

AT THE TABERNACLE.

THE INGATHERING SEASON THE OCCASION OF AN IMPORTANT LESSON.

Dr. Talmage Thinks the Ancient Were Acquainted with Our American Corn—The Harvest of the Year but a Foreshadowing of the Harvest of Earth.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 27.—Rev. Dr. Talmage today chose for his subject of discourse one eminently suited to the time following the ingathering of the harvest and to the Thanksgiving season. The decorations of the Thanksgiving day still remained on the platform and the galleries, and long rows of yellow and white corn on the front and back of the platform were in accord with the sermon. The text selected was Job v, 20, "As a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

This is the time of the year for husking corn. If you have recently been in the fields of Pennsylvania, or New Jersey, or New York, or New England, or in any of the country districts, you know that the corn is all out. The sharp knife struck through the stalks and left them all along the fields until a man came with a bundle of straw and twisted a few of these wisps of straw into a band, and then, gathering up as much of the corn as he could compass with his arms, he bound it with this wisp of straw, and then stood it in the field in what is called a shock. There are now at least two billion bushels of corn either standing in the shock or having been already husked. The farmers gather one day on one farm and then another day on another farm, and they go on their rough husking apron, and then take the husking peg, which is a piece of iron with a leather loop fastened to the end, and with it unshells the corn from the husk and toss it into the golden heap. Then the wagons come along and take it to the corner.

THE BIBLE USES CORN AS A TYPE. About corn as an important cereal or corn as a metaphor the Bible is constantly speaking. You know about the people in coming to buy corn of Joseph, and the foxes on the corn, and the oxen treading out the corn, and about the seven thin ears of corn that in Pharaoh's dream devoured the seven good ears, and the "parched corn" handed to beautiful Ruth by the harvesters of Bethlehem, and Abigail's five measures of "parched corn," with which she hoped to appease the enemies of her drunken husband, and David's description of the valleys "covered over with corn," and "the full corn in the ear," and Christ's Sabbath morning walk through corn fields, and the disciples "plucking ears of corn," and so I am not surprised to find corn husking time referred to in my text, "As a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

How vividly to all those of us who were born in the country comes the remembrance of husking time. We waited for it as for a gala day of the year. It was called a frolic. The trees having for the most part shed their leaves, the farmers waded through the fallen leaves and came through the keen morning air to the gleeful company. The frosts, which had silvered everything during the night, began to melt off the top of the corn shocks. While the farmers were waiting for others their fingers or thrashing their arms around their body to keep up warmth of circulation. Rousing mirth greeted the late farmer as he crawled over the fence. Joke and repartee and rustic salutation abounded. All ready now!

The men take hold of the shock of corn and hurl it prostrate, while the moles and mice which have secreted themselves there for warmth attempt escape. The wisp of straw is unwound from the corn shock, and the stalks heavy with the weight of grain are rolled into two bundles, between which the husker sits down. The husking peg is thrust in until it strikes the corn, and then the husk is ripped off the sheathing of the ear, and there is a crack as the root of the corn is snapped off from the husk, and the grain disengaged and hurled up into the sunlight. The air is so tonic, the work is so very exhilarating, the company is so blithe that some laugh, and some shout, and some sing, and some banter, and some tease a neighbor for a romantic ride along the edge of the woods in an eventide in a carriage that holds but two, and some prophesy as to the number of bushels in the field, and others go into competition as to which shall rifle the most corn shocks before sundown.

After awhile the dinner horn sounds from the farmhouse, and the table is surrounded by a group of jolly and hungry men. From all the pantries and the cellars and the perches of fowl on the place the richest dainties come, and there is carnival and neighborhood reunion, and a scene which fills our memory, part with smiles, but more with tears, as we remember that the farm belongs now to other owners and other hands, and that the field, and many of those who mingled in that merry husking scene have themselves been reaped "like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

