

The High School.

A REPOSITORY OF REFINED LITERATURE, AND JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 a year, Postpaid.

Liberator a defectione solum, qui non nititur.

J. F. McOARTNEY, Editor and Publisher.

Vol. IV.

Omaha, Neb., October, 1877.

No. 10.

Written for THE HIGH SCHOOL.

CROSSING THE RUBICON.

Events of thrilling importance, affecting the fate of men or of nations have moved the intellectual world to the core. Important actions of individuals which may have materially affected the course of their lives for better or for worse have been compared to the crossing of the Rubicon. Very many do not fully understand the literal meaning of the comparison. Take the course of one man's life from boyhood, where the principles of truth and right have been instilled into his character, to manhood, when he may either repudiate and cast off the seeming shackles of restraint or cling to his first awakenings to enlightenment. As he advances from boyhood a revulsion takes place. His tastes are different and he changes his course. The new channel which forms the direction he takes, is fraught with dangerous rapids of experience.

It is a stream whose surface is broken by rocks which may shatter his frail bark and leave him drifting along on the turbulent waters, supported only by some fragment of wreck. Ruined at last he is carried over the cataract of destruction. When did that man cross the Rubicon? When he was carried over the precipice? When he stood on the brink of manhood and repudiated those early teachings of right; when he gave their places to skepticism and finally infidelity, is when he crossed that immortalized stream. Death has been compared to the crossing of the Rubicon, but the comparison is not a good one, as the eternal life is affected by the course of our lives here, and as we fully understand the consequences of embracing either course, the Rubicon must have been passed when the principles were embraced which affect the life after death. A man may cross this stream in behalf of nations and not affect his own career. A great step which affects a nation's fate, such as revolution, or the important action taken by a General in directing an army, may be compared to the crossing of the Rubicon. It affects the fate of nations and people, but not of himself.

When Caesar stood on the brink of this stream before crossing into the enemy's country, did he pause and consider the result? Did he realize the importance of his action, and did he feel any compunctions of conscience? Does any one stop and ponder when he stands on the brink? Doubtless many cross that wondrous stream without realizing that it is the first crossing, and after years have winged their flight and old age is upon them, they look back and see when and how they crossed. It may appear as a visionary panorama to them. Before they passed that period in their experience, they may have been, in the comparison of nature with life, in an enchanted country or fairy land—in a country which knew no tempestuous storms, where there were hills and dales of perpetual beauty, where all was sunshine, peace and joy. With the rising ambition incident to increasing years they may have had a longing to explore the beautiful country in which they lived, and as they searched they have become dissatisfied with their former habitation and begun to have a desire to explore what was beyond the limits of their boundary. Their vision could not penetrate beyond the deep, narrow stream called the Rubicon. It was forbidden that they should cross the stream. They crossed. Their experience in the new country was novel and interesting. It

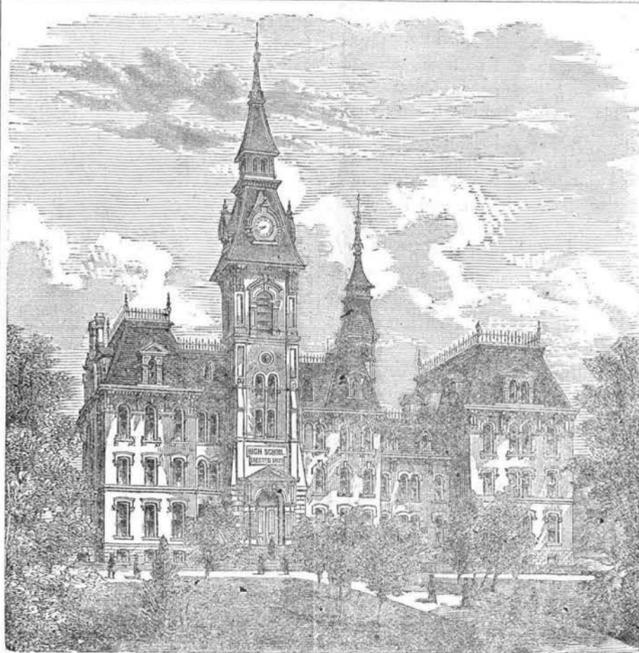
was a peculiar country. Instead of the beautiful mountains, valleys, and streams of their former home, there was barrenness all around, but there was no restraint; therefore they thought they had found happiness at last. They drank the nectar of the Gods, which for the moment seemed sweeter than life, and then vanished, leaving the thirst still unconquered. Years pass and they become weary of the pleasures which do not last, and long for the home of their childhood. Finally, overcome with remorse and age, they die alone, unknown, unloved. It may be that when they crossed the Rubicon to explore the unknown lands beyond, they found a country fairer than their own, and only crossed into a higher state of existence. Such results, however, are rare. It may be supposed that there are many, who, eager to escape from their own barren lands, cross into the rich and pure country that so many have left. Hence there must be passings and farewells between those who meet on that fatal stream. J. V. S.

FORTRESS MONROE.

Description of a Visit to this Celebrated Place and others of Equal Interest.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
Sept. 13, 1877.

In addressing a communication to the numerous patrons of THE HIGH SCHOOL it would perhaps be interesting to describe a journey by water to Fortress Monroe and the capes. We start from the 6th street wharf at 6:30 P. M. on the "Jane Mosely," the staunchest and fastest steamer on the Potomac, commanded by the courteous Capt. Joseph Denty. A short distance above us is the famous Long Bridge, over which the troops passed from Washington to their defeat at Bull Run. The Potomac for several miles is bordered by attractive landscapes and at every turn there is some reminder of old or modern historical scenes. At the left just after starting we see the U. S. Arsenal. About thirty minutes ride, and we land at Alexandria a town quite famous during the civil war. Next Fort Washington appears at the left, and in about one hour we pass Mount Vernon—familiar to every American. Ere this, night closes over the scene, and we retire to the cabin. At 9:30 we retire for the night, but at 1:30 we are again on deck and see the moon rise. It is a beautiful sight and one long to be remembered. At 5:30 we arise and going upon deck see nothing but the blue waters of Chesapeake Bay, below, and the equally blue sky above. At about six o'clock the sun rises in all his magnificent glory—for such it certainly is. At about 7:30 we see the first glimpse of Fortress Monroe, and at a little before eight we pass between Fortress Monroe on the right and Fort Wool on the left. The latter is a mass of masonry rising from the water, being situated in the center of the inlet to Hampton Roads. We land at the wharf in front of the beautiful Hygea Hotel, which is a large airy and well kept summer resort. At the corner of the street is a daughter of Africa perched upon a two wheeled cart loaded with potatoes, and driving a mule whose harness consists of ropes and tow strings—the whole forming quite a striking picture and one frequently seen in this neighborhood. We now take a carriage and after a short ride we cross the bridge over the moat, (which is 18 feet deep, 60 feet wide and supplied with water from Mill Creek), pass through a massive gate and find ourselves inside the famous Fortress Mon-



View of the Omaha High School Building.

roe. On the left as we enter are the quarters where for two years Jeff. Davis was imprisoned and was at last released on the bail of several prominent persons, Horace Greeley, the famous journalist and politician, being one of the number. It seems as though these massive walls surrounding us and surmounted with great guns would stand against anything. The walls are of solid masonry with earth banked against it, forming a small hill, upon which is growing beautiful grass and trees, making the whole appear to us to be a valley surrounded by one continuous hill. The officers' quarters are built in this hill with only the fronts in view and forming a novel sight. Leaving the Fort, we ride through the village of Fortress Monroe, or Old Point Comfort as it is called, and between Mill Creek (which is really more a bay than creek) and Hampton Roads where we see the place where, in March, 1862, the famous battle between the Merrimac and the Monitor took place. In imagination we can almost see the two strange looking crafts—the one resembling "the roof of an immense building sunk to the eaves," and the other "A Yankee cheese-box on a raft." Crossing the bridge over the mouth of Mill Creek we are in Chesapeake City. Passing the Chesapeake Hotel, a pleasant summer resort, we make the circuit of the two villages and are left at the bath house, which seems to be the centre of attraction. We are each assigned a small room and proceed to make our toilets. We have soon donned our grotesque looking suits, a few moments more and the members of our party, ten persons, are all enjoying a sea bath. Here are two having a battle with the water, splashing it onto each other; here is another learning—or at least trying to learn the art of swimming, and there are four or five jumping up and down and "ducking" each other like so many children. At the end of an hour very reluctantly we come out, and pronounce a sea bath genuine "fun."

