

Subscription rates table: One year, in advance, \$2.00; Six months, \$1.00; Three months, \$0.50.

Advertising rates table: One square (10 lines) first insertion, \$2.00; Each subsequent insertion, \$1.00.

THE TRAVELER AT SUNSET. The shadows grow and deepen round me. I feel the dew fall in the air. The murmur of the rushing brook I hear the night-thrush call to prayer.

THE SOUTHERN "GATOR."

Six thousand baby alligators are sold in Florida every year, and the amount of ivory, number of skins, and quantity of oil obtained from the older members of the Saurian family are sufficient to entitle them to a high place among the products of the state.

Table with 2 columns: THE HUNTER and THE DEALER. Lists prices for various items like alligator heads and skins.

The value of the head is ascertained by the number of the teeth. Dealers mount especially fine specimens of the skull, but the greater number have no other value than that of the ivory they contain.

The wages of the hunter depend, of course, upon his good fortune in finding the game. One of the most expert of these gives as instances of successful hunts the items of three days' work seventy-five cents, with a day with a yield to twenty dollars and ten cents, and of eight days' hunting which netted forty dollars and twenty five cents.

Without speaking of those enemies of the "gator" who hunt him for his hide, there are about a hundred men in the state of Florida who make a business and try to make a living by capturing or killing him. Very many have eaten alligator-steaks from simple curiosity to learn its flavor, but many more eat it because it is the cheapest and, oftentimes, the only meat they can afford. The flavor when it is fried or boiled is that of beefsteak plentifully supplied with fish gravy, while the forelegs roasted taste like a mixture of chicken and fish, and have a delicate flavor.

Very methodical in his habits is the alligator, and very suspicious of anything new around his home. When he starts out in search of food it is invariably on an hour of ebb, and he returns about four hours after low water. If he has a land journey to perform, he goes and comes by the same route, never deviating from it until he sees evidence that strangers have encroached upon his domain. He lives on the banks of some stream, for he has decided objections to stagnant water, and to make his home he digs a hole at least twelve inches below the lowest level of the water. On the day following the completion of these preparations she lays from thirty to fifty eggs on the prepared ground, and piles over them dried grass and mud deftly worked in with sticks, until about six feet in diameter and three feet high has been raised. The surface of this is quickly hardened by the sun, and, in order that it may be as nearly air-tight as possible, the female visits it each day, covering with mud every crevice that may have appeared, as well as remodeling such portions as do not satisfy her sense of beauty.

The ordinary time of incubation is about three months, and the newly hatched brood may be heard yelping and

snarling for their mother to continue her work by releasing them from their prison nest. On the second or third day after the first noise has been heard, the female bites a hole in the side of the mound, out of which the young ones, barely more than eleven inches long, come tumbling in most vigorous manner, crawling directly toward the water. Until the young are three years old the mother exercises a parental care over them, always remaining within sound of their voices, not so much to protect them from their maternal enemy, man, as from their unnatural enemy their father, who has an especial fondness for his own children in the way of food.

When the hunter finds a nest, he carries the eggs home to hatch them, where he can easily catch the entire brood if the eggs are fresh, or if the young in them are not more than five inches long; at any other stage they will not hatch if removed, and are of no value except for the shell. The captured eggs are then packed up as nearly as possible in the natural way, and the young may thus be hatched out very successfully. One farmer reared sixteen hundred and another a thousand last season. The young will eat immediately on coming out of the shell, but they must be given no food for at least fifteen days. The cry of a full grown gator is not unlike the bellowing of a bull, except that it is of more volume, since the voice of a male can be heard, on a calm day, a distance of five miles; and they may be said to be "sun-worshippers," since they seldom "resolve themselves into song," save at the rising of the sun; in fact the only exception to this morning melody is when a storm is approaching. The average Florida "gator" needs no other barometer than the alligator in the neighboring creek or swamp.

One ceases to be astonished at the volume of sound which comes from these monsters when he sees a full grown one put forth all his strength to produce the effect. He stretches his body to its full length, inhaling sufficient air to puff him up nearly twice his natural size; then, holding his breath, as it were for an instant, he raises both head and tail until he forms the segment of a circle. When all is thus complete, the rear comes with sufficient force to startle one, even though he be prepared for it.

