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SIMPLE AND STYLISH.

SOME PRETTY EFFECTS FOR THE GIRL GRADUATE.

It is an Unwritten Rule that the Gown should be Pure White, and Dainty Muslins are Most Appropriate for the Event.

Sweet Simplicity.

A graduation gown is as important as any gown that a woman ever buys, and ranks only after her first gown or wedding gown. For weeks the girls who are to graduate, and their mothers as well, are busy in preparing what is to be worn on the eventful day. It is no small matter to choose a costume that will be becoming alike to a dark girl, a fair girl, a stout girl, a thin girl, and yet it is the accepted rule that the graduating class shall all dress nearly



GRADUATING GOWNS.

alike, and to solve the problem of a gown that will be satisfactory to all is by no means an easy task.

As in choosing bridesmaid's gowns, considerable trouble can be spared if to one dressmaker be given the task of making all; but it stands to reason that when there are ten, twenty, or more girls in a class, some are vastly better able to pay for more expensive materials than are others, and it is very rarely that the sensible plan is agreed upon of a fixed sum compatible with what can be paid by the poorest member. When so many gowns are to be made exactly alike, there should be some saving to all concerned, for it is more of a wholesale than a retail affair. Fortunately, it is almost a fixed rule that the color is white. There may be

question of crossing over the line to reach, for instance, the University of Konigsburg, and in nearly every case it is a shorter trip for their young men than to go to Moscow or St. Petersburg. With the Americans, however, the case is quite a different one, according to the Berlin correspondent of the Philadelphia Telegraph. They, many of them, cross their own continent, then sail over the wide ocean and pass by England and France in order to reach the universities of Germany. This movement from the one country to the other must rest upon some very good ground, or else it is a mistake, and probably if the matter were carefully examined there would be found to be traces of both.

The Americans who come to the German universities would seem to be of three kinds. They are, first, those who come for the curiosity of it. They have read concerning German student life, and have heard of it from their friends, and find it to be so unlike such life as it is at home that they persuade their parents to let them come abroad for a longer or shorter period. These persons, and there are quite a number of them catalogued at the German universities, are usually not more than tourists, and as they go again before they come to have any knowledge of the German language, they can scarcely be considered as students at all.

Second, there are students who are attracted to Germany because both the life and the instruction are cheap, and it is actually possible for those whose branches rest outside of the laboratories, which are not always very cheap, to cross the ocean, live in a little room, as the German students do, and work in free libraries at a less expenditure than it would require at an American university. Students who are thus limited in their resources will naturally continue to come to Germany in preference to remaining at home until such time as we become wise enough to enlarge the opportunities for cheap university instruction in America.

The third class is of those who come out of the simple motive of being instructed in a way that they cannot be elsewhere; those who come in the honest belief that they can secure in Germany instruction which, in subject or method, is in some respect superior to that which is to be found at home or in other countries. With the latter class it is alone necessary to engage ourselves.

Whether or not the proposition, as

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE PREACHER OPPOSES BIBLE RECONSTRUCTION.

He Shows How Futile Are the Assaults Made Upon the Scriptures—The Bible as Compared with Other Books—Its Divine Protection.

Stands Like a Rock.

In his sermon last Sunday Rev. Dr. Talmage dealt with a subject that is agitating the entire Christian church at the present moment—viz., "Expurgation of the Scriptures." The text chosen was, "Let God be true, but every man a liar" (Romans iii., 4).

