

The High School.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE HIGH SCHOOL AND OMAHA AMATEURS.

Legendo, Cogitando, atque Scribendo vere docti fivimus.

VOL. I.

OMAHA, NEBRASKA, JANUARY, 1875.

No. 11

POETRY.

WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

BY J. M. T.

Maiden—what of the night?
"The night is clear, and its joys are sweet;
I am waiting the sound of my lover's feet,
And the passionate words his lips repeat."
But the night is gone, and thy lover's tread
Is fickle and false as the vows he said;
You will wake from the dream with fancy bright,
For death and change stalk forth at night.

Mother—what of the night?
"The night is calm, and its peace is blest;
I am clasping my boy to my swelling breast,
As his spirit roams in the land of rest."
But the night is gone, and the rest is o'er,
And your innocent babe may wake no more;
For mothers must weep o'er their fond hopes blent,
O'er the boyhood promise obscured in the night.

True heart—what of the night?
"The night is mine, for each star gem set
In the vaulted dome I can never forget;
They recall where I and my true love met."
But the night is gone, and the stars o'erhead,
Like the truth you gave, are dimmed and fled;
For pride shall sever each true heart's plight,
As morning scatters the stars of night.

Dreamer—what of the night?
"The night is a time when my fancy is free,
When my vessel speeds onward far over the sea,
Where my castles gleam bright on the glittering
sea."
But the night is gone, and the storms of the day,
Shall banish your vision for ever away!
For the ripples that gleam 'neath the moonbeam's
light,
Are born to wild breakers ere passeth the night.

"LOOK AND BELIEVE."

All in a little dell
Grew a sweet heather-bell,
Silent and shy.
Never a word breathed she,
Save when the old pine tree,
Heaved a deep sigh.

"Wherefore thy sorrow, friend?
Surely all grief must end,
Up near the sky."
"Would Heaven were near to me,
As seemeth unto thee,"
Came in reply.

"Out from my lofty height,
Look I to left and right,
Naught do I see
Save a dark world of care,
Storm-cloud and sorrow, where
Light ought to be."

"Ah!" whispered heather-bell,
Low in her mossy dell,
"Light I receive,
And it doth shine on me,
Down through thy leaves, oh, tree!
Look and believe."
M. G. K.

"THE WINTER HAS COME—THE ROSES ARE GONE."

MR. EDITOR:

Having, in compliance with your request, seated myself in order to contribute something to the columns of the "HIGH SCHOOL," I found that other thoughts and duties so occupied my mind that I became sorely perplexed for a subject. I studied for some time, but vainly; I looked from the window, but could gather no inspiration from the bleak November landscape, the steady drop, drop, of the rain, and the melancholly fall, fall, of the leaves, under a leaden sky, served rather to distract than to collect my thoughts. "What shall I write about?" The question repeated itself over and over as if finding a glorious satisfaction in doing what was so utterly useless. At length, half unconsciously, I queried aloud: "what shall I write about?" My little six year old sister, who sat Turk fashion in a chair, rocking gently to and fro, while she worked and hummed softly some favorite nursery ditty, now spoke up: "Tell you, thister," and here the chair ceased its swaying, and the little form sat upright, "thister, I'll tell you, Write on 'the winter has come, the roses are gone.'" I felt myself in a position similar to the one Cowper must have experienced when, on asking Lady Austin for a subject, he received the answer, "Oh, write on anything, write on this sofa," and he did, taking it for the subject of one of his most noted poems, "The Task."

I really felt in duty bound after this kindly volunteered help from the labyrinth of my perplexities; would it not be the

height of ingratitude to ignore it? I thought so. Where this little lady had obtained her poetical idea of connecting the coming of winter with the departure of the roses, I could not imagine. I glanced at her, the brown head drooped low, and the tiny fingers worked unweariedly on a piece of remarkable looking embroidery. Could there be depths in that childish heart which had not been fathomed? Possibly, as she had played all day long among the roses, angels had given their messages for her, as she was pure and innocent. Of what wonders might they not whisper to her which are mysterious to us? Possibly too, when with childish grief she watch-

ed her heavenborn friends departing, their last whisper had said to her, "we will come again when master's reign is over," and now the burden of her song had found utterance. "The winter has come, the roses are gone." Yes, it is only too true, the roses have left us. Ah, how well I remember them, the roses, the creamy white, the delicate pink, and blushing scarlet; how more than lovely they seemed, as bending their graceful heads, they breathed sweet incense to heaven. How they seem to speak of hopes fulfilled and wishes granted, and how, if in the long, delicious summer hours, we whispered of glittering air castles, the "upturned faces of those roses" smiled in beautiful sympathy. Yes, they were surely all that was fair and pure. But,—they are gone. We have seen them drop, one by one, noiselessly as floating shadows, and with them the "rose hue faint and pearl mist fair" of many a glowing anticipation has vanished, and we drop a tear on the grave of those roses as we think of the happy, happy hours that died with them. And winter is coming, too true. Even now we hear his messenger, the sharp piercing wind, and he will not tarry long, but in cold, passionless beauty and with silent step, will fling his white robe over earth, and with chilling force will repress every smile and dimple on nature's face. We pause as a strain of an old half forgotten song comes back to us, "But the roses bloom again and the springs will gush anew." Even so, but will the many blighted hopes, and deadened joys, which went down with those roses, bloom again with them, or will the sorrow which "grows like a silent thing apart in the heart" forbid the entrance of the roses with their sweet delusive whisper? We know not. Still another thought comes o'er us. Will this warning teach us wisdom? Will it teach us to expect more of life as it is, stern and trying, and to think less of the colored ideal? It is hard to answer. Human nature is so lightly lured from that which is distasteful, and it is easy to fling duty aside, to hear the story the roses tell, and Hope, the silvery tongued cheater, takes up the tale where the roses leave it, and weaves it on until a glittering fabric is woven which contains no dark threads of blasted ambition. Doubtless, we find it pleasant, but it will be bitter indeed to see it unravel, one by one, each shining thread, until nothing remains but a life work waiting, while we have idly listened to an idle tale. Still the lesson must be long and severe, and we will see the roses fraught with our useless longings, go down many times, before we are sternly taught to know that peace unmingled with disquiet, or happiness without sorrow, were lost with Eden, and we will stand many times beneath "a vault unsoftened by a cloud," before we realize that clouds must come. Is, then, life to be one long struggle and trial, we ask ourselves. Nay, it cannot be so, but it is real and earnest, and if, when driv-

