saw the room flooded with the sun's rays, and, supposing that the house was on fire, suddenly sprang out of bed and called at the top of her voice that the house was on fire. Her fears were soon allayed, however, when the family appeared, and she was placed in her bed again. But the sudden fright had proven too much for her weakened body to bear, and she commenced to sink rapidly, and died on the following afternoon."

GET atop of your troubles and they are half cured.

DANGER OF STIMULANTS.

That man is nothing less than a deliberate suicide who drinks tea, coffee, or ardent spirits of any kind, to induce him to perform a work in hand when he feels too weak to go through with it without such aid. This is the reason that the majority of great orators and public favorites die drunkards. The pulpit, the bench, the bar, the forum, have contributed their legions of victims to drunken habits. The beautiful woman, the sweet singer, the conversationalist, the periodical writer, has filled but too often a drunkard's grave. The best possible thing for a man to do when he feels too tired to perform a task, or too weak to carry it through, is to go to bed and sleep a week if he can; this is the only true recuperation of brain-power; the only actual renewal of brain forces, because during sleep the brain is, in a sense, at rest, in a condition to receive and appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood which take the place of those which have been consumed in previous labor. Mere stimulants supply nothing; they only goad the brain, force it to a greater consumption of its substance, until that substance has been so fully exhausted that there is not power enough left to receive a supply; just as men are sometimes so near death by thirst and starvation that there is not strength enough left to swallow anything, and all is over. The capacity of the brain for receiving recuperative particles sometimes comes on with the rapidity of lightning, and the man becomes mad in an instant; in an instant falls into convulsions, in an instant loses all sense, and he is an idiot. We repeat, there is renewed force for the brain only in early and abundant sleep.

TREASURY TRANSFORMATIONS.

The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* writes: "Some very amusing things have been unearthed by the keen, unswerving assiduity of the new Secretary of the Treasury. Quite a number of supposed young maidens have been developed into matrons, with husbands either in the department or in outside business. One young girl married a devotee of Crispin, and retained her maiden name and position with the proviso that the husband was to furnish the head of the bureau and his family with the best boots and shoes, made to order. Another chief clerk obtained his annual supply of groceries on the same principla of robbing Peter to pay Paul. A messenger receives a compensation of $1,000 per annum, and after the official clock points its welcome finger at 3 p. m., the chairs are—*presto!* changed into barbers' chairs, and the work of shaving goes bravely on. This enterprising messenger runs a regular barber's shop outside besides. A man who recently bade farewell to earthly snares occupied some inconspicuous position for thirty consecutive years. In the interim he had invested his accumulations in a large house, which in time became valuable from its situation. He then opened the house to accommodate boarders, and it became the resort of a very nice class of people. The house was handsomely and thoroughly furnished, and the value of the entire property must now be somewhere in the vicinity of $60,000 to $65,000!"

REDEMPTION OF MUTILATED CURRENCY.

A Washington correspondent states that the reports of the Controller of the Currency and Treasurer Spinner are not yet complete, but are in a pretty forward state of preparation. The Controller will not recommend any important changes in the present currency law, but will ask for new legislation on one or two minor technical points. The treasury officials are highly pleased with that part of the act which regulates the redemption of mutilated currency, and predict that next year it will work even better than it has this. In the short time that it has been in operation, less than five months, more than $30,000,000 of national bank currency have been received for exchange for legal tenders; $20,000,000 have been counted, assorted, and set to the Controller. Of the remaining $10,000,000, three-fifths are ready to send to the Coutroller and Redemption Agent, and $4,000,000 will soon be ready for the transfer. It should be borne in mind, too, that there has been a stoppage in redemptions for one whole month, because when the redemption was begun the agency was in no proper shape for the work. Experience shows that $10,000,000 per month can be disposed of by the present force of experts, or an aggregate of $120,000,000 per annum, making it possible to renew the entire national bank circulation once in three years. Ordinary bank notes will not last much longer than that length of time. The treasury officials differ as to whether the five per cent. provision is sufficient for easy redemption.

OPENING A CORRESPONDENCE.

The Binghamton (N. Y.) *Times* says: "Miss S. M. Pollard, of this city, who formerly conducted the extensive millinery establishment on the corner of Court and Water streets, received a few days since from the executors of the will of her uncle, her father's brother, recently deceased in San Francisco, Cal., a letter informing her that she was mentioned in the will as the sole heir of her uncle's estate. The letter further informed her that the estate was valued at upward of $200,000; $100,000 being invested in lands and real estate, and about $105,000, consisting of cash, on deposit in various banks in San Francisco. Mr. Pollard, we are informed, went to California many years ago, and for a long time his whereabouts were unknown, until his niece, by writing to the Postmaster at San Francisco, ascertained her uncle's address and corresponded with him. Through this correspondence, which revived old memories and restored family relationship, it is supposed the deceased was actuated in making this bequest."