Since, in order to guard his head, the alligator is obliged to turn his body somewhat, and since, when his jaws are once closed he is unable to open them if only a moderate amount of strength on the part of man is used, the hunter selects this point for attack when it is possible for him to steel upon his game unobserved.

If the intending captor gets a firm hold upon the jaws of his game in this way, the monster becomes reasonably easy prey; one rope soon secures his jaws, another is tied around his neck and fastened to a tree, while a third is fastened to his tail in the same way, thus stretching the captive in a straight line; his fore-paws are tied over his back, a stout pole is lashed from the end of his snout to the tip of his tail, and the alligator is helpless.

It is seldom, however, that the hunter gets his game at a disadvantage, and to secure him alive he must set about the work much as boys do when they snare rabbits. A tall sapling, with a water's edge is the first requisite, and directly in front of that, in the water, a narrow lane or pen is made with stakes, the two outer ones being noticed, as is the spindle of a box-trap. At the end of this pen, and near the shore, a stake is driven into the mud, and to the top of it is fastened a piece of tainted beef. A stout rope, at one end of which is a large noose, is fastened to the top of the sapling, and to the upper part of the noose is attached a crooked trigger, which, when the tree is bent, catches in the notches on the outer stakes just below the surface of the water, the noose hanging under the entire opening. To get the alligator into the trap, the hunter swims under the bar, but his back displaces the trigger, and he is a captive, with the rope fastened just back of his forelegs.

It is necessary to bind the captive while he is in the water, and then to carry him to the shore in a boat; for, as captivities as he is, he can be drowned if dragged even a short distance through the water. When once properly secured and on land, the alligator can do nothing in the hope of effecting a release, save to pull over, and then, with a mighty effort, with his shoulders, frequently working himself over a quarter of a mile in distance in a single night.

Those who are most familiar with the habits of the alligator, as seen in the southern states, believe his partiality for the shell is not a matter of mere particular flavor it may possess, but simply because in a putrid state any large amount of flesh is more easily torn apart and masticated than when fresh. Although the possessor of so much ivory in the shape of teeth, and able to use his jaws with so much power, it is an extremely difficult matter for an alligator to dismember a pig, even after the flesh is decayed.

While the meat is yet firm and the muscles intact, it is an impossibility for him to do other than swallow it nearly whole, as he sometimes does when interrupted shortly after he has killed his prey. That alligators do like fresh food when it is possible for them to eat it is shown by the fact that fresh fish and small turtles are their favorite diet. In the stomach of a twelve-foot alligator there have been found six catfish, none of them mutilated, weighing altogether thirty-four pounds.

If one believes implicitly the positive assertion of the alligator hunters, he must perceive say no man knows the span of life allotted these saurians. The native Floridian, as well as the hunter, will insist that the largest of the gators are more than a hundred years old, pointing to the fact of their slow growth in proof of the assertion. A newly-hatched alligator is eleven inches long; at the age of six years he is very slim and but three feet in length; at ten years of age he has gained considerably in breadth, and but twelve inches in length, while during the next two years he has grown hardly more than one inch longer. An alligator fifteen feet in length, caught near the mouth of the St. John's river, was so covered with barnacles and other marine

growth as to make it almost certain that he must have been in existence seventy-five years.—Our Continent.

General Grant's Mother.

