Corvallis Weekly Gazette.

GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE, Pubs.

CORVALLIS, - OREGON

A Southern paper says that God is good to Pennsylvania, for when the whales ran scarce petroleum was discovered, and just as cheap Southern coal and good iron ore threatened to undersell the Pennsylvania mines natural gas was found.

The contributions for the Grant monument at Riverside, New York, come in very slowly. The aggregate is still less than one hundred thousand dollars. This is somewhat discouraging as the original design was the collection of one million dollars. It is probable that the city, State and Nation will be called upon to lend a helping hand.

Recent statistics show that last year in the number of newspapers conveyed in domestic mails, the United States was first with 852,180,792; Germany next, with 439,089,800; France third, with 310,188,636; Great Britain fourth, with 152,739,100; while Italy follows with 99,509,179. In the number of letters dispatched in international mails, the positions are reversed, Great Britain ranks first with 46,051,500, and the United States fifth with 22,569,120.

Some remarkable remains of a mammoth have been discovered near Yreka, Cal., by some miners. They comprise a mammoth horn, jaw, teeth, vertebra and other bones. They were found 45 feet below the surface. The horn is five and a half feet long, in the shape of a cow's horn, and is eight inches in diameter at base. The teeth and other bones are of mammoth size. An animal built in proportion to them would weigh at least ten tons when alive. The teeth, horn, etc., give evidence that the animal was of the bovine species.

It is stated upon good authority that the late stiffening of stocks were enginered by the bulls for the purpose uf unloading non-paying dividend securities upon innocent parties—in which they were partially successful. The names of a dozen or more stocks are given which pay little or nothing, but have been boomed up to 50 and even above par. People are warned against the folly of reckless buying of stocks just because the market is going up. If you buy for investment, be sure that you will receive a fair interest on your money and investigate carefully the condition and prospects of the road of which you become a part owner.

The German population of the United States is over 12,000,000 and there are German newspapers published in nearly every state and territory. The German Newspaper Directory, published by Tobias Brothers of New York, containing a complete list of the newspapers published in the United States and Canada, shows a large number, with an extensive circulation in many instances. Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut are the only New England states having any. Those having the largest circulations are published in New York, Pennsylvania and some of the western states. There are eighty religious newspapers in the list.

The refusal of the Queen's Privy Council to interfere in Riel's case is not final nor decisive against him. They simply relegated the responsibilities of the case to the Canadian Government, which will have to decide for itself whether Riel shall hang or not. This question is now agitating all portions of the Dominion. If Riel is hung, he will be made a martyr to freedom by the French people of Canada. If he is imprisoned for life at hard labor, he may be speedily forgotten. Those who wish to save his life quote the example of the United States in allowing all the participators in the rebellion to escape the hangman, while a majority of the English speaking people insist that Riel richly deserves to die on the gallows.

From an official report recently published it appears that the number of co-operative establishments now in operation in Germany is estimated to be about 3,900, or, to be exact, at the date of the publication, 3,822, against 3,688 the previous year. The membership of these associations aggregates about 1,500,000. The business transacted in 1884 reached the astonishing figures of $750,000,000, upon a working capital of $160,000,000, $60,000,000 of which represented shares of stock, a reserve fund, and the balance borrowed capital. These are very encouraging statistics, and well worth the attention of our working people, who may be able, with the safeguards of stringent laws in the management of these co-operative associations, to realize the practical solution of the labor problem.

WATCHING AND WAITING.

Mrs. Clara Vere de Vere
Has sadly come again to town,
She thought to make a brilliant match
And win her daughter much renown.

At men she smiled, but unbeguiled
They saw the snare and they retired,
The belle of full five seasons past,
She was not one to be admired.

She made big eyes and sweet replies,
She wandered pensive by the sea,
She lingered, hoping, at the springs,
But all the boys said, "not for me."

Mrs. Clara Vere de Vere,
But few rich suitors are about,
Your daughter give to some poor man
Before her charms are quite played out.
—Boston Budget.

LOVE AND FATE.

BY MARIAN ROMERO.

Northern Budget.

Two people, a lady and gentleman, are walking together underneath the elms in an old yet beautiful garden. The August sunshine lies warm and bright above them, the birds are singing in the branches over their heads and at their feet are beds of fragrant, old-fashioned flowers. Behind them at some distance off stands a large brown house, whose gabled roof is half over-grown with ivy, and upon whose imposing black oaken door is inscribed the name, Elm Lodge. Far away to the west lie the purple Catskills, to the south and east rise gently sloping hills, upon which peaceful flocks are straying.