en by its duties, and tired of its noise and confusion, we steal aside to the never wearying roses with their ever ready story, it must be with eyes wide open to the truth that they murmur dangerous nothing. Then when "leaf by leaf the roses fall," they will not leave us hopeless and despairing.

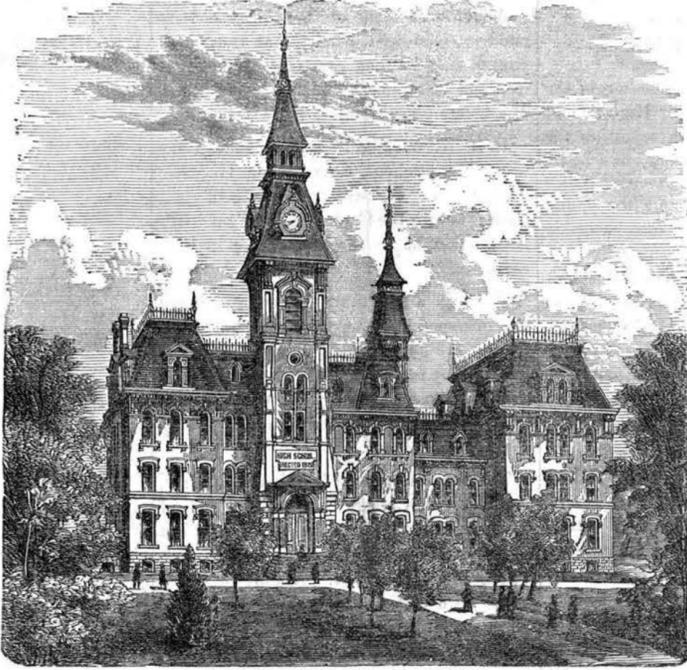
I leaned my head on my hand and looked out again. The rain had ceased, and the rising wind eddied the leaves in mad, wild glee, then blew the rain in spiteful gusts from off the dead branches the comfortless sky circle around, and stretched above and—here a birdlike voice broke in again upon my meditations, "then, thister, there is the last rose of thummer," and the brown eyes looked at me wisely. What should I write about? Evidently, her mind as well as my own had been running riot among the roses, and now probably my perplexed face had suggested to her the appropriateness of this subject, "The last rose of summer." Why, it has been immortalized by an eloquent pen and there is nothing left to say. Still there is a tenderer love, for this little charmer who so bravely resists its fate and lingers "while its lovely companions have faded and gone," to whisper comfortingly of another clime, where fadeless roses bloom. She tells them of a truer story, not of a life on earth, all painless and bright, but of a life work true and faithfully wrought, which shall lead to the pearly entrance of glories far surpassing all craving mortals can ask. Oh, could we but listen to her, this true little "last rose of summer." I glanced again at my little helper. The brown head was quiet now, and long black lashes swept crimson cheeks, and I knew by the smile on her face, that she heard in a dream the wonderful story her roses were telling.

ELTA. HURFORD.

ÆSTHETICS.

Æsthetics is a term that is hardly confinable within the narrow limits of a dictionary definition, and yet if Webster were appealed to, he would perhaps say, that it was—the presence of the beautiful in nature and in art; this rendition is, of course open to objection, but yet, is perhaps as comprehensive as brevity will allow.

Æsthetics is, to our mind, the principal line of demarkation between humanity and the brute creation—the "missing link"; for the brute with its intelligence and instinct in its nearest approaches to reason, never either comprehend, or appreciate, (to return to Webster) the beautiful in nature or in art, while humanity, however degraded or distorted it may become, has in its organism the latent element, which, when properly appealed to, never fails to respond and assert itself. The beautiful—as Mr. Webster implies—is present both in nature and in art; but necessarily to an infinitely greater extent in the former than in the latter, as art in its most perfect forms is but a weak and defective imitation of



VIEW OF THE OMAHA HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING.

nature and can only approach perfection, as it approaches in purity, and beauty the perfection of its ideal.

Surely we can have no stronger appeal to our finer sensibilities, that through the medium of nature, poets, painters and sculptors alike receive inspiration from this source; a celebrated writer has said—"Often a square foot of ground presents me with enough of beauty and variety of color and form to contemplate for an hour."

No matter how prosaic our daily life may be, there is an irresistible and imperishable fascination in linking our thoughts with the beautiful in nature, which refines and elevates with a subtle influence as potent and irresistible as it is inexplicable and mysterious. Who can resist the dreamy rapture of listening to the strange, low mystic music of nature as heard in the murmurings of the sea, the whispering of the leaves stirred by an autumnal zephyr, or the thrilling liquid notes of nature's songsters—the birds? Or who can look with indifference upon the glory of the setting sun, as it gilds the horizon with a vivid painting of misty gold, leaving behind it a transitory remnant of its noonday glory?

Instances are innumerable, where an incident or an object has introduced a train of thought, awaking to vibration the finer chords of the soul, and inspiring the conception and birth of a production whose sublimity rendered immortal the name of its creator.