The Bible needs reconstruction according to some inside and outside the pulpit. It is no surprise that the world bombards the Scriptures, but it is amazing to find Christian ministers picking at this in the Bible and denying that until many good people are left in the fog about what parts of the Bible they ought to believe and what parts reject. The heinousness of finding fault with the Bible at this time is most evident. In our day the Bible is assailed by scurrility, by misrepresentation, by infidel scientists, all the vice of earth and all the venom of perdition, and at this particular time even preachers of the gospel fall into line of criticism of the word of God. Why, it makes me think of a ship in a September equinox, the waves dashing to the top of the smokestack, and the hatches fastened down, and many prophesying the foundering of the steamer, and at that time some of the crew with axes and saws go down into the hold of the ship, and they try to saw off some of the planks and pry out some of the timbers because the timber did not come from the right forest. It does not seem to me a commendable business for the crew to be helping the winds and storms outside with their axes and saws inside. Now, this old gospel ship, what with the roaring of earth and hell around the stem and stern and mutiny on deck, is having a very rough voyage, but I have noticed that not one of the timbers has started, and the captain says he will see it through. And I have noticed that keelson and counter timber are built out of Lebanon cedar, and she is going to weather the gale, but no credit to those who make mutiny on deck.

When I see professed Christians in this particular day finding fault with the Scriptures, it makes me think of a fortress terribly bombarded, and the men on the ramparts, instead of swabbing out and loading the guns and helping fetch up the ammunition from the magazine, are trying with crowbars to pry out from the wall certain blocks of stone because they did not come from the right quarry. Oh, men on the ramparts, better fight back and light down the common enemy instead of trying to make breaches in the wall!

While I oppose this expurgation of the Scriptures I shall give you my reasons for such opposition. "What," say some of the theological evolutionists, whose brains have been addled by too long brooding over Darwin and Spencer, "you don't now really believe all the story of the Garden of Eden, do you?" Yes, as much as I believe there were roses in my garden last summer. "But," they say, "you don't really believe that the sun and moon stood still?" Yes, and if I had strength enough to create a sun and moon I could make them stand still or cause the refraction of the sun's rays so it would appear to stand still. "But," they say, "you don't really believe that the whale swallowed Jonah?" Yes, and if I were strong enough to make a whale I could have made very easy ingress for the refractory prophet, leaving to evolution to eject him if he were an unworthy tenant. "But," they say, "you don't really believe that the water was turned into wine?" Yes, just as easily as water now is often turned into wine with an admixture of strychnine and logwood. "But," they say, "you don't really believe that Samson slew a thousand with the jawbone of an ass?" Yes, and I think that the man who in this day assaults the Bible is wielding the same weapon.

There is nothing in the Bible that staggers me. There are many things I do not understand, I do not pretend to understand, never shall in this world understand. But that would be a very poor god who could not be fully understood by the human. That would be a very small finite that can be measured by the finite. You must not expect to weigh the thunderbolts of Omnipotence in an apothecary's balances. Starting with the idea that God can do anything, and that he was present at the beginning, and that he is present now, there is nothing in the holy Scriptures to arouse skepticism in my heart. Here I stand, a fossil of the ages, dug up from the tertiary formation, fallen off the shelf of an antiquarian, a man in the latter part of the glorious nineteenth century, believing in a whole Bible from lid to lid.

I am opposed to the expurgation of the Scriptures in the first place because the Bible in its present shape has been so miraculously preserved. Fifteen hundred years after Herodotus wrote his history there was only one manuscript copy of it. Twelve hundred years after Plato wrote his book there was only one manuscript copy of it. God was so careful to have us have the Bible in just the right shape that we have fifty manuscript copies of the New Testament 1,000 years old and some of them 1,500 years old. This book handed down from the time of Christ or just after the time of Christ by the hand of such men as Origen in the second century and Tertullian in the third century and by men of different ages who died for their principles. The three best copies of the New Testament in manuscript are in the possession of the three great churches—the Protestant Church of England, the Greek Church of St. Petersburg and the Romish Church of Italy.

It is a plain matter of history that Tischenendorf went to a convent in the peninsula of Sinai and was by ropes lifted over the wall into the convent, that being the only mode of admission, and that he saw there in the waste basket for kindling for the fires a manuscript of the holy Scriptures. That night he copied many of the passages of that Bible, but it was not until fifteen years had passed of earnest entreaty and prayer and coaxing and purchase on his part that that copy of the holy Scriptures was put into the hand of the Emperor of Russia—that one copy so marvelously protected.