"It is a beautiful home, Professor. Are you not happy here?"

The lady is watching his strong, earnest face as she waits his answer. She is of medium height, slender, and not pretty. She has large, gray eyes. It has been noted by observers that the eyes of these two people, Professor Bettinger and his pupil, Madge Kirby, are exactly alike. She is dressed in a shabby, gray gown which has for adornment only a bunch of wild, white daisies at her throat. The Professor speaks slowly:

"It is a beautiful home. I have been happy here all my life until—" He stops and is biting his lips while a slightly annoyed expression passes over his face.

"Until I came to disturb your peace?" Madge is speaking softly, sadly, and she timidly lays her hand upon his arm as if to plead for his forgiveness for some fancied wrong.

"We have been much together, professor," she says. "I have grown to find my life brighter and more full of purpose since I knew you, so noble, so grand, so wise. I regret that you have not been equally happy in my presence."

"I did not, do not say so—" he is speaking with some hidden agitation and his gaze rests a little yearningly on her face.

"No, but it is so. I can see it more clearly of late. You are nervous, ill at ease, often sad with me. Why, dear friend, is this? Do I tire you with my chatter, or—is it something entirely apart from me? Tell me—" she is unconscious of the earnest longing in her eyes as they meet his, "what is it which troubles you?

"Miss Kirby, Madge, I must not tell you of my trouble. Dear, you have no trouble; at least, thank God."

He sees her start and blush. He is unconscious of that little tender word he has spoken. It was in his heart, and he uttered it unknowingly. There is a long silence between them. Then she speaks in a low tone:

"Professor, I am going away tomorrow. I received a letter this morning from my aunt, stating that she will accompany me from Elm Lodge to my future home. Soon I must part with you, with this dear pleasant summer home and all its memories, and forever."

He is looking sadly down on her face. He thinks of the long bright days of happy companionship which they have enjoyed together, of the books they have read and written, of the pleasant strolls by the river, and it seems to him that a shadow has fallen over the beauty of the afternoon, a shadow which lies between them and blots from each their wistful faces forever. "Madge"—he is looking into her eyes, "Oh, it seems so hard that we must part. You will not utterly forget—not quite banish our happy summer from out your life?"

She answers fervently. "I will not do that, dear friend; I would not if I could."

It is perhaps well that she scarcely understands her own feelings in the matter. She speaks at length of her plans for the future. She tells him about her betrothed husband, of the gay life she expects to lead abroad. Of her ambitions and hopes. To all he listened quietly and with a grave almost indifferent air. Once he tells her to be good and true and earnest in her future life, as wife, mother and a Christian woman. The tenderness of his face haunts her long afterward, even now it saddens her strangely.

"Will you sing to me, Professor?" she asks after they have retraced their steps and are seated in the vine covered porch, while the sunset fades over the hills.

He has a deep mellow voice, and now as he sings a tender strain she is thrilled almost to tears. The Professor has a few pupils, young ladies of 16 and 20, who now, on hearing the well known baritone voice, come trooping out from the school room, with their lady teacher. The teacher is a tall, suberb looking woman, with brilliant black eyes and rosy cheeks. She is far handsomer than Madge Kirby, and rumor says she expects to marry Professor Bettinger.

It is this which he is singing:

"Falling leaf and fading tree,
Lines of white on a sullen sea,
Shadows rising on you and me,
Shadows rising on you and me.
Hark! a voice from the far away,
Listen and learn," it seems to say,
"All the to-morrows shall be as to-day,
All the to-morrows shall be as to-day."

The song is sad and Madame Merlyn says with scorn, it is absurd that he should treat them to such a doleful air. Only Miss Kirby understands why he has chosen it to-night and at her request. Her eyes say mutely to him: "You are going out of my life forever, and this is good bye."

When darkness gathers over Elm Lodge the little household separate for the night and go to their chambers. Madge only lingers behind the others, and Professor Max gravely reminds her, as she stands outside in the night air, that she must care for her health and her roses. It is the last night she will ever stand here thus with him, she tells her heart, and so, putting out her hands, she says softly, "Dear friend, I want to say to you how grateful I am for your kindness to me, how much I esteem you; and—and—God bless you, Professor." She does not hear his reply, but goes swiftly up the stairs and once in her room she falls on her knees and bursts into a passion of weeping, the bitterest she has ever known. To-morrow she is going away, and in one week she is going to be married to a young man who has held her troth for years. Down under the stars the grave, kingly, middle-aged man walks up and down on the terrace, striving with a strong man's fierce will to overcome his sorrow and gain peace and content for the future.