The villages and towns which we see all look forsaken and forlorn, forming a striking contrast to the thrift and enterprise of our western towns. The next day, after re-passing points already mentioned, having been favored with beautiful weather and enjoying our trip, we are landed at home. On Wednesday, Sept. 19, I expect to resume my duties as a student at "Pinkney Institute," a young ladies' school here in the city.

HATTIE M. SUTPHEN.

ENGLISH CORRESPONDENCE.

Miss Alice Lee, daughter of William Lee, of the well known publishing firm, Lee & Shepherd, Boston, sends the following description of England and places of historical interest, to her aunt, Mrs. L. V. Morse, of this city, and through her kindness we are permitted to make the following extracts:

I have made one or two very pleasant trips this winter, and if you like I will tell you about them. The first one was to Canterbury to see the Cathedral, said by some to be the finest in England. We left London about twelve o'clock and after two hour's ride in the train, reached Canterbury. The "smiling landscape" was most pleasing to the eye with green fields, ancient country seats, the trees with rookeries and the walls covered with ivy. The Cathedral is an imposing old building; the style is gothic and one part of it was built some time before the conquest. There are three towers, two on the west front and one at the intersection of the nave and transepts. The latter is Bell Harry tower, it is also called "The Angel Tower," because of a large angel formerly suspended from the interior over the steps leading into the choir. A great number of the windows are modern, the ancient ones having been destroyed in the time of Cromwell. Then it was that Thomas a Becket was murdered at the altar. His assassins first went to his house and the servants, apprehensive of some evil design, obliged their master to fly into the Cathedral, thinking that the sanctity of the place would protect him, but he was followed and slain as he knelt on the steps of the altar. The stone, stained with his blood has been taken up and sent to Rome as a relic. Back of the choir is where his shrine formerly stood, and in front of it is a beautiful mosaic. The stones all about it having been much worn by kneeling pilgrims, also the steps leading to it. Henry II came here to do penance, and permitted himself to be lashed with scourges as he knelt before the shrine. Pilgrims come even now to worship, though Becket's body was burned by the puritans and his ashes scattered to the winds. We saw the old stone chair used at the coronations of the Saxon kings, now used at the ordinations of the archbishops. We also saw the tomb of cardinal De la Pole, Queen Mary's Prime Minister. After having seen the Cathedral we visited St. Martin's, the oldest church in England. It is very picturesquely situated on a hill overlooking the city, has a square tower and is quite covered with ivy. The interior has undergone many restorations, but in the wall can still be seen Roman brick. The church contains a font used at the baptism of Ethelbert, the first christian king and the tomb of Bertha, his wife. They lived in the seventh century. Evening was fast drawing her veil around and we were obliged to turn our faces toward the station, the Angel Tower loomed blue and misty in the distance and that was our last look.

One day we went on a pilgrimage to the grave of Charles and Mary Lamb. We took the train for Edmonton. It is about a half an hour out of London, and a most pleasant old English town. We walked up Church street and soon came to the house where Charles Lamb lived the last year of his life, and where he died. It is a quaint little cottage standing back from the street, between two high houses. In front was a large garden. It was just such a place as one would have chosen among a thousand as his residence. We rang the bell and asked permission to go over the house. The lady very kindly showed us one or two rooms. They were small and low studded and the front one had a window opening into the garden. It was an ideal garden too, high brick walls on either side covered with ivy, paths with rows of box, green grass, and a few trees. I picked a few leaves of laurel, and we went over to the churchyard. The old church seems to rise out from among the graves, and is like all English country churches—a square tower with ivy climbing over it. We wandered on till we came to Charles and Mary Lamb's last resting place. A grass grown grave with a simple, white stone bearing these lines:

TO THE MEMORY
OF
CHARLES LAMB.
Died 27 Dec. 1834,
Aged 59.

Farewell dear friend, that smile, that harmless mirth
No more shall gladden our domestic hearth:
That rising tear, which pain forbid to flow
Better than words, no more assuage our woe.
That hand, outstretched from small but well-earned store,
Yields succor to the destitute no more.
Yet art thou not all lost; this many an age
With sterling sense and humor shall thy page
Win many an English bosom pleased to see
That old and happier vein revived in thee.
This for our earth, and if with friends we share
Our joys in heaven, we hope to meet thee there.

Also,
MARY LAMB,
SISTER OF THE ABOVE.
Born 3d Dec. 1797,
Died 20th May, 1847.

They were both buried in one grave though she survived him thirteen years. "This love was passing the love of woman, and in death they were not divided." Have you read Lamb's *Life and Letters*? I suppose you have. Is it not a delightful book? Ever since I was fifteen I have been a great admirer of his, and one of my dreams has been to visit his grave.

LIFE AT NEWPORT.

The old saying that "one half the world know not how the other half live," may be exemplified by a perusal of the following (from *cor. N. Y. Sun.*) The poor laborer who strives to support a family of nine children and pay rent on one dollar and forty cents a day had better not read it else he might get tired of his life in making a comparison. The fast young man or old man of Omaha, who flies high on an expenditure of from three to five thousand a year, has a consolation in knowing that he is comparatively economical.

While Saratoga dwindles and Sharon goes under, Long Branch and New London, at the far end of the season, pale their ineffectual fires before the unwonted brilliancy which marks the closing scenes of the summer campaign at this lively, dashing and rich watering place. Newport, always the center of American culture, has now become a sort of aristocratic Mecca, toward which the devotees of wealth and fashion from all parts of the Union piously venerate their way, at the approach of the summer solstice.

So great has been the gayety at Newport during the past four weeks that several projected entertainments have been forced over indefinitely because of the impossibility of securing a day not already appropriated for social purposes.

The Newport belle this year has been the charming Lady Sykes, wife of Sir Tatton Sykes. The Sykeses and the Von Hoffmans have been, and still are at the present writing, the center of attraction at the Ocean House. Mrs. Von Hoffman (*nee Grimes*), a sister of the late Mrs. Sam. Ward, has long been known in New York fashionable society, while her husband, the great German banker, is equally well known in the financial world.

Lady Sykes created a great *furor* in London society when she made her

debut. Blessed with beauty, cleverness, tact and energy, she is one of those rare women who do everything well. She swims, rides, drives, shoots, dances, walks, talks, dresses, and plays lawn tennis to perfection. At six o'clock in the morning she begins the day's amusements by plunging into the surf and swimming a mile or so out to sea. Lots of people go down to the bathing beach and at this early hour witness these daring aquatic performances. No Newport entertainment is perfect without Lady Sykes and as she has a vim, snap and go which may be equalled but not excelled. There are few entertainments she does not honor with her presence.

Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, an admirable type of the correct English swell is fully as popular as his sister. He has been at Newport all summer—some say in search of a rich wife, the chief business of most unmarried men here, while others maintain that, like Lord Bateman, he has merely wandered forth, strange countries for to see.

The French republic sends this season a full and rather an aristocratic delegation to Newport, viz: Comte de Choiseul, Comte de Corcelle, and Comte de Suzannet, all attached to the French Legation, and the latter a lively young Gaul, about 22, is very much attached, if we may believe what we hear and see, to a charming New York belle, greatly celebrated for her beauty, wit and accomplishments. The young lady in question speaks French with a pure accent, and is reported to have broken more than one heart already.