Milton in his blindness, darkening the windows of his soul to the light of the sun, perchance, as its rays were diffused about him, kissing his cheek with its grateful warmth, it breathed into his soul an inspiration which suggested the unutterable dreariness of a banishment from the sunlight of God's presence as it is vividly portrayed in his "Paradise Lost."

True eloquence and delicacy of conception, is the direct outgrowth of a refined and cultivated mind; beauty of thought and conception are as incompatible with a coarse and grovelling nature, as their co-existence is impossible.

It is said that man was created in God's own image; who can doubt that this heaven-born appreciation of the good, the pure and the beautiful, is the link, which unites humanity with divinity? and that it was bestowed by Him, who in His ineffable purity could find "sermons in stones and good in everything" and who led men to Him by pointing them to the purity and beauty of the "Lilies of the field?"

A diamond in its natural state is but a rough shapeless and unsightly lump of matter; but, after undergoing the skillful manipulation of the lapidary, removing foreign matter and smoothing sharp corners is transformed into a beautiful and priceless gem; this is in a measure comparable with the different minds of our society; we perhaps, are not all diamonds, but we have that within us, which, when subjected to the refining and ennobling influence of literature and association with refined ideas, is susceptible of transforming us from coarse ignorant and uninviting representatives of humanity, and moulding us into refined, intelligent, intellectual and æsthetic beings.

WILL. H. POTTER.

THE MAMMOTH CAVE OF MEXICO.

It is said that the cave of Cacahuamilpa is the largest cave in the world. Several who have visited the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky and that of Cacahuamilpa in Mexico, pronounce the latter the larger. A volcanic mountain with an extinct crater

covers this cave. It is not described in guide books or books of travel. It has in fact, never been adequately described. Mr. Porter C. Bliss has twice examined and explored it, the last time in February of the present year. Six hundred persons constituted the last exploring party; they were provided with Bengal lights and scientific appliances. After reaching the level, at perhaps 50 feet depth, they proceeded 3½ miles into the interior. The roof was so high—a succession of halls—that rockets often exploded before striking it. Labyrinthine passages leave the main hall in every direction. Stalagmites and stalactites are abundant. Below this cave, at a great depth, are two other immense caves, from each of which issues a branch of a great river, united here. These two rivers enter some five miles distant at the other side of the mountain, flow parallel and issue at last together. Vast quantities of bats are the most numerous inhabitants of these caverns.

LIVE STOCK AND POPULATION.

Prof. Thorold Rogers, of Oxford University, England, has made up a curious return of the proportion of domesticated live stock to population in the most prominent countries in the world. It shows the following results:

Great Britain has one cow to every twelve persons, a sheep for everybody, and one pig for every six.

France has a like proportion of sheep, a double share, comparatively, of cows, but only one pig to six persons.

The Swedes have a cow between three and one-half of them, a sheep between two and three-quarters, and a pig to a baker's dozen.

There are as many sheep as there are Norwegians in Norway, when they are all at home, and two and one-half of them—the Norwegians—are entitled to a cow. The can only have one eighteenth of a pig each.

Denmark has a cow for three persons, as many sheep as persons, and a pig for four and three-quarters persons.

Prussia, with her usual uniformity, has an equal number of cows and pigs, one to every five inhabitants, besides a sheep apiece all round.

Wurtemberg has a quarter as many cows as people, a sheep to two and three quarters and a pig to seven.

Bavaria rates the same as Wurtemberg, as to cows and sheep, and is as much better off for pigs as one-fifth is better than one-seventh.

Saxony has a sheep and a pig for every eight persons, and a cow for every six.

Holland has a cow to four, a sheep to four, and a pig to every twelve persons.

Belgium, a cow to six, a sheep to nine, and a pig to eight (which is an Hibernicism);

Austria has a cow to six persons, and a sheep and a pig to every five.

Switzerland runs up to the Swedish standard on cows, one to three and one-half persons, and has a sheep for five, and a pig for seven and one-half persons.

We Americans close the list with a cow for every four of us, a sheep apiece, one pig to every one and one half.—*Rural New Yorker.*

—A young man in Council Bluffs having but a few dollars to start life with after calmly surveying all the avenues of destination open to an ambitious young man, deliberately went and purchased a hand organ. We expect to hear from him again, but hope not.

—Prof. Smith to young lady: "What law is that, which, when you put bread in your soup, makes the soup arise, and saturate the bread?"

"I don't take soup, sir."

—Among the business transacted at a recent meeting of the School Directors of Blair, Neb., was a resolution passed, notifying a certain young railroad man to cease his attentions to the schoolmam during school hours.

The High School.

OMAHA, NEB., JANUARY, 1878.

A Monthly Journal devoted to the interests of THE HIGH SCHOOL OF OMAHA and Omaha amateurs.

TERMS—\$1.00 per year; 50 cts. for six months; single copies, 10 cts. The paper will be sent until ordered discontinued and arrears paid.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS.

On and after the first day of January, 1878, the postage on newspapers will have to be paid by the publisher. This we pronounce a just law, although a faithful observance of it will cost us many dollars during a year. We do not ask our subscribers to pay it, but will allow them the benefit of that if they will send in their subscriptions before next February.

THE NEW YEAR.

Written for the High School by the Hon. JOHN M. THURSTON.

Old Time, with ceaseless round comes bringing
The dawning of the glad New Year,
And we, entranced, salute the ringing
Of morning bells, and join the singing
Of welcome cheer.

The Old Year's dead, and sadly dying
We heard,—Ah! who can tell?
Perhaps the old man's frosty sighing
Across the waste of snow, outlying
The tolling bell.

He was our friend, and with him leaving,
A last fond parting prayer.
We turn to Thee, NEW YEAR, believing
That in the future thou art weaving
Our garlands fair.