Do you not know that the catalogue of the books of the Old and New Testaments as we have it is the same catalogue that has been coming down through the ages? Thirty-nine books of the Old Testament, twenty-seven books of the New Testament 1,000 years ago. Twenty-seven books of the New Testament now. Marcion, for wickedness, was turned out of the church in the second century and in his assault on the Bible and Christianity he incidentally gives a catalogue of the books of the Bible—that catalogue corresponding exactly with our testimony given by the enemy of the Bible and the enemy of Christianity. The catalogue now just like the catalogue then. Assaulted and spit on and torn to pieces and burned, yet adhering. The book to-day, in 700 languages, confronting four-fifths of the human race in their own tongue. Four hundred million copies of it in existence. Does not that look as if this book had been divinely protected, as if God had guarded it all through the centuries?

Is it not an argument plain enough to every honest man and every honest woman that a book divinely protected and in this shape is in the very shape that God wants it? It pleases God and ought to please us. The epidemics which have swept thousands of other books into the sepulcher of forgetfulness have only brightened the fame of this. There is not one book out of a thousand that lives five years. Any publisher will tell you that. There will not be more than one book out of 20,000 that will live a century. Yet here is a book much of it 1,000 years old, and much of it 4,000 years old, and with more rebound and resilience and strength in it than when the book was first put upon parchment or papyrus. This book saw the cradle of all other books, and it will see their graves. Would you not think that an old book like this, some of it forty centuries old, would come along hobbling with age and on crutches? Instead of that, more potent than any other book of the time. More copies of it printed in the last ten years than of any other book. Walter Scott's Waverley novels, Macaulay's "History of England," Disraeli's "Endymion," the works of Tennyson and Longfellow and all the popular books of our time having no such sale in the last ten years as this old worn-out book. Do you know what a struggle a book has in order to get through one century or two centuries? Some old books during a fire in a seraglio of Constantinople were thrown into the street. A man without any education picked up one of those books, read it and did not see the value of it. A scholar looked over his shoulder and saw it was the first and second decades of Livy, and he offered the man a large reward if he would bring the books to his study, but in the excitement of the first of the two parties, and the first and second decades of Livy were forever lost. Pliny wrote twenty books of history. All lost. The most of Menander's writings lost. Of 130 comedies of Plautus, all gone but twenty. Euripides wrote 100 dramas. All gone but nineteen. Aeschylus wrote 100 dramas. All gone but seven. Varro wrote the laborious biographies of 200 Romans. Not a fragment left. Quintilian wrote his favorite book on the corruption of eloquence. All lost. Thirty books of Tacitus lost. Dion Cassius wrote eighty books. Only twenty remain. Berosus' history all.

Nearly all the old books are mummified and are lying in the tombs of old libraries, and perhaps once in twenty years some man comes along and picks up one of them and blows the dust and opens it and finds it the book he does not want. But this old book, much of it forty centuries old, stands to-day more discussed than any other book, and it challenges the admiration of all the good, and the spite, and the venom, and the animosity, and the hyper-criticism of earth and hell. I appeal to your common sense if a book so divinely guarded and protected in its present shape must not be in just the way that God wants it to come to us, and if it pleases God, ought it not to please us?

Not only have all the attempts to detract from the book failed, but all the attempts to add to it. Many attempts were made to add the apocryphal books to the Old Testament. The council of Trent, the synod of Jerusalem, the bishops of Hippo, all decided that the apocryphal books must be added to the Old Testament. "They must stay in," said those learned men, but they stood out. There is not an intelligent Christian man that to-day will put the book of Maccabees or the book of Judith beside the book of Isaiah or Romans. Then a great many said, "We must have books added to the New Testament, and there were epistles and gospels and apocalypses written and added to the New Testament, but they have all fallen out. You cannot add anything. You cannot subtract anything. Divinely protected book in the present shape. Let no man dare to lay his hands on it with the intention of detracting from the book or casting out any of these holy pages.