GOOD COUNSEL.

Mrs. Jane Grey Swisshelm writes at follows to the Chicago *Tribune:*

SIR: Permit me to say, through your columns, to all the women in this city who are out of employment, that I am *not* publishing a paper or carrying on any business which requires assistance; and that, when I was, I never employed man, woman, boy, beast or machine because he, she or it wanted work, but always because the work wanted them; that, if I needed 500 women, I would not engage one who came to me with a top-heavy load of feathers, flowers, bugles, beads, bows and bands on her head, presented a painted face behind a masque veil, or wore a dress either trailing in the mud or bellounced, befolded and befuddled until she looked like a French hen with her feathers all turned up, while she complained of hard times and want of employment.

I do not know any one who wants copying done, or wishes to employ a woman to do office work. I have no influence with any publisher by which I could induce him to publish anybody's letters, or "poems," or stories. I know no one who has any genteel employment which he or she is willing to pay large wages; and my time is of importance to me. I am 57 years old; have spent the fortune my parents left me in helping the slave to freedom, and women into a position where they might help themselves. I gave my health, and nearly my life, in hospital service; am literally worn out, poor, and entirely dependent on my own labor for a living, except when I break down altogether and am obliged to accept the assistance my friends are always ready to give me. I live in very plain lodgings, and wear a very plain dress and bonnet from ten to fifteen years, because I cannot afford new; for I could not if I would, and would not if I could, do that kind of literary work for which there is a ready market and a high price. One-third my work goes into editorial waste-baskets because I spoil it with my idiosyncrasies; but I never grumble, and try to owe no man a dollar. If I were out of work and threatened with want, I would go into a family to render such service as I could—cooking, dishwashing, general housework, or any specialty—and take such wages as I could earn, whether it was $1 a week or 50 cents; and no employer should find me out of my place, wherever that was. I should never be found in the parlor when the kitchen was my sphere, and should take pride in being a good servant. Such being the standpoint from which I view life, I cannot, of course, feel sympathy with the fine ladies who come, every day, robbing me of my time and strength in listening to their recitals of sentimental sorrows. So, to all women out of work, I say, take off your furbelows and set about the first honest labor which presents itself.

THE SUGAR CROP SHORTENED BY FROST.

A New Orleans exchange says: A private letter from Lafourche to one of our largest houses, dated the 3d inst., announces a freeze in the Lafourche and Terrebonne districts on the night of Monday, the 2d. Grinding has been arrested, and planters are putting down their cane in wind rows. Around Raceland, and perhaps in the whole tract from Napoleonville down to Houma, the eyes have been killed half way down the stock. This will, in case of warm and damp weather, reduce the yield from 15 to 25 per cent., according to circumstances, and injure the quality of the sugar in even a greater degree.

There is further news to the effect that the same freeze has been felt in St. Mary, though we scarcely think with equal severity, the larger part of St. Mary being protected on the north by Grand Lake, and, therefore, much less liable to injury from cold.

If the cold snap has been general, however, as indeed seems possible, the crop of the State will be cut short 15,000 or 20,000 hogsheads. We shall doubtless have more specific and extended advices shortly.

MISS CUSHMAN NOT A PRETTY GIRL.

Time has not dealt gently with Miss Cushman. She looks at least 70, and to me she is an older woman in appearance than Mme. Dejazet, who has just paid her farewell to the French stage. I saw her in 1867. She was then 72 years old, yet looked younger than Miss Cushman to-day, though their lives will admit of no comparison. Dejazet was not a woman of unquestionable purity, and led a very gay, fast life, fond of wine and late hours. The floral tributes were few to Miss Cushman, yet very choice. She wore a *gris de perle* silk dress with fine point lace when she delivered her speech and "farewell," and in her carriage, which was borne by four black steeds, with a colored driver in livery, she wore an elegant white English opera cloak, and appeared in the same the rest of the evening at the hotel.—*New York Correspondence Boston Globe.*

HASH.—At last science grapples with this mysterious compound. The attention of the average boarding-house keeper is directed to the words of Prof. Redfern, who condemns "the process of cutting up meat into small blocks, and stewing it," the effect of which is that the albumen in the outer surface of each block becomes firmly set, and the whole affords about as indigestible a mass as can well be imagined.—*Scientific American.*

BANK OF ENGLAND.