We fill our beakers up, o'erflowing,
And drink to thee in ruby wine,
And neither caring, neither knowing,
If other years bring brighter showing
Than this of thine.

For thou art come in kingly dressing,
With Hope's fair halo roundabout;
And so, all doubt and fear repressing,
We greet thee with our choicest blessing,
And merriest shout.

There may be hours we'll grow awary
With hope and pleasure long deferred,
And days may come both dark and dreary;
But now we'll greet thee, hopeful, cheery,
And trust thy word.

The year now gone has brought us pleasure,
And many a happy, peaceful day;
Our garners filled with bounteous measure,
Our caskets stored with many a treasure
Of golden ray.

Here in our city, proud, uprising
Its glittering spires against the sky,
Our progress has been most surprising,
Our people earnest, enterprising,
Our fears—passed by.

Our schools, those temples grand of learning,
Advancing upward on their way,
Have known no faltering or turning,
But kept their altars brightly burning,
And won the day.

And we, in this our first endeavor
To wield the magic press,
How have we turned the wondrous lever?
With well aimed power? oh, may we ever
Receive your answer—"Yes."

And may this year, in its outgoing,
The same as when begun,
Leave City, School and Press all showing
So good a work, the Master, knowing,
Shall say—"well done."

HIGH SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS.

These closed the 24th inst. and have been very satisfactory. As a whole they show the evidences of work carefully done and reflect honor upon those engaged in them. The teachers and pupils were alike pleased with the result and parted with a heart-felt wish of a "merry Christmas" and a "happy New Year" to each, after which they will meet to engage again in study. In the term just closed, only two or three scholars have shown a disposition to idle away their time and neglect their work, and of course their examination showed the result of such neglect. What shall be done with such pupils is a question which the Board must decide, but it does seem that the High School should be no place for boys and girls who do not intend to do the scholar's work. Their room ought to be preferred to their company.

In an examination where nearly every one has done unusually well it is scarcely proper to particularize. The "Roll of Honor" would embrace almost the entire roll of the classes, and yet such scholars as Fannie Wilson and Esther Jacobs seem to deserve an especial mention. Of their papers in Zoology and Physics, Prof. Smith said, "He could not have done better him-

self." There are other scholars of whom Prof's Kellom, Decker and Miss Williams would probably say as much but their papers were not fully examined and all we could learn in reference to them was that they were unusually good. For this reason then we shall omit the names, but cannot cease to hope that these pupils who by their earnest work are contributing so much to the reputation of our High School may be permitted to spend many years in "continued well doing" and thus bring renewed honor upon themselves and credit to the institution.

THE REAL CAUSE.

Fifty New Orleans girls, members of the graduating class in the Upper High School of that city, created quite a sensation the other day by quitting the school in a body. An attempt was made to have colored pupils admitted to the class, and the young ladies, not prepared for any such sweeping change in the custom, very naturally protested. This is a sufficient proof of the oft asserted fact that the colored race and the white race can never harmonize. The difference is too great between these two races to expect them to mingle, and when it is borne in mind that the white race has never yet formed an alliance with any colored race on the globe, it can be easily seen that instead of a prejudice, it is a feeling imparted by nature and it will always exist. History tells us that many cruel battles have been fought among the white races of the globe, and yet a white man, no matter to what country he belongs, though he may be from a nation formerly in enmity with us, still is accorded a position amongst us that a colored man would naturally be refused.

The question is a plain one, and while it would be a great deal easier to take up, as it were, the cause of a down-trodden race, and, by a few high sounding adjectives on the principles of the constitution, the freedom of American citizens and the injustice of such a distinction between man and man, who were both created by the same God, &c., we cannot suppress our natural convictions. We might say nothing at all on the subject, as a great many do who wish not to incur the unfriendliness of the colored man, but we feel assured that the man of color will respect us more for saying what we believe than, like a great many others, saying what we do not believe, simply to curry his favor. We are told that the colored student has as good a right to the High School as any other student; that he is as good in the face of the law as the white student. It may be so, he may be better than the white youth, but legal rights and social privileges are two different things, and the southern girls are not slow about asserting that fact. Colored students in High Schools, is by no means a success in the south. It is only in the north that an odd one may be seen occupying such a position, and then he slipped in more as an experiment than any thing else. We admire the spirit, and applaud the action of the plucky southern belles.

A "SITUATION" FOR A YALE GRADUATE.

The Yale Record says: "A recent graduate, whose name is hardly dry yet in the triennial catalogue, armed himself with his diploma and started in search of a situation in the metropolis the other day. Having removed his diamond studs and donned his last year's hat, he sallied into a counting house and begged the gray-haired serf to show him into the senior partner's office. On coming into the presence of the bald-headed millionaire he made an obsequious, we might say a humiliating, bow. He stated that he was in search of a situation. The man said: 'Well, sir, what can you do?' 'Anything' replied our friend, 'What salary do you expect?' was the next inquiry of the old buffer. 'Oh, well, \$4,200 will do.' 'Why my young man, I can get two thousand clerks, competent men at that, for \$5 a week.' The graduate, at this stage of the game, pulled out his diploma and exclaimed: 'You may not be aware of it, sir, but I am a graduate of Yale, and here is my diploma.' 'If that is the case, I do not want you at any price.' The alumnus grew red in the face, and, turning to the old man, said: 'Before I will work for \$5 a week I will chew air for nourishment, gnaw the front steps of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Good morning.'

—All our outgoing exchanges will hereafter be stamped according to the new law and as a matter of course we will expect the ones we receive to be prepaid.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"A friend" has our thanks.

It is whispered around that an ex-superintendent will be the Principal of the High School, should Prof. Kellom persist in resigning. We hope Mr. Kellom will not resign.

Professor Marsh brought back with him from the interior of Wyoming, about two tons of the remains of extinct tropical animals. The collection will belong to Yale College.