Mrs. Grant was born November 23d, 1798, on the farm of her father, John Simpson, in Montgomery county, Penn. She was of Scotch origin. Her father moved West when she was young, and settled at Point Pleasant, O., where she was married in June, 1821, to Jesse R. Grant. General Grant was their first child, and was born June 27, 1822. Mrs. Grant had other children, of whom Mrs. Corbin, the widow of Abie R. Corbin, Mrs. Cramer, wife of the minister to Switzerland, and the general, are the survivors. Orville Grant died two years ago. Mrs. Grant was a woman of much firmness and strength of character. She was a member of the Methodist church from her girlhood. She lived for some time at Galena, and was for many years in Covington. The fame achieved by her older son seemed to have little effect on her. She was very little interested in matters of display, and was never boastful. To her he was simply her boy Hiram, as she called him, whatever he might be doing. She was at her son's side when he was a boy, and played seven-up with the hired man. "There will be no more hoisting there," no tail to swing in his face, and no more will the cow tree get nervous at having its bag agitated by the rough laughing of the farmer and the milk butcher who tries to take the calf away. The cow tree will take work off the tired farmer, he can go down town to attend the lodge without hurrying up the milking, as the girls can mind the dairy, and the milk can be carried to the door by the milk cow. The improvements over the cow will be numerous. By building an ice house near the cow tree, one can have ice cream, and by the aid of a handy jug, milk can be made to the Queen's taste. Instead of driving the cows up to the pasture at night, and slopping them, and sitting cramped up milking with one hand and fighting mosquitoes with the other, the farmer's daughter can have a double seat under the cow tree, and take a pail and a lover and go out to milk, and while the tree is giving down its blessings, the young people can put in the time sparing. No family should be without the cow tree, and we trust the newspaper will not fail to inform the news. Her manners were gentle. She attended the Methodist church regularly until her death. She was buried beside her husband.

Buttons.

"Button, button, who has the button?" asked a glove that had been dropped on the toilet table. "I've got it," answered Jimmy's jacket. "I've several buttons, in fact." "No," put in the close-door, "I have it myself; the carpenter gave it to me." "I had a dozen or so," said a boot, looking rather down at the glove. "And I have a hundred or more," yawned the easy-chair, "but they don't button anything; they don't belong to the working class." "Here's the bachelor's button," remarked a vase of flowers on the bureau. "There's a button-wood tree in the garden," said the button-hooker. "I suppose you all grew there." "I know better than that," pouted the close door. "Mine grew in the veins of the earth, where all the precious metals are found. It's a poor relation of theirs."

The Wicked Editor.

A Little Rock newspaper man while out in the country stopped at a rude farm house for dinner. Thinking that his profession would receive marked attention, he remarked to the farmer: "Needn't put yourself to extra trouble for me; I'm an editor." "A what?" asked the farmer, regarding the visitor with newly awakened interest. "A newspaper man." "Wall, I reckon you can get suttin' to eat anyhow. Some folks won't gin you anything on that account, but I'm never particular. But hold on, Ed; did I understand you you to say?" "Yes, sir, I am an editor, and however unfavorably it may strike you, I must say that I am proud of my calling." "I'll bet \$100 that you are one of the fellows that helped to take hell out of the Bible. Reckon you'd better travel. Never mind the corn bread and butter milk, Jule."—Arkansas Traveler.

The Harvard College Pamphlet.

The Harvard college Pamphlet for the coming year gives students the choice of 138 courses, making 335 exercises a week, against 121 courses, with 335 exercises for the current year. All classes but Freshmen must now meet at least four courses of study to pursue next year, making for each man twelve recitations or lectures per week.

The Violent "Inferno" Year.

The Mississippi flood this year as it did last year, and stock is being stung to death in many places. On one neighborhood in Mississippi 47 mules were killed in two days.

The Cow Tree.

Sir Joseph Hooker, of London, published a description of a tree which has been discovered, called the "cow tree," which gives milk when an incision is made in the bark; several have been brought to England, and they are being watched with great curiosity. Nothing could have been discovered that would more effectively fill the bill, and fill the want long felt than the cow tree, and we shall herald its introduction into this country with great joy. The parties who are interested in the propagation of the cow tree can send us two or three by express. We do not want full sized cow trees, but just sapplings, or calves. With a few such trees in the front yard the citizen can make up faces at the driver of milk wagons and bid him defiance. Instead of going forth in the morning armed with a milk pail and a tin basin, a man can take his little hatchet and a pail and cut a hole in the bark, and sit down under his umbrageous shade, and let nature take its course. The farmer will have no more kicking cows to contend with, but can let his cow tree milk itself, while he sits down at the root of a handy jug, and milk can be made to the Queen's taste. Instead of driving the cows up to the pasture at night, and slopping them, and sitting cramped up milking with one hand and fighting mosquitoes with the other, the farmer's daughter can have a double seat under the cow tree, and take a pail and a lover and go out to milk, and while the tree is giving down its blessings, the young people can put in the time sparing. No family should be without the cow tree, and we trust the newspaper will not fail to inform the news. Her manners were gentle. She attended the Methodist church regularly until her death. She was buried beside her husband.

