



HERBERT SPENCER. (See p. 290).

SHALL THE KNOWING ONES UPSET OUR NOTIONS ?

Is the missionary in India, who proved by the microscope to the holy brahmin that he was destroying animal life in every draught of water he drank, only a prototype of the men of modern times who disclose the horrors that may follow from using too freely of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," or other popular patent medicines ? Who explain with awful clearness that the ruddy tomato, long thought the best of vegetables, is surcharged with a deadly bane ; that the free use of ice is the beginning of a series of untold and harmless chances in our system.

Then comes the agonies of popular science. For years people have used chlorate of potash in solution as a family specific for cankered mouth and throat, or for colds, when suddenly it is denounced as a deadly poison. We all ought to have died years ago, only, with the proverbial stubbornness of facts, we didn't. But that innocent pint vial is regarded now as the skeleton in the closet, and will be labeled with a skull and crossbones just as soon as may be.

Then there is wall paper. Red or green in these pretty decorations is or may be arsenic ! No more roses or red haw-

thorne sprays on the otherwise dingy old walls ! No climbing clustering vines or gay tropic birds. We must take refuge in browns or blues and yellows. What an outlook !

And for food, here is glucose to delude the very bees. We have feebly congratulated ourselves that men could not at least make those shapely, dainty, delicate cells in which the sweetness of a thousand flowers is stored by our busy purveyors, and so have filled our mouths with wax and honey as well as delight ; but now we are assured that the comb and honey are manufactured of glucose ! Who is safe ?

Then there is terra alba in our sugar ; plaster of paris in our flower ; lard and suet manipulated and reformed into our butter, once the firm, cool, primrose tinted outcome of dewy grass and odorous clover, bearing the handmark of the neat-handed dairy maid, and fit accompanist to the "finest of wheat" and "honey out of the rock." How can one eat his daily food except in a condition of malignant doubt and dismay !

We have not referred to any of these cheap exhibitions of knowledge in an entire spirit of levity. There is really a chance for well founded outcry against some of these harmless things ; but we think most of them will quietly work their own cure. —
American Inventor.