THERE IS NO DEATH TO THE CHRISTIAN. There is a difference of opinion as to whether the orientals knew anything about the corn as it stands in our fields, but recent discoveries have found out that the Hebrew knew all about Indian maize. It is thought that the corn was introduced into the hiding places where they were put down many centuries ago, and they have been planted in our time and have come up just such Indian maize as we raise in New York and Ohio; so I am right when I say that my text may refer to a shock of corn just as you and I bound it; just as I and I threw it; just as you and I asked it. There may come some practical and useful and comforting lessons to all our souls while we think of coming in at last "like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

It is high time that the King of Terrors were thrown out of the Christian vocabulary. A vast multitude of people talk of death as though it were the disaster of disasters, instead of being to a good man the blessing of blessings. It is moving out of a cold vestibule into a warm temple. It is migrating into groves of reliance and perpetual fruitage. It is a change from bleak March to rosy June. It is a change of manacles for garlands. It is the smutting of the iron handcuffs of earthly incarceration into the diamonded jewels of a bridal party, or, to use the expression of my text, it is only husking time. It is the tearing off of the rough husk of the body that the bright and the faithful soul may go free. Coming in at a shock of corn cometh in in his season.

Christ broke up a funeral procession at the gate of Nain by making a direction for a young man and his mother, and I would that I could break up your sadnesses and halt the long funeral procession of the world's grief by some cheering and cheerful view of the last transition.

We all know that husking time was a time of frolic. From the fence; frost on the stubble; frost on the ground; frost on the bare branches of the trees; frost on the air; frost on the hands of the huskers. You remember we used to hide between the stalks as to keep off the wind, but still you remember how shivering was the body and how painful was the wheel, and how benumbed were the hands. But after awhile the sun was high up, and the frosts went out of the air, and the hilly awakened the echoes, and joy from one corn shock went up, "Aha, aha!" and was answered by joy from another corn shock. "Aha, aha!" So we all realize that the death of our friend is the nipping of many expectations, the freezing, the chilling, the frost of many of our hopes. It is far from being a south wind.

It comes out of the frigid north, and when they go away from us we stand benumbed in body and benumbed in mind and benumbed in soul. We stand among our dead neighbors, our dead families, and we say, "Will we ever get over it?" Yes, we will get over it amid the shoutings of heavenly reunion, and we will look back to all these distresses of bereavement only as a temporary distresses of husking time. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." "Light and gladness for a moment," said the apostle as he clapped his hands; "light, and but for a moment." The chill of the frosts followed by the gladness that cometh in "like a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

Of course the husking time made rough work with the ear of corn. The husking peg had to be thrust in, and the hard thumb of the husker had to come down on the ear, and then there was a ruthless tearing, and then a complete snapping off, leaving the corn was free, and if the husk could have spoken it would have said, "Why do you lacerate me? Why do you wrench me?" Ah, my friends, that is the way God has arranged that the ear and husk shall part, and that is the way he has arranged that the body and the soul shall separate. You can afford to have your physical distresses when you know that they are only forwarding the soul's liberation. Every rheumatic pain is only a plunge of the husking peg. Every neuritic twinge is only a twist by the husker.

There is gold in you that must come out. Some way the husk must be broken. Some way the husk must be launched for heavenly voyaging. Must let the Heavenly Husbandman cut off the mortality from the immortality. There ought to be great consolation in this for all who have chronic ailments, since the Lord is gradually and more and more taking away from you that which hinders your soul's liberation, doing gradually for you what for many of us in robust health perhaps he will do in one fell blow at the last. At the close of every illness, at the close of every paroxysm, you ought to say, "Thank God, that is all past now; thank God, I will never have to suffer that again; thank God, I am so much nearer the hour of liberation."

You will never suffer the same pain twice. You may have a new pain in an old place, but never the same pain twice. Pain does its work and then it dies. Just so many plunges of the ear what for the quarry stone for the building. Just so many strokes of the chisel to complete the statue. Just so many pangs to separate the soul from the body. You who have chronic ailments and disorders are only paying in installments that which some of us will have to pay in one payment which will be the debt of nature. Thank God, therefore, ye who have chronic disorders, that you have so much less suffering at the last. Thank God that you will have so much less to feel in the way of pain at the hands of the Heavenly Husbandman when "the shock of corn cometh in in his season."