II.

It is after midnight. Madge Kirby, in her white night robes, sits at the open window of her sleeping room, where after a long, sad vigil she has fallen asleep. A brilliant red light is playing about her face, and it shines into her room and reddens the wall. There is a fire, a heat coming from somewhere. Suddenly a wild shout rises on the air. It is the cry of "fire," from some one who stands on the lawn. It reaches the ears of all but those two who have slept so little during the night, and who, at last have closed their eyes in a deep perhaps fatal slumber Madge sleeps on, and down in his own room the master of the burning house lies dreaming of her. The lady teacher, with the other pupils, flock down the stairs and out into the grounds. The roof is on fire, and no human power can save the old wooden mansion from swift destruction. Now some one asks for the professor. Another says he is at work trying to check the flames. The men servants are busily employed thus, and after little parley there is no further question for anybody. Suddenly the master feels a light touch on his brow. It thrills and awakens him. He looks up to find a sleder figure bending above him.

"Max! Max! awaken, for God sake, save yourself, the house is burning over us," Madge Kirby says in a hoarse strained voice.

In an instant he is upon his feet, and wrapped as he is in his dressing gown, he clasps her in his strong arms and turns to the door. A furious crackling and roaring greets their ears. The roof is falling in, and as they endeavor to pass into the hall a black cloud of smoke and falling cinders blinds and suffocates them. She lies against his breast, she feels his breath heavily on her cheek, she cannot see, can scarcely breathe.

"Oh, my God!" he gasps, "can I not save you, Madge, my darling? My little one must we die in this accursed hole away from the pure air of heaven?" It is only the moan of his bursting heart as he struggles to find some means of exit. She has ceased to realize their peril. Insensibility has wrapped her like the robe of death. The hallway is a vast sea of flames. The chamber is filling with debris from above and he, clasping his burden to his breast, is striving to reach the burning window where, perhaps he may make a flying passage-way from their perilous position to terra firma. He is there, the window is all a mass of flames, and boldly, bravely, he steps with his bare feet upon the burning sill, and out into the night. With a feeling of great joy he finds himself on the vine covered roof of the porch. He had forgotton his sleeping room was directly over it. The cool vines to his blistered and bleeding feet feel soft and grateful. He pauses here not a moment, but clumsily lowers himself with his inanimate burden to the ground.

"Madge, my darling, my own sweet love are you dead?" he moans, as he bathes her face and hands with water, after he had lain her on a bench in the garden.

They are quite alone for the others have long departed forgetful of all save themselves.

After a long time she revives and finds him kneeling thus calling fondly on her name.

"Thank God that we are safe," is all she says, wearily closing her eyes once more, and in a child-like way drawing him down to her until her head can rest on his bosom. For a moment they remain thus, both filled with a new sweet peace, which in spite of the unpleasantness of the moment, makes the night like heaven to them. Then he says gently, "Little one, I must get you to a place of safety. Your garments are burned, and tattered as are mine. The morning will soon dawn and, Madge——"

He is growing embarrassed, and she laughs nervously.

"And this is not exactly proper for you, my dear. You will get ill and cold."

"But I cannot walk," she says petulantly, "my strength is gone, and my feet are bare and blistered." Neither can he carry her. He is unable to walk far, and thus together they are fated to remain until succor arrives. When it is late into the morning and the first rosy flush kindles the sky, she lifts her face from his shoulder and smiling archly says:

"Dear Professor, the world will never forgive me for this dreadful night. What, oh what shall I do?"

He bends lower above her face. Scarred and burned as he is, for her sake, he is dearer to her than all the world.

"Be my wife, little Madge, and let me shield you from all the world. I love you so truly my darling."

Her eyes shone into his.

"My love my preserver, my king," he hears her whisper fervently.

"But I am poor, now, dear," he adds a little sadly. My beautiful home is in ashes. I have nothing left but myself. I love you Madge and will work for you—but perhaps it is wrong for me to ask you to come to me thus."