Besides that, I am opposed to this expurgation of the Scriptures because if the attempt were successful it would be the annihilation of the Bible. Infidel geologists would say, "Out with the book of Genesis." Infidel astronomers would say, "Out with the book of Joshua." People who do not believe in the atoning sacrifice would say, "Out with the book of Leviticus." People who do not believe in the miracles would say, "Out with all those wonderful stories in the Old and New Testaments," and some would say, "Out with the book of Revelation," and others would say, "Out with the entire Pentateuch," and the work would go on until there would not be enough of the Bible left to be worth as much as last year's almanac. The expurgation of the Scriptures means their annihilation.

I am also opposed to this proposed ex-

purpation of the Scriptures for the fact that in proportion as people become self-sacrificing and good and holy and consecrated they like the book as it is. I have yet to find a man or a woman distinguished for self-sacrifice, for consecration to God, for holiness of life, who wants the Bible changed. Many of us have inherited family Bibles. Those Bibles were in use twenty, forty, fifty, perhaps a hundred years in the generations. To-day take down those family Bibles, and find out if there are any chapters which have been erased by lead pencil or pen, and if in any margins you can the words, "This chapter not fit to read." There has been plenty of opportunity during the last half century privately to expurgate the Bible. Do you know any case of such expurgation? Did not your grandfather give it to your father, and did not your father give it to you?

Besides that, I am opposed to the expurgation of the Scriptures because the so-called indecencies and cruelties of the Bible have demonstrated no evil results. A cruel book will produce cruelty. An unclean book will produce uncleanness. Fetch me a victim. Out of all Christendom and out of all the ages fetch me a victim whose heart has been hardened to cruelty whose life has been made impure by this book. Show me one. One of the best families I ever knew of for thirty or forty years, morning and evening, had all the members gathered together, and the servants of the household, and the strangers that happened to be within the gates. Twice a day without leaving out a chapter or a verse they read this holy book, morning by morning, night by night. Not only the older children, but the little child who could just spell her way through the verse while her mother helped her, the father beginning and reading one verse, and then all the members of the family in turn reading a verse. The father maintained his integrity, the mother maintained her integrity, the sons grew up and entered professions and commercial life, adorned every sphere in the life in which they lived, and the daughters went into families where Christ was honored, and all that was good and pure and righteous reigned perpetually. For thirty years that family endured the Scriptures. Not one of them ruined by them. Now, if you will tell me of a family where the Bible has been read twice a day for thirty years, and the children have been brought up in that habit, and the father went to ruin, and the mother went to ruin, and the sons and daughters were destroyed by it—if you will tell me of one such incident, I will throw away my Bible, or I will doubt your veracity. I tell you if a man is shocked with what he calls the indecencies of the word of God he is prurient in his taste and imagination. If a man cannot read Solomon's Song without impure suggestion, he is either in his heart or in his life a libertine.

I tell you at this point in my discourse that a man who does not like this book, and who is critical as to its contents, and who is shocked and outraged with its descriptions has never been soundly converted. The laying on of the hands of prosbytery or episcopacy does not always change a man's heart, and men sometimes get into the pulpit as well as into the pew, never having been changed radically by the sovereign grace of God. Get your heart right, and the Bible will be right. The trouble is men's natures are not brought into harmony with the word of God. Ah, my friends, expurgation of the heart is what is wanted.

You cannot make me believe that the Scriptures, which this moment lie on the table of the purest and best men and women of the age, and which were the drying solace of your kindred passed into the skies, have in them a taint which the strongest microscope of honest criticism could make visible. If men are uncontrollable in their indignation when the integrity of wife or child is assailed, and judges and jurors as far as possible excuse violence under such provocation, what ought to be the overwhelming and long resounding thunders of condemnation for any man who will stand in a Christian pulpit and assail the more than virgin daughter of inspiration, the well beloved daughter of God?

Let those people who do not believe the Bible, and who are critical of this and that part of it, go clear over to the other side. Let them stand behind the devil's guns. There can be no compromise between infidelity and Christianity. Give us the out and out opposition of infidelity rather than the work of these hybrid dogmas, these mongrel ecclesiastics, these half-evolved people, who believe the Bible and do not believe it, who accept the miracles and do not accept them, who believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures and do not believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures—trimming their belief on one side to suit the skepticism of the world, trimming their belief on the other side to suit the pride of their own heart and feeling that in order to demonstrate their courage they must make the Bible a target and shoot at God.

