

system to-day is simplification. We have made many improvements, or at least additions, but have withdrawn nothing to make room for them. We have added drawing and music, and we have done well; but where have we made room for them in the course already full? We are now teaching too much and too poorly. The main thing the young child needs is to learn to read, to write, and to count; and by teaching these slowly and surely we best secure hearty mental growth. We give children so much to do that they cannot either read or write well after two years at school, which is quite time enough if properly taught.—*Idem.*

The Impossible.

Man cannot draw water from an empty well,
Or trace the stories that gossips tell.
Or gather the sounds of a pealing bell.
Man never can stop the billow's roar,
Nor chain the winds till they blow no more,
Nor drive true love from a maiden's door.
Man cannot o'er take a fleeting lie,
Change his wheat to a field of rye,
Or call back years that have long gone by.
Man cannot a cruel word recall,
Fetter a thought, be it great or small,
Or honey extract from a drop of gall.
Man never can bribe old Father Time,
Gain the height of a peak that he cannot climb,
Or trust the hand that hath done a crime.
Man never can backward turn the tide,
Or count the stars that are scattered wide,
Or find in a fool a trusty guide.
Man cannot reap fruit from worthless seed
Rely for strength on a broken reed,
Or gain a heart he has caused to bleed.
Man never can hope true peace to win,
Pleasure without and joy within,
Living a thoughtless life of sin.

—*Sel.*

Charming Girls.

The most charming woman in Queen Victoria's court, a few years ago, was one whose features were homely, and whose eyes were crossed. The secret of her attraction lay in a certain perpetual bright freshness, in her dress, the turn of her mind and her temper.

Jane Welsh Carlyle, when an old, sickly, ugly woman, could so charm men, that a stranger meeting her accidentally in a stage coach followed her for miles, post-haste, to return a parasol which she had dropped. The charm lay in her bright vivacity of manner, and the keen

sympathy which shone through her features.

Margaret Fuller also possessed this magnetic sympathy, in spite of her enormous egotism. Men and women, the poor and the rich, felt themselves drawn to open their hearts and pour out their troubles to her. Yet Margaret was an exceptionally homely woman.

The popular belief among young girls who read the *Companion*, is that it is only a pretty face which will bring to them the admiration and love which they naturally crave. No books, it is said, have a larger sale than those written that give rules for beauty, receipts to destroy fat or freckles, and to improve the skin or the figure.

Now, no receipt will change the shape of a nose, or the color of an eye. But any girl, by daily baths, and wholesome food, and by breathing pure air, can render her complexion clear and soft. Her hair, nails and teeth can be daintily kept. Her clothes, however cheap, can be fresh and becoming in color. She can train her mind, even if of ordinary capacity, to be alert and earnest; and if she adds to these a sincere, kindly, sunny-temper, she will win friends and love as surely as if all the fairies had brought her gifts at her birth.

But it is of no use for a woman whose person is soiled and untidy, and whose temper is selfish and irritable at home, to hope to cheat anybody by putting on fine clothes and a smile for company. The thick, muddy skin and soured expression will betray her.

"John," said an artist the other day, to a Chinaman who was unwillingly acting as model, "smile. If you don't look pleasant, I'll not pay you."

"No use," grumbled the washerman. "If Chinaman feelee ugly all the time, he lookee ugly," which is true of every other man and woman in the world as well as of John Chinaman.

Hawthorne's weird fancy that our secret weakness or sin should hang like a black veil over our faces between us and other men, is true in fact.

Every hidden propensity of vice, every noble trait or feeling, leaves its mark on the features, the expression, the eyes. Day by day and hour by hour, line after line, here a little and there a little, it is recorded on the face, as on a tablet, and when we reach middle age, there is the story of our lives plain

ly written, so that he who runs may read. It is not cosmetics, nor rouge, nor depillatories, girls, that will make your faces as you grow older; but the thoughts and words and deeds that have given you the ugliness of Hecate, or "the lineaments of gospel books."—*Youth's Companion.*

Well Known Editors.

"The editorial rooms," says the *San Francisco Chronicle*, "hold some of the best known men. The Century, since Dr. Holland's death, is edited by Mr. Gilder, one of a distinguished family. He is of slight figure and has a spirituelle look, but his mind is active and incisive. Mr. Alden, the editor of Harper's Monthly, is of more phlegmatic temperament, has an easy manner and a bright eye that sparkles with humor. Allen Thorndyke Rice, of the North American Review, is that anomaly, a rich editor. When he took the Review it was on its last legs. Under his new policy of getting the best known specialists to write on live subjects he has brought the circulation up to more than 30,000. George William Curtis lives down at Staten Island, which is New York for all practical purposes. He is not the editor of Harper's Monthly, as the popular impression seems to be in spite of frequent corrections, but he contributes the 'Easy Chair' to that magazine, and also exercises editorial supervision over the political matter in Harper's Weekly."

From Idaho to Texas.

NUMBER II.

We closed our first letter at Corrinne; seven miles from there we came to Brigham City, named, I suppose, in honor of Brigham Young. From there to Ogden it was almost like passing through a town so thick were the houses. Well may it be said "they have made the desert blossom like a rose." They have large stone and brick houses well finished. The road runs next the bluff in order to save the good soil of the bottom for farming purposes. It is a rare thing to see cross fences, their land being divided by irrigating ditches. They raise mostly vegetables which they ship to other markets. Ogden being a railroad center is a place of considerable importance, and had a population of eight thousand when we were there. At Ogden we left the emi-

grant road and went by the way of Salt Lake City. Most of the way from Ogden to Salt Lake is densely populated, and the wonder is how

so many can make a living on so small a territory. We passed through the city on the fourth of July. The streets were lined with people, and from appearances they were as patriotic as the people of any other city. The streets were the cleanest of any city of its size I ever saw. Another pleasant feature of the city is that each dwell-

ing is surrounded by a yard that is ornamented with trees and shrubbery. Each has his garden, which makes the city spread over more ground than most other cities of the same number of inhabitants.

It is six miles in length. We passed on out by the Penitentiary, six miles from the city. Here we stopped for a week in consequence of Mrs. Haugh being unable to travel. This was the first sickness of consequence, but not the last. From there we took a N. E. course, in order to get back to the old road. After we came to Weber river we followed it to Coalville, where we turned, on what is known as the Chalk creek trail, which crosses a spur of the mountains, and was very rough. It was on the old Mormon trail that had been abandoned for almost twenty years with the exception of an occasional passer through; we thought we had seen rough roads, but this out-roughed any place we had seen. We were thankful when we got through to the main road, which we struck at Peidmont, a railroad station of U. P. R. R. Here pa (that is, John Russel,) was taken down with the mountain fever, and we remained from Friday until Tuesday. Tuesday we traveled about fourteen miles, and had to stop again for a week before he was able to go further. From there to Green River City the country was a poor one, being rocky and not having much vegetation. Here we met a great many emigrants bound for Oregon and Washington Territory; and in fact we were meeting them almost every day during the summer. I think we met in all six hundred wagons. At this place we started into the Bitter creek country, noted for its poor water. We had very bad water all the way to the summit of the Rocky Mountains; and we were surprised to find so much level country so near the summit. We camped on the summit and hunted