"If you were a beggar in the streets and still be yourself I should love you and come to you, now that I know you want me," she says fondly.

After this of course, is a carriage arriving in which they are glad to accept shelter and Miss Kirby's aunt, a fashionable lady who has come thus early to bear her away from Elm Lodge, is shocked to find that very respectable seminary for young ladies burned to the ground, and her dear niece sitting blackened and but thinly clad on a garden seat with the master of the Elm Lodge, also in the same predicament.

"We are to be married as soon as we get comfortably dressed," smilingly observes Miss Kirby to her aunt.

They are bowling over the country road and the professor suggests that Mrs. Netherton, Madge's aunt shall drive them to a relative's house when they may find some of the comforts of life.

"Because I am to be married to your dear little niece this morning," he says gently, but with some amusement.

"On the whole I am glad of it," says Mrs. Netherton and we think she is wise to make the best of the matter.

So you see Madge did not marry her absent lover, but became the wife of a man twenty years older than herself in whose kingly heart she found her earth a heaven of love and joy.

Maud S.'s Fastest Half Mile.

From the Chicago Herald.

Although the telegraph says that Maud S. made the fastest half mile or record during her trot against time at Narragansett Park, there is a tradition that has been accepted by horsemen hereabouts that a faster half mile than 1:03 1-2 was trotted at Chicago five years ago. Strange as it may appear, Maud S. herself participated in the event. If she could be consulted about the matter she would probably tell her present admirers that one pleasant afternoon, noteworthy in the trotting calendar as the day when she first beat 2:11, she trotted from the quarter pole to the three-quarter pole in 1:03 flat. That was Sept. 18, 1880, and horsemen are fond of telling how the queen of the turf crushed all records, and almost out-stripped time itself, on the Chicago track that day. Two days before she had tried to beat 2:11 1-4, and failed by a quarter of a second. But on that auspicious day she started on her journey at a moderate gait, arriving at the quarter pole in 34 3-4 seconds. Then she straightened out for the half, and sped down the backstretch like a chestnut streak. The half-mile pole was reached in 303-4 seconds, and the spectators on the grand stand could hardly believe their stop watches. On she went along the lower turn at an amazing pace. When the three-quarter pole was reached all the watches showed 1:37 3-4 from the start. If the first quarter be subtracted from this it will show a faster half mile than was made at Narragansett Park, or has ever been made anywhere else—to wit, 1:03. Then she went on and completed the mile in 33 seconds

The Top Rails Only.

From the Lumpkin (Ga.) Independent.

Noticing that Captain W. H. Harrison of the executive department has been relating some of his war tales to a Constitution reporter, we asked Sam Everett if he could not give us an incident of his experience in the valley of Virginia. Sam said he wasn't much on yarns unless he had some of the old Thirty-first Georgia to laugh at them but he would venture to give us one. Gordon's division were encamped upon a thrifty farm that was fenced with pine rails, something unusual in that section of country. General Gordon knew that his men were obliged to have wood to cook with, so he issued an order for them to use only the top rails, and under penalty of severe punishment not to disturb any others. Next morning when the general awoke not a rail was left to show where this fence had been, and the captains were ordered to report at once as to the disobedience of the order. Among others, Captain Harrison of the Thirty-first handed in his report. It stated that he only allowed one man at a time to go for rails, and that each one took a top rail, acting strictly in accordance with the general orders. Of course the last men to go found the top rails at the bottom. General Gordon made a soldierly bow and announced that the investigation had ended.

The Kiss Happened.

At all the Saratoga hops the children are allowed to use the hop room from 8 to 9. There can be no more beautiful picture than to see a hundred little white angels flying around the ball room to the music of the waltz.

Recently Mrs. Astor's little grandson Ethel, danced with Freddy Livingstone, who, in the excess of his innocent love and joy, put his arms around her neck and kissed her. This made every one in the State's ball-room laugh.

"Oh, Ethel, I'm ashamed to think you would let a boy kiss you," said her mother.

"Well, mamma, I couldn't help it," said Ethel."

"You couldn't help it?" exclaimed her mother.

"No, mamma. You see, Freddy and I were dancing the polka. Freddy had to stand up close to me, and all at once his lip slipped and the kiss happened."—Correspondence Missouri Republican.

FROZEN RUSSIA.

Hon. Alphonso Taft's Description of Life in the Czar's Country.