THE SORROWS OF THIS LIFE. Perhaps now this may be an answer to a question which I asked one Sabbath morning, but did not answer. Why is it that so many really good people have so dreadfully to suffer? You have chronic disorders, you would think, to discipline a whole colony, while you will find a man who is perfectly useless going about with easy digestion and steady nerves and shining health, and his exit from the world is comparatively painless. How do you explain that? Well, I noticed in the husking time that the husking peg was thrust into the corn, and then there must be a stout pull before the swelling was taken off the ear and the full, round, healthy, flouring corn was developed, while, on the other hand, there was corn that hardly seemed worth husking.

We threw that into a place all by itself, and we called it nubbins. Some of it was mildewed, and some of it was nibbled, and some of it was great promise and no fulfillment. All cobs and no corn. Nubbins! After the good corn had been run up to the barn we came around with the corn in a basket, and we picked up these nubbins. They were worth saying, but not worth much. So all around there are people who amount to comparatively nothing. They develop into no kind of usefulness. They are nibbled on one side by the world, and nibbled on the other side by the devil, and mildewed all over. Great promise and no fulfillment. All cobs and no corn. Nubbins! They are worth saying. I suppose many of them will get into the fire, but they are not worthy to be mentioned in the same day with those who went through great tribulation into the kingdom of God.

Who would not rather have the pains of this life, the misfortunes of this life—who would not rather be torn and wounded and lacerated and wrenched and husked and at last go in amid the very best grain of the granary—than to be pronounced not worth husking at all? Nubbins! In other words, I want to say to you people who have distress of all sorts, the Lord has not any grudge against you. It is not derogatory; it is complimentary. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," and it is proof positive that there is something valuable in you, or the Lord would not have husked you.

REJOICE TOGETHER. You remember also that in the time of husking it was a neighborhood reunion. The fires burning around the glorified backlogs on an old-fashioned hearth, of which the modern stoves and registers are only the degenerate descendants, the farmers used to gather and spend the evening, and there would be much sociability; but it was not anything like the joy of the husking time, for then all the farmers came, and they came in the very best humor, and they came from beyond the meadow, and they came from beyond the brook, and they came from regions two and three miles around. Good spirits reigned supreme, and there were great handshakings, and there was carnival, and there was the recital of the brightest experience in all their lives, and there was a neighborhood reunion the memory of which makes all the nerves of my body tremble with emotion as the

strings of a harp when the fingers of the player have swept the chords. The husking time was the time of neighborhood reunion, and so heaven will be just as there they come up! They slept in the old village churchyard. There was a funeral, and the partners of the sculpture and the carver of the cemetery. There, then, they came out. They went down when the ship foundered in Cape Hatteras. They came up from the sides—from potter's field and out of the solid masonry of Westminster also. They came up! They came up!

All the hindrances to their better nature husked off. All their spiritual despondencies husked off. All their hindrances to usefulness husked off. The grain, the golden grain, the God-fashioned grain, the visible and complete harvest of heaven, you could hardly stand it in their presence. Now in heaven they are so radiant you hardly know them. The fact is, all the imperfections have been husked off. They did not mean on earth to be disgraced. They meant well enough, but they thought you how sick you looked, and they thought you how many hard things they had to say about you, and they told you how they had to stand up for you in some things. No wonder! In all the air, in all the grave out in all the hills. Rivers of crystal rolling over bed of pearl, under arches of chrysope, into seas of glass mingled with fire. Stand at the gate of the granary and see the grain come in; out of the light into the sunshine, out of the darkness into the light, out of the tearing, and the twisting, and the wrenching, and the lacerating, and the husking time of earth into the wide open door of the kingdom of heaven "like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

THE SOCIETY OF HEAVEN. Yes, heaven is a great society, with joy like the joy of husking time. No one there feeling so big he declines to speak to some one that is not so large. Archangel willing to listen to smallest cherub. No halting of the door of caste at one heavenly mansion to keep out the citizen of a smaller mansion. No clique in one corner whispering about a colleague in another corner. David taking none of the airs of a giant killer; Joshua making no claim until he passes, because he made the sun and moon halt; Paul making no assumption over the most ordinary preacher of righteousness; Nadab, captain of the Syrian host, no more honored than the captive maid who told him where he could get a good doctor. Oh, my soul, what a country! The humblest man a king, the poorest woman a queen, the meanest house a palace, the shortest lifetime eternity. And what is more strange about it all is we may all get there.

