

The High School.

PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE OMAHA HIGH SCHOOL.

Legendo, Cogitando, atque Scribendo vere docti fiamus.

Vol. I.

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No. 6.

POETRY.

UTSAYANTHIA'S LEGEND.

[From the Yale Literary Magazine.]

I.

A JEWEL set around with emerald hills
Lake Utsayantia lies, where gathers first
The Delaware from sparkling mountain rills,
Not yet into that flood majestic burst
Which sweeps the Jersey shore and ocean bills.

Here came, one autumn day as down the west
The sun was gliding fast, an Indian band;
And having made their wigwam camp, to rest
They early sought a save one, who sternly grand
Beside the camp-fire walked and smote his breast.

II.

A quenchless passion like a tempest swept
The chieftain's soul. His fairest daughter long
Had loved a passing love and had never kept
Her eye, until one day its fatal song
An arrow sung and in Death's arms he slept.

The warrior saw her pale-faced child, and felt
His spli it burn within. He long had fought
His people's foe; and scarce he, when she knelt
And plead, her wondrous loveliness had brought
His hand to spare the blow it loveliness dealt.

III.

The camp-fire died away, and dying lent
The chieftain's grief a calm; two trusty braves
He sought, and pointing toward the west
One look, and pointing toward the moon-lit waves
And toward the maiden's door he spoke and went.

Fair Utsayantia heard, and when they took
The infant, from her arms she shed no tear;
She was a red man's child. But one wild look
She cast upon the babe, that so severe
Fell on the braves that it their purpose shook.

IV.

And when their steps grew faint, with stealthy tread
And like some moving shadow, she followed them
She followed them until their pathway led
To where the ripples broke; then trembling sought
The water's edge, and waited vain with dread.

She saw a white canoe glide from the shore;
She saw it pause half-way across the lake;
She saw a hand arise her infant's head
The wave; she heard a larger ripple break;
She marked the spot, nor elsewhere look she more.

V.

And when their dying footsteps gave no sound,
She sought the white canoe; it glided out
Half-way across the lake; she drew around
Her close her robe, then breathing this prayer devout:
"Great Manitou, the Blessed Hunting Ground

I seek; the way is long, and monsters frown;
Send me from out the Spirit-land a guide."
She plunged beneath the wave, and sunk to drown;
The waters closed above; the pine-trees sighed;
The pale moon looked in silent pity down.

THE COMET.

BY GEORGE LUNT.

Yon car of fire, though veiled by day,
Along that field of gleaming blue,
When twilight folded earth in gray,
A world-wide wonder flew.

Duly in turn each orb of light
From out the darkening concave broke;
Eve's glowing herald swam in light,
And every star awoke.

The Lyre re-strung its burning chords,
Streamed from the Cross its earliest ray—
Then rose Altair, more sweet than words
On music's soul could say.

They, from old time in course the same,
Familiar set, familiar rise;
But what though art, wild, lovely flame,
Across the startled skies?

Mysterious yet, as when it burst
Through the vast void of nature hurled,
And shook their shrieking hearts, at first,
The fathers of the world.

No curious sage the scroll unseals—
Vain quest to hush its secret given
Its orbit ages, while it wheels,
The miracle of heaven.

In nature's plan, thy sphere unknown,
Save that no sphere His order mars,
Whose law could guide thy path alone
In realms beyond the stars.

God's minister! We know no more
Of thee, thy frame, thy mission still,
Than he who watched the flight of yore
On the Chaldean hill.

Yet thou, transcendent from thy blaze
Beams light to pierce this mortal clod;
Scarcely a fool on the cold gaze,
And say—There is no God!

CORRESPONDENCE.

Editors Omaha "HIGH SCHOOL,"

"All ashore if you're going ashore," was the warning that rang over the steamer providence at Fall River, and any who were not booked for a sail on the salt-water were ordered "aft to the gangway," while bells rang for the moving off.

