

High School Journal.

A REPOSITORY OF REFINED LITERATURE, AND JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.

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Liberator a defectione solum, qui non nititur.

J. F. McARTNEY, Editor and Publisher.

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For the HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL.

BOTH SIDES.

As he that boasts of being wise,
Displays the greatest folly,
So he that prates of happiness
Reveals his melancholy.
A mellow spot adorns each head,
A flinty one each heart,
And he that shows his weakness first,
Must have the fairest start.
The sweetest rose has sharpest thorn,
And lees the best of wine,
And teachers of divinity
Are sometimes not divine.
The grandest pictures are defined,
Where shade and sunshine meet,
And good and evil, not combined,
Either is incomplete.

TWO KINDS OF MEN.

There are two types of men who grow rich—the man who saves and the man who makes. The former lives hard and sometimes works hard. The latter lives freely, and is, perhaps, more a speculator than a laborer. He likes to make a large amount of money if he makes any. He will spend a dollar to make two. His opposite will hang on to the original dollar. But he is so bent upon practicing small economies that he has no time to devote to the evolution of grand schemes which would make his fortune at one stroke. The latter, on the other hand, has a horror of "peddling." He is alive with conceptions, and he, perhaps, places an inordinate value upon his pet ideas. When he perceives a goal ahead of him he does not pause long to consider the risks which he will run in endeavoring to attain that goal. He will cheerfully throw away a small fortune in the effort to win a greater one. He can for a long period go on sinking his capital in an apparently unprofitable way without so much as experiencing a twinge. He has infinite faith in his luck. His reliance in his own judgment is strong. He realizes that if he wishes to reap he must sow. So he is generally to be found mixed up in those undertakings the parties to which are likely to forfeit a great deal or make a grand haul. When he fails he may be cast down; but he soon becomes again his original self and prepared to embark in further hazardous ventures. When he succeeds he does not lose his head, nor does he resolve that the time has come for him to stay his hand. In his hour of desolation he is called a fool, a knave, and what not, by the people who seem to think that men and women have been born into the world to practice small economies and always be on the safe side. At the time of his triumph he is envied by these same persons, who hold that he has been the recipient of fortune's favors, and that they are much to be pitied because they have not been treated by the "fickle jade" in a similarly bountiful manner. To hear them talk, when his recklessness—or what is called recklessness—has done for him even more than he imagined, in his sanguine moments, one would think that he had sat with folded hands and waited until Providence had seen fit to send him something. Thus he occupies a rather unfortunate position. But he bears it with a great deal of composure. He is not to be put out by trifles. Egotistical he may be, but his egotism is not of the offensive kind of that of the "small economies" order of individuals. They are everlastingly pluming themselves upon their prudence. Their prudence, unfortunately, takes such an unpleasant form that it is disagreeable to live or to have much to do with them. He, on the other hand, is fairly companionable and is not prone to be remarkable as a depressing influence upon his home. He does not look as if he contemplated suicide when he hears that he has been

"done" by his butcher, and that his baker has taken a still more mean advantage of him. He bears up bravely when he is informed that his servants have been and are in the habit of peculating from him to a very considerable extent. No look of agony overspreads his face when his wife unexpectedly makes a heavy demand upon his purse, and he remains calm when he is given to understand that young Hopeful is frittering away more money than he is justified in doing. He is not addicted to saying that this luxury must be abandoned, while that one must be considerably diminished. He would not have his family starve in order that he might put away so much to guard against a rainy day. He would rather feast in the present and run the chance of fasting in the future than fast in the present in order to feast in the future. When he perceives that his expenditure is exceeding his income, he sees not that he must bring down his expenditure to the level of his income, but that he must raise his income to the level of his expenditure. It would be idle to deny that in endeavoring to attain this end he is sometimes led to act like a rogue, and that at others he hurries himself to ruin. But it may be safely asserted that so long as he can keep himself afloat those around him are not rendered miserable by his actions, and by a violent and unreasonable opposition on his part to the natural run of their inclination.

STARTING IN LIFE.

The first great lesson that a young man should learn is, that he knows nothing. The earlier and more thoroughly this lesson is learnt, the better. A homebred youth, growing up in the light of parental admiration, with everything to foster his vanity and self-esteem, is surprised to find, and often unwilling to acknowledge, the superiority of other people. But he is compelled to learn his insignificance; his acts are ridiculed, his blunders exposed, his wishes disregarded, and he is made to cut a very sorry figure, until his self-conceit is abased, and he feels that he knows nothing.

When a young man has thoroughly comprehended the fact that he knows nothing, and that, intrinsically, he is but of little value, the next lesson is, that the world cares nothing for him. He is the subject of no man's overwhelming admiration; neither petted by the one sex, nor envied by the other, he has to take care of himself. He will not be noticed till he becomes noticeable; he will not become noticeable until he does something to prove that he is of some use to society. No recommendation or introduction will give him this; he must do something to be recognized as somebody. There is plenty of room for men in the world, but there is no room for idlers. Society is not very particular what a man does, so long as he does something useful, to prove himself to be a man; but it will not take the matter on trust.

When a young man has ascertained the fact that he knows nothing, and that the world cares nothing about him, that his success in life must depend on his own exertions, and that he must look to himself and not to others for assistance, he is in a fair position for beginning life. The next lesson is that of patience. A man must learn to wait as well as to work, and to be content with those means of advancement in life which we may use with integrity and honor. Patience is one of the most difficult lessons to learn. It is natural for the mind to look for immediate results. Let this,



View of the Omaha High School Building.

then, be understood by starting—that the patient conquest of difficulties which rise in the regular and legitimate channels of business and enterprise is not only essential in securing the success which a young man seeks in life, but essential also to that preparation of the mind requisite for the enjoyment of success, and for retaining it when gained. It is the general rule, in all the world, and in all times, that unearned success is a curse.

PREREQUISITES OF SUCCESS.

Integrity of character and truth in the inner man are the prerequisites of success in any calling, and especially so in that of the merchant. These are attributes which never fail to command respect and win admiration. No one fails to appreciate them, and if they "do not play" in the vulgar sense of the phrase, they bring an amount of satisfaction and peace to the owner that all the wealth of Croesus could not yield. There is no better stock in trade than these principles—no capital goes so far or pays so well, or is so exempt from bankruptcy and loss. When known, they give credit and confidence, and in the hardest of times will honor your paper in bank. They give you an unlimited capital to do business upon, and everybody will endorse your paper, and the general faith of mankind will be your guaranty that you will not fail.

NICE PEOPLE.

From the Saturday Review.

It would appear that society at the present time is comparatively indifferent as to whether people are good, clever, sensible, or amusing; but there is a universal desire, almost amounting to a frenzy, to meet "nice" people. Thus we find that whenever a residence is to be let or sold, all the surrounding neighbors are devoutly hoping that it may be taken by nice people, and every one wishes for the *entree* to houses where nice people are to be met. To be nice people, and to know nice people, seem indeed to be the aim and object of life in this latter half of the nineteenth century. Even the worship of the great idol of Mammon itself is forsaken by many for devotion to the "nice." Although, however, the companionship of "nice people" is doubtless much to be desired, these social angels are sometimes so lacking in the qualities which are usually considered necessary to make intercourse entertaining, that one is almost tempted to shun their society for a season. First impressions may seem to justify the use of the much-coveted adjective, not only in its fashionable, but also in its

times be twin brother to guilt, so far as appearances go, and that it is not necessary for every pickpocket's son to die on the gallows.

But that bad name—how widely we scatter it without thought of how it sticks, and how loosely we throw it without knowing whether it is deserved or no! We know nothing positive. We have only heard this little rumor and that small report, but we make out of the two little breaths one big blast, and with it blow the bad name which can never be got rid of again. We say those L's are a bad set; no good can come of them!—those A's are abominable, and all evil may be expected from them! No good could come out of Nazareth, they once thought in cynical polished Jerusalem; and when words such as man never spake before were given to the world, they refused to listen to them because the speaker was a Nazarene, and his countrymen had a bad name for rustic density of wit.