"Not I," says one, "I am standing back under the galleries. Yes, you 'Not I' says some one who has not been in church in fifteen years before. Yes, you 'Not I' says some one who has been for fifty years, filling up his life with all kinds of wickedness. Yes, you. There are monopolies on earth—monopolistic railroads and monopolistic telegraph companies and monopolistic grain dealers, but no monopolies in religion. All who want to be saved may be saved, without money and without price." Salvation by the Lord Jesus Christ for all the people. Of course use common sense in this matter. You can not expect to get to Charleston by taking the ship for Portland, and you cannot get to heaven by going in an opposite direction. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved. Through that one gate of pardon and peace all the race may go in.

ALL WILL BE AT HOME THERE. "But," says some one, "do you really think I would be at home in this glorified society if I should reach it?" I think I would. I know you would. I remember that in the husking time there was a great equality of "eling among the neighbors. There at one corn shock a farmer would be at work who owned two hundred acres of ground. The man whom he was talking with at the next corn shock owned but thirty acres of ground, and perhaps all that covered by a mortgage. That evening, at the close of the husking time, one man drove home a roan span, frisky, so full of life they got their feet over the traces. The other man walked home. Great difference in education, great difference in worldly means, but I noticed at the husking time they all seemed to enjoy each other's society. They did not ask any man how much property he owned or what his education had been. They all seemed to go happily together in those good times. And so it will be in heaven. Our Father will gather his children around him, and the neighbors will be around him, and the past will be rehearsed. And some one will tell of victory, and we will all celebrate it. And some one will tell of great struggle, and we will all praise the grace that fetched him out of it. And some one will say: "Here is my old father that I put away with heartbreak. Just look at him! He is as young as any of us!"

Oh, I wish I could say: "Here is my darling child that I buried in Greenwood, and all the after years of my life was shadowed with desolation. Just look at her! She doesn't seem as if she had been sick a minute!" Great sociality. Great neighborhood kindness. Go in and dine. What though John Milton sit down on one side and John Howard sit down on the other side? No embarrassment. What though Charlotte Elizabeth sit down on one side and Hannah More sit down on the other side? No embarrassment. A monarch yourself, why become embarrassed among monarchs? A conqueror yourself, why be embarrassed among glorified conquerors? Go in and dine.

THE MEMORIES OF YOUTH. I do not know how you are constituted, but I am so constituted that there is nothing so awake as reminiscences in me as the odors of a corn field when I cross it at this time of year. After the corn has been cut and it stands in shocks, as it so I have thought it might be practically useful for us today to cross the corn field, and I have thought perhaps there might be some reminiscence roused in our soul that might be salutary and might be saving. In Sweden a prima donna, while her house

in the city was being repaired, took a house in the country for temporary residence, and she brought out her great array of jewels to show a friend who wished to see them. One night after displaying these jewels and leaving them on the table, and all her friends had gone, and the servants had gone—some summer night—she sat up in bed and looking into a mirror just in front of her chair, when she saw in that mirror the face of a robber looking in at the window behind her and gazing at those jewels. She was in great fright, but sat still, and hardly knowing why she did so she began to sing an old nursery song, her footsteps along the pathos of the song more telling. Suddenly she noticed, while looking at the mirror, that the robber's face had disappeared from the window, and it did not come back. A few days after the robber, saying he received a letter from the robber, saying he heard that the jewels were to be out of his hand, and I came to take them at what ever hazard, but when I heard you sing that nursery song with which my mother so often sang me to sleep I could not stand it, and I fled, and I have resolved upon a new and honest life."