If any one should imagine, says a writer on English banks, that the Bank of England is the greatest monetary establishment in the British Islands, a little inquiry would satisfy him that he had jumped to a false conclusion. No doubt it is a great institution—rich, chartered by the state, and with a great potentiality arising from various circumstances, including the ability to check undue speculation on one hand, or untoward depression on the other, by its being able to fix the rate of discount—which, at various times, has been as high as *nine* and as low as two-and-a-halt per cent. The Bank of England began business as an incorporated body in July, 1694, at which time William III., being much in want of money to carry on the war with France, granted a charter of incorporation to certain merchants in London, who subscribed £500,000 toward a sum of £1,200,000, which was to be lent to his Majesty at 8 per cent. Within two years after the bank began business its notes were at a discount of 20 per cent. In 1708 what is called "the bank monopoly" was established by an act of Parliament, which prohibited any company consisting of more than six members carrying on the banking business in England and Wales. The charter of the Bank of England has been fifteen times renewed, the last time in 1844. For a long time "the bank" managed the whole monetary business of the British government.

In 1826, at the instance of Sir Robert Peel, an act of Parliament was passed which virtually broke up the monopoly of "the bank" by sanctioning the establishment of joint-stock banks. At the same time, on Peel's suggestion, "the bank" opened branches in nine of the principal commercial towns in England. In 1834 the London and Westminster Bank was established, but without power to issue its own notes, and proved so successful that several other institutions of a similar description were established in London. The Bank of England strongly objected, claimed its "rights" of monopoly, but the new banks put these "rights" into litigation, and the most important of them were declared to be untenable. In Whitaker's Almanac for 1874 there is a list of sixty-seven joint-stock banks now doing business in London (many of these are colonial or foreign), and the paid-up capital is about £45,000,000, the nominal capital being double that amount. The paid up capital of the Bank of England is £14,550,000; the *rest*, or surplus in hand, averaging about $3,000,000; the total dividends for 1873 were at the rate of 10 per cent. The price of bank stock is about £250 for each £100 share paid up.

The London and Westminster Bank, the first established and most prosperous of its class, does a much larger business than the Bank of England. Its shares, each of £20, are sold at £66, which is higher than the Bank of England stock. Its reserve is £1,000,000, and its dividend last year was 20 per cent. Last July it reduced this dividend by 4 per cent., wisely declining to maintain a high rate of dividend, with profits somewhat diminishing. Its business, however, has increased during the present year, and it is now at the head of the banking business of the whole country. On the 30th of June, 1874, its money from deposits was £31,243,000, while the private deposits of the Bank of England were only £18,500,000—while the London and County Bank held £18,928,000 on deposit, the Union Bank £13,918,000, and the smaller banks somewhat less than £12,000,000. On examination it appears that the London and Westminster Bank had increased its cash from deposits by £2,000,000 in the first six months of the present year, and by nearly £3,000,000 over the deposits on June 30, 1873. Of course its shares have considerably increased in value in the same time. A twenty-pound share, whose market value last Christmas was £61 10s., is now at £66. Many of the other joint-stock banks also exhibit this sign of prosperity, which also indicates public confidence in them. If these banks were to suffer by a panic the pressure upon the reserve of the Bank of England would become enormous and destructive. "The Old Lady of Threadneedle street" (as the Bank of England is familiarly designated from its locality) is not more solvent nor prosperous than the London and Westminster Bank.

CARLYLE AS A READER.

Probably no author of his time has read more than Carlyle. He actually devours, and has devoured, books ever since he was 10 years old. He will go through an ordinary volume in two hours, and, although he may not con each page, he will find in it all that is worthy. His memory is prodigious, not only for generals but for details. He could repeat poetry by the ell. He never does, however; for he is always averring that he hates poetry; that the greatest bards have crippled their thought and limited their range by rhythm and rhyme. He thinks Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare would have been greater had they expressed themselves in prose. Nevertheless, he is a poet—a poet, not without, but indifferent to, form. He has the reputation of being better acquainted with all subjects, historic, philosophic, literary and scientific, than any living Briton. For years and years he is reputed to have read on an average five volumes a day, and to have skimmed eight or ten more. Reading has ever been a passion with him, and he has said that his idea of heaven would be to be turned into an inexhaustible library of new and good books, where he could browse for all eternity. He estimates, I have heard, that he has gleaned the contents of fully one hundred thousand volumes, which, when we consider his voracity, rapidity, trained eyes and mind, is not at all unlikely. There is hardly a curious and remarkable book in the British Museum that he is not more less familiar with. A gentleman's ordinary library he could eat up—all that is worth eating, that is—in a single fortnight.