Passengers in a land like ours will always be motley mixtures, and idiosyncrasies may be seen nowhere so clearly as on boats bound for the Empire City. Some, greatly appreciating elegant parlors, secured easy chairs, others with sad forebodings of future indisposition preferred taking advantage of sofas, while many to whom the land and the water were new and strange showed their unwillingness to lose a moment of sight-seeing by preparing for permanent locations on the deck and outer cabins. This was rare enjoyment, and even when daylight began to give place to darkness, the billows were still beautiful, and the gas-light, hands were waved at the light-house of Ida Lewis and the wee wee wee.

Silence everywhere. Narragansett Bay in the back-ground, out on the Atlantic and into Long Island Sound. Some said we were out of sight of land—some asleep, which statement was extremely to accept. But be that as it may, those were rocked awake at an early hour

that which was indeed the charming picture of the voyage, sunrise on the sound.

It was neither night nor day when the first faint touches were seen in the east. The air was fresh as if it too had slept and with healthful success. Everything seemed to be ready for the artist of the hour, and the brush touched the horizon with a skill which baffled all human endeavors. The handiwork of Nature it was a masterpiece of art. Why do we not always become wrapt in admiration at the wonderful combination of color and clouds? Almost every day the picture is painted, either as a matin or a vesper scene, and yet are there not many of us who scarcely give it a passing glance? If the sun rose but once a year, what a festival day would it be! People would climb to their house-tops, cupolas would be crowded, artists would come together by the thousands, and for once in all the annual swinging round of the circle everybody would be "early to rise."

A few hours brought us to the great harbor of our metropolis, and where was there room among all that array of shipping and sail-boats for our pet steamer Providence? Somebody found a path, for in the face of French and English flags we anchored boldly at one of the most prominent of the handsome piers.

Immediately the point of interest for us was Central Park, the paradise of New York and a blessing to all ages and conditions. Other sights came in order upon the programme, and finally the ferry to Brooklyn, thence to Greenwood. A garden in memory of many loved ones, an elysium for the dead! Indeed we wondered which would bring us more of contentment, to live in Central Park or to die in Greenwood Cemetery. However in view of western interests it seemed practicable to do neither, and we accordingly left on the morning boat for a trip up the American Rhine. (This by the by, would be a delightful journey for a special Geography Class; How would you go by water, &c., &c.?)

For the first twenty-five miles out is charmed with the castles and cozy cottages of New York resorters. Among the finest of these is the residence of James Gordon Bennet Junior. Hills covered with artistic groves slope to the water's edge, concrete walks wind through the green valleys, here and there is a rock jutting out from the bank covered with a profusion of vines or perhaps supporting a rustic arbor, only a tiny house for two and a fit trysting place for some daughter of Araby.

The village of peculiar interest is Tarrytown, and what spot more appropriate for the home of Washington Irving than the picturesque region of the Hudson?

The hills increase in height, the scenery becomes more varied, and the river winds gracefully in and out as we advance, New Yorkers point with pride to the home of Edward Stokes on the right, and strangers shade their eyes to catch but glimpses of West Point on the left. Sailing near a huge rock one has a bird's-eye view of a ponderous hotel poised upon the very top, which though without a sign-board, says to the passers-by far below, "Boarders will have a high time." The Tunnel made by the enterprising West Pointers is of some interest, and the drill room and breast-works are just above.

Between West Point and Albany, the hazy Catskills are the chief charm. Rising into the very clouds their peaks are still touched by the sun, and may they not be typified in that cliff of which Goldsmith has sung:

"Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

At Albany the sail was over, therefore a five hours lesson in patience was learned ere the train appeared which took a host of tired travelers on a moonlight ride through the valley of the Mohawk.

Space would hardly permit the enconium always justly due the Oswego Normal School, at which place it was our privilege to spend several days visiting classes and observing the admirable system of that excellent institution.

Early in the morning somebody said

"Suspension Bridge," and all who were not intending to tarry merely accepted the invitation, "twenty minutes for dinner," and crossed into Canada for the west. Being now two miles from our Mecca, Niagara Falls, we were under the necessity of a transfer which means—pardon us; Omaha papers need no explanation. The depot at Niagara is only a short distance from the desired shore but if one has neglected to provide himself with a two-edged sword, walking will be entirely out of the question. O, for an act of Congress, a sixteenth amendment, an anti-mortum cremation poamit, anything, anything for the abolition of hackmen at the Falls of Niagara!