About this time of the year, elderly maidens, who will persist that they look young, may be seen grasping up the flat-iron and marching up to bed. We know of a better plan, but dare not mention it.

Prof. A. F. Nightingale, of the Lake View High School, Ravenswood, Ill., read a paper on "the use and abuse of text books" before the Cook County Principal's Association, at its recent meeting in Chicago.

Through a typographical error, a word was mis-spelled in last issue, and in consequence, we have been denounced as an ignoramus by something less than seven hundred of those sharp critics who may be found anywhere from the second grade up to the High School.

The whole number of graduates of Yale, says the Yale College Courant, is 8,564, of whom are now living 3,486. The oldest living graduate is Mr. Jas. A. Van Heuvel, who graduated in 1804. Among his classmates were Jno. C. Calhoun, Hon. Henry R. Stoers, Bishop Gadsden and Dr. Tyler, now President of Dartmouth College.

We are reliably informed that one of the committee of reception on the occasion of the visit of King Kalakaua was expatiating on the many merits of the High School Building, and, after leaving a very favorable impression on the King's mind, he handed him a copy of the HIGH SCHOOL which contained a life size view of the building. If he had only clipped out the view and pasted it over one side of the Exeelsior, he might have made a double count.

Arthur S. Whitehouse, editor, and J. H. Hutchins, business manager of the "Bates Student," very ceremoniously inform the public that they are to be "succeeded by their successors," and they both feel relieved. We think that is in bad taste for retiring editors to make such remarks. Inasmuch as they accepted the positions at first, they can blame no one but themselves, and if they have made a failure, they should get behind their coat collars and keep quiet.

The first number of THE NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF EDUCATION will be published at Boston, January 2d, 1878, under the auspices of the American Institute of Instruction, and the Teacher's Associations of the several New England States. Hon. T. W. Bicknell resigns his position as Commissioner of Public Schools of Rhode Island, to assume its editorial management, and Chas. C. Chatfield of New Haven, Ct., removes to Boston to take charge of the publishing. The JOURNAL OF EDUCATION will be issued weekly, each number containing twenty pages, of the size of the Christian Union, at the subscription price of \$3.00 per year, including postage.

—A lady noticed a boy sprinkling salt on the sidewalk to take off the ice, and remarked to a friend, pointing to the salt:

"Now, that's benevolence."
"No, it ain't," said the boy, somewhat indignantly; "it's salt."

—"Did any of you ever see an elephant's skia?" inquired a teacher to an infant class.

"I have," exclaimed one.
"Where?" asked the teacher.
"On the elephant," said the boy, laughing.

—Halloa, there, how do you sell your wood?"

"By the cord."
"How long has it been cut?"
"Four feet."

"I mean how long has it been since you cut it?"

"No longer than it is now."

—A very polite and impressive gentleman said to a youth in the street:

"Boy, may I inquire where Robinson's drug store is?"

"Certainly, sir," replied the boy, vero respectfully.

"Well, sir," said the gentleman, after waiting awhile, "where is it?"

"I have not the least idea, yer honor," said the boy.

THEY DO SAY!

WHO SAYS SO?

THE PEOPLE SAY

THAT BUSHMAN DOES SELL

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BECAUSE

He sells as Cheap in Omaha as they are sold in New York City at retail, because his prices at Retail on Many Goods are less than the usual Wholesale price.

AND LAST BUT NOT LEAST,

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SANTA CLAUS LETTER.

One year ago, perhaps all will remember, How Santa Claus came in the month of December, And being so happy at Bunce's, you know, Tipped his cargo of goods all out in the snow.

Now, from the North Pole, he sends Bunce a letter, That for Omaha children he's going to do better, He don't like, so he says, to go all over town, So proposes at Bunce's to set his goods down.

He wants Bunce to take the names one and all, Of the girls and boys on whom he's to call, And what he's to bring, a cap or a glove, Or a collar and muff, which all the girls love.

He's thousands of hands at work day and night, Making up goods for children's delight, And proposes to make largely this year, Goods in our line for people to wear.

Of the fathers and mothers he spoke, in his line, Saying he'd remember them all in good time; Not wishing any forgotten this year should be, He chooses an agent in Bunce, as you see.

And isn't it strange, (yet 'tis a fact), He has sent us already a very large pack; When it was opened, what think you was there? Why, mits for the girls so rosy and fair.

Furs for the neck, to keep them quite warm, And skating caps too, when out in the storm; Polars for boys, when coasting they go, Gloves for the fingers, when rolling in snow.

For the ladies—by far the better half of creation, Were the best gloves to be found in the nation; And if a young lady is tired of her beau, The mitten for him will soon make him go.

As for the gents, he sent over a score Of new styles of hats never seen here before; Also, for New Years, when calling they go, Were lots of neckties to help out the show.

'Neath all the rest almost out of sight, Were valises for those who jump the town in the night; Redeeming his promise, as all plainly can see, That at Bunce's Hat Store his headquarters will be

JOHN O'KEEFFE,



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1 Column, One Month	5.00
" " " " " "	3.00
" " " " " "	2.00
1 Square, 1-16 column, 1 month	1.75

LOCAL NEWS.

Local Advertisements, twenty cents per line.

A DEEP LAID CONSPIRACY.

HOW IT WORKED, AND THE FINAL RESULT.

Quite an unusual commotion was created at the High School a few days ago, when it was announced that four students had been suspended and Prof. Kellom had resigned his position.

The boys who were suspended took it into their heads to play a trick on the janitor and during recess tied knots in the bell-rope, so that, when the time of recess had expired the bell could not be rung, and consequently the intermission was longer that day.

The janitor, finding that something was wrong with the rope, went up one flight of stairs and discovered the knots.