Ornithological Intelligence.

But perhaps the most remarkable bird performance was shown near Pall Mall, London, in 1789. A number of little birds, writes Strutt, to the amount of 12 or 14, being taken from different cages, were placed on the table in the presence of the spectators; small cones of paper bearing some resemblance to grenadiers' caps were put on their heads, diminutive imitations of muskets made of wood secured under their left wings. They were equipped, when a single bird was brought forward, supposed to be a deserter, and set between six of the musketeers, three in a row, who conducted him from the top to the bottom of the table, on the middle of which a small brass cannon charged with a little gunpowder had been previously placed, and the bird was placed in the front part of the cannon; his guards then divided, three on one side and three on the other, and he was left standing by himself. Another bird was produced, and a lighted match being put into his claws, he hopped boldly on the other end to the tail of the cannon, and applying the match to the priming, discharged the piece with the greatest appearance of force and agitation. The moment the explosion took place the deserter fell down and lay, apparently motionless, like a dead bird; but at the command of his tutor he rose again, and the cages being brought, the feathered soldiers were stripped of their ornaments and returned into them in perfect order. This performance is now attempted, but never carried out to such perfection, the bird merely hopping upon a perch its weight alone being its cannon.

He Had No Home.

The idea that John Howard Payne was a victim of nature's retributive justice will probably be a new one to a majority of readers. Yet it appears to be sincerely entertained by the Rev. E. H. Shepherd, of Septon Mallet, England, the clergyman at whose suggestion and through his efforts, he was appointed as British chaplain at Tunis, the stained glass window in memory of Payne was placed in the English church there.

In a sermon preached by him recently in his parish church at Shepton Mallet, he referred as follows to the dead poet: "Poor man, it was from the aching void of his heart that he sang, 'There's no place like home.' Though he lived in a 'palace' he was homeless. Though he 'roamed amid pleasures' he was an unhappy man. Those who knew him well have told me that in spite of his fine poetic instincts it was a pain to converse with him, he was so misanthropic. And why? In his youth he disregarded the voice of God and nature. 'It is not good for man to be alone,' and in his old age he found that, left alone, the garden of Eden is but a barren wilderness to dwell in. Having failed to make a home for another, by just retributive nature he was deprived of home himself."

Wanted Politeness.

A man came into the office the other day with a black eye, a strip of court plaster across his cheek, one arm in a sling, and, as he leaned on a crutch and limped the perspiration away from around a lump on his forehead with a red cotton handkerchief, he asked if the editor was in. Being answered in the affirmative, he said: "Well, I want to stop my paper," and

ed it with iron roads, spanned the mighty rivers, covered the desolate plains with flourishing cities, and sent the full tide of civilization from ocean to ocean with a force and power that leaves the Old World kingdoms far behind in the race of progress.

The 50,000,000 of America are made up of a wonderful medley of heterogeneous elements, but they have all the one watchword 'Advance!' They are recruited from the young blood of all nations, for only youth and energy emigrate, and they have the spirit, the courage and the daring of their origin.

Educational Notes.

The Earl of Zetland has given \$25,000 to the Edinburgh association for the university Education of Women.

There are four universities in Switzerland—Basle, Bern, Geneva and Zurich—at which there are 543 medical students, of whom fifty-one are women.

All religions instruction or even allusion to religion in the schools of France is so strictly forbidden by the new laws on the subject, that the name Deity is carefully expunged from the new textbooks.

The Atlanta Post Appeal is opposed to the public school system, because by its operation the whites in the South will be taxed to educate the blacks. It believes that each race should pay for its own education.

It is estimated that 4000 pupils in the St. Louis public schools will be thrown out by the supreme court decision that the school board cannot legally admit persons outside the school age of six to twenty-one years.

The Journal de Pharmacie says that a number of prescriptions will unite gum arabic in suspension of alumina dissolved in two-thirds of an ounce of water.