Give a woman a bad name, and you practically destroy her social career in all its value and beauty. She may live it down; but living it down is weary work, and it is easier to die one's self than to kill a slander. And how easily a woman is slandered! A dress has come home from the milliner's just in time to put on. It is not as it should be; it is lower, or tighter, or something else decidedly undesirable, and not as it was ordered. But there is no time to alter it, no time even to modify it. It is the only dress she has suitable to the occasion, and she must go. The mistake has to be accepted and made the best of; but the ill-natured givers of bad names will not let it pass, nor allow of any interpretation. They see nothing of her perplexity or inward discomfort; they see only that her dress is remarkable, and, as was said, undesirable. But forever after, Mrs. or Miss Fairstars has the reputation with certain as "not nice," because once a milliner made a mistake in her measurements, and the poor lady was forced to wear a disagreeable kind of gown, which she herself disliked as much as any.

No one knows how it came about. It was one of those mysterious bad names that spring up like fungi on an autumn night—suddenly, silently, apparently without cause; but Mr. Blank, who was something in the city, and who had always hitherto passed for a man of probity, one fine day found the label of doubtful honesty pinned to him, and was never able to rid himself of the mark. No one knew what he had done, and, although every one asked, no one could tell his neighbor; nevertheless, every one said that he had done something, that he was not a man to be trusted in his business, and wanted sharp watching. It would have been some satisfaction if the T's could have been dotted and the T's crossed in this indictment; if the mist would have gathered itself into at least the definiteness of a cloud, if only the feeblest kind of a hook could have been given on which to hang this dead weight of ill-repute. But, as the givers of bad names are generally chary of reasons why, and dread nothing so much as to be asked for proofs, to his dying day poor Blank never understood the odd way in which certain people treated him, nor what he had done to justify the evident suspicion of some with whom he had business dealings. It was all as mysterious to him as was the rise and growth of his bad name. He was unconscious in his own mind of having done anything at any time to create want of confidence in his probity; and, as no one had a definite charge of which to tell him, no one told him anything at all. So he lived out his life with the bad name pinned to his city coat, and all the time ignorant of the label, and why those who read it behind his back looked at him askance as they passed. If only some one had had the frankness and the courage to tell him! to say, "Blank, they say of you—!" But what did they say? Well, that he was not to be trusted when money was about—that he was not straight in matters of business—that his word was not quite so good as his bond, and that those who had dealings with him had better see to the wording and stamping and legal formalities of their agreements. And the proof? the reason why all this was

said? the instance that would strike the accusation home? There was none. So all agreed to leave the vague preamble alone, and let the body of the matter, the bad name, stick if it would.

Evil things are said of people from the merest chance occurrence, of which ill-nature can lay hold and twist into an ugly loop—just the size of your neck. You are exhausted and drink off a glass of wine at a draught. Instantly the forked tongue darts round the common circle, and "Drunkard" is the name tacked to you for all coming years. The name given, the proofs are certain to follow. Are you thin and pale, with weak eyes, a red nose, and dyspeptic appearance generally? the reason of your bad health and wasted condition is obvious—drink. Are you rosy, round, and many-fleshed?—drink; pale, but over-stout?—drink; brandy if you are apoplectic; gin if you are flabby. Do not hope to escape, you poor unfortunate to whom once this unprovable bad name has been given; for everything about you can be converted into proofs quite as surely as your complexion or your inches! If you are sad or if you are gay, shy or genial, bold or nervous, fond of society or living in retirement, it is all one: "He or she drinks," says the forked tongue, and there are always ears to believe. This accusation is one so easily made everywhere, and so impossible to disprove—so cruel, so wicked, so infamous in its destruction of honor and good name, so easy of belief, and so-called fancied proof; and yet how often it is made on nothing more certain than that glass of wine taken at a draught for utter exhaustion and need.

The inconsiderate action of a thoughtless girl—her impulsive words—her silly but substantially innocent "gush"—and the bad name is given to her, and sticks. She is fast and free; or she is insolent to her mother; she is headstrong, or she is selfish—she is everything which perhaps in reality she is not in the least; but her momentary folly gave her a false appearance just for the instant, and the lovers of ill-speaking took advantage of it and threw on her the bad name, which she will carry with her for a long time to come, and perhaps never lose till she marries—which is in a sense the death of her old self. And then, if her real worth makes itself apparent, people will say, "How greatly that Miss Flirt is improved; and how much is due to her husband; and what a horrid girl she used to be before she married; and now really she is quite nice!" Not at all horrid; only misinterpreted and slandered.

But girls themselves, who suffer so much from it on their own account, are not free from this vice toward others; and youthful jealousy tacks an evil name to mature attractions which perhaps it is difficult, or may be impossible, to fling off. The game, however, if it ever comes to a struggle between the two, is somewhat dangerous to the younger player. The mature woman has a position in society which the other has not, and she can use it. She also has knowledge of men and manners and how to act in certain circumstances, which the other has not, and she can use that, too. If she is as unscrupulous as her youthful assailant, she can crush her with more ease and more certainty than the girl can destroy her; and even with good women, and the naturally kind and maternal, the evil passions are apt to get roused from indignation at an unjust attack, and they will put out their strength against a wasp, a midge, a buzzing fly, and crush it once and forever. Flinging a bad name against others, as boys fling stones into water, is a pastime on the whole best left alone. If we cannot speak good of our neighbors, we had better not speak of them at all; and scattering bad names broadcast may sometimes result in the sowing of dragon's teeth, which may give us cause to repent. Unproved suspicion, and that vague "they say," are not enough ground on which to stand; and no one ought to repeat evil reports of a fellow-creature which he cannot verify and swear to by personal knowledge. Then his ill name is a sign of warning justly bestowed; but have we waited for this before repeating or believing? Ah! if we did, what a much happier and more peaceful place the world would be.

FOR THE HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL.

A BAD NAME.

"Give him a bad name and hang him," says the old proverb; and it says quite truly. You might as well string up at once the dog of whom you say that he is mad, though he is as perfectly healthy as yourself, as leave him loose on the highway; for if you do not, some one else will, and the poor beast will only have had a longer spell of ill-treatment than need have been had you finished your cruelty of ill-repute by the mercy of extinction. Bozer maligned is Bozer tried and condemned; just as that harmless snake is sure to be cut to pieces by the woodman if met with twisting his slimy way along the path—the innocent worm suffering on account of his venomous kin, the bad name of the tribe reaching to every member alike. Does a strange-looking winged creature flutter round you in a country where mosquitoes trumpet, and sandflies leave as bad a mark but make no noise; incontinently he is smashed against the pane, because other flying things have a bad name, and all that is not known to be harmless is assumed to be hurtful. And so of everything in creation. If some members of a numerous tribe are evil, all the rest are supposed to follow suit; and no one can be made to believe that innocence may some-

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*Friends of The High School Journal are requested to send to this office personal items and accounts relating to social, musical, or literary matters.

Two lawyers being chased out of the water by a shark is the most flagrant case of want of professional courtesy on record.

IN EARLY times the bankrupt Jews in France were compelled by law to wear green hats, so that people might avoid losses by trading with them. This strange precedent has doubtless some connection with the slang phrase, "Do you see anything green about me?"

THE HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL has added to its editorial staff a writer of society sketches, at an expense that is seldom undergone by Western journals. It will hereafter pay liberally for good articles, and its readers cannot but appreciate its enterprise in thus furnishing them the product of the best talent that can be procured.

THE total value of school property in Nebraska, as estimated during the past year, is \$1,862,385.00. The total of school expenditures was \$1,027,192.21. There are 3,392 teachers employed, against 537 in 1870; the average salary of male teachers is \$35.46 per month, and the average salary of female teachers is \$31.80. There are 56,774 pupils enrolled in the schools.