The conspirators were on the third floor, and seizing the rope, they drew it up so that the janitor would have to climb it in order to unloose the knots. The janitor drew himself sailor fashion up the rope, and the boys, feeling his weight let go, and consequently "spilled" the janitor on the floor. A few scriptural quotations followed from the janitor, while the boys quietly skipped down the back stairs and in so doing four of them were detected and immediately suspended.

Prof. Kellom who had been troubled considerably by the actions of several students, was so aggrieved at this action on the part of his students, that he immediately sent in his resignation, assigning as a reason therefor that he was unable to govern such boys.

The Board of Education refused to accept it and referred it to a special committee, with instructions to have Mr. Kellom reconsider his decision if possible.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS OF OMAHA.

THE GREAT WESTERN BUSINESS COLLEGE.

Many persons throughout the State, and perhaps not a few in this city, do not fully comprehend the fact that we have in our midst a first class business college. Having occasion to visit the Commercial College located in City Hall of this City, we were very pleasantly received by Prof. Rathbun, the principal, who took us around and explained the various methods he used in teaching how business is done. We knew when this college started, but supposed it was a meagre concern and of no consequence. We were indeed surprised in finding an institution of such magnitude; an institution of which Omaha and the State of Nebraska have reason to feel proud, one that is at par with any other that helps to make up the prestige of our city or promote the welfare of the public. The rooms are large and finely furnished; beautiful pieces of elaborate penwork grace the walls on every side all from the pen of Mr. Rathbun who is indeed skillful in his profession. It does seem an impossibility that such highly finished and lifelike pictures, such extensive and difficult designs could be perfected with the simple instrument—called the pen—in the hands of a master. We were also shown specimens from students which show rare skill. We can safely recommend this Institution as being well worthy the patronage of the community.

Give CRUICKSHANK & Co. a Call for your Holiday Presents.

The High School Debating Society adjourned for three weeks.

The Christmas vacation of the city schools will last from Thursday, the 24th of December 1874 to Monday, the 4th of January 1875.

The free list is suspended. Friends who have heretofore enjoyed the benefit of it, will be expected to send in their subscriptions for 1875.

We want Nos. 1 and 2 of this paper to complete a file and would be greatly obliged if some of our subscribers would furnish us with them.

Ladies' Work Boxes at A. CRUICKSHANK & Co's.

The elephant of the *Hesperian Student* addresses our exchange, "The High School," He ought to study nights.

Ezra Cornell, founder of Cornell college died at Ithica, N. Y., on the 8th of December.

The *Temperance News* comes to us with a new head on it, *The Farmers Weekly Blade*, being a consolidation of the *News, Farmer, Granger and Blade*.

By order of the Board of Education a Babcock fire extinguisher will hereafter be kept on each floor of the High School building.

Vol. 1, No. 1 of the *Alumnae Quarterly* has been received. The *Quarterly* makes a good beginning and it is gladly added to our exchange list.

The German class of the High School and eighth grade are progressing quite rapidly and students find no trouble in translating anything in the form of plain German reading.

As both Christmas and New Year fall on Friday this time, the High School Literary Society was compelled at its last meeting to adjourn for three weeks.

The Omaha Literary and Debating Society is the name of a new organization. The meetings are held in the rooms of the Great Western Business College.

Mr. W. H. Frost, the gentlemanly clerk in R. & J. Wilbur's bookstore, will receive subscriptions for this paper and receipt for the same in our name.

Lowe, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind sees God in the universe and hears him in the wind, has been elected Secretary of the Omaha Debating Society.

Fisher & Co. is the name of a new Real Estate Agency just started in this city, with office on 2d floor, Odd Fellow's Block. The firm proposes by honest dealing and indefatigable exertion, to establish a first class agency; see adv't in another column.

The *Westminster Monthly* does not contain anything at its head that would indicate the place it is published at and were it not for the advertisements we would not know whether it was published in the United States or China. Put the name of your town at the head of your paper.

Fine Perfumery in Fancy Boxes at A. CRUICKSHANK & Co's.

Prof. Thompson of the St. Louis University was in this City recently and while here made a proposition to donate a collection of about two thousand mineralogical specimens to the High School if the Board of Education wished to procure a suitable cabinet for them and accept them.

A new Dramatic Association has been formed by several members of the High School Debating Society, and a first class drama is now in course of preparation with a view of presenting it at an entertainment which will be given by that society in about three months.

The New Year's juvenile party of the Omaha Dancing School, under the charge of Professor Antoine Duval, takes place at the Grand Central, on Monday the 28th of December. The children's dance commences at eight o'clock, and will last till about half past ten, when they will give way to the older folks.

We call attention to R. Tizard's advertisement in another column. Mr. T. is well known to the Omaha public as an enterprising and successful merchant. His stock, includes any thing in the way of fancy goods, fruits, confectionery, &c. Subscriptions and advertisements left with him for the "High School" will receive prompt attention.

We are getting up a club list with other journals, and would request any of our exchanges who wish to be represented, to send us the lowest cash price that they will furnish paper, postage prepaid. We will furnish Harper's Weekly (\$4.00 per year) and the High School, both post paid, one year for \$4.25.

A. CRUICKSHANK & Co. offer special inducements in Hem Stitch, Embroidered, Motto and Lace Handkerchiefs.

Mr. J. F. Sweesey will hereafter have charge of the livery establishment on 15th and Dodge street of which he is part owner and chief manager. Frank is the right kind of a boy to make a success of the undertaking, and we advice all our young friends who may need a handsome turnout to call on the new firm of J. F. Sweesey & Co.

Mr. Geo. W. Mitchell, a young gentleman quite well known in this city, has opened an intelligence office on the second floor of Odd Fellows' building. Mr. Mitchell is an energetic and agreeable young man and will, without doubt, meet success.