Perhaps the first sight which renews after the first seige is the American Rapids, only a short distance from Prospect Park the new Suspension bridge leading to the Canada shore where the best view of the cataract may be obtained. Tourists, however, should not be satisfied without a visit to Goat Island which is reached from the American side only. This Island is two miles in circumference, and surrounded on both sides by the boiling rapids. A path to the right leads to Luna Island, so named from the lunar rainbow seen upon moonlight nights, and here the lover of nature pauses long, unwilling to leave a spot of such overwhelming inspiration.

Farther on is the winding "Biddle Stairway," down, down to the very base of the mighty fall. If a rubber suit has been donned above the "cave of the winds" may now be seen by the assistance of a guide, and this guide, by the way, will doubtless be the identical hero of the late well known episode at the "Second Sister" bridge. Ascending the stairs and keeping the shaded road round a gradual curve, the Canadian rapids appear and the volume of water being greater than on the opposite side we find a fiercer flow and a more tumultuous fall.

By far the finest view of these wonderful rapids may be gained by crossing to the islands called the "Three Sisters," all of which are bridged and each of which it seems must be washed away by the awful power of the rushing water.

Round the island and back to the main land. Enter the Park, stand upon Prospect Point, see the rainbow, feel the spray from the wide sheet of water at your left, watch the horse shoe fall as it carries its world of waters into the foam below and say in the language of the Psalmist, "What is man that Thou art mindful of him or the earth that Thou visitest it with glory?"

We may all learn lessons at Niagara and we leave it with a strange spell that even the fatigues of travel and the sight of home faces cannot break.

M. M.

GRANVILLE, IOWA,
June 26, 1874.

PENMANSHIP.

We are not unfrequently asked the question whether it is possible for every person to become a good writer? We answer yes; on conditions First, the student must have a strong desire to learn, then a love for the study and application of the principles of penmanship. The motto must be, invincible determination and constant application. If these are persevered in, the desired results are sure to follow. Without these requisites, nothing of importance can be achieved. What so many lack, is tenacity of purpose; or determination. They seem to think, these things must necessarily follow, without any effort on their part, from the fact of having put themselves under an instructor, — expecting too much from the teacher who can only illustrate, or dictate—the burden rests with the scholar. Some start with bright prospects, and seeming energy, you will think they are surely going to conquer; but finding more of a task before them than they had anticipated, begin to falter, and finally give up in despair. Their perseverance is not equivalent to their eagerness, or perhaps are deficient in fortitude one of the essential qualifications of the successful business man.

And so it is with the battles of life; we must fight them boldly, manfully and determinedly or we will sink into oblivion. The principles of Penmanship are few and simple. Any person with ordinary intelligence can comprehend the theory of Penmanship in thirty lessons, while it will require ten times as long to put the theory into practice successfully; For instance; we may know how a letter should be formed, can criticise the work of others; yet we may not be able to execute it ourselves.

Perfection must be acquired by constant drill and study. The old adage is a true one as regards penmanship. "Practice makes perfect". There are forms of drill calculated to develop movement which is the basis of the art of writing. No one can become a skillful penman without movement, and it can not be obtained correctly except under the eye of a faithful and competent teacher, who is ever ready to point out and correct the many errors the student is liable to fall into. When persons have been writing a long time and a great deal, it is a hard matter to break up (perhaps) an awkward position and probably will so affect the hand that they will not be able to write neither one way nor the other for a time. But this is no cause for discouragement as it is one step in the right direction. It can be compared to a piece of land overgrown with rank weeds. In order to sow seed to ensure a good crop we first clear off the rubbish ready for the plow. Here is where so many fail. They have the use of copy-books prepared and engraved for their purpose, learn to imitate with a certain degree of accuracy, but are allowed to execute as best they can; having already an awkward position and cramped fingers they are rendered worse by practice, the same as a correct position and movement are augmented. Drilling on movement is very uninteresting and tiresome and requires considerable patience and attention. You are apt to think it is useless, and time thrown away, and at times perhaps feel vexed at your teacher for not giving you a copy for imitation. To drill properly you are required to get your body, arms, hands and fingers in certain position, better calculated to promote freedom of action and beauty of style, so essential to beautiful and rapid penmanship. After having written in the old way so long, it appears so awkward in the new, that it will seem impossible to ever acquire freedom and ease in the latter. But if through it all the determination is invincible, and you say, "I will master it," then will we say it is possible for you to become a penman.