A MAN WITH A HISTORY.

Three times last week a man was brought into the station who was found on the street in an unconscious state. Saturday he was taken to the workhouse. He had been peddling baskets about town, and is subject to fits, falling to the ground suddenly and remaining unconscious for some minutes. Before being taken to the workhouse he told his story to Deputy Williams.

He was born in East Randolph, Vermont, about thirty-five years ago, and his name is Horace Barney. From his childhood he was subject to fits, and for that reason unable to obtain steady employment. So he was sent to the poor farm. Apparently they tired of him there, for, he says the town authorities took him to a seaport and shipped him on a whaler for a voyage to the Pacific. Not long after the vessel sailed his infirmity was discovered, and the captain cast about for some way to get rid of him. The old stock trick of leaving him on an island was hit upon. As the ship was cruising around an island in the Pacific a boat was ordered ashore for water, and Barney was detailed as one of the crew. His shipmates persuaded him to push on toward a grove of trees, and then jumped into the boat and pushed off for the vessel without him. In despair he stretched himself upon the sand, and presently fell into a fit.

The natives of the island found him in this fit, and apparently were favorably impressed by his situation, for they took him to one of their villages, fed him and made much account of him. They seemed to regard his fits as fits of inspiration, and reverenced him as a great medicine man. He was adopted into the tribe, and his body tattooed in the latest and most approved fashion. (The tattooing is plainly visible on his body now.) He took one of the native women as wife, and she had a child by him. He lived with the savages two years, and got very tired of his life, longing to get back to his native land. One day a vessel hove in sight, and a boat was sent ashore. He seized the opportunity and escaped, coming to New York. Since then he has made his living by making and peddling wicker baskets. What a fall, from the medicine man and prophet of a nation to a peddler of baskets.—*Portland (Me.) Press.*

PARASITES IN BIRD-CAGES.

Many a person has watched with anxiety and care a pet canary, goldfinch, or other tiny favorite evidently in a state of perturbation, plucking at himself continually, his feathers standing all wrong, always fidgeting about, and in every way looking very seedy. In vain is his food changed, and in vain is another saucer of clean water always kept in his cage, and all that kindness can suggest for the little prisoner done; but still all is of no use, he's no better—and why? because the cause of his wretchedness has not been found out, and until it is, other attempts are but vain. If the owner of a pet in such difficulties will take down the cage and cast his or her eyes up to the roof thereof, there will most likely be seen a mass of stuff looking as much like red rust as anything; and from thence comes the cause of the poor bird's uneasiness. The red rust is nothing more nor less than myriads of parasites infesting the bird, and for which water is no remedy. There is, however, a remedy, and one easily procurable in a moment—fire. By procuring a lighted candle and holding it under every particle of the top of the cage, till all chance of anything being left alive is gone, the remedy is complete. The pet will soon brighten up again after his "housewarming," and will in his cheerful and delightful way thank his master or mistress over and over again for this, though slight to him, important assistance.—*Land and Water.*

SOME SILLY PEOPLE.

The Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, speaking of the silly people who are eternally trying to appear intellectual, says: "In music they affect a classical severity of taste. Vocal music they find trivial; instrumental music, if merely beautiful, is worthless. Depth of thought is what they are after. In painting they jabber about symphonies in green, harmonies in white, and notturnos in all sorts of colors. They beg of you to admire the tremulous tones of an atmosphere, or the swell of a foreground, or the diapason of scarlet in sunset. They themselves might not inaptly be described as inharmonious swells in green, and it is difficult to say which are the greater nuisances—these really soulless windbags, whose appreciation is all affectation, or the honest but uncultivated countryman, who listens to a sonata of Beethoven and exclaims, 'O, dry up that scrapin', and give us a Virginia reel.'"

TO PRESERVE PEARS.—Take pears not quite ripe and peel off the skins. Prepare a sirup with three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit. Melt it and boil for half an hour, removing all the scum that rises. Put in the pears and let them boil for ten minutes, or just long enough to soften a little; then take out and cover tightly with paper wet in whisky or alcohol, and cover with another paper placed over the mouth of the jar.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

A HUNDRED EXTINCT VOLCANOES.