Oh, my friends, there are jewels in you richer than those which lay upon that table that night. They are the jewels of the immortal soul. Would God that some song rolling up out of the deserted granary of your childhood, or some song rolling up out of the corn fields, the song of the huskers twenty or forty years ago, might turn all our feet out of the paths of sin into the paths of righteousness. Would God that those memories waited in on odor or some might start us this moment with swift foot toward that blessed place where so many of our loved ones have already preceded us "as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

THE COLOR OF THE BLOOD. Having recently examined a large number of specimens of human blood from persons of different ages, ranging from four to seventy-six years, some being those in robust health, others being tuberculous, I was struck with the great difference in the shade of color presented, some being of a very rich tint, others very pale. The richest color was in the blood of a girl twenty-six years of age, a graduate of Vassar college, who had the highest anthropometric measurement for respiratory capacity in a class of about 500 girls. Her health was excellent, and she consumed rather more flesh food than is usual.

The next highest tint was found in the blood of a woman about seventy years old, with a somewhat unusual chest measurement, having also excellent respiratory capacity and being in fine health. This woman, on the contrary, does not eat flesh at all. I expected in her case to find a more than ordinary number of white blood corpuscles, but there were far less than usual, it being difficult to find them, they were so few.

The palest blood was from a choroidal servant girl of twenty-five years and in a tuberculous boy of four. There was not much perceptible difference in their cases. The girl had naturally good respiratory capacity, but she had lessened it by tight clothing and an almost constant indoor life for a long time. After spending a month at the seaside I examined her blood again and found the tint somewhat deeper than before.—M. L. Hollbrook in Science.

Zola's Defense. M. Zola attacks his critics for being angry with him for stating the whole truth about the war. To do so, he declares, is a duty. France was nearly ruined because she believed in the French trooper "as the conqueror of the world, singing as he runs across fallen kingdoms." He resolved to teach his fellow countrymen that war was "a thing so serious, too terrible for us to lie about." "I concealed nothing, I sought to show how a nation like our own, after so many victories, could be so miserably beaten, and I wished also to show out of what depths we have raised ourselves in twenty years, and in what a blissful battle a strong people can be regenerated. My profound conviction is that if the falsely patriotic lie begins again \* \* \* we shall again be beaten."—London Spectator.

A Place of Refuge. Tom Anjerly has heretofore been one of the most trifling students at college, but of late he has attended the lectures regularly. One of the professors observed this change for the better, and took occasion to remark to his friend, Judge Cowing, who is acquainted with the young man: "I'm very glad to see that young man Tom Anjerly is attending the lectures regularly. He seems to have turned over a new leaf."

"Turned over a new leaf be blessed," exclaimed Judge Cowing, "don't you know why he attends the lectures regularly?" "To improve his mind, I suppose."

"Nothing of the kind. He goes to the lecture room because that is the only place the bill collectors don't hunt for him. He goes there to throw them off the scent."—Texas Sittings.

Eat Figs and Be Brilliant. Stimulation of some branch or other of the fifth nerve seems to increase the circulation in the brain, and those who are making their attempt to call upon their mental powers are accustomed to stimulate this nerve in one way or another. The late Lord Derby used to eat branched cherries, and an experiment of Marey's proves that mastication will accelerate the flow of blood through the carotid artery, and serves to show the wisdom of an editor whom I knew who used to eat figs while writing a leading article, and even of those who indulge in the practice so disagreeable to their neighbors of chewing tobacco.—Popular Science Monthly.

Thunder Years Ago. For hundreds of years thunder accompanied by hail, or thunder in the north or west, was thought to portend evil to all British subjects. During the time when this superstition was rife the great bell at Malmesbury abbey, England, the one known as St. Adelm's bell, was always rung for the purpose of driving away the thunder and lightning.—St. Louis Republic.

Judgment of the People. In the eyes of myriads of persons the one thing ill done wipes out the memory of a dozen things well done. That is one of the penalties of greatness. And it shall be the same with the great man for generations after he has gone. Through all history shall loom the shadow of that ill deed, overshadowing the good.—All the Year Round.