THE Princeton Scientific Expedition have completed their work for the season. Their last trip was attended with considerable danger from the straggling bands of Snakes and Bannocks returning by the Oregon trail from western Idaho, and on the 18th inst. they were attacked by a party of Bannocks while taking their evening meal. The locality, however, was favorable to bush fighting, and all escaped uninjured after a lively skirmish of some fifteen minutes duration, in which one of the marauders was placed hors de combat.

AN ABUSE TO SOCIETY.

A few years ago the city authorities succeeded in effectually breaking up the "Three-Card-Monte" gang that infested Omaha. Ever since, they have been on the alert to arrest thieves and burglars, all of which is very proper for the good of society. In contradistinction to this, an abuse has existed which we regard as more detestable than any of the above-mentioned, and it works more hardship and distress on a greater number of people than could result were there three cut-throat gamblers to one of these latter. We refer to avaricious lawyers and grasping Justices of the Peace: A poor man who unfortunately gets himself between a pair of these sharks will be more surely shorn of his all than were he a stranger at Five Points, N. Y. As a general thing the class of men who are acting as Justices in Omaha to-day are more decent than many of their predecessors, yet there are some who will encourage irresponsible parties to commence suits on the merest pretence against business men and citizens whose time, engrossed by the honest pursuit of their business, cannot well be given to litigation with irresponsible adventurers, and the consequence is that the claim, however unjust, is generally paid. Lawyers there are in Omaha who never entertain for a moment the idea of paying a little debt of ten,

twenty or fifty dollars. They well know that they can "worry" a creditor in a suit, if he commences one, and make it cost him more than the original amount to get a judgement. Then, the judgement will be "no good." Some lawyers there are who, from the moment you state your case to them, (if you are so indiscreet as to select one of these kind) have a "case" against you, and they measure their success by the amount of money they can extort from you in the shape of a fee.

The Bar of Omaha, were it shorn of these exceptions, is, however, honorable, and of unquestioned high standing and ability. We earnestly hope that the day will come in which some "annihilator" will be invented to rid society of these Barnacles.

OMAHA PUBLIC LIBRARY.

When a campanian lady once displayed her jewels before Cornelia, requesting to see hers in return, Cornelia produced her two sons, saying, "these are all the jewels of which I can boast." Cities have jewels as well as Roman mothers—and Omaha has not been backward in displaying hers to an admiring public; her buildings, her schools, her railroads, her oil, lead, nail and silver reduction works, are boastfully described in our daily and weekly journals.

But there is one jewel in the corner of the casket, flashing a brilliancy not inferior to the others, which to some extent has failed to secure a general appreciation—I refer to the Omaha Public Library. Our schools are free, but confined to the young; the library is also free, but open to young and old. Every person in Omaha is invited to a feast of fat things to be found on its shelves. If any one doubts the intelligence of this community, let him enter the library room some Saturday evening, and for one half hour or more notice the number and appearance of those exchanging books.

There is a history connected with the birth and struggles of this library, which we are not prepared to give. We have not the honor of being of that noble band under the active leadership of its benevolent and ever to be remembered first president, who, though on the opposite side of the globe to-day, is seen, not only in his portrait on the library wall, but in the numerous and excellent books which he donated. Ex-President Edgar may sometime write this history, when this community will know whom to thank for originating and sustaining at great personal sacrifices, until relieved by the city, the present library. This library is now owned by the city. The directors are appointed by the city council. One-half mill tax on the valuation of this city property is levied for the purpose of paying expenses and purchasing books. At the time of this writing the book committee is completing a list of new books to be purchased, costing from seven to eight hundred dollars. Heretofore the little folks have derived but little benefit from the library. Their wants have been ignored. A juvenile department is now added containing nearly all the books written for the young by Arthur J. Abbott, J. S. C. Abbott, W. T. Adams (Oliver Optic), Alger, Ballantyne, Bonner, Bishop, Du Chaillu, Dalton, Emerson, Headley, Howitt, Grace, Greenwood, Phelps, and many others.

In this department will be found also such little books as Dotty Dimple Stories, Little Prudy, and Little Prudy's Fly Away stories. In fiction, the library is well supplied. Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, Bulwer, Cooper, Eliot, Muloch, Trollope are already on the shelves in complete numbers. Three or four hundred volumes will now be added to the above, many of them fresh from the press, and works as are published by Bayard Taylor, O. W. Holmes, Miss Braddon, Jean Ingelow, Mrs. Gaskell, Charles and Henry Kingsley, Kavanagh, Spofford, Warner, and others. Even Jules Verne, who writes novels in the air, ensnathed in clouds, from his first to his last, just fresh from the bindery, will here greet his favorites. The library is already rich in poetical works. Some valuable histories will also be added; Green's History of England is particularly commended.

That the committee have not over-

looked the critical and more cultured reader will appear from such works as those of Ruskin, Matthew, Arnold, Stebbins, Foster, White, Draper, Stanley, Lowell, Bryant, Carlyle and Lamartine. No one doubts the future of Omaha. The present building of dwellings, business houses, manufactories, hotels, military and railroad headquarters, is a prophecy of no mean day. As the population increases, the library must and will grow until it becomes mammoth in size, and a glory to our city. K.

THE DEGENERACY OF TO-DAY.

The question often presents itself: "Is there any honesty in the present day?" Within a week hundreds of business men all over the country have gone into bankruptcy—which is only another name for stealing. Upon a careful study of the social conditions surrounding us, we are forced to the conclusion that if there is such a thing as honesty to-day it is hidden away from the public gaze. Our jails are gradually filling up with men whom we were once accustomed to look up to and follow for examples. Where one of this class of criminals ever reaches the jail, hundreds escape by the use of their ill-gotten gains. Vice stalks the streets in mid-day, bold, defiant, haughty, and humble honesty not only goes unrewarded, but is trampled upon and over-ridden by a society which knows no such thing as honesty. Scarce a young man to-day who will not brag of his indecency—much less admit his regard for moral law, and many—too many—of the rising generation of young ladies,—mortified as we are to make the admission—are, to say the least, unlike Cæsar's wife—not above suspicion. Statistics prove that a deterioration of the physical, mental and moral tone of mankind, induced by the present state of civilization, is undermining the race. Pauperism, with all its misery, stalks through the land, breeding communism. Drunkenness and hereditary disease are multiplying crime, insanity, suicide, and gradually but surely undermining society. The moral condition of to-day is the unquestioned result of a long period of hereditary degeneracy, and it is a subject well calculated to make us pause and contemplate the future of this country.

America's promises, once apparently bright, are to-day clouded with the load of abuses which affect society, and unless a radical change for the better is soon made, will go down as surely as surely as did the great Roman and Grecian Empires. It would open too wide a field for discussion did we attempt to prescribe remedies for the evils we have depicted. The pen falters before the task. The women of today and the women of the future can play an important part in affecting this much needed reorganization. Religion may do its share, but it cannot produce any great results when we consider the hypocrisy of the average church member. Many theories may be advanced against the various ills of society, but we know of nothing better than education. It is an important factor of our organization to-day, but its influence, instead of being diminished, should be doubled. The gradual tendency to-day is downward. Let us foster education, and every regenerating influence, until the condition of the race is ameliorated and we can see evidences of ascendancy.

THE Schuyler Sun says:

"Many of our citizens have been observing with a great deal of apprehension lately the rivalry and distress of two of Schuyler's hitherto promising young sons—both being sanguine suitors for the smiles and good graces of one of our fair daughters. So far it has been "nip and tuck" between them, the strife being carried on amid interminable evening walks, ice creams and lemonades, Sunday rides, etc., until the pocket-books and business of both these young men are on the wane from neglect, to say nothing of the awful mental strain upon the chaps themselves. One evening Nip takes her out walking, and on the next Tuck will take her to lemonade—and as we said in the start, the inhabitants are apprehensive lest this complication may yet have to be settled with pistols for two.

"PRINCETON SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION."

Resume of the Trip—Acknowledgements of Railroad Courtesies, Etc.