Among the beaux who have flourished at Newport this summer are Walter L. and John Innes Kane, Dr. David Haight, J. G. K. Lawrence, Harry Oelrichs, S. Fail Walton, P. Bell, young Ward McAllister, Lloyd S. Brice, John Mott, Carroll Livingston, William Waldorf Astor, and young Brooks, son of the late editor of the *Express*. Though Mr. Brooks only recently made his appearance in the fashionable world, he has already become a prime favorite with the great lights of Newport society. He keeps five or six horses, gives charming dinners, entertains handsomely, and is reported to have more money than he knows what to do with. These pleasing traits of character have won for him the esteem and confidence of matrons, while making him at the same time very attractive to their lovely daughters.

If I were asked who at present leads Newport society, I should unhesitatingly say Mr. Pierre Lorillard. He, it will be remembered, purchased at the beginning of the summer about nine acres of land at Ochre Point, from Mr. William Beach Lawrence, for \$85,000. It is understood that Mr. Lorillard recently bought, for \$15,000 an additional piece of land adjoining his first purchase, and is preparing the ground for immediate improvement.

The plans are being drawn by a Boston architect. Mr. Lorillard's villa will, it is said, in the way of size, elegance, and expense, surpass everything yet seen at Newport—and this is saying a great deal. It is estimated that his Newport establishment, when completed, will represent an investment of over \$350,000—a sum which was at one time offered and refused for his Fifth avenue house. Mr. Lorillard, quite the *grand seigneur* in his tastes and habits, believes that money was made to spend, and spends it in the most lavish and generous manner. We doubt if any other one man in New York or Newport spends during the year anything like the amount which Mr. Lorillard spends in keeping up his town house, his Newport villa, and his various country residences—to say nothing of his racing stable and yachting expenses.

It is said that Mr. Wm. K. Vanderbilt is an aspirant for the honors now heaped on Mr. Pierre Lorillard's head. Mr. Vanderbilt has this summer dined and wined a certain portion of the Newport *beau monde*. His dinners are charming, but his German was only moderately successful. He loses his money gracefully at cards, and is likely from that fact, to be popular at the clubs. But if he proposes to divide the honor of leading Newport society with those who now monopolize that sacred privilege—and he can, in time, do it—he must use the old Comodore's millions much more freely.

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OMAHA, NEB., OCTOBER, 1877.

THE HIGH SCHOOL is published every month.
TERMS—\$1.00 per year; 50 cents for six months; single copies, 10 cents; delivered by carrier in the city or postpaid to any part of the United States.
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Editor and Publisher, Omaha, Neb.

We always read with much interest the educational department of the *Kearny Press*, presided over by L. B. Fifield, Esq.

Geographical names are very often so peculiarly spelled that learned men know not how to pronounce them, and they do not attempt it. A custom has come about in this country of late that is authority for pronouncing geographical names strictly in accordance with the laws of sound indicated by combinations of letters.

An eastern publication, while commending the example of the founder of Creighton College alludes to Mr. Edward Creighton as the benefactor. Now, while it is "all in the family" and does not affect the matter very much it is nevertheless nothing more than proper and right that the credit should go strictly where it belongs, and from the best of our knowledge we believe the idea of founding a college was original with Mrs. Mary Louise Creighton. The bequest was made by her, and to her belongs the honor.

The poor working men all over the country are getting their eyes opened on the banking question. Because a bank will receive a small deposit is no reason why an intelligent man should tie himself up by putting his hard-earned money beyond his immediate reach. Able financiers and heavy depositors seldom patronize savings banks. Their history in the past shows that a "run" will close them almost any time. A half dozen savings banks in the east have lately gone under and, in the language of the hymn-book, it is expected that "more and more will follow."

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

The above is the title of a book recently issued by an individual who lives in San Francisco. The work has created some comment inasmuch as its object is to render round dances as odious as possible, and with this end in view, the author revels in verbal garbage under pretence of setting forth in proper colors the dangerous associations of the ball-room. It is a question in our mind whether this ambitious author did not suggest more evil thoughts than he could assume to cure. He presents extreme cases to illustrate his arguments. A peculiar prominence and a good advertisement has been given this book by Mrs. Gen. Sherman, who enters the arena as a strong supporter of its doctrines and its assertions.

There are doubtless, serious objections to many of the social customs which now prevail, but they cannot be removed by any application of the Homœopathic principle of *similia similibus*. In other words, one impropriety cannot be amended or corrected by another, and for this reason we are satisfied that the "Dance of Death" will cut no figure in any radical reform which may ensue. It is now quite generally conceded that "There is a time to dance," this being granted the only question is as to the place and the company. Of course, these are very important considerations, and we are free to admit that society fails too often to estimate them at their real value. Ladies and gentlemen, who deserve the name, never abuse any of

the social privileges. It is only those who have through some accidental circumstance invaded circles to which they do not properly belong, who transcend the bounds of propriety, and bring otherwise harmless customs and practices into disrepute. If society were more chary of admitting strangers, or those of questionable reputation, to its "home circle," there would be less complaint of contamination.

THE COLLEGE GRAD.

The editor of the *Volante* of Chicago University expresses a few apt truths in the following:

"We hear much of the advantages and happiness of having a college education, but very little of the disadvantages, until experience teaches us with a rod of iron that we have labored not that we might secure immunity from the cares and trials of those who have received no education, but that we might feel them more keenly and meet with others from which they are exempt. As soon as the collegian issues from his studious retirements to participate in the active life of the world, he is met with prejudice on the part of some, with distrust on the part of others. The opinion seems to be rooted firmly in the minds of some that a college-bred man must necessarily be familiar with all the details and minute particulars of the occupation upon which he designs to enter. It is not remembered that the student's chief work is to cultivate the mind rather than to store it with a multitude of facts; it is not remembered that he has brains with which to learn, rather than a stock of knowledge by which he can place himself at the head of any business at a moment's notice. Therefore, when he presents his diploma with much confidence in its potency, it is received as though it were a pardon from the Governor for a capital crime, or a certificate to the possessors' complete lunacy.

Among a certain class of people noted for their jealousy to learning, it is an unpardonable crime to have graduated from a college, and hence they take every opportunity to let the world know it; and the unfortunate collegian thinks that, after all, he may have made a mistake. Well, this is only one of the penalties which we have to pay for worshipping at the shrine of Minerva, instead of devoting ourselves to other and more popular gods. We have, so to speak, during our course in college, been ascending a long hill, keeping in view the distant summit. Between us is a chasm at which we arrive at the end of our college life. Now, we may do either one or the other of two things: We may carefully descend the chasm and cross over and continue toward our ideal in safety, or we may fail to see the chasm, and in popular parlance, "walk off," and break our bones at the bottom. In other words, when college life is over, we've got to come down a good ways, of our own accord and gracefully, or else come down unwillingly and violently. Even if we do begin at the bottom, our superior training will enable us to overtake and pass a multitude of those who are striving to reach the same goal as ourselves, but without the aid of college training.

HOW HE CARVED HIS DESTINY.

A gentleman on Cass street, who had arrived at the patriarchal age of eleven years, began to feel obstreperous with the coming of autumn; and when his father, two or three weeks ago, objected to his being out after nine o'clock in the evening, he flared up and said that if he couldn't have the privileges of the house as a young man he would leave home; he had borne with such tyranny as long as he could, and he would go forth into the world and earn his daily bread by the sweat of his brow.

"My son," said his father, who is an old gentleman from whose head the winds of fifty summers have blown some hair, "you may go forth if you wish to do so, and carve your own destiny."

And the son went forth determined to do or die; the same as all the down-

trodden heroes did in the books contained in his ten-cent library.

And he sought employment at many places, but was told to "move on;" in one instance not moving on just as briskly as he was supposed to be capable of moving on, he was assisted in the process by the man who gave him the order.

At last he secured a place in a corner grocery and got along very well. He was to have two dollars a week and board himself; and he thought exultingly of the mortification of his parents when they heard of his prosperity.

But things were not always to be thus smooth and pleasant, and this headstrong young man found it out to his sorrow. He was to sleep under the counter and take his meals out, and the proprietor said he would pay him one's week's salary in advance. It was an immense sum, and the young man boarded himself to that extent that the next day he was bankrupt, and, like all prodigal sons, very hungry. Beside, he didn't like to clean spittoons; neither did he like to sort beans; and furthermore, he was most decidedly opposed to sorting over bunches of onions after they had been soaked for a night, preparatory to going on sale the next morning as just fresh from the country.