There is one thing that encourages me very much, and that is that the Lord made out to manage the universe before they were born and will probably be able to make out to manage the universe a little while after they are dead. While I demand that the antagonists of the Bible, and the critics of the Bible go clear over where they belong, on the devil's side, I ask that all the friends of this good book come out openly and above board in behalf of it. That book, which was the best inheritance you ever received from your ancestry, and which will be the best legacy you will leave to your children when you bid them good-by as you cross the ferry to the golden city.

Young man, do not be ashamed of your Bible. There is not a virtue but it commands, there is not a sorrow but it comforts, there is not a good law on the statute book of any country but it is founded on these Ten Commandments. There are no braver, grander people in all the earth than the heroes and the heroines which it biographies.

Mountains are climbed in Central Africa by the aid of a long loop of calico called a "Machila." The climber leans back at one end, while six or eight strong men to pull at the other.

Old Way Was the Best. Since we got rich and stylish, and took to traveling 'round, My wife she calls me "Mister"—can't say I like the sound— And my girls no longer call me "pa," "dear papa" these days; They're 'all of them all taken up with highfalutin' ways. I put up with a lot of things, but I'm blessed if I can stand To see my wife beginning now to write this new-styled hand. It's well enough for Helen and for Clara, I suppose; They learned the horse-track fashion while still they wore short clothes, But their ma was brought up different, and it's tough, I do declare, To see her learning the girls' ways now she has got gray hair!

Ma always took to writing, and her hand-writes been my joy. Since ever we was boy and girl way out in Illinois. When we was children long ago out in that prairie school (Run in the good old-fashioned way with rod and dunce's stool) She used to write her name and mine, and link 'em like our fate. Before she learned the capitals, upon her little slate. And after we grew up and I went off to war, how sweet The letters that I used to get in her hand-writes, small and neat. She used to call me "noble," and "here of the land," And say she'd always love me, in a fine Spencerian hand!

And once she wrote some poetry, real poetry, with rhymes, I've got it yet, you just can't beat—about the old war times; It's in her prettiest running hand—not all sprawled out and straight, Like that confounded "angular" she's taken to of late. I s'pose I'm an old fogey, but I declare to-day There's scarcely any sum you'd name I wouldn't gladly pay If we hadn't got so stylish and moved here to New York. Where you have to eat each kind of food with a different kind of fork; If we still lived where we used to live (Lord, how the bob-links sung!) If my wife would write as she used to write, when she and I was young! —Boston Transcript.

Modern Learned Maiden. "Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "To Vassar College, sir," she said, "Sir," she said, "Sir," she said, "To Vassar College, sir," she said,

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?" "Tis a female college, sir," she said, "How can one enter, my pretty maid?" "Solely by intellect, sir," she said,

"What will you do then, my pretty maid?" "Take an A. B. if I can," she said, "Then won't you marry me, my pretty maid?" "Nay, we'll be bachelors, sir," she said,

"What will you do then, my pretty maid?" "I shall be Master of Arts," she said, "Then won't you marry me, my pretty maid?" "You would be master of me," she said,

"What will you do then, my pretty maid?" "Try for a Ph. D., sir," she said, "Then I won't marry you, my pretty maid."

"Nobody asked you, sir," she said, "Sir," she said, "Sir," she said, "Nobody asked you, sir," she said, —Courier Journal.

Playthings. "Back to your playthings, child," my father says; "I cannot tell you now." This when I come to him on long dull days. To ask him "Why?" and "How?" And other things that surely I should know— "What brought me here?" and "Must I some day go?" "Whither, and why?" They all perplex me so!

Ah, precious playthings, who shall hold you tight? You keep my eyes from tears, My empty hands from trembling; this my kite. That windward wheels and veers— Fortune I call it, and this merry ball Is Pleasure, and the dearest of them all, This I do!—broken; once I let it fall.