FORT BRIDGER, W. T., August 25th, 1878.

To-day our expedition concluded its labors as a paleontological party, and having boxed its collections for shipment east, dispersed to spend the remaining days which will elapse before their return, in the various means of out-door enjoyment so abundantly afforded in the Uintah mountains.

This allows me the opportunity of presenting you with a few of the practical results of the three months of labor, during which we have made a somewhat comprehensive investigation of the fossil forms of life once so abundant throughout tertiary Wyoming. The question is often asked, "What were the animals like in those geologic times? Did they differ much from the present fauna, and if so, in what particulars, and for what reason?" Science teaches us a most valuable lesson from the study of these battered and discolored bones. We learn that the whole country was once luxuriously tropical. The immense forests, the extensive marshes and deep vales were peopled by quadrupeds very nearly allied to the present fauna of South America and Africa. The rhinoceros, the tapir, the hippopotamus, or their ancestral antecedents, waded the marshes and grazed upon the vegetation. Tropical fish swarmed the waters, reptiles of gigantic size basked in the sun upon the muddy banks of the numerous tertiary lakes; tremendous palms and reeds of enormous size bore upon their swaying branches birds of as gorgeous plumage as any which now delight the eye of the travelers in eastern wilds, and crowds of chattering lemurs and monkeys made the air ring with their discordant cries. But especially was Wyoming the home of the Perissodactyla or even toed mammals. No less than thirty distinct species of taperooid mammals with short unwieldy bodies, and long heads furnished with a proboscis, and flesh covered with a thick, hairless hide, roamed throughout the country. Of these the Dinoceras and Loxolophodon were of such singular appearance as to deserve passing mention. These mammals were of a size nearly approaching the modern rhinoceros. Herbivorous in character, they would soon have fallen an easy prey to the fierce carnivorous inhabitants of the jungles had it not been for the protection afforded by a pair of gigantic tusks arranged in the manner of those of the modern walrus, and three pairs of immense horns projecting from the upper part of the cranium.

Our party were fortunate enough to procure several specimens of this order, including an almost perfect individual of one of the Loxolophodons, which boxed weighed over half a ton. One deficiency of tropical Wyoming and the neighboring country seems strange when we compare it with the abundance of its present day. No remains of anything approaching the deer, antelope, buffalo, or sheep, have yet been discovered. To the question, how or by what means the present immense herds of wild game were placed upon the prairies, the geology of the tertiary age offers no answer. And yet we find a series of mammals partaking of the characteristics of what are now several distinct and separate orders. The Palæosyops, the Hyrachyus and Limnomyidae, while in outward appearance very much similar to the tapirs of the present day, possessed many features which now distinguish our domestic hog, while the Hyposodus was a singular cross between the ring-tailed monkey of South America and the lemurs, now only found in Borneo. One singular discovery to which I alluded in my former letter was most admirably worked up by Professor Marsh, and afterward made the main argument used by Prof Huxley in his "Demonstrative Evidence of Evolution." It had been confidently asserted by upholders of this theory that scientific research would prove the descent of the domestic horse from some five-toed ancestor. Prof. Marsh and his enterprising agents were fortunate enough to discover the complete line

of ancestral equine forms, the two-toed, three-toed and four-toed horses, decreasing successively in size to the last, which was little larger than our common red fox. Of this interesting family our party procured a number of specimens in fine preservation.

Wyoming has long been noted for its fossil fish. The shales of Green River and its tributaries are literally packed with the impressions of the finny tribe. In these again the old story of the tropics is told, as the greater part of the remains found are allied to species which now inhabit solely the waters of equatorial climes.

Thus to the earnest student of science, geology is an open book, on whose stony pages are written many a lesson fraught with interest and full of profitable instruction.

In closing, I feel that acknowledgements are due to Judge W. A. Carters, of Fort Bridger, through whose bounteous hospitality and generous assistance we have been enabled to accomplish much more than we would otherwise have done; and also to Thomas L. Kimball, Esq., and E. P. Vining, for kind favors rendered in the line of transportation and freight.

W. E. A.

MARK ANTONY'S ORATION OVER CÆSAR.

[The following we clip and re-publish for the benefit of whoever wants a piece to speak:] Friends, Romans, countrymen! Lend me your ears;

I will return them next Saturday. I come To bury Cæsar, because the times are hard And his folks can't afford to hire an undertaker.

The evil that men do lives after them, In the shape of progeny that reap the Benefit of their life insurance.

So let it be with the deceased. Brutus hath told you Cæsar was ambitious; What does Brutus know about it? It is none of his funeral. Would that it were! Here, under leave of you, I come to Make a speech at Cæsar's funeral. He was my friend, faithful and just to me; He loaned me five dollars once when I was in a pinch, And signed my petition for a post office. But Brutus says he was ambitious. Brutus should wipe off his chin. Cæsar hath brought many captives home to Rome, Who broke through the streets until their Did the general coffers fill. When the poor hath cried, Cæsar hath wept Because it didn't cost anything, and Made him solid with the masses. Ambition should be made of sterner stuff, Brutus is a liar, and I can prove it. You all did see that on the Lupercal I thrice presented him a kingly crown Which thrice he did refuse, because it did not fit him quite. Was this ambition? Yet Brutus says he was ambitious. Brutus is not only the biggest liar in the country, But he is a horse-thief of the deepest dye.

HOW NOT TO BORE.

None of the books of etiquette that we have yet read give prescriptions which will cure the tendency which most of us have to bore other people. The reason is that none of us suspect it is or can be a bore under any combination of circumstances. The supposition is so wild and absurd as to be discountenanced at once. And yet so often are we bored by other people that it would only be reasonable for us to conclude that we, too, might sometimes place ourselves in the same unenviable light. To know when to come and when to go, when to be silent and when to speak, what to say, and how to say it, to be properly aware how to express those thousand little tones and acts which endear one, it is difficult to explain precisely how, is either a natural gift or an art obtainable after long years of training. Yet he who is not master of these things will run the risk some time or other of being considered a nuisance. We all ought to learn how not to bore. We owe it to our neighbors as well as to ourselves.

One certain thing of not boring is never to give people too much of our company. This is a rule difficult to observe. There are times when we are too ready to believe that our friends want us more than they really do. We take their protestations literally, and when they say they could live with us forever and a day, we positively give them the day. This is a great mistake.

LITTLE THINGS.

Springs are little things, but they are sources of large streams; a helm is a little thing, but it governs the course of the ship; a bridle-bit is a little thing, but we know its use and power; nails and pegs are little things, but they hold the parts of a large building together, a word, a look, a smile, a frown are little things, but powerful for good or evil. Think of this, and mind the little things. Pay that little debt; if it is a promise, redeem it; if it is a dollar, hand it over. You know not what important events may hang upon it. Keep your word sacred; keep it to the children—they will mark it sooner than any one else, and the effect will probably be as lasting as life. Mind little things.

R. S. OLMSTEAD, M.D., Physician and Surgeon

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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. Thrall 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 Extinguisher, practically saving, on two distinct occasions, a large amount of property, (once the Battle House, Mobile, Ala., and once the Grand Central,) I am thoroughly convinced of the usefulness and efficiency, and cheerfully recommend them for general use. No house, public or private, should be without one or more of them ready for immediate use.

Very respectfully yours, GEORGE THRALL, Proprietor.

GENERAL WESTERN AGENCY,

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"On the great head of Etymology, I know nothing to supply its place."—Hon. Daniel Webster.

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This list might be increased very largely, by the names of the best scholars and educators.

In other points, as, its Vocabulary, Pronunciation, Synonyms, Pictorial Illustrations, Tables, &c., Webster is believed to be equally superior as in its Definitions and Etymologies.

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[One family of children having Webster's UNABRIDGED, and using it freely, and another not having it, the first will become much the more intelligent men and women.]

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TO ADVERTISERS.