He found many things to make him unhappy, and to fill the measure of his indignation, after a day's subsistence on dried herrings and crackers, which placed him in an irritable humor, he was set to washing windows, and his girl came along with Sam Nash and wouldn't speak to him. This had the fatal effect of making him uppish to his employer, and the next thing seen was the young man making a tumultuous exit from the front door with a pair of very blushing ears, which had nearly been uprooted from their foundations by some dastard hand within the store. Then all his glory forsook him and he went humbly home, entered softly in at the back door, and appeared unexpectedly at breakfast the next morning. His father was very much overcome at seeing him, and buried his face in his napkin, in a manner which might betoken laughter to some, but to the young man it was a sign of heartfelt grief at the world's cruel treatment of himself. And now he has made up with his girl and gets in at nine o'clock; but he has got a new edition of Buffalo Bill, and the next time he leaves home he will strike for the berawd peraries of the west. That's what he told her the other night, when they were swinging on the gate; and when the scheme is put into execution, there will be more dead Indians on the plains than have fallen by the sword since the present enfeebled campaign was started against the red man by the government under which we live.—*Hawkeye*.

BOB BURDETTE'S BOOK.

"The Rise and fall of the Mustache and other Hawkeyisms," by Robert J. Burdette is the big hit of the times in the line of witty publications. Artemus Ward and Mark Twain have both flourished in their day, but these bright lights have been summarily thrown in the background by the modern humorest Bob Burdette. The work contains 320 pages, is neatly printed and beautifully bound. Price two dollars. The general agent for this popular book is W. Wright, of Omaha. It can be procured of him or through any of his authorized agents.

Ex-President Hill offers this advice to primary teachers, in a letter published in the *Boston Daily Advertiser*: "Reading, writing and cyphering are the three fundamental arts, which every person can learn, and which ought to be taught in our primary schools. But for forty years past the schools have been neglecting these arts more and more, and substituting in their place studies which properly belong to the High School, namely, orthography, calligraphy, analysis and theory of numbers. Instead of learning to read, write and cipher, the child learns to jabber bad metaphysics about rhetoric and numbers. What is needed in the schools now is a reformation so complete that it might almost be deemed a revolution. The

school authorities need to see logical drill belongs only to the later period of school life; that the attempt to teach children in the primary school to understand every step is terribly injurious every way. It is grasping at a shadow and loosing the substance. It is this false method of teaching which has made our modern school so inefficient for practical ends, making a premature and ineffectual logical gymnastic take the place of a familiarity with the processes of arithmetic.

ONE WAY TO GET RICH.

Nothing is more easy than to grow rich. It is only to trust nobody—to befriend none—to get all you can, and save all you get—to stint yourself and everybody belonging to you—to be the friend of no man, and have no man for your friend—to heap interest upon interest, cent upon cent—to be mean, miserable and despised for some twenty or thirty years—and riches will come as sure as disease and disappointment. And when pretty nearly enough wealth is collected, by a disregard of all the charities of the human heart, and at the expense of every enjoyment, death comes to finish the heirs dance over it, and the spirit goes—where?—Ex.

How many persons there are who wish they could do a thing well, but who are unwilling to give the time and strength to fit themselves for the work in question. Young teachers wish they could interest and profit a class as well as some highly successful teacher of their acquaintance, yet they are not ready to study as hard on their lessons week by week as that skilled teacher does; nor will they pay as much attention as he gives to wise methods of teaching. Another young person wishes he could write attractively for the papers, but he will not wait until he has trained himself for this sphere, as without exception, the best newspaper writers have. He who thinks that a man can preach well or teach well, or write well, or sing well or play well on a musical instrument, or in fact, do anything well without hard work in learning how to do that thing, is greatly mistaken. It is never easy to do a thing until a man realizes that it is hard to do.—*Exchange*.

The position of the teacher when outside of the school-room depends on his attention to social duties and demands. Some teachers strive to render themselves valuable members of society, and society appreciates them. Others sit down moodily in a boarding house and make no acquaintances, have nothing to contribute to the demands made by the social circle upon them, and wonder why the teacher has no position in society. Let every teacher determine to have a position. If you want to ride in the car you must pay your fare; there are no dead-heads in society—one pays in one thing and another in something quite different—but all pay.—*N. Y. School Journal*.

It is possible for a nation to be its own worst enemy. It may deliberately destroy itself. We have a very large burden of hereditary ignorance to bear, and much to our injury we have given this very ignorance equality with us in managing the affairs of the nation. This action necessitates that one of two things should take place: either the nation must sink to the level of this ignorance, or else we must elevate it to the standard of our intelligence. The negro must be educated, or the vast burden of his stupidity will crush us. The best friends of the colored race see and know this.—*National Teachers' Monthly for May*.

In dealing with imperishable jewels, which might make resplendent our crown of glory forever, how often do we work at haphazard, knowing little of the material in our hands, and caring little whether our processes are adapted to it or not. Mechanically we work and stupidly await the result, expecting our jewels to be rightly polished, because we persistently hold them to the wheel; the grind, grind, grind goes on till suddenly we find our gems ground to powder, and worthless dust alone remains as the result of our labor.—*Mary Allen West*.

REJECTED SUITORS.

A woman never quite forgets the man who has once loved her. There may be girls who make a jest of discarded suitors; but they are generally very young, and the wooing has been something that did not betoken much depth of tenderness. There are mercenary offers, too, that only awaken scorn and hate in the wooed for money and not for herself; but really to have touched a man's heart is something

not to be forgotten while she lives. She loves some one. Some other man has all the truth of her soul—always has, and always will have—but she cannot forget the one who turned from her and went his way and came no more. She is glad when she hears of his success, grieved when she knows that he has suffered; and when, some day, she hears that he is married—she who has herself been married long years, perhaps; she who, at all events, would never have married him—is she glad then? I do not know. A woman's heart is a very strange thing. She knows herself. Oh, yes; and is she pretty nice? And then she says to herself that "he has quite forgotten," and "that, of course, is best," and cries a little.—*Chicago Herald*.

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THE SHOE MAKER,
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Fine Peg Boots \$6.00, our own make,
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NO. 192 FARNAM STREET.
A FULL ASSORTMENT OF CLOTHS, CASSIMERES
AND VESTINGS.

Selling Out at Cost!
All o'er this mighty nation
This is now the cry;
And yet, to get the most they can,
Every one doth try.
We are not selling out at cost;
That is not our plan—
But still we sell as cheap
As any other man.
Though many shoddy factories now
Are running night and day,
To make low-priced goods
Which some must give away—
We do not think it pays
To sell goods made of chaff,
And in one short week
To have your friends all laugh.

But if you want a good HAT or CAP at the very lowest living rates, be sure to go to HUNCE'S. The largest and best stock of HATS and CAPS in the city; also a fine stock of COLLARS, NECK-WEAR, SILK and LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS, SUSPENDERS, TRAVELING BAGS, UMBRELLAS, &c.
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The High School

OMAHA, NEB., OCTOBER, 1877.

Extra copies, \$1.00 per dozen.
Subscriptions, orders for extra copies, advertisements, or articles for publication, may be left at office, 21 floor Odd Fellows Block.
Reading notices unmarked, 30 cents per line.
Local advertisements, 20 cents a line.

PROF. I. N. SNOW has leased the Academy of Music from S. S. Caldwell, and will manage it during the coming amusement season.

ALL subscribers knowing themselves in arrears are requested to remit before the commencement of next volume. Money can be sent by mail, or it may be left at publication office in Odd Fellows Block.

The excellent music furnished by Hoffman's band, together with the calling of figures and general management of Prof. R. H. Neale, have won for these gentlemen the highest encomiums of all who have had occasion to use their services.

ONE of those deplorable mishaps which are inevitable was the drowning, on the 29th, in North Omaha, of two boys, Frankie Nason and George Williamson; aged respectively 12 and 14 years. Frank Nason was the oldest son of W. N. Nason, Esq., and his untimely death is a severe blow to his father and mother. Young Williamson was an orphan.