The *College Courant* of New Haven, Conn., will hereafter be known as the *New England Journal of Education* of Boston, with which it will be merged at the close of this year. The price of the journal will be \$3.00 per year, and we can assure all lovers of highly refined literature that the journal will please them.

The New York *Observer* one of the first-class journals of the day is both instructive and entertaining at the same time. Keeps a general record of all the prominent writers of the day, and is just the paper to be in the house of every literary man in the State. Published at 37 Park Row, New York, by J. J. Prime & Co. Price \$3.00 per year.

The Secretary's book, containing the original constitution, also the minutes of the High School Literary and Debating Society during its first year's existence, was loaned to the Saratoga Literary Society last summer, and since that time has not been seen, and now cannot be found. Anyone knowing its whereabouts will please leave word with the editor of this paper or the Secretary of the High School Literary Society.

Mr. Jno. N. Morrell is now the sole proprietor of the old established soap manufactory, formerly known as Morrell & Ramsey's, he having purchased the interest of Mr. Ramsey. Mr. Morrell will continue the business, and from the fact that he has been connected with the firm from its commencement, we can safely assert that the high reputation heretofore enjoyed by this house will be fully maintained.

When we see two lengthy articles, occupying more than a column in answer to one of our six line locals, we conclude that somebody must have been hit. The editor of the *New Deal* is indignant because we suggested, that he hire a cheap boy to write up something intelligible for his paper. He says that if anything ungrammatical appears, it is put there for some purpose, "but though he is 'way up' in that line, and intends, when convenient, to make a grammar or two 'way ahead' of anything of this sort so far." He prevericates when he says, that he would not notice such a miniature concern as the HIGH SCHOOL, which, by the way, is four times the size of the *New Deal*, and then proceeds to extinguish us with two lengthy articles, either of which would not pass for a second rate essay of a sixth grade student.

PERSONAL.

Fred. Wilson of Lincoln is expected up here about New Year.

Placidus Ord of the prep. class will be in Michigan during the holidays.

Miss Carrie McNamara of Brownell Hall has gone to Nebraska City to spend the holidays.

Miss Lucia Blair and Miss Hattie Slaughter have resigned their positions as teachers in the Central School.

Misses Clara Rustin and Blanche Deul have gone on a pleasure trip to Chicago to be absent about a week.

Miss Selma Balcombe, now a Madison county schoolmarm, is spending holiday vacation at her home in this city.

Miss Libbie Poppleton of Vassar college, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., has returned to spend the holidays at her home in this city.

Miss Fannie Arnold of this city recently entered Brownell Hall, with the intention of completing a thorough course.

We had the pleasure of meeting the other day Mr. J. T. Garitt, formerly an Omaha boy, but now editor of the *North Platte Enterprise* at North Platte, Neb.

Walter Wilkins, the celebrated Basso Profundo of the Arion Quartette is now a conductor in the employ of the Pullman Palace Car Co.

Charley Bunce who has been down in Connecticut for the last six months, has just returned to this city. We understand that Charley will soon resume publication of the "*Joker*."

Mr. Chas. Campbell, a former student in the High School, is now a full-fledged druggist, he having established himself in that business in the northern part of the city.

MORGAN & GALLAGHER,
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GREENE'S GRAMMARS.
New Introduction to English Grammar, .56
New English Grammar, - - - 1.05
New Analysis of English Language, - 1.20

HAGAR'S MATHEMATICS.
Primary Lessons in Numbers, - - - .30
Elementary Arithmetic, - - - .50
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Dictation Problems and Reviews in Written Arithmetic, 50
Key to Hagar's Common School Arithmetic 1.00
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First Reader, - - - - - 30
Second Reader, - - - - - 50
Third Reader, - - - - - 70
Fourth Reader, - - - - - 84
Fifth Reader, - - - - - 1.25
Sixth Reader, - - - - - 1.50
First Steps in Spelling, - - - 25
Complete Spelling Book, - - - 35

HISTORIES.
Goodrich's Child's History of the United States, - - - - - 56
Berard's School History of the United States, - - - - - 1 20

MISCELLANEOUS.
Apgars' New Geographical Drawing Book, 75
Apgars' Map Drawing Paper, - - - 25
The Geographical Question Book, - - 32
Monroe's Manual of Physical and Vocal Training, - - - - - 1.00
Royce's Manual of American Literature, 1.75
Leach's Complete Spelling Book, - - 32

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Correspondence earnestly solicited, and information in regard to Teachers' names, proposed changes in Text-Books, etc., gladly received. Address,

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POETRY.

THE SOPHOMORE'S DREAM.

BY S. C.

The Sophomore lay him down on his couch,
But it was not a couch of down;
And he drew up the blanket over his head
To shut out the cold world's frown;
For visions of tomorrow's woe
Came up before his eyes,—
Of stern professors all in a row
Asking him questions he didn't know,
Of a thousand things that bothered him so
That he filled the air with sighs.

The Sophomore, he covered his head
But he could not cover his brain;
And through it kept dancing plane theorems
That were any thing but plain.
And horrible nine-jointed words
Kept ringing in his ears.
The names of beasts and names of birds
Came thundering on in flocks and herds,
In a way that turned his blood to curds
And bathed his cheeks in tears.

The Sophomore, he groaned aloud,
And swore in Latin and Dutch;
He limbered his tongue with verbs of Greek,
But that did not help him much.
He tossed about on his tumbled bed,
And prayed for the morning light;
But thinking of light to philosophy led,
And philosophy on into chemistry sped,
And chemistry into a thousand things spread,
Till he thanked his stars 'twas night.

His pillow grew hard, and he thought of rocks
And geological things.
His pillow grew cold, and he thought of fish
And their names in endless strings;
Then he thought of childhood's careless days
And lifted his voice and wept.