It ought to be reasonably clear to most advertisers that THE HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL is a good advertising medium. It goes into almost every house in Omaha and circulates extensively throughout the state.

BE good. Did you ever see a bun-dance on the table?

AN appropriate drink—HIGH SCHOOL Lemonade.

WE acknowledge receipt of two copies of Col. Chase's oration.

READ THE HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL on Sunday. You will then have done something good.

THE Boston lead in the race for the base ball championship of the United States. The Cincinnati's next.

Gus. MERTSHEIMER, of Evanston, Wyo., has been very sick for a month past, but is now beyond danger.

AN enjoyable party was given by Mrs. Ben Gallagher on the 16th in honor of Miss Devoto of Salt Lake City.

Miss MARY R. ALLING resigned her position as assistant in the High School, and Miss Jessie Craig succeeds her.

A NEW course of study for the High School, embracing instruction in commercial law and business, is being prepared.

EMMETT KENNARD returned on the 20th from an extended trip to St. Louis, St. Joe., Kansas City and other southern towns.

A REPORT of School Superintendent Beals concerning the progress of the city schools for the past four years, will soon be published.

THE great problem of the day among the ladies is, how can we keep our bonnets on? We suggest that they carry them in their hands.

THE HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL is rapidly gaining in circulation, and it stands to-day higher in the estimation of the public than ever before.

SEVEN Sisters of Charity, headed by Mother Ignatius and Sister Mary Paul, formerly of St. Mary's Academy, left on the 15th for Yankton, D. T., where they will found a seminary.

THE attendance roll of Creighton College for the first term is reported at 130. Rev. R. A. Sheffel is President and the chief head of the institution, and the Faculty includes, besides him, six instructors.

You can make no more acceptable present to a distant friend than to pre-pay the subscription to THE HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL and order it sent to him or her, as the case may be. Do it right away.

MISSSES CARRIE LAKE, Julia Knight and Carrie Wyman presented the Close Cuts with a beautiful pair of silk foul flags. Their good looks and winning ways are equally accountable for this compliment.

THE public schools of the city re-open for the Fall term on Monday, September 2d. Brownell Hall begins on the 4th. This will create a stir among the three thousand little ones who attend educational institutions in Omaha.

MR. Z. T. SPRIGGS resigned his position as foreman of the Union Pacific Machine Shops last month, and intends to give all his time and attention to the sewing machine business. Zack is enterprising and energetic, and will succeed in his new business, without doubt. Will Lawrence succeeds him as foreman in the Union Pacific Shops.

In our report of teachers elected last month the name of Miss Aggie Berlin was through some unaccountable error omitted. Miss Berlin is one of the best teachers in the primary grades, and she was one of the first teachers re-elected this year.

THE firemen's excursion to Chicago was abandoned on account of the expense, and the Omaha Fire Department will hold its annual parade in this city on Wednesday, the 18th of this month. The Northwestern Firemen's Association will meet in this city, probably, on the evening previous.

THE funeral of Ed. Demarest took place from the Lutheran church on the 30th ult., and was largely attended. Rev. W. A. Lipke conducted the services. Mr. H. D. Estabrook and Miss Cattie Campbell assisting the choir. The pall bearers were: Chas. Cheney, Henry Stubbs, Wm. Mulcahy, Richard Mulcahy, W. Van Hoosen, and Chas. Pool.

THE Otoes, of Nebraska City, beat the Capital City's, of Lincoln, on the 29th, by a score of 8 to 0.

Mrs. H. HOOKMAN, Mrs. C. F. Driscoll, and one or two other ladies, got up a nice little party at Hanscom Park on the 14th. Hoffman furnished the music, and the company, which included many of our young ladies and gentlemen, danced until twelve o'clock.

COUNTY Treasurer Heins received information that the wife and eldest child of Prof. Decker had died in Memphis on the 27th, and the only remaining representatives of the once happy and prosperous family are now two little orphans. The ravages of the yellow fever have blighted many a happy home, and carried sorrow and death to many bright, beautiful and happy southerners.

WE acknowledge receipt, from Secretary D. H. Wheeler, of a complimentary ticket of admission to the State Fair, which begins at Lincoln on the 23d and continues to the 28th. It will be full of interest, and will include a base ball tournament for the state championship and a purse of \$200, in which the Close Cuts and Excelsiors will figure.

THE "Presbyterian Cook Book" is, as its name suggests, a new cook book, and after examining its contents we must say it is certainly one of the best and most comprehensive ones that has ever come under our observation. It was compiled by Mrs. D. L. Sears, and it contains recipes from all the leading ladies in the city. The fact that it was gotten up under the auspices of the ladies of the Presbyterian church, does not imply that its instructions are exclusively for Presbyterians. A Methodist, Episcopalian, Congregationalist, Unitarian or Catholic can certainly enjoy the nice pie that can be made by following Mrs. Sears' instructions, quite as well as the most devoted Presbyterian in the city. The book costs fifty cents, and is worth three times the amount.

Mr. I. Wexler, who clerks in Hellmann's clothing house, returned last month from Red Oak, Iowa, where he had been sojourning in a business capacity for some time. While Mr. Wexler was in Iowa he got mixed up in a love scrape, and that scrape was the subject for a two-column sensation in one of the papers over there. It seems that he had won the heart of one of Creston's fair daughters, and the people of that aristocratic city arose in one mass and protested against the marriage of the young lady to Mr. W. because he was a "cloding" man. He was served with notices in due vigilante style to "skip" or take the consequences. He "skipped" to Red Oak. Wexler says he is "solid" with the girl, but he can't manage those Iowa country towns. He will probably marry her at no distant day.

PERSONAL.

Arthur and Bird Wakely returned from the east on the 22d.

Miss Dora Senter has been visiting in Colorado for the past two weeks.

Miss May Castetter, of Blair, will attend Brownell Hall during the coming term.

Miss Carrie Bennett, of Plattsmouth, will arrive on the 3d and enter Brownell Hall, to pursue her studies in this institution.

Miss Innes, of the corps of instructors in Brownell Hall, has returned from Iowa, where she has been visiting friends.

Maj. A. S. Burt, who has been with the Brady Expedition in Dakota, returned last month, and will remain during the winter at the Omaha Garrison.

Hon. G. W. Ambrose returned on the 26th from a three weeks' visit to Colorado, whither he was accompanied by his family. During the absence of Mr. Ambrose the business of his office was attended to by Mr. J. Frank Sweesey, who is studying for admission to the bar under his instruction.

Tiney McCheane left on the 22d for Bloomington, Ill., to enter the Normal University for the next year. She was accompanied by her sister Sallie, who will return in time to take her place in the city schools.

Mr. I. W. Miner, accompanied by Mrs. Miner and Miss Anna Dunham, left Omaha on the 20th, to visit friends who are now residing in Connecticut.

Miss May Higby, of Omaha, has been in town for a few days, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Willard and Miss Cassie Vanhorn. —Blair Pilot.

Mr. W. Edwards Annin, whose home is in New York City, came in from Wyoming on the 27th, and stopped in Omaha a short while, the guest of the writer. Mr. Annin, who recently graduated from Princeton College, has been with the "Princeton Scientific Expedition" in the exploration of the Bitter Creek, Uintah and other regions of Wyoming, and the interesting article which appeared in our last issue, entitled "The Wilds of Wyoming," was from his pen. The expedition has been most successful in its results, and has collected over twenty tons of fossiliferous specimens, the most remarkable of which is the skeleton of a Loxolophodon, something new to the world of science.

A. A. Brown, of the Nebraska City Press was in Omaha on the 3d.

Mr. E. A. Saxby, editor of the Hotel World of Chicago, called in to see us on the 16th.

Mr. Joe B. Southard has been appointed to a position in the mail service on the Union Pacific Railroad.

MESSRS. C. S. GOODRICH & Co. have just received their invoices of new goods for the holiday trade. These goods are all personally selected by Mr. C. S. Goodrich, who recently returned from the east, and embrace many fresh novelties, among which might be specially mentioned the neat self-propelling wagon known as the "Tally Ho." Mr. Julius Able, the traveling representative of this firm, is now on his tour through the west, and in the mountains.