SEND in your subscription now to THE HIGH SCHOOL for 1878, and you will get it free for three months. It is issued only by subscriptions, and is not on sale at any of the bookstores. Send in a dollar and take it delivered at your residence.

ST. MARY'S academy and boarding school at the head of St. Mary's avenue, is an excellent place for the education of young ladies. The situation is healthful and the associations the very best. The terms are very moderate. St. Catharines Academy, corner Eighteenth and Cass Sts., while a young ladies school, is somewhat different from St. Mary's, inasmuch as it does not receive boarders. This academy opened with an attendance roll of some two hundred scholars. Both institutions are under the direction of the Sisters of Mercy.

LUCIUS W. WAKELY, of the city has been receiving congratulations for a month on his success in passing the examination for Nebraska's representative cadet at West Point. He was closely followed by John Rush of Lincoln, and John Leonard of this city, both of whom are bright boys and would have been a credit to the state. We share with the many friends of Lucius in congratulating him on his success. We will watch him as he progresses, and it will always be a pleasure to us to see him rise.

THE HIGH SCHOOL subscription list numbered one thousand names last year. It will be increased to fifteen hundred in 1878. No chrome or anything of the kind is offered with THE HIGH SCHOOL. It gives a good gold dollar's worth of reading every year and this commends it its thousands of patrons.

PROF. I. N. SNOW, who conducted a dancing class at Council Bluffs last winter, has located in Omaha and opened a dancing academy at Clark's Hall. On the evening of the 28th, he gave an opening party to the members of the former "Pleasant Hours" club. It was well attended and under the management of Prof. Snow, passed off so satisfactorily that that gentleman won the patronage age and good will of all who attended. Prof. Snow will reorganize the "Bi-Weekly dancing club," so we are informed, and manage a series of parties for the members this coming winter. Concerning him we would here say that he is an agreeable gentleman, an efficient instructor and his coming to Omaha, will be the means of keeping astir the social element of Omaha during the coming season.

CAPT. L. F. WYMAN, who has so long held the position of Warden of the State Penitentiary at Lincoln, goes out of office early this month, he having resigned. During the time he held this important position it was our pleasure to visit the institution many times and otherwise observe the actions of the warden, and we are safe in saying that no man ever held the position and gave such general satisfaction as did Capt. Wyman. He was always courteous and obliging to strangers and others having business with him; active and untiring in the discharge of his duties; progressive and judicious in the inaugurating of prison reforms, and honest and conscientious in the expenditure of public funds. Wherever he may hereafter go he will have the proud consciousness of knowing that he performed his part well and that he has the everlasting gratitude of many good warm friends in Nebraska.

THE Northwestern Firemen's association held its annual convention at Lincoln, on the 27th ult. There was a grand parade in the day and a ball in the evening. The following officers were elected:
President—T. P. Quick.
First Vice President—Rickey, Columbus.
Second Vice President—M. Goldsmith, Omaha.
Third Vice President—H. W. Giesselmann, of Fremont.
Secretary—F. B. Lowe, Omaha.
Treasurer—Ignace Scherb.
TUESDAYS.
Omaha—Chas. Fisher.
Lincoln—Charles L. Harris.
Fremont—A. Townsend.
Columbus—J. A. Baker.
Plattsmouth—Wm. L. Wells.
There is \$108 in the treasury and 156 members on the rolls. The next meeting will be held at Columbus, Neb.

THE HIGH SCHOOL.

Increased Attendance—Names of Pupils Comprising the Various Classes.

The High School department of city public instruction is now in a flourishing condition. The school opened a few days later than the appointed time owing to the non-arrival of the newly elected principal, but this did not injure it in the least. Contrary to what we had expected the attendance shows a marked increase and we are glad to chronicle the fact. The new principal, Prof. Crawford, is an able and efficient educator and during the short time he has been here he has made a very favorable impression. His assistant, Miss S. E. Reeve, is well versed in the sciences and has had much experience as an instructor. As a whole the present faculty of the High School is an unexceptionable one and we congratulate the members of the Board of Education on their judicious selection.

The following is a complete list of students in attendance. Class D, is the highest, class C next and so on.

CLASS A, FIRST YEAR.

Chapman Morgan, Charles Stewart, Charles Bunce, Curtis Turner, Alfred Kennedy, Charles Deuel, Charles Elgutter, Gus Stretz, Thomas McCague, William Wakely, Guy Doane, Solon Emery, Mary Hower, Carrie Kumpf, Ida Duggan, Frank Roberts, Minna Maul, Abbie Taft, Carrie Johnson, Mary Goodman, Rose Starky, Aggie McAusland, Emma Fitch, Carrie McConnell, Belle Jewett, Jennie Sanford, Louie Berger, Jesse Allan, May McClure.

CLASS B, SECOND YEAR.

Mora Balcombe, Addie Spratlund, Lizzie Smith, Mattie Kennedy, Lizzie Isaac, Mary Knight, Eta Jones, Lottie Chubb, Abby Taft, Nellie Simpson, Lida Wilson, Sue Badlett, Charles Metz, William Hamilton, Lizzie Arnold.

CLASS C, THIRD YEAR.

Mittie Dort, Fannie Hurlbut, Jennie Kennard, Maggie Truland, Annie Truland, Marcia Manning, Ida Overall, John D. Peabody, Alexander F. Streitz.

CLASS D, FOURTH YEAR.

Sarah Jacobs, Fannie Herron, Lizzie Alexander, William McCague.

THE COUNTY SCHOOLS.

The county schools under the able management of the energetic County Superintendent, Mr. Jno. Rush, are in a flourishing condition. Of the forty-six districts in the county, over forty of them are now in session and the others await the action of Directors in selecting teachers. As a matter of general information we give herewith a list of the present corps of county teachers, the grade of each teachers certificate and the P. O. address:

No. Grade of Dist. Certif.	Name.	P. O. Address.
1	Miss Lizzie Sheely.....	Omaha.
2	Mr. J. W. Wilmot.....	Omaha.
2	Mr. J. F. Merret.....	Omaha.
3	" T. J. Keane.....	Omaha.
5	" E. Messenger.....	Florence.
6	" G. R. Harris.....	Florence.
7	Miss E. Emma Bingham.....	Irrington.
8	Z. T. Wilcox.....	Elkhorn City.
9	Alice M. Berlin.....	Omaha.
10	P. H. Hall.....	Elkhorn Station.
11	G. G. Burton.....	Waterloo.
12	H. F. Rhodes.....	Iron Bluffs.
13	Miss Oma Miller.....	Elkhorn Station.
15	Jennie L. Redfield.....	Valley.
16	Mary A. Calley.....	Omaha.
19	A. F. Chambers.....	Millard.
18	J. E. Pettingill.....	Omaha.
17	R. L. Livingston.....	Omaha.
20	Maggie Miller.....	Omaha.
21	Wealthy Pettingill.....	Omaha.
22	Cassandra P. Schaller.....	Waterloo.
24	Mary Thompson.....	Waterloo.
25	Mamie Chambers.....	Omaha.
26	Alice B. Leach.....	Elkhorn.
27	Anna Burgess.....	Elkhorn.
28	James Pallard.....	Elkhorn.
29	Miss Dollie Thomas.....	Omaha.
30	Alice Bannister.....	Omaha.
31	Minnie L. Knight.....	Omaha.
32	Miss Frank Smith.....	Valley.
34	" Jennie Sanford.....	Omaha.
35	" Lizzie Miller.....	Valley.
36	J. E. Farnum.....	Millard.
37	Martha Parratt.....	Omaha.
38	Mattie Storrs.....	Omaha.
39	Alice A. Link.....	Millard.
40	Hulda M. Nowag.....	Omaha.
41	Libbie Wood.....	Elkhorn.
42	Laura A. Williams.....	Elkhorn.
44	Maggie O'Brien.....	Omaha.
46	Mrs. Mary Bassett.....	Omaha.

ASSIGNMENT OF TEACHERS.