A Notification. An English health officer recently received the following note from one of the residents of his district: "Dear sir, I beg to tell you that my child eight months is suffering of measles as required by act of parliament."—Exchange.

AN IMBECILE ASYLUM

A CORRESPONDENT DESCRIBES AN INTERESTING INSTITUTION.

How Children of Feeble Intellect Are Trained to Become Self-Sustaining.—The Columbus Asylum Has a Thousand Inmates and Is Admirably Managed.

[Special Correspondence.] COLUMBUS, O., Nov. 24.—Growing out of my reflecting glory upon our Nineteenth century civilization is the great importance given to the education of the physical and mental unfortunates of the human race.

Literally almost the blind see and the deaf hear, and now the child of feeble intellect, the most unfortunate of all, is beginning to understand and know. It is wonderful what has been and is being done with the imbecile. From a helpless, dependent member of society, our great state institutions are transforming him into a self-sustaining individual and fitting him in many instances to fill at least a humble sphere in life.



MAIN BUILDING, COLUMBUS ASYLUM.

Perhaps the most notable school for the training of feeble minded children is in this city. It is the largest one in the country, having nearly 1,000 inmates. It is beautifully situated, and having been under one capable management for a good many years has been developed systematically, intelligently and steadily. The superintendent, Dr. Doren, has executive ability and the instinct of order to a marked degree, and with these qualities combines sympathy for the unfortunate with an intense love of his work, which is unusual.

The asylum is primarily for imbeciles—that is, children of feeble intellect who can learn if sufficient care and patience is given to their training, but who are utterly unable to advance by the ordinary methods of education outside. Very often the first thing to be done with them is to teach them to use their physical members. Some children are literally taught to walk, but before coming to the institution, were utterly unable to, not from physical disability, but from natural backwardness and because no one had sufficient patience to try to teach them. The hands are made to do their share of the work, and the wandering attention is fixed by various devices. Then, if possible, the pupil is interested in some simple stories and games. To these ends his early training is largely after kindergarten methods. He is taught color, form and arrangement. The molding in clay and sand done in some of the schoolrooms is really remarkable, and when one considers the material with which the teacher labors, the patience and tact which she must bring to her work, one realizes that she is truly a missionary, bringing light and understanding to the intellectually destitute.

After the kindergarten training the child is taught to read. To begin with, he is given words on cardboard—names of objects around the schoolroom, of domestic animals and of things about the farm with which he is familiar. He learns to name all these cards, point out the objects to you or tell where they are in words or—if he cannot talk—by signs. Then charts are given him with simple sentences illustrated upon them. Afterward he is put into a very easy reader, arranged according to the word method—that is, the words are taught before the letters. Object teaching is necessarily used in the beginning almost entirely, and largely throughout his entire course of study. From the word method he goes into the first reader, and thence on his course of study is very much that of the ordinary child, but his progress is necessarily very slow. He must be taught individually almost everything. It is quite impossible until he has attained some degree of advancement to put him into a class with others, and even when so placed he has to have many little difficulties explained to him separately. Every device must be used to attract and hold him to the subject of study. He is taught counting by the objects with which he is familiar, by different colored balls, by buttons, corn, by bits of cardboard and every device which the teacher can invent. There must always be as nearly as possible a material representation of the idea which she is trying to convey.

From molding figures in kindergarten schools he advances in the higher grades to molding maps, and so gains a better idea of geography than by any other method. In connection with the work in the schoolroom, and following out the manual training idea, the pupil is taught to sew. The girls make underclothing, dresses and bedding. The boys learn tailoring. Physical culture, too, receives a large share of attention. Every child who is not helpless and crippled is put into a gymnastic class and spends one-half hour each day in exercise. The benefit is incalculable, for many of the children are physically weak and imperfectly developed.