COUNCIL BLUFFS.

Miss Cora Bullard has been rustivating in Colorado for the past three weeks.

Will Sapp has gone to Anderson.

Miss Kate Pusey has gone to Chicago, where she will enter Dearborn Seminary.

Miss Sue Baldwin has gone to Georgetown, where she will attend school.

Messrs. Frank Pusey, Ed. Robbins and E. A. Houghton were in Omaha on the 29th.

QUICKSTEPS vs. CLOSE CUTS on 29th.

The Close Cuts played the second game of the series with the Quicksteps of Council Bluffs on the 29th ult., and took them into camp by a score of 19 to 5. A large and select audience, among whom we were pleased to see many ladies, attested their interest in the game and their home players by their presence upon the grounds. Owing to unforeseen delays game was not called until 3:15 p. m., with the Close Cuts at the bat. Either the Council Bluffs club had anticipated an easy victory, or failed to appreciate the odds against them, for by a succession of unpardonable errors they allowed the home club to score four runs before retiring from the bat, while for the next three innings they failed to punish the very effective pitching of Mr. Phillbrook for more than two runs. Despite three errors of the Close Cuts, which in the fourth inning allowed the visitors to increase their score to 5 runs, they were totally unable to follow up the advantage to any greater extent than by appending five goose eggs in the succeeding innings, while the fine batting of the home club, assisted by errors of their opponents, permitted the Close Cuts to run up a total of 19 runs. The features of the game were the fine pitching of Mr. Phillbrook and the excellent catching of Patton of the Close Cuts, while Frank, Douglas and Saxe of the same club distinguished themselves at the bat. Appended is a complete score of the game, which will afford all other necessary information:

Table with columns: B, A, E, TB, PO, R, O. Rows for Clinton, Hardin, Stubbs, Walters, Hendry, Brown, Buckner, Rodgers, Batchelor, and Totals.

QUICKSTEPS.

Table with columns: B, A, E, TB, PO, R, O. Rows for Frank, Saxe, Austin, Patton, Hall, Phillbrook, Douglas, Philbin, Pratt, and Totals.

CLOSE CUTS.

Table with columns: B, A, E, TB, PO, R, O. Rows for Close Cuts, Quicksteps, and Totals.

Two-base hits—Frank and Austin of the Close Cuts, and Bachelor of the Quicksteps. Total bases on clean hits—Close Cuts 17, Quicksteps 7. Left on bases—Close Cuts 4, Quicksteps 5. Passed balls—Patton 4, Stubbs and Wm. Patton 14. Wild pitches—Phillbrook 3, Brown and Walters 7. Balls called on Phillbrook, 6; balls called on Brown and Walters, 19. First base on called balls—Close Cuts 2, Quicksteps 1. Foul tips—Patton 3, Stubbs 2. Foul bounds—Close Cuts 2, Quicksteps 3. Struck at and missed—Close Cuts 43, Quicksteps 32. Bases stolen—Close Cuts 10, Quicksteps 11. Umpire—Mr. Reynolds. Scorers—E. A. Houghton and G. Donahue. Time of game—Three hours and fifteen minutes.

SPORTING MATTERS.

Wm. Preston now holds the Collins Medal. The Heins cup, a beautiful solid silver cup presented to the Workingmen's Sporting Club by Wm. F. Heins, was won by Mr. Peter Simpson, of the Union Pacific Shops. The cup will be the object of another contest on the 17th inst.

Through an unpardonable blunder, we stated in our last issue that quail shooting would commence on the 1st of September. It should have been the 1st of October. Don't forget it.

Chicken hunting, which was indulged in to a great extent last month, did not prove as good as was expected, owing to the scarcity of chickens. Many sportsmen innocently believed that the "game law" which had heretofore prevailed had preserved the chickens, but it appears that they were not more numerous than ever before.

Dr. Carver and Captain Bogardus have been challenging each other through the New York Sun for a week, and at last accounts there was no prospect of a match between them unless each should fire at the other on sight. Bogardus charges Dr. Carver with being "tricky." He says that he cannot do square shooting. Dr. Carver replies that Bogardus dare not meet him in any kind of a match, and proclaims himself champion of the world.

THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, PERU, NEB.

From the catalogue of this institution for 1878-9 we glean the following:

Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 4, 1878. Fall Term ends Thursday, December 10, 1878. Winter Term begins Thursday, January 2, 1879. Winter Term ends Thursday, March 20, 1879. Spring Term begins Wednesday, April 2, 1879. Spring Term ends Thursday, June 19, 1879.

The whole number of students reported in attendance last year were 242.

The Faculty, which in all respects is a good one, consists of Robert Curry, A. M., Ph.D., M.C.D., Principal; Teacher of Mental Philosophy, and the Science and Art of Teaching;

Miss Eliza C. Morgan, Preceptress, Teacher of Literature, Rhetoric, and General History; H. H. Nicholson, Teacher of Physical Science, and Chemistry; D. B. Stone, Teacher of Mathematics and Bookkeeping; Mrs. Jennie B. Curry, M.E.D., Teacher of Language and Methods; Miss Sallie J. Triplett, N.G., Teacher of Geography, Reading, and Penmanship; Miss Jessie L. Dowden, Teacher of U. S. History, Grammar, and Gymnastics; Miss Alice Daily, N.G., Teacher of Reading, Drawing, and Penmanship; D. B. Worley, Teacher of Vocal and Instrumental Music.

BASE BALL BATTER.

Miscellaneous Items—Some Caught on the Fly, Some on the First Bounce, and Others Badly Muffed.

The first game of the month was played at Glenwood on the 8th, by the Close Cuts of Omaha and "Glens." The score was 10 to 13 in favor of Omaha. Six innings were played, and darkness threw a veil of charity over the performance. The Glenwoods do not amount to so much as was at one time supposed, and the Close Cuts were somewhat disappointed in their estimates of them. They wanted to play a tenth man, but he was ruled out and ordered off the field.

The only game of note played by the Close Cuts during the month was the second of a series of three with the Excelsiors, which took place on the 17th. The following is the score:

Table with columns: CLOSE CUTS, EXCELSIORS. Rows for Griffith, Frank, Phillbrook, Patton, Austin, Hall, Douglas, Phillbrook, Pratt, and Totals.

Umpire: Martin Reynolds, of Council Bluffs. Scorers: Chas. O'Byrne and Col. J. S. Sharp. Time of game: 2 h. 30 min.

In the first inning, Hartry of the Excelsiors made a fine hit which was a "home run" practically, but he got put out within six feet from the home plate, as he was trying to reach it. Moran took in some high flies in left field in good style, and Gannon, who is a new player, displayed some creditable ability. Morris Barnes protected first base as usual, but the boys in the infield couldn't get the balls in to him as often as he would have liked. The Close Cuts played well, Messrs. Phillbrook, Frank and Pratt each having made one or more three-base hits. Austin, Philburn and Hall did all that was expected of them in the field, and Mr. Chas. Douglas, who is a new addition to the nine, proved not only to be a good third baseman, but an expert with the bat.

At the close of the second game with the Close Cuts (both games were lost by the Excelsiors) they picked up the champion foul flags and walked off with them. The general understanding—and the wish of the donor Mr. Goodrich, as he himself says—has always been that these flags should belong to the best club in the city. The Excelsiors should waive their claims to them in view of the results of these games—yet we must admit that, inasmuch as the challenge to these games did not contain any mention of either the foul flags or the city championship, they (the Excelsiors) have, by a technicality, a title to the flags. As things stand now, however, they represent only so much cloth in their hands. Why not turn them over to the Close Cuts, and then win them back if they can. They may rest assured that they will get them if they can win them, together with all the accompanying honors.

Mr. Chas. Koster resigned his position in the Excelsior nine, and was not "fired out," as an uncalled for item in the Evening News insinuated last month.