The Academy of Science met, as usual, on Monday evening, Gen. Hewston in the chair. The attendance was good. The donations were numerous and some of them interesting. Dr. Harkness spoke of discoveries made by himself in parts of Plumas and Lassen counties little known hitherto. A tract of country containing about 8,000 square miles he described not only as volcanic, but showing traces of recent volcanic action and having within its limits 100 extinct volcanoes. A large crater on the dividing line of the two counties had dammed up a lake, giving it a new outlet and spreading its waters over an area of three square miles. The volcanic cone is higher than Vesuvius. Ashes and scoriæ are scattered all down its sides. In different parts of the lake are stumps of trees, some of them forty-five feet in height, and showing above the surface. Some of them standing in the lava are only partially burned through, indicating that the matter ejected from the volcano was not all in a melted state. In other places occur round cavities, which were sounded by Dr. Harkness and his party, and stumps found at the bottom. Higher up, the trees, though untouched by the lava, were burned by the heat. The growth of a portion of the trees since the eruption shows about twenty-five annular rings. The lava from the volcano covers about a hundred square miles. An old resident of Red Bluff, who was in the neighborhood in 1853, told the doctor that he saw a bright sheet of flame rising from the mountain, which continued during his entire stay. Shaved Head, an old Indian of the Mill Creek tribe, says that in his youth the region was alive with volcanoes in active operation.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

A COMMON DANGER.

People who wet their winter's coal, in order to lay the dust on putting it into their cellars, do not generally know that they are laying up for themselves a store of sore throats and other evils consequent upon the practice. But so it is said to be. Even the fire-damp which escapes from coal mines arises from the slow decomposition of coal at temperatures but little above that of the atmosphere, but under augmented pressure. By wetting a mass of freshly-broken coal, and putting it in a warm cellar, the mass is heated to such a degree that carburetted and sulphuretted hydrogen are given off for long periods of time, and pervade the whole house. The liability of wet coal to mischievous results, under such circumstances, may be appreciated from the circumstance that there are several instances on record of spontaneous combustion of wet coal when stowed into the bunkers or holds of vessels. And from this cause, doubtless, many missing coal vessels have perished.

HINTS FOR YOUNG WRITERS.

No author of to-day becomes popular unless he adapts his writings to the crisp, lively style now in favor with the public. Remember that this is the age of telegraphs and stenography, and be brief. Be pointed. Don't write all around a subject without hitting it. State facts, but don't stop to moralize. It's a drowsy subject. Let the reader do his own dreaming. Eschew prefaces. Plunge at once into your subject, like a swimmer into cold water. If you have written a sentence that you think particularly fine, consider it carefully ere you decide not to draw your pen through it. A pet child is often the worst in the family. Condense. Make sure that you really have an idea, and then record it in the shortest possible terms. When your article is completed, strike out nine-tenths of the adjectives. And, last, never blame your publisher if he judiciously prunes your literary efforts. He knows what he's about.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST ROLLS.—Roll a quarter of a pound of butter into a pound of flour; then add a tablespoonful of good yeast, and break in one egg. Mix it with a little warm milk poured into the middle of the flour; stir all well together, and set it by the fire to rise; then make it into a light dough, and again set by the fire. Make up the rolls, lay them on a tin, and set them in front of the fire before you put them into the oven, and brush them over with egg.—*Cultivator.*

"WHAT are you doing now?" asked a New England man upon entering Mr. ——'s studio in Rome unannounced. "Just at present," replied the sculptor, who was washing his hands, "I am performing requisite ablution." "Requisite ablution!" exclaimed the New Englander. "I never knew of such a statue; let's have a look at it!"

A GENTLEMAN writes to the New York *Times* that he has been hunting for a wife for fifteen years, but has never found a well educated girl, occupying a good position in society, who was willing to accept himself and his $1,800 a year. He claims to be well-bred, good looking and accomplished.

THERE is a man living in Carrol county, N. H., poor-house who spent all his property in a law suit in which the sum involved was only $3. He had two opportunities of settling the suit for $5; and he knew all the time that he was wrong.

A YOUNG lady of the period writes to an exchange to inquire if washing her face with pipe clay will improve her complexion. We should think it might, with the addition of a masculine cheek and well-ignited *match.*

SOME American ladies were recently turned out of the Church of les Invalides in Paris for whispering during the service. They probably forgot what St. Paul said, that women must keep silent in the churches.