Professor J. W. Mallet, of the university of Virginia, has decided to accept the presidency of the university of Texas, to which he was elected some time ago. The endowment of the new university is 2,000,000 acres of land and an additional cash income of \$35,000 a year.

The lip-reading method by which deaf men are taught is progressing rapidly. At an exhibition given recently in New York, a number of boys and girls answered lessons in geography, natural philosophy, history and arithmetic by articulation, the movements of the lips being watched for ascertaining the questions. Some of the pupils talked with members of the audience in the same way.

The Baltimore American says that the authorities of the Johns Hopkins university have, after an experience of seven years, published a table of seven distinct and definite courses, from among which matriculates will hereafter choose one. Each course is designed with reference to the student's subsequent career, and the courses have been arranged after a careful comparative study by the faculty of the combinations usually chosen, and which seem to afford the best training for the respective professions.

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he sat down on the edge of a chair as though it might hurt him." Scratch my name off. You are responsible for my condition."

"Can it be possible?" we inquired.

"Yes," said he. "I'm a farmer, and keep cows. I recently read an article in your paper about a dairyman's convention, where one of the motives over the door was, 'Treat your cow as you would a lady'; and the article said it was contended by our best dairymen that a cow treated in a polite, gentlemanly manner, as though she was a companion, would give twice as much milk. The plan seemed feasible to me. I had been a hard man with my stock, and thought maybe that was one reason my cows always dried up when butter was forty cents a pound, and gave plenty of milk when butter was only fifteen cents a pound. I decided to adopt your plan, and treat a cow as you would a lady. I had a cow that never had been very much milked on me, and I decided to commence on her, and the next morning after I had read your awful paper I put on my Sunday suit, and a white plaid hat, I bought the year Greely ran for president, and went to the barn to milk. I noticed the old cow seemed to be bashful and frightened, but taking off my hat and bowing politely, I said, 'Madam, excuse the liberty of my property.' At the request, but will you do me the favor to hoist?" At the same time I tapped her gently on the flank with my plug hat; putting the tin pail under her, I sat down on the milking stool.

"Did she hoist?" said we, rather anxious to know how the advice of President Smith, of Sheboygan, the great dairyman, worked.

"Did she hoist?" Well, look at me, and see if you think she hoisted. The cow raised and kicked me with all four feet, switched me with her tail, and hooked me with both horns at once; and when I got up out of the bedding in the stall and dug my hat out of the manger, and my milking stool from under me, and began to treat that cow, I forgot all about the treatment of horned cattle. Why, she fairly galloped over me, and I never want to read your paper again."

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ALL SORTS.

The mean man is sure to gloss his faults.

Nothing but a good life can fit men for a better one.

Those whose courses are different cannot lay plans for another.

True friendship between man and man is infinite and immortal.—Plato.

Occasions do not make a man frail, but they do show what he is.—A. Kempis.

A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather.—Franklin.

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill.—Burke.

It is said to be a sure indication of ruralty to see people put sugar and salt on lettuce.

The best education in the world is that got by struggling to get a living.—Walden.

There are two roads that conduct to perfect virtue—to be true and to do no evil to any creature.—Buddha.

Order is sanity of the mind, the health of the body, the peace of the city and the security of the State.—Southey.

We sometimes meet with an original gentleman, who, if manners had not intervened, would have invented them.—Emerson.

Confidence is that feeling by which the mind embarks in great and honorable courses with a sure hope and trust in itself.—Bulwer-Lytton.

In life it is difficult to say who do you the most mischief—enemies with the worst intentions or friends with the best.—Cicero.

Consolation is the dropping of a gentle dew; it is one of the choicest gifts of Divine mercy.—Spurgeon.

What win I, if I gain the thing I seek? A truth hard to learn in the days of our youth; But at least it shines out, as the dawn, as the sun, as the moon, as the stars.

For the world has its debt and credit for all.—H. Clay Preston.

The Elmira Gazette tells of a woman who applied for a place as a driver. "Can you manage mules?" asked an employer. "I should not say," she said. "I've had two husbands."

A Boston artist painted a string of ten trout so naturally that the man who bought it told everybody that he had purchased a picture of 675 trout all on one string.