Mr. Schneider, the new pitcher for the Excelsiors, is said to be a "good one." He is from Iowa, which in itself is a fair recommendation, as there are many good players in that state. (We do not here allude to Glenwood.)

OBITUARY NOTICES OF THE CLOSE CUTS.

Our city has just reason to be proud that at last after many years of adversity "her club" holds the championship of Omaha through a series of well fought and hotly contested battles, having completely vanquished the Otoes, despite their "bellowing captain," and also badly defeated the victorious Excelsiors, not to mention the Glenwoods and several other minor clubs, and now it will be pardonable in us to briefly mention these gentlemen who have won the honors.

PATTON.—Everybody knows "Dug" Patton, and we think we are safe in saying, "none know him but to praise." The plucky way in which he faces Phillbrook's pitching, and the very few passed balls par to his account, name him a "catcher par excellence."

PHILBROOK.—Next in order comes our "model pitcher." "Phil" is certainly an A. No. 1 pitcher, as the clubs playing against him have found to their cost; the Excelsiors especially dislike "Phil," as he has a way of making them "strike out" which is quite annoying to some members of said nine. He has just cause to feel a little proud of his ability.

PRATT.—Let us now pass to our first baseman. Chester, there is no doubt that you are a good one; some of the boys say you are lazy, but we notice when the time comes, you are to be relied upon. On the whole, we consider Mr. Pratt—and his coolness all taken into consideration—one of the strongest men in the nine.

FRANK.—Now we come to our pride—our second baseman. Even his most bitter enemies (if he has any) cannot but concede that "Elmer" has no superior in Nebraska. He covers second as no other man can, and protects right short in a way that leaves room for nothing but commendation. He seems to be

everywhere, and always there at the right time. At the bat he has no superior. Every move he makes is a cultured one, and we fear no contradiction when we assert that he is one of the best general players who ever graced a Nebraska diamond.

DOUGLAS.—As we reach third, we find that base in very good hands. Mr. Chas. H. Douglas, who holds this position, is a gentleman who is a comparative stranger in the city, and having watched his movements at his base, at the bat, and getting around the bases, we are satisfied that no better man could have been selected by manager Balch for this position. He is a safe batter, and shows coolness and clear headedness in all emergencies.

GRIFFITH.—Having run the bases, we have an opportunity to interview the Captain and Short Stop, Mr. John Griffith. "Grif" is a passably fair captain, and while some of his ideas and manners may at times be excepted to, he is in the main correct. As a player, he is unquestionably weak, especially in the infield. It is a notable fact that the "Close Cuts" have never lost a game during the past season while under his captaincy. We understand that he will retire from base ball after this season.

AUSTIN, HALL, PHILBIN.—These three gentlemen protect the outskirts, and they are all good men in the right positions. Austin will not let a ball touch the ground if he has a ghost of a show to get there, and Hall can get an unruly grounder back to the home plate in the shortest time imaginable. Philbin has no discredit marks, and his plays will bear inspection at any time.

REVIEW OF THE MONTH.

THURSDAY, 1st.—Bill collectors busy. Fine day for "stand-offs." Mr. Taylor gets thrown from his wagon at the 16th st. bridge and breaks his neck. FRIDAY, 2d.—C. S. Goodrich returns from the east. Hon. E. C. Carnes, of Seward, and J. W. Pollock, of West Point, in town. Ditto Geo. C. Darrow, Sidney. Fearon, the grocer, locates in Frenzer's building opp. P. O. Jno. C. Cowin moves his residence to corner of 20th and California. SATURDAY, 3d.—Otoes arrive, and are met at the depot across the river by Messrs. Colpetzer, Knight, Manchester, Sharp, Pratt, Gordon and Havens, the reception committee. Game which occurred at 3:30, won by Close Cuts by score of 20 to 14. Messrs. Ed. Brown, L. E. Robbins, E. A. Houghton, D. T. Stubbs, Will Sapp and Frank Pusey, of Council Bluffs, in town. Dave Burley returned from Spotted Tail Agency. Miss Rose Oliver, of Council Bluffs, visiting at Mrs. F. D. Cooper's. MONDAY, 5th.—Funeral of Mr. Ross, who died on 4th. Cleyburn's surveying party goes up the Republican Valley. Miss Mettie Smith, of Florence, visiting Mrs. Jno. Shipp. CHARLEY DUKE of Plattsmouth in town. TUESDAY, 6th.—Very hot. A man named Boliver, who worked in U. P. upper yard, sun struck. C. J. Greene and Jno. C. Cowin go to Fremont. WEDNESDAY, 7th.—92° in shade by Wyman's thermometer. Dr. Miller, the friend of young men, interposes his objection to the letting of the sewerage contract to Meany & O'Brien, on the ground, we presume, that O'Brien, Jr., is a young man just starting in business. THURSDAY, 8th.—Close Cuts go to Glenwood and beat the Glenwoods by a score of 15 to 10. Terrible rain and wind storm in the evening. Mr. Frank E. Moores and Miss Woodie McCormick go to St. Paul. Geo. Bock falls in a well and drowns. SATURDAY, 10th.—Beecher lectures in Council Bluffs. C. E. Squires, C. T. Taylor, Doc. A. M. Nason, H. Hickman and others, over. Judge Thurston and Buffalo Bill try their skill at glass balls with a rifle; Thurston 81, Bill 79. MONDAY, 12th.—Little George Bemis, the five year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. P. Bemis, died. M. H. Gobie goes west on a short trip. Hugh McCaffrey leaves for the Hills. Milton Rodgers, accompanied by Mrs. Rodgers, Miss Alice and Master Charles, return from Colorado. TUESDAY, 13th.—Special meeting of city council, who have a "big talk" on the Meany-O'Brien contract. Messrs. Will Clark, A. McKenzie, A. J. Simpson, S. B. Reed, T. W. Reed and W. O. Saunders, of the "Imperial Club," go out to Elkhorn to spend a week hunting. Miss Belle Kimball, Miss Lucia Rodgers and Mrs. T. L. Kimball, accompanied by a party of friends, go to Colorado on an excursion. WEDNESDAY, 14th.—Hon. Chas. Brown and Mr. J. J. Brown go to New York State to visit their old home in Rensselaer county. G. S. Witters, of Schuyler Democrat, in town. The Greenback delegation, consisting of John Hollenbeck, H. A. Gray, Pat McCardle, Harrison Johnson, William Dev, William Lacey, C. E. McDaniels, J. F. L. D. Hertzman, Dan Burr, A. J. Simpson, Mr. Deyo, Thomas Ritchie, Ed. Smith, Dr. Conkling, James W. Davis, L. V. Morse, Henry Kruse, Allan Root, Chas. Goodrich, John Little, Wm. H. Jones and Geo. W. Brewster go to Lincoln after the Convention. Jake to Lincoln after the Convention. Jake to Lincoln after the Convention. Jake to Lincoln after the Convention.

Lincoln... J. L. Webster returns from the west... Henry Voss swam the Missouri, and won \$100... MONDAY, 26th—Jno. Brandt improving his place at Turner Hall... W. J. Cuddy takes charge of the city editorial dept of the Republican, and Mr. Blackburn takes the field... Ed. Demarest very low with fever... Geo. M. Myers, of U. P. Telegraph office, recovering from long illness... TUESDAY, 27th—W. F. Sweesey returns from the east. He will locate in Chicago and engage in business... D. C. Sutphen and J. H. Stein in bankruptcy... Citizens meet in Academy of Music and organize relief committee for southern yellow fever sufferers... WEDNESDAY, 28th—Frank Castetter, of Blair, in town, and favored us with a call... No. 2 Engine Co. appropriates \$15 for yellow fever sufferers... Thos. L. Kimball and wife go to Colorado... Phil Lang, the boot and shoe man, arrived at Lincoln... Ed. Demarest died of Typhoid fever... THURSDAY, 29th—Miss Parthena Jefferis, of Council Bluffs visiting Mrs. Weidensall... Postmaster General Key and party visit Omaha, and are tendered the "freedom of the city."