In writing after a copy the student is too apt to depend on imitation alone and when the copy is not before them, as is the case when called upon to put their penmanship in to practice, they are at loss for form. We have turned out some very fine penmen, both plain and Ornamental and have found out that the best way to teach penmanship is at the blackboard: where the letters and corresponding principles are explained and an alyzed, showing the proportion of each, which is instilled in the mind of the learner, with such effect that they require no copy, but make the letters from the knowledge of them, the same as a mechanic constructs whatever is suitable to his trade. Some may think they will endeavor to learn these things without the expense and time of going to school; but they never do it. They may be diligent for a time, then something else attracts their attention, and so it goes from one thing to another. In the end they have the satisfaction of knowing they have accomplished nothing. In conclusion we say, first find a good teacher, one you think understands his or her business, then surrender yourself up wholly and do just as you are told with good will and you will be surprised at the results. G. R. R.

—We understand that Master Clemmie Chase, publisher of the Omaha Excelsior, clears about \$300 a year out of his little journal. What we admire about Clemmie is that his energy and enthusiasm do not desert him after the first few months as is the case with about one-half of the amateur editors in the country.

—The Yale Literary Magazine for June has a well written article from the pen of J. H. M.

—To multiply any number composed of two figures by 11, Write the sum of the figures between them.

—To square any number ending in 5; Omit the 5 and multiply the number as it will then stand by the next highest number and annex 25th the product. Try it.

—If, at some future day we should ever see the name of a Nebraska boy, figuring in connection with a public land steal, a fraudulent mail contract, or a back salary grab, we must not, according to the Editor of the Herald, blame the boy, but lay it to the bad example of his ancestors.

—ANOTHER NEW SCHOOLHOUSE.—A new schoolhouse is now being built in District No. 2, North of the city, and lying between Shinn's addition and the Driving Park. The building will be of brick with a stone foundation, and is being erected to meet the wants of the steadily increasing population in that locality. We are proud to record the fact.

—Lengthy philosophic articles, scientific discussions on abstract subjects, and the like, will seldom appear in this column; or if at all, only when some precocious youth in the High School thinks that he is carrying around too much knowledge in his head, and takes occasion to relieve himself of a portion for the benefit of—himself only. We believe that it is outside of the province of the average amateur journal to attempt the discussion of such subjects.

The idea is so prevalent however, among many amateur editors, that their success depends on something of the kind; we find it is not uncommon to pick up a twelve-by-fourteen paper, edited by a sixteen year old, and see half its space occupied by a dry editorial on some subject that would require the knowledge and ability of a Yale Graduate to properly handle.

We would much prefer to see an occasional item concerning educational matters in the district where the paper is published.

OUR NEW FORM.—Our patrons will notice that in changing the form of our paper we have lengthened the columns several inches, giving more space to the same advertisements, while the rates remain the same; an advantage which will be readily appreciated by our advertisers. Four more columns have also been added to the paper which, with the additions to the length, make up about one-half the space eliminated, and the only thing that will be missed, is a page of miscellaneous items, and the same amount of book-notices and exchange acknowledgments, both of which were regarded as uninteresting and unnecessary. The same amount of original matter, correspondence, local news, &c., will be presented, and to this end we invite short articles on local topics, original poems, essays and the like.

THE BOYS' RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved, That we put our best feet foremost in this great cause, and fling to the roaring hurricane our banner, inscribed "Free Vacations and Boys' Rights."