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Between half-past eight and nine every morning our streets are dotted with children on their way to school. In some parts of the city almost all these children belong to the public schools, but in many districts the majority are on their way to the many private schools for which Boston is famous. They come in groups, in flocks, in long streams, some by horse cars, others by railroads from neighboring towns, others from their city homes; here children just old enough to be trusted in the trains alone; there young men and maidens of fifteen or sixteen years—able to do their morning's work, and all with books. Books often two or three apiece—sometimes a strap full; not a child without at least one volume.

From these books the children have been learning their "home lessons." These lessons are recited in school, but have to be prepared at home, where also my extra work has to be done for which—for one reason or another—there is no time in school. If one would know what this work amounts to, let him inquire of some of these boys—look at them, and they had for their last night's lessons, and how long they had to work. The answer will probably be, "Oh, only a little French exercise—that took an hour; with the writing out of some notes—about half an hour more. Or, last night I had algebra, but I didn't get through, though I worked over an hour, because I had some Latin grammar to make up, and that took me nearly an hour." This, perhaps, from girls of fourteen or fifteen. "I had to make up my Latin to study so long out of school?" "Yes, sometimes; but we have to get the lessons, you know."

It is to be hoped that the stories that one sometimes hears of overworked boys and girls are exaggerated, and that there are not many teachers, "successful" or not, who put excessive pressure on their pupils. Yet it must be admitted that cramming, both in our private and public schools is far too common. There is a requirement of the scholars, there is so much emulation among the scholars, there is so much rivalry among the schools, that it is difficult even for the most discreet teachers to resist the demand for a system of high pressure. And not all teachers are discreet. Too many of them think little of the physical, or indeed of the mental welfare of their pupils. They regard them as little receptacles, into which a great deal has to be forced in a certain limited time; and they devote themselves to their task with immense energy, skill and perseverance, too often ignoring the danger to which these frail vessels are exposed by the process of cramming.

To make children—boys or girls—between the ages of twelve and sixteen study more than an hour out of school, is, unless in exceptional cases, to impose upon these growing bodies a strain which is a system of high pressure. Children are tough, and they are ambitious, and so are able to do more work than they ought to do. Some may work hard all the morning and all evening, and keep "it up" for years before any signs of wear appear. Others need constant watching in school hours, and should never have work to do out of school. The evil of the forcing system lies not only in giving children, on the average, too much to do at home, but in requiring the same amount of work of all the children in a class regardless of their health, their temperament, and their quickness and capacity for work.

The forcing system is not only dangerous, but it is short sighted; it tends to defeat the very object for which it is employed. Of what avail is there to carry children along at high pressure for half a dozen years if at the end of that time they have to give up? A thorough education may be valuable, but not at the expense of a weakened brain, a disordered stomach, impaired eyesight, general loss of vigor and exhaustion of vital power. It is better that children should devote their years of growth to securing strength and toughness of body, even at the expense of some mental discipline, than that they should try to master all wisdom and all knowledge, and run the risk of not being able to use these dearly bought acquisitions.

It is the work out of school, rather than the work in school, that is objectionable. Most children under twelve should not do more than a few minutes of extra work. From twelve to fifteen, a little extra work may be given to all, but the least vigorous, but the tasks should be such that only the slowest students will have to study on more than an hour and a half and even more. But children of this age should be watched with special care; that they are ambitious, that they feel that their school days are nearly over, and that they are becoming so mature that they see more and more clearly the meaning and value of their studies, and so are prone to spend too much time about their books, themselves and the reading the studies suggest.

It is to be remembered, too, that study under pressure, except for a limited time, is almost useless—in some cases is worse than useless. Study prolonged after a child begins to grow tired of it, is time wasted. Some children tire more quickly than others; but to most children the work given them at home, even if interesting, is a task, an intrusion upon leisure time; and study prolonged under such conditions does not amount to much. Again, if study in school is carefully conducted, the four and a half hours in school ought to give a child about all he can digest a day, and if he has any work at home it ought to be not only light and entertaining, but different in character from what he is busy with during the morning. More attention to this matter on the part of teachers would take away much of the reproach that attaches to the practice of giving home lessons.—Boston Advertiser.