He thought of the joyous care-free lays
He had sung when he joined in youthful plays,
Ere he had sought out wisdom's ways.
And at last the Sophomore slept.

The sophomore slept, but alas: in his dreams
The fiends pursued him still.
He dreamed in Latin and Greek, and such,
And he studied against his will.
Then came and stood beside his bed,—
The ancient Cicero;
He'd an Anygdaloid for a head
And a Palaetherium by him was led;
In a voice like the roaring thunder he said:
"Ich bin—Ego sum—Oh, you know!"

The Sophomore said, grown bold in his dream,
'Who bist Du? You jolly old sage,
Salve! magnus homo,—you look like a brick
Of the carboniferous age."

Then Cicero crammed down his throat
A Latin grammar or two,
Then followed a lexicon big as a boat,
Then every book that he ever wrote;
And he shrieked, as he put down the last foot-note,
"Vale, you blockhead, you!"

Then the Sophomore heard the whirring of wings
And the sound of a mighty throng;
And the birds of the air and the fish of the sea
Came singing and squeaking along.
An Ichthyosyrus came sailing in
And smiled in an open way.

The sophomore felt his heart beat like a flail;
"Quid quaeris?" he said as his cheek turned pale;
Then the ichthyosyrus wagged his tail
And answered him—"nix fur stahy."

Then a pert pterodactyl came buzzing along
Crying "villain, we have got you at last;
You have cut off our heads and torn out our hearts,
But the days of your glory are past."
Then Curtius cried out like a voice from the tomb,
"Mea opera non amat—bah!"

"Dissect him at once," cried a cat from the gloom,
The trembling Sophomore felt 'twas his doom.
"Dissect him," cried every voice in the room
And Goethe and Schiller said "yah."

Then into the room came a terrible throng,
With bodies and names most tremendously long;
There were invertebrata and pachydermata,
And raia-Clanata, and cuttle fish too,
There were fierce natatores,
And vicious scancores,
And a naga-tripudians dreadful to view.
And they screamed and they squealed and they
howled and they roared,
And they swam and they crawled and they ran
and they soared,
And they mixed Greek and Latin and Dutch in
one word.

Then a chimpanzee stood with a knife in one paw,
And a kangaroo held to his throat with a claw.
A rhinoceros stood with one foot on his head
And a few lively rattlesnakes crawled round the
bed.

Then down came the knife with a terrible "thud,"
But it brought out his voice instead of his blood;
He fell out on the floor with a terrible scream,
He woke—and thus ended the Sophomore's dream.

OURSELVES.

—The premium butter at our last county fair was a goat's.

—A man of the name of "Cobb" got corned the other night and a couple of thieves got hold of him and shelled him.

—Chops, gracious heavens, and tomato sauce cost only 20 cts. extra at first class hotels. By all means call for them.

—In the late raid made upon the colored children in the schools of New Orleans, several white children were put out, being so dirty as to be taken for "colored trash."

—A new student in St. Louis Law University says, that the only satisfaction he has yet gained is to know that a man can't marry his mother-in-law.

—A youthful Pennsylvania granger about to be chastised by his father the other day, called upon his grandfather to protect him from the middle-man.

—A schoolmaster was flogging a pupil. The harder he flogged the more the boy laughed. "What are you laughing for?" inquired the master. "Because you are licking the wrong boy," was the reply.

—The question "what is stronger than a mother's love" has been triumphantly answered by one of the youths of our city, who testifies, that on several occasions he has known his mother's arm to be much stronger.

—A little girl was told to spell ferment, and give the meaning, with a sentence in which it was used. The following was literally her answer: "F-e-r-m-e-n-t, a verb, signifying to work; I love to ferment in the garden"

—A "Big Injin" strayed away from his camp and got lost. Inquiring the way back he was asked if he was lost. "No," said he disdainfully, "Indian no lost; wigwam lost!" Striking his breast he exclaimed, "Indian here!"

—"I say Sambo, can you answer dis con- underfum? Suppose I gib you a bottle of whiskey corked—shut wid a cork—how would you get de whiskey out widout pull- ing' de cork or breakin de bottle?" "I gibs dat up." "Why, push de cork in—yah! yah!"

—We are informed that Clara Louise Kellogg in passing through one of our midland villages was approached by an ignorant and enterprising manager who inquired her terms for one night of song. She replied, seven hundred dollars.

We understand that the man who got this answer, receives a very humane treat- ment in an insane asylum to which he was immediately conveyed.

—CONVERSATION WITH A CONVICT.— The Helena, Montana, *Herald* gives the following dialogue between a sympathetic visitor and an inmate of the territorial prison:

Visitor (after having asked all the other convicts regarding misdeeds and punish- ments inflicted). Well, Collins, what are you in for?

Collins. Because I can't get out.

V. I mean of what were you convicted?

C. Frying ice!

V. Don't the warden ever take your irons off?

C. No; he's afraid I'll take cold if he does.

V. How long were you sentenced for?

C. Ninety-nine days only.

V. (sympathetically) Ah! ninety-nine days! Why, your sentence will soon ex- pire, and you'll be free again, wont you?

C. Well, not so very soon, either.

V. Why, how's that? Ninety days isn't long!

C. (slightly closing left optic) Well, you see, boss—they're all Christmas days!

Business Directory,

- ATTORNEYS.**
E. F. SMYTHE, Odd Fellows' Block.
- CRACKER FACTORY.**
McCLURE & SMITH, Harney St., between Elev- enth and Twelfth.
- GUNS AND AMUNITION.**
D. C. SUTPHEN, 211 Farnham St.
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DR. A. S. BILLINGS, 234 Farnham St.
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- WHOLESALE GROCERS.**
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WM. McFADDEN, 185 Farnham St.
- BOOKS AND STATIONERY.**
J. U. FRUEHAUF & Co., 125 Farnham St.
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