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LITTLE ONES IN THE NEST.

BY T. M.

Gather them close to your loving hearts— Cradle them on your breast; They will soon enough leave your brooding care—

Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair— Little ones in the nest. Fret not that the children's hearts are gay, That the restless feet will run;

There may come a time, in the by-and-by, When you'll sit in your lonely room and sigh, For a sound of childish fun.

When you'll long for the repetition sweet, That sounded throughout each room, Of "mother," "mother," (the dear love calls), That will echo long in the silent halls, And add to their stately gloom.

There may come a time when you'll long to hear The eager boyish tread; The tuneless whistle, the clear shrill shout, The busy bustling in and out, And the pattering overhead.

Then gather them close to your loving heart, Cradle them on your breast; They will soon enough leave your brooding care— Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair— Little ones in the nest.

The conundrum about the pins is well enough, but who breaks all the needles? A single factory in Redditch, England, turns out between 6,000,000 and 7,000,000 of them each week, or about 350,000,000 a year, which is equal to one-third of the population of the globe. With all the factories in the world going, who breaks these billions of needles?—Bloomington Eye.

The flirting young men of Omaha have met in convention to devise means or rules to offset the modes adopted by the ladies in signaling their affections and wishes. After mature deliberation, the following regulations have been promulgated, and every delegate is pledged to maintain them, at whatever cost, race, or previous condition. They are as follows: To wear the hat on the right eyebrow means, "Please step to one side—I'm bad"

To wear the hat on the left eyebrow, "Are you there, Moriarity?" To wear the hat on the bridge of the nose, "We are watched—by the police." To wear the hat on the right ear, "You will find my photograph on sale with all the principal news-dealers."

To wear the hat on the left ear, "I love you, but livery teams and ice cream are up so that it will be impossible for me to carry on the acquaintance." To carry the hat in the hand, "Your father's financial condition is such that it will not justify me; you need not hope." To place the hat on the back of the head, "I am yours; ask mother."

—State Journal.

BURN OLD LETTERS.

For many reasons it is better to burn old letters of affection than to hoard them in this most uncertain world. Burn, if you would not have the deepest secret of your soul made the sport of attorneys. Burn, if you would not have your friends pained by even an accidental disclosure of kindness. Burn, if you would have your costliest secrets continue undivulged. Burn, for your own sake and the sake of others. Give trembling hopes and gentle assurance the first faltering promise, the last welcome asseveration, the golden and silvery sentences, the record of dreams and doubts, the lines traced when all was benighted—give the sweet and the bitter-sweet, earnestness and playfulness, deep appeal and trivial jest—all to the friendly fire.—The Eye.

EDWARD VI.—A BOY'S COMPOSITION. Henry VIII died one day with great success. He left three children, who did not care to go with him. Their names were Mary, Elizabeth and Edward. The last was the 'Ed of the family. He was a boy. His sisters were not. There father also left a will. His will was stronger than all his children. By will Earl Hetford was to boss the estate while Edward was young. Hetford loved the glass so much he became a tumbler and was called the Earl of Summerset. He wanted the King to take the Queen—of Scotland—but the trick was lost because the Scotch refused to assist. The Duke was called the Protector because he protected his own family and put everybody else away in a tower. The border men of England and Scotland were those who boarded on the frontier and bored each other almost to death; so they had a fight about Edward marrying their Queen. The English attacked them by water, which they could not stand. History says

that the Scotch loss was 10,000 and the English 200. History lies, probably. The government told the people what to believe. If they did as they were told they must pay taxes to support their belief. If they didn't do so they were roasted. Things were red hot. Somebody told stories about the Protector, and so he was taken to the tower and had his head chopped off. It was not much of a head, but he hated to part with it. Then there was a rising of the common people, but they did not know what for. Most of them got raised onto trees with ropes around their necks. Some very fat men were burned, thus making light of their complaints.—Etc.

WHERE THE PEOPLE LIVE.

Only a small portion of them live in America. According to the latest figures, the entire population of the whole American continent is but a trifle over eighty-five and a half millions while the Russian Empire alone contains eighty-six and a half millions. The population of Africa is nearly two hundred millions; of Europe, over three hundred and nine millions; while Asia, the cradle of the human race, has the enormous number of 824,548,500 inhabitants. The entire population of the globe is 1,423,816,800. It is estimated that two thousand human beings die every hour. At that rate it would take a century to depopulate the whole earth. But it is estimated about twenty-three hundred human beings are born every hour, which makes up the loss, and gives a net gain of over two and a half millions a year.—Mechanic.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—When a young man attains the age of twenty-six years, and still calls his father and mother "pa and ma," it is about time some good, honest, manly man married him and took him away from his parents.

—He was in from the country, and he came down town for the first time. As he looked at the telegraph wires he said: "Why do you make your wire fences so high?"—New York News.

—The serenaders have a song with which to wind up their performance. It is called "Good Night." It is always enthusiastically received by the poor wretches in the house.—C.-S. Small Talk.

—A man may make ten dollars in a business transaction without going crazy with joy, but this can't be said of him when he manages to dodge a horse-car conductor and secures a ride gratis.—Wild Oats.

—An air tight trunk is the latest novelty. The key-hole is hung on a strap fastened to the handle.

—It is hard to mend-a-city when mendacity is the rule of municipal government.—New York News.

—Dr. Mary Walker always looks foolish when she lights a match on her pantaloons. Especially if she is excited and breaks the match.

—"Whom the gods love die young," but Jeff Davis will probably live twenty or thirty years after the present generation has passed away.

PERPETUAL MOTION.

[From the Round Table.]

We believe it is the custom of all Philosophers, Scientists, Chemists, Astronomers and wise men generally to sneer at the attempt to invent perpetual motion, as an infallible evidence of incipient insanity. The man who would dream of producing perpetual motion is called a fool. Look for a moment at the conditions. We are the inhabitants of a planet which is in perpetual motion. This planet is enveloped in an atmosphere, and washed by oceans that are in perpetual motion. Around it roll currents of electricity that never rest. The whole globe is vibrating, quivering, with life, with change, with motion. And yet the wise men say the one inconceivable absurdity is perpetual motion. If the wind should blow perpetually in one place, a wind-mill would be in perpetual motion. But the currents of electricity do run perpetually. Why may not this subtle agent furnish perpetual motion? Many who consider themselves the greatest believers in science are really scientific skeptics, that is, they are slowest to believe in the possibilities of invention. Dr Lardner proved conclusively that steam vessels could never cross the Atlantic, just before the first steamship did cross right in the face of his scientific demonstration. It has been scientifically demonstrated, no doubt, that perpetual motion is impossible, and will continue to be until some fool or dreamer produces the machine. It is impossi-

ble because you cannot overcome inertia, they say. Inertia of the brain is just as likely to be the obstacle, as physical inertia.

It may be objected that a machine driven by electric currents would not be perpetual motion—in the sense meant by the wise men when they pronounce it an impossibility and an absurdity. It is defined as a "machine which when set in motion would continue to move without the aid of external force and without loss of momentum." That definition is a greater absurdity than perpetual motion. For no man ever attempted to construct a machine to run without the aid of "external force." The same scientists pronounce gravitation a force, and an "external force" and if a machine had been constructed to run by the force of gravitation with success, it would nevertheless have constantly received the aid of "external force." Electricity is no more an "external force" than gravitation. Now let some absurd fellow like Edison the inventor of the Phonograph, come forward with perpetual motion run by electricity. And let scientific gentlemen cease standing in the way of progress with their talk about "demonstrated absurdities." The Telephone is a very absurd thing—one of the most absurd ever thought of. The Phonograph is also extremely ridiculous, startlingly absurd. Nevertheless it talks, they do say. No matter then how absurd perpetual motion may be, if some one will accomplish it, he shall have his reward.

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