The following is a list of the teachers now employed in the city schools under the supervision of Hon. S. D. Beals, City Superintendent. The list shows the position assigned to and the grade and class taught by each teacher:

HIGH SCHOOL.—Mr. C. H. Crawford, Principal; Miss L. Reeve, Assistant.
CENTRAL SCHOOL.—Miss Helen M. Weeks, head assistant and teacher of the first grade; Mrs. Nancy L. Van Doren, first and second grades; Miss Libbie Rollinson, second grade; Miss Anna Monteith, third grade; Miss H. Adella Andrews, third and fourth grades; Miss Ellen White, fourth grade; Miss Sarah McCheane, fourth grade; Miss Minnie Wood, fifth grade; Mrs. Stella Champlin, fifth grade; Miss Laura Morse, sixth and seventh grades; Miss H. M. Stratton, sixth grade; Miss Emma Whitmore, seventh grade; Mr. W. H. Scott, eighth grade.
NORTH SCHOOL.—Mr. Jas. B. Bruner, principal and teacher of fifth and sixth grades; Miss Mima Richards, fifth grade; Mrs. Camilla Elliott, fourth grade; Miss Aggie Berlin, third and fourth grades; Miss Belle Schaller, third A, grade; Miss Stacia Crowley, second and third grades; Miss Nellie Wood, second

grade; Miss Maggie McCague, first grade; Miss Mary McCowan, first grade.
EAST SCHOOL.—Miss Emma Foss, principal and teacher of fifth grade; Miss Fannie Butterfield, fourth and fifth grades; Miss Minnie Wilson, fourth grade; Miss Addie Gladstone, third grade; Miss Kate Foss, second grade; Miss Decie Johnston, first grade; Miss Libbie Wood, first grade.
SOUTH SCHOOL.—Miss Hattie Stanard, principal and teacher of first grade; Miss Ida Goodman, first and second grades; Miss Fannie Wilson, second and third grades; Miss L. J. Ray, third and fourth grades.
WEST SCHOOL.—Miss J. M. McKoon, principal and teacher of third and fourth grades; Miss Dorah Harney, first and second grades.
CASS STREET SCHOOL.—Miss Alice M. Williams, teacher of first grade; Miss F. M. Briggs, first and second grades.
HARTMAN ADDITION SCHOOL.—Miss H. H. McKoon, principal and teacher of second and third grades; Miss Mollie Dasher, first grade.
JACKSON STREET SCHOOL.—Miss A. M. Reed, teacher of first grade.

PERSONAL.

Howard Smith left Omaha on the 15th ult. for Ann Arbor, Mich., where he will enter the law department of that celebrated university.
Al. Rafter, who has been at his old home in Bennington, Vermont, attending school for a year, returned to Omaha last month and entered into the employ of A. Cruickshank & Co. His many friends are glad to see him back.
Miss Libbie Campbell, sister of J. D. Campbell, Esq., formerly of Wisconsin, is attending school in Omaha this year.
Miss Minnie Castetter of Blair, Neb., entered Brownell Hall at the commencement of the present term.
Prof. W. H. Merritt left on the 18th for his old home in Boston. He will probably take a trip to Europe, and visiting the Paris Exposition, return in a year.
T. F. Weedon, the gentleman who has so ably conducted the local department of the Herald for the past six weeks, has resigned his position and goes to Fremont to edit and manage the Herald of that city, in which he has a half interest.

Miss Lizzie Brown, daughter of Mrs. Archie McGown of Salt Lake, came down from that place on the 20th, and after remaining a few days, went to Cincinnati, Ohio, where she will enter a young ladies' institute, known as the Clifton School. She was accompanied by Miss Anna Burley of this city.

Misses Nellie Wakely and Cora Doane left on the 19th for Cleveland, Ohio, where they will attend the Cleveland Seminary.

Miss Cassandra P. Schaller, has gone to Bloomington, Ill., where she will enter the Illinois University and complete her education.
J. Wainwright, Esq., ass't engineer, A. & G. W. R. R., of Cleveland, Ohio, was in the city on the 15th, visiting his old friend John Taylor of the U. P. R. R. auditor's department.

Rev. Jno. Gray, of Wahoo, the author of the many admirable articles which from time to time have appeared in THE HIGH SCHOOL, over the nom de plume "Jay Gee," made us a very pleasant visit on the 25th.

G. W. Megeath, Esq., returned last month from Camp Robinson, Neb., having resigned a government clerkship at that place. He will pay strict attention in the future to his rapidly increasing business in the cigar and tobacco line. "Win" is a good boy and we want to see him prosper.

COUNCIL BLUFFS NOTES.

Two interesting matrimonial events will occur during the present month.

Miss Kittie Crawford, well known as the daughter of the late Judge Crawford, was married at Beatrice, Nebraska, on the 25th. Among the wedding presents received was a wash tub, washboard, cake of soap and a broom. It is not customary to draw inferences in small country towns.

Among the departures for school last month, were Miss Hettie Ross, Iowa City; Miss Lizzie Stewart, Kentucky; Miss Julia Officer, Rockford, Ill.; and Miss Sue Baldwin, Cincinnati.

Miss Georgia Jackson came up from St. Louis on the 4th, and with the exception of a short visit to Cheyenne, Neb., has been at the Bluffs since, and will probably remain during the coming winter.

Lyman Page, now book keeper for a mercantile house of Sioux City, visited his old stamping ground last month and was welcomed by his numerous friends.

"Daze" Stubbs and Arthur Munger returned on the 20th from a two weeks visit to Chicago. They reported having seen Joe Swan, and that he is doing well.

Ed Troutman has gone to Cincinnati, Ohio, to spend a few weeks at his birthplace.

Dohaney's Parlor Skating rink will open about the middle of October, or, if the weather is not cool enough at that time, it may not open till the first of November.

Messrs. Will Stull and Ed. Robbins were in Omaha on the 29th, and favored THE HIGH SCHOOL sanctum with a friendly visit. Come again.

Miss Nellie Graves, one of the graduates of '76, is now teaching school at North Platte, Nebraska, and very properly orders THE HIGH SCHOOL to be sent to her until further notice.

Our Council Bluffs friends are requested to read prospectus for 1878, published in another column. Send one dollar to the publisher and get THE HIGH SCHOOL fifteen months.

Prof. Snow gave his opening party for the season at his academy, on Friday evening, Sept. 21st. It was largely attended and every

appointment passed off in that smooth and successful manner which has characterized every affair of the kind previously given by the Professor.

BASE BALL.

The championship of the city was settled by the third contest of the series between the Excelsiors and Nebraska's on the 6th ult. The game was won by the Excelsiors who triumphantly marched away with the beautiful silk foul flags. The score was as follows:

Excelsiors	R	O	Excelsiors	R	O
Morgan	3	4	Griffith	3	1
O'Tool	2	3	Mills	3	1
Harty	3	2	Hall	3	2
Brady	1	1	Burger	3	2
Barnes	1	2	Frank	2	1
Herman	4	0	Philbrook	4	2
Reynolds	1	4	Ross	1	1
C. Koster	2	4	Nash	1	3
Smith	4	1	Knight	3	0
Total	30	14	Total	30	11

Excelsiors..... 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
Nebraska..... 2 0 0 0 2 5 2 0 0 3-14
Umpire—C. Callahan.
Scores—Chester, Pratt and Ed. Koster.

Some brilliant plays were made by Frank Mills, Hall and Griffith of the Nebraska; the latter two, however, neutralized their credit marks by making toward the close of the game a series of unpardonable errors. Of the Excelsiors, Koster, Barnes and Moran, might be deserving of special mention for fine plays, but the whole nine members did good, honest work and they are fully entitled to the honors reaped.

The Nebraska contain many good players but for some reason or other they don't seem to win. One thing noticeable about this club in comparison with the Excelsiors is that, for a short time during the beginning of a game the members work too hard and tire themselves out. They make a "spurt" and then drop down, an easy prey to the muscular Excelsiors, who, on the contrary just seem to get waked up about the seventh and eighth innings. But this is all post mortem; the national game has subsided for the year and with these remarks we will close our Base Ball column and await the coming of next season, when we hope we may have a club in Omaha that will have a few striking features and catching points to descant upon.