Judge Alphonso Taft, of Ohio, Minister to Russia, gives some interesting information about that country to an interviewer. About his late post at St. Petersburg as Minister to Russia, he said:

"It is a very pleasant place for diplomatic service. The Czar and all his court are very civil, polite and cordial with the representatives of foreign countries. I was happy to find in the diplomatic representatives of other Governments at St. Petersburg men of cordiality and sociability, making the residence there very agreeable. The officials of Russia are wonderfully pleasant. The Czar is a man of exceeding amiability and kindness. I met him often at Petershoff, where he expressed the highest admiration for American enterprise, industry and invention. The Empress is a model of a wife, devoted to her family, and very useful in court society.

"Did you find the climate rigorous?"

"The winter season, which is by many considered objectionable, is the glory of the year in St. Petersburg. I did not find the weather so cold as I expected, and actually suffered less from that source last winter than I have from the same causes in other countries. Their houses are built air tight. The windows are all double. In winter they are all sealed. Provision is made for fresh air by ventilation in the windows. It don't come in unbidden. The manner of heating contributes to comfort. The furnace does not give out a great heat, but a comfortable one, while stoves are placed in all the rooms to supplement the furnace, so you can have the temperature just as you desire it. There is no difficulty or trouble about ventilation. They provide wonderfully against the cold in their dress. You have a fur suit and overshoes to put on when you go out, and they are so perfect that you are as comfortable outdoors as in. You never go out or come in without putting on or taking off your furs. Thus the weather has no impression on you. The people go to parties, receptions, balls and dinners regardless of rain, snow, sleet or zero. You would think the horses would be unable to stand it in cold weather, but they do. They have no blankets for horses. The best animals are black stallions. They will stay out in the cold all night. The drivers stay out, too. The drivers are all bundled up so the cold can not touch them. I do not think the weather is so much colder than our winter as generally supposed. It is certainly more even, and gives less discomfort."

"How about Nihilism?"

"Very little appears on the surface in Russia as regards Nihilism. My impression is that the government has been so persevering, and the police so skillful in detecting the projects of that kind, that they have pretty much annihilated Nihilhism. It may turn out differently, because the Nihilists are not likely to advertise publicly their purposes, if any had been formed. The government has been exceedingly dilligent in ferreting out all their projects. I have seen no Nihilists and have had no opportunity for coming at the precise objects entertained by them. Really St. Petersburg is about the worst place to go to learn about Nihilism. There is not much recognition in Russia of any other liberalism than Socialism and Nihilism. One hears nothing of Republicanism. It is not obnoxious to public opinion as Socialism and Nihilism, and the government has no occasion to talk about it. As the press is controlled by the government there is no talk about it. This is somewhat true of the entire continent. The people of Europe are not generally hostile to Republicanism. The Governments have no motive to promote it. But it does not profit them to discuss it. They do not care to censure it, because it is not obnoxious. Their censure falls on Socialism and Nihilism."

"What of Russian civilization?"

"It can be spoken of as improving. Can not say as to the general intelligence among the people, but materially there is improvement and that will eventually bring the other. An era of material improvement began with the emancipation of the serfs.

"The greatest attention is paid to the army and the improvements of the military force much more than to popular education. They have institutions for the education of the children of the better classes, but with nothing like the advantages that are lavished in the schools of military education. They have a tremendous army. It is nearly as large as the armies of both Germany and Austria. All the Executive officers of the Empire are connected with the army. Russia is paying more attention to naval armament, a significant fact when considered in the light of recent events and her great military force. As to advancement, I have heard since I landed here that the Czar has decided to grant a constitution to the country. I heard nothing of it before I left. I have been surprised that it has been so long deferred. The Constitution will probably give the country a Legislature to enact the laws, subject to the approval of the Czar. At present the Czar is absolute for all Russia. It is the most absolute despotism in the world. The Czar has councilors who endeavor to make it a reasonable government, just as they do in other countries. A Constitution would make a great change in that country, and a favorable one.

"Tell me something of the country."