In the lower classes the child is taught to properly lift his feet, use his arms, follow a leader, obey an order and keep time. In consequence of such drill he advances little by little until he is able to execute complicated movements in a remarkably perfect manner. The love of melody is as often an instinct with the feeble minded child as with the bright one, and music is a powerful factor in his education. It attracts and holds him as nothing else can. The children sing beautifully part songs as well as simple melodies, and learn from dictation by heart the words of all their songs, so that they sing frequently with an abandon not found

among children who read their songs by note and word.

After the boy has progressed sufficiently in the schoolroom to enable him to learn a trade he is put to work at one under the immediate supervision of a trained mechanic. A large number of boys are in the shoe shop, make all of the shoes worn by the children and do all of the mending. In the tailor shop the suits are made for all the boys in the institution, and the plumber, blacksmith, carpenter and painter is each a teacher in his specialty of a number of pupils.

The farm employs the largest number of boys naturally, and employs a class incapable of employment elsewhere except in the cleaning department. Many of the children can be taught the simplest branches of farm work who could not understand the more complicated trades.

All of the cleaning about the house is done under direction by the inmates, and one feels almost tempted during a morning journey to the institution to paraphrase the "Song of the Shirt" and make it "Scrub, scrub, scrub," there are such armies of scrubbers everywhere. The girls after leaving the schoolroom are taught dressmaking and mending, cooking, laundry work and general housework. In the sewing room are made all the dresses worn by the pupils.

After the training given at the institution is completed the child, if capable of independently caring for himself, is sent out into the world to earn his living. If not, he is kept and made useful at the institution until his place is required by smaller children coming in, when he is returned to the officials of the county from which he came as being the only agents responsible for him. Many of the children could be made self supporting under competent supervision who, if allowed to go out into the world alone, become burdens to society and propagators of their kind.

Mental weakness means invariably moral weakness, and though the institution may make the child ordinarily capable and self supporting under its management it cannot in all instances make him so when he is sent out into the world. However, some do go out who are enabled by the education given them to make a fair living.

Among the greatest benefits conferred by the institution is the orderliness which it teaches its pupils. The lives they lead are perfectly regular and directed according to the best known principles of health. Every child is given each day, unless it is stormy, a large amount of outdoor exercise. In case of storms there are long covered corridors attached to the buildings so arranged that the sides can be almost entirely opened up, and in these corridors, clothed as for outdoors, the children promenade. The sanitary condition of the house, too, is constantly watched. Disinfectants are used in every corner, and during the day the dormitories are thoroughly aired. In their sitting rooms and sleeping rooms and during meals the children are under the care of attendants.

The institution contains a library of the best literature extant for the young, which is in constant use in schools and reading rooms, and which, by means of its illustrated books, its simple histo-



THE TOWER.

ries and its great fund of information on general topics, is an aid to the teacher greater almost than any other she can receive.

It would be impossible to more than outline the great work done by such an institution, and that Ohio has one so perfect in all respects is due entirely to Dr. Doren, a man whose every thought has been for the unfortunate, whose life has been given to the work, and who is a philanthropist and leader par excellence.

LOUISE MANETTE.

[Special Correspondence.]

NOBICH, Conn., Nov. 24.—While out hunting a day or two ago James B. Peckham, a well known resident of the neighboring town of Preston, caught and killed a peculiar animal, the exact pedigree of which he is very curious to learn. He was tramping through the woods when his attention was attracted to the animal, which somewhat resembles the polecat. Carefully approaching it in the rear, he succeeded in killing it with a club and brought the freak home.

The animal is about eighteen inches in length, and with the exception of its tail is covered with fine soft hair of a dark gray color, tipped with brown. The head is of a very peculiar shape, with a long, snoutlike mouth, and nose and ears that closely resemble those of a raccoon. The teeth are very long and sharp and very regularly set. The tail is several inches in length, without a hair, and a pinkish white in color. The feet also are hairless to the ankle joints and are tipped with long, sharp claws, evidently used for digging. There is a very slight odor about the body similar to that of a skunk, and the animal is probably of that species. Nothing of the kind was ever seen before in this vicinity, and Mr. Peckham is very anxious to learn just what the animal is. He has taken care to preserve the body, and the curiosity now occupies a prominent place in his museum. J. F.