LET HIM BE REMOVED.

The *Friendville Advocate*, one of the representative papers of the interior of the state has this to say:

Another of Supt. Irving's dirty tricks effected the people of this vicinity many dollars' worth in a single day. Half-fare rates to the state fair were broadly advertised, but on Wednesday the tickets had "run out," and to pay full fare, the conductor being unable to obtain any favorable instructions from the contemptible little swell-head who continues to d-n-age one of the best railroads in the west. We insist that Wm. Irving, "superintendent" of the B. & M. R. R., is intellectually and otherwise too much of an absurdity to merit any respect from those who inhabit God's country. An upstart and a boor, he is looked down upon by nine of every ten of the honest employees of the company he disgraces. The brakemen, engineers, firemen, conductors, road masters, yard men, etc., of the company are gentlemen, while Irving is a snob, a simpleton and a nuisance. Why does the B. & M. Company retain him in their employ, and in a position so important, when they surely know that he has neither the dignity nor the ability to superintend a brick yard? And will the B. & M. R. R. Co. refund the money Irving has thus gobbled from visitors to the Nebraska State Fair?

The B. & M. in Nebraska traverses one of the best portions of the Lord's terrestrial vineyard, and is noted for its honorable discharge of all moral obligations, but they will confer a favor on thousands of its best friends by removing Irving and putting a man of sense and discretion in his place.

The above is but one of the numerous complaints which have been made about the present superintendent of the B. & M. He is very arbitrary in dealing with patrons of the road and has incurred the displeasure of many of the best citizens of the state by his doggedness. There seems to be hovering about him an unrelaxing fear that folks may forget he is the superintendent and he seems to take a peculiar delight in frequently calling to mind that fact by a severe and arbitrary use of his power. From all we hear both in Omaha and in the interior of the state, he is very unpopular, and at the rate he has been making enemies of the road his continuance will eventually create such a popular demand for another outlet to Lincoln and the south that it will be forthcoming either through the extension of the O. & R. V. R. R., or by some other means.

POINTS OF ETIQUETTE.

A young reader of the HIGH SCHOOL, residing at a distance, addresses us a neat little note requesting that we "publish at some convenient time, a brief and compact set of rules that may be regarded as standards of etiquette." The past files of this publication contain many brief articles on this topic, but as it is a satisfaction to us as well as a duty to accommodate whenever we can, we append hereto a brief compendium of the recognized rules of polite society. Our frequent recurrence to topics of this nature must not be construed into the erroneous impression that we believe our readers are all ignoramuses. By no means. The readers of THE HIGH SCHOOL comprise the culture, intelligence and refinement of the city of Omaha and State of Nebraska. However, the many young gentlemen and ladies (just making their entrance into society,) who continuously read this journal and who recognize it as the best authority on such subjects are not supposed to "know it all." They don't make any such pretensions, but on the contrary judiciously peruse these columns from month to month and very sensibly appreciate the many bits of useful information and instruction that they extract from them.

A Paris philosopher has discovered that every living organism has something to live upon—even chameleons, supposed by Pliny and Hamlet to feed only on air, and in accordance with this broad idea, declares that all

members of the human race should obey certain rules of etiquette, under penalty of failing the full employment of life. The ordinary every-day acts of politeness are the principal points of etiquette, while the thousand and one minor points, often called *little points*, are acts of courtesy and go to show the thoroughly well-bred gentleman or lady.

A gentleman when meeting on the street a lady with whom he is acquainted should raise his hat. (Cardinal.) In America it is also the universal custom that if several gentlemen are walking together and meet a lady with whom one is acquainted, all the gentlemen raise their hats.

In passing persons on the street always turn to the right. If this rule were always observed many unpleasant and absurd collisions would be avoided.

When a gentleman is introduced to a lady he should, on a second meeting, wait for her to recognize him. In case she does not he may consider that she does not desire his acquaintance. It not unfrequently happens that a lady may be near-sighted or absent-minded, in which case she either does not see or does not take notice of the gentleman's presence. This is very unfortunate and often gives rise to hard feelings toward ladies who are far from slighting any one intentionally.

After attending a party at a lady's house, the gentleman should call within a week to inquire after the lady's health and pay his respects.

A call should not be prolonged more than half an hour.

In entering or leaving a room the gentleman should open the door and hold it open while the lady passes through.

While in the presence of ladies a gentleman should never light a cigar without first asking permission.

A gentleman will never keep his hat on in the lady's presence.

A lady should never receive any favor or act of politeness from a gentleman without acknowledging it. Any one who cannot afford to acknowledge a favor does not deserve to receive it.

When any one steps aside at a door and invites you to pass first, stop and return him the favor of this act of kindness, but if the person insists, pass right ahead while graciously saluting.

Never pass in front of any one unless absolutely necessary, and then not without first asking permission.

A student should never turn his back toward a professor nor toward a classmate if possible to avoid it.

Table etiquette is a branch of science in which it might be well to organize a class in school. There is probably no reader of THE HIGH SCHOOL who is not conversant with the general rules of politeness as regards the table, but hunger or haste, or both, causes them in many instances to become in a certain degree forgetful of them.

Our French philosopher says, "The table a throne which no revolution will ever overthrow." A few suggestions may not come amiss:

Always eat meat with your fork in your left hand. (Cardinal.) Always break your bread as you need it; never cut or bite it. Never carry your food to your mouth with your knife. Always eat pie with a fork (if you can.) When the master or mistress of a table is helping out things and you are offered a plate, never pass it to another, as to do so would signify your belief that they were ignorant of the business on hand. (Cardinal.)

To many these may seem trifles, but the violation of these rules causes annoyance to well bred persons, while the observance of them renders one at ease and at the same time agreeable to his friends.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Mr. and Mrs. Hickman recently returned from a visit to New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago, where they have not only been recreating, but observing the new styles of fashionable millinery and selecting a large stock for the fall trade. Hickman's millinery emporium is the oldest established house in Nebraska and stands preeminently at the head.

Henry Dohle the fashionable boot and shoe maker of Omaha, sent to the State Fair a case of fine boots and shoes,—the finest display we have ever seen. Mr. Dohle has won a state reputation for fine work.

R. De Darling, No. 479, Twelfth street, makes a specialty of fine custom made boots and shoes. He personally supervises all work turned out from his establishment and the neatness, durability and style of his workmanship commend him as one of the best in the city. Give him a call.

Gents furnishing goods can now be bought for 50 per cent. less than two years ago. Kirner & Steel of the Grand Central, have a really fine stock of goods that they sell at rates 25 per cent. cheaper than you can get elsewhere. (This is no advertising dodge) They also keep for sale razors and razor strops that they warrant to give satisfaction.

Messrs. Chickering & Sons have introduced and put into operation in their pianoforte factory in Boston an automatic fire alarm telegraph system. The "fire brigade" consists of about one hundred men. They have at their disposal fifty extinguishers placed at most exposed points; pails of water standing in every place where they are likely to be wanted; axes, bars and the many utensils requisite in emergencies.

The fire commissioners who examined into the cause of the Hate Piano factory, Holocaust, reported that Mr. Hale was culpably negligent in not having either some water tanks, fire hose, or fire extinguishers in his factory. The fact was developed that Mr. Hale had not even one extinguisher in his large establishment, and when on testimony of twenty witnesses it was proven that one extinguisher would have saved the building

and the hundred lives lost, the committee made a report censuring Mr. Hale for his negligence. There are laws in most every eastern state which makes it compulsory for proprietors of public halls and places where fire would endanger human life, to provide means of protection against fires. A law similar in its nature was passed by the state legislature last winter, and one was also passed by the Omaha City council. Inasmuch as the law recognizes a Babcock fire extinguisher, or any other good fire extinguisher as a sufficient means of protection, it is highly important that those upon whom the safety of lives is incumbent should fit up public buildings with these excellent extinguishers.