"It is a vast and wonderful country. It has fertile as well as waste lands. The northern part is barren and in some parts uncultivated. From Wirballen to St. Petersburg, a distance of five hundred miles, the country is monotonously dreary. In Central and Southern Russia the black lands are fertile, and produce a wonderful growth of grain. These plains rival an American prairie in productiveness. If we had not an advantage in so many railroads to collect and bring our grain to market cheaply, I think they would beat us. We have better transportation and communication in every way for our agriculturists. They have petroleum in greater abundance, I think, than we have. I think it is just as good as ours. But they are not as skillful yet in refining it. You can get it for half the price. They put on a big tariff to keep ours out. They burn petroleum and candles in the palaces and houses, and gas in the streets. The great light at the big balls is furnished by a host of candles in great copper and brass chandeliers, those metals being cheap. They not only protect petroleum, but all manufactured products, and are thereby getting a large manufacturing interest. There is not much American capital in the country now. Formerly there was some trade at St. Petersburg, but now it is all gone. There is a large colony of Englishmen there, who have grown wealthy in trade, but the policy of the Government does not encourage them and their numbers are lessening. Winans, of Baltimore, built the railroad from St. Petersburg to Moscow, and owned a large interest in it. But he sold out some time ago. He made a great deal of money in the transaction. The Russian Government is inflexibly set against the Jews. They will not let them trade there, unless they are citizens subject to the Czar. The Jews came to the United States and got out naturalization papers. Then they went back, began to trade, and soon owned whole towns. When called on to perform military service, they produced their papers."

A Case of Mistaken Identity.

I am not sure whether the particulars of a most remarkable case of doubtful identity have reached you by telegraph or mail. They are so peculiar and so important in their legal bearing as to deserve mention even at the risk of repetition. Adam W. Smith was tried at Fitchburg, the other day, for having obtained $500 at Worcester by passing a forged note. Ten unimpeachable citizens testified to his being the man who passed the note and two experts identified as his writing the indorsement on its back. But now came twice ten most respectable citizens of Dutchess County, N. Y., who swore he was in that vicinity driving a herd of cattle at the time the note was passed. His movements were all traced out and his lodging places established for every night. The alibi was throughly established and he was acquitted. It was clear that he had a double. It will be remembered by some that very respectable witnesses testified on the trial of Dr. Webster for the murder of Parkman that they saw the supposed victim in the streets of Boston after he was dead, according to the theory of the prosecution. It was shown in rebuttal that Mr. George Bliss, of Springfield, closely resembled Dr. Parkman, and that he was in the city the day mentioned by the witnesses, and so the defendant was acquitted without impeachment of the veracity of the opposing testimony. The mistake was one very like that just made and like that which has afforded Henry Irving one of the best opportunities for the display of his dramatic powers.

Shooting Stars and Meteorites.

From the New York Sun.

Prof. Ball, the well-known astronomer royal for Ireland, makes a concise distinction between shooting stars and meteorites, which are popularly regarded as the same. In the case of the former Prof. Ball remarks one special point, namely, that certain great showers are periodical, and always come from the same parts of the heavens—the inference from these recurring periods being that the orbit of the earth then cuts the orbit in which a mass of these is moving. With this fact of recurrence is another, viz, that certain comets are periodical, and, from a comparison of their supposed orbits with those of groups of these bodies, a connection between them is supposed, whatever may be the origin of comets, which is not yet known. Meteorites, on the contrary, remarks Dr. Ball, are never known to come from the direction of a comet path, and, if carefully examined, are seen to be fragments of some rock or rocks, closely analogous, too, to our earth's volcanic rocks. The professor thinks that, examining all the planets in turn, it seems improbable that the meteorites originate from any of them, it being much more likely that they were in former times of greater volcanic activity driven up from the earth itself, and they again, after the lapse of ages, meet the earth in its orbit.

Where Public Schools Fail.

From the Brooklyn Magazine.

It is a curious fact that many city boys reach the end of the school course without being able to tell what a monkey wrench is or describe a cross-cut saw, or define the uses of a turning lathe, while a piston, a steam box or a throttle valve are all far beyond their ken. They can, however, tell the number of elementary sounds in the language and the significance of the whole cluster of diacritical marks, all of which soon fade out of their minds. * * * In the limited time that the state has the privilege of teaching children in the Twelfth Ward, it seems absurd to proceed with them with the circumstance that marks the work in the schools on the Hill, where the children will stay twice as long; yet this is the present system. To change it means the risk of a demagogic cry of one school for the rich and another for the poor. Accordingly, the poor suffer. Some liberty should be allowed to a principal to suit the education he directs to the necessity of those under his care, that the boy who must be bread-winning at twelve, shall not be despoiled of valuable time in ascertaining to a shade the fourteen sounds of the vowel "a."