Then comes some careless hand and sweeps away My toys, and while I weep, An ache is in my heart that such as they Had never stilled to sleep— Its claggy questionings, that will not bow. To his denial, nor my silence-vow: "I have no toys. Ah, tell me, tell me now!" —Louise Betts Edwards in Scribner's.

Every time some men take a chew of tobacco, their wives have something to say about sin.



Old Way Was the Best. Since we got rich and stylish, and took to traveling 'round, My wife she calls me "Mister"—can't say I like the sound— And my girls no longer call me "pa," "dear papa" these days; They're 'all of them all taken up with highfalutin' ways. I put up with a lot of things, but I'm blessed if I can stand To see my wife beginning now to write this new-styled hand. It's well enough for Helen and for Clara, I suppose; They learned the horse-track fashion while still they wore short clothes, But their ma was brought up different, and it's tough, I do declare, To see her learning the girls' ways now she has got gray hair!

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OLD FATHER TIME—"LAND SAKES! COMMENCEMENT TIME AGAIN!"

sashes, bows, and trimmings of other colors, but the gown itself is of pure white. This at once disposes of a matter which would involve endless discussion.

Simple and inexpensive materials are the best for their purpose, says the New York Herald. While it is desirable the gowns should be as dainty and smart as possible, anything elaborate or overtrimmed, in the least suggestion of an evening gown, would be quite out of place. The "beaute de diable," as the French call the freshness and charm of youth, shows to the greatest advantage in simply fashioned girlish frocks. There is time enough when girls are formally introduced into society and when they have lost their first freshness to load them down with heavy trimmed silk gowns, but until that time comes they should be dressed in as simple a fashion as possible.

There are many wash fabrics which are excellent for graduation gowns. Organdie, cambric, dotted Swiss muslin, and a thousand and one others give opportunity of a wide choice. Twelve yards of the wide goods are sufficient, and the cost is trifling. If the white is lined the lining should be cut decollete, so that there is only the sheer muslin over the neck and arms. Silk slips are very much the fashion this season, but an under petticoat of saten, or even cambric, is effective and cheaper.

Silk graduation gowns are not often chosen. When they are, India silk is used. This falls in soft folds and is always graceful, but this does not adapt itself well to the present stiff effects. A class pin or some emblem is part of every graduating costume, and, as all the world knows, is almost as much thought of as the diploma itself.

American Students in Germany. There are at the German universities more students from America than from any other foreign country, except Russia. The Russians, however, have only a short voyage to come. It is only a

we have announced it, that there is better university instruction in Germany than elsewhere is true or not, there are other matters to be considered in sending your young men away from home, which many think should be regarded in forming a right estimate of this subject. Admiring many features of the German university system, as I naturally must, I believe, if I may speak in the first person, that the proposition is in general to be denied. I cannot think that it is in general an advantage to a boy or a young man to come into such a center of social and political materialism as Germany has got to be. Our universities in America, subsisting usually on the voluntary gifts of individuals rather than at the cost of the state, are, in many cases, not what they ought to be, and for some branches of study it is undoubtedly still necessary to go to Germany. There are some branches of scholarship which are either not at all or at least very inadequately represented both at home and likewise in England and France. Whether Germany has this superiority or not is a question which ought to be investigated in every individual case, and we ought to all go to work untidely to bring about a state of things where this promiscuous exportation of young men shall at once be brought to an end.

Teacher Inherits a \$50,000 Estate. By the will of Miss Elizabeth Ewing, of Philadelphia, who was buried last week, Miss Julia Harris, of Harrisburg, for many years a public school teacher, is made the sole heir to an estate valued at over \$50,000. Miss Ewing was a cousin. The property consists of two residences in Philadelphia and \$8,000 in Pennsylvania Railroad stock. Miss Harris is a descendant of John Harris, the founder of Harrisburg.

Dante read the chap books of his time, and from their pages and those of the monkish homilies gathered the lurid images found in the "Inferno."