MARRIED—J. B. Corey and Miss Minnie Kennedy, Sept. 11th; Lewis S. Reed and Miss Lesbia Balcombe, Sept. 19th; Mr. C. D. Hyde and Miss Mollie Mackey, Sept. 27th, all of whom have our congratulations.

1878. 1878.

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[From the Omaha Herald.]

A well Merited Testimonial to the Babcock Fire Extinguisher.
The undisputed fact that the fire in the basement of the Grand Central Hotel, last Saturday, was extinguished by the timely aid of a Babcock Extinguisher, has elicited the following testimonial which was given by Mr. Thral to the general western agent in this city:
GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
OMAHA, Dec. 10, 1876.

To the General Western Agent,
Babcock Manufacturing Co.:
DEAR SIR—Having used the Babcock Fire Extingu

The High School

OMAHA, NEB., OCTOBER, 1877.

FALL FROM SHAKESPEARE ROCK.

A Beautiful Young Woman's Fearful and Fatal Fall.

Last Sunday Miss Carrie A. Rice, daughter of Philo W. Rice, of Glenbrook, Lake Tahoe, was precipitated from Shakspeare Rock and so badly injured that she died in about half an hour.

She left her home at Glenbrook in company with two other young ladies and three gentlemen. The party rambled to and ascended the high, rocky point of land running out into the lake, on which is situated what is known as Shakspeare Rock, there being traceable on its face lines that bear resemblance to the portraits of the great poet.

The party made the ascent by the usual trail, and for a time remained on the summit of the rock, gazing upon the scenery. Finally Miss Rice proposed to her escort, William Cranmer, a young man who is engineer at one of the mills on the lake, that they make the descent by a steep gorge leading down to the face of the rock.

All the other members of the party tried, but in vain, to dissuade the couple from attempting the descent. They took their way down the steep rock and presently reached a cave. Starting from the cave they began slipping, and slid down about fifteen feet to the edge of precipitous part of the rock. The young man caught hold of a jutting point of the ledge where he held fast, but was unable to retain his grasp on the young lady, suspended below him.

Just before falling she said, "We must go, Will; there is no hope for us!" She fell about eighty feet. Young Cranmer managed to climb back to the trail, when he ran to the residence of the young lady's father, where he fell fainting at the door.

At the foot of the rock she was found still alive, but unconscious and dying. She lay with her head between two sharp fragments of rock, blood oozing from her nose and mouth, her limbs broken, and her body terribly bruised.

Miss Rice was not yet eighteen years of age, and was a very beautiful, bright and sprightly girl.—*Virginia City Chronicle.*

A BEAUTIFUL GIRL FOUND HANGING.

A Novelette in One Chapter.

A solitary horseman is winding his way down the mountain side, breathing the pure, clear air and lost in pious meditation. Suddenly he is aware of an approaching rider, whose horse is plunging madly along while his hoofs strike fire on the rocky road.

Apprehending danger, as the place was lonely and wild, our friend, Sir Arthur Fitz Bulldoze, for the reader will by this time have recognized that it was he, drew his revolver with one hand, clapping a poniard in his left hand, while he held the bridle of his horse between his teeth, demanded of the mysterious stranger who he was, whence he came and what was his good pleasure. The stranger who, on near approach, showed that he was a gentleman, made a sign to Sir Arthur to put up his weapons, and, panting for breath, related with great haste the reason for his strange behavior. His name was Givelittle, &c.—gentleman noted for his benevolence. His only daughter, Miss Vanity Givelittle, had that evening disappeared, and with fear and trembling he had started to seek for her. There was every reason to believe that she had eloped with Lord Softhead, a young spendthrift of the adjoining city. Sir Arthur Fitz Bulldoze, moved to tears by this affecting narrative, presses the hand of the agonized father and assures him of his sympathy and assistance. They quicken their pace and ride on in silence.

Just in advance is a little lake glowing with the warm light of the setting sun, around it are lofty trees in their rich garb of emerald green, while all around is a wild profusion of mosses and wild flowers, ferns and grasses. A beautiful place it truly is—a place for pleasure and pleasant thoughts, not for dire tragedy or sorrowful moanings. And yet as they approach they see a sight that freezes the blood in their veins, and causes each particular hair to stand on end. A white dress flutters in the breeze—they look, transfixed with horror, and behold! a beautiful girl, her golden hair flowing down her shoulders in massive ringlets like showers of burnished gold, her blue eyes raised to heaven, her white

hands clasped—hanging! Think of it, oh gentle reader! Hanging—around her lover's neck.

Sequel. Return of daughter—tears weeps—remorse—forgiveness. Tableau. Wedding scene. Lord and Lady Softhead remove to their castle, Orange, on the Rhine, and pass the remainder of their days in happy seclusion.

PROVERBS.

Change is a leveller that time hangs out to teach foolish folk what they're about.

Blessed are those who attend to their own business, for thereby their business shall prosper.

He that hath patience hath a fortune.

Knowledge comes of study, and happiness of knowledge.

Every day hath its night, every light hath its shadow.

Men are as grateful for kindness as the sea is when you fling into it a cup of water.

Three can keep a secret when two of them are dead.

Glasses and lasses are brittle ware.

Blessed is the man who knoweth enough to keep his mouth shut.

Punishment is a cripple, but it arrives.

He who says what he likes shall hear what he don't like.

Learning is good, but common sense is better.

MISCELLANEOUS.

What is the difference between charity and a tailor? The latter covers a multitude of sins; the first a multitude of sinners.

"How is it that you have never kindled a flame in any man's heart?" asked a rich lady of her portionless niece. "I suppose, aunt, it is because I'm not a good match," meekly replied the poor niece.

Mrs Juggins lost one of her lodgers lately. He went off suddenly on urgent private affairs, and forgot to settle his little account. "Ah," says the old lady, "when 'e come 'ere 'e called 'issel a captin, but I've discovered to my cost 'e's only a left navier."

"It was the undertow took you out—always look for the undertow, sir," remarked young Diver, as he and his friend set old Puffin back safely on his feet on the sand at Long Branch. "My undertow?" said the old fellow, spitting out a pint of salt water; "no such thing, sir; no toe at all, but ten feet, sir,—ten feet of salt water 's what did it."

Charles Lamb was once riding in a stage coach in company with one of those sympathizing souls ever on the lookout for an opportunity to compassionate affliction. "What a bad cough you have, sir," said the sympathizing one, after Lamb had recovered from a violent fit of coughing. "I know it," replied Lamb, "but it is the best I can do."

A pupil in an English school was asked in an examination paper, "why is the tropic of Cancer so called, and why is it situated twenty-three and a half degrees from the equator?" The answer, constructed on a basis of purest logic, was: "The tropic of Cancer is so called from a Latin word, cancer, meaning a crab, because there are a great many crabs in that portion of the globe; and it is situated twenty-three and a half degrees from the equator because there are more crabs there than any where else."

He sat alone in her father's parlor, waiting for the fair one's appearance, the other evening, when her little brother came cautiously into the room, and gliding up to the young man's side, held out a handful of something, and earnestly inquired: "I say, Mister, what r-them? "Those?" replied the young man, solemnly, taking up one in his fingers—"those are beans." "There!" shouted the boy, turning to his sister, who was just coming in, "I knew you lied. You said he didn't know beans, and he does, too." The young man's stay was not what you call a prolonged one that evening.

Have you noticed the "cute" way which a fashionable young lady has of grabbing the tail end of her dress in promenade? If you have not already done so, just notice the operand. It is indeed a ridiculous sight to see a lovely woman stop at the twist, stopping, give her body a fearful twist, stoop low, and reach backward to her heels and grab from five to forty pounds of trail and shake it five or six times like a buzzard fixing his wings to fly, then hobble across the street like a lame turkey to the other side, when they "let go," and turn off like a stern-wheel in a storm. It is terribly trying on a fellow's nerves who stands around looking for such sights instead of going about his business.

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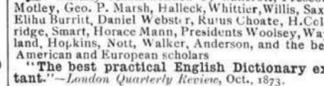
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