Second—We will go in swimming whenever we darn please, and won't come any extra shauanigan about getting our hair dry to sell the folks at home, and that we will have shirts to wear so that the big fellows won't laugh at us when we are undressing and making our toilets by the sad river waves.

Third—We are willing to do the square thing by our parents, but ain't cut out for tending to babies, and we won't do any manual or girlual labor about home that does not properly come within boys' sphere, and not that it interferes with the ffours of play, which health demands that boys should have, viz: Between 7 in the a. m. and 9 in the p. m., with necessary intermission for meals.

Fourth—And be it enacted that straps and taws cowhides, nor yet slippers will have any effect in this rebellion. If they try that game, it will be good-bye, John, for errands, and we shall ever pray. That's the kind of hair-pins that we are.

CHOICE SELECTIONS.

A MARVELLOUS ESCAPE.

About ten years ago, I was employed as night-watchman in a sugar-refinery in Greenock, a town where there are probably more sugar-refineries than in any other in Britain. That in which I was engaged was the largest in the place, and on account of its size there was another watchman besides myself. His name was Blackwood; he was a widower; and his only son, a boy of about twelve, used often to come and sleep in the little room where we kept watch. There was a large Newfoundland dog that was let loose at night, and used to walk all over the refinery, and was worth half-a-dozen watchmen. Our principle duties, of course, were to guard against thieves and fire. We went there at eight o'clock at night, and staid until six in the morning, at which hour the men came to their work. The little room where we sat was made especially for the watchmen. There was a fireplace in it, though there was never any need of fire, for the sugar house was always so hot that any additional heat was unnecessary. Except two hard wooden benches and a shelf in the wall for a lamp, the room had no furniture. There was no inducement for the watchers to go to sleep there. Blackwood's boy, when he came for the night, used to lie on some sacks and his fathers great-coat, in a corner. Blackwood and I took in some cheap periodicals, and we used to read out these, or a newspaper, in turn, till two or three o'clock, and then we dozed, till it was time for us to go. All our sleep had to be taken during the day.

There were cheap trips on the Clyde in those days, as there are still, on Saturdays. Blackwood had promised to take his son a sail, and asked me one day, if I would accompany them. I did so; and we went to Loch Lomond, and spent a very pleasant day, and returned just in time to go to the sugar-house. It was hot weather at the time, and having done without our usual sleep, we felt very tired. The heat of the sugar-house was not calculated to refresh us, and we could hardly keep our eyes open. We tried reading as usual, but it was useless. Before ten o'clock, Blackwood had fallen sound asleep. I determined to keep awake, and intended, after a couple of hours or so, to rouse my companion, and take a sleep myself, for I felt it would be impossible to keep watch all night. I must however have fallen asleep unconsciously, and have remained so for several hours. I dreamt that I was in the cabin of the steamer in which I had been that day, and that it was full of smoke, and that I was being suffocated, and could not get out. I awoke as if I were struggling for life, and found the room filled with stifling vapor, and felt an intense heat, and I heard without the crackling of flames. The sugar-house was on fire.

Blackwood was still asleep, and I knocked him up, and opened the door of the room. A cargo of raw sugar and molasses had just been taken in, and this was piled up on either side of the vaulted passage that led from the main door of the refinery. This mass was on fire, and was sending out dense volumes of smoke; on the other side of us were wooden stairs, which led to various parts of the building, and these were also in flames. The refinery had evidently been on fire for a long time, and we could hear the shouts of the people from without. We were surrounded by the flames, and the heat was so great, that it was certain we should not survive long. Blackwood and I looked at each other in dismay. His boy appeared to be calmer than either of us, and suddenly cried out: "Father, the beer-cellar!"

The men who worked in the refinery, on account of the great heat to which they were subjected, had a daily allowance of beer, which was kept in a stone cellar twelve or fourteen feet under ground. It was to this place the boy referred. The top of the stone stair which led to it was surrounded by fire, but we at once rushed to it and descended the steps. In passing the flames at the top of the stair, my face was scorched, and my hair singed. The door of the cellar was locked, but with the strength of desperation, we dashed ourselves against it, and burst it open. How cool it felt after the fearful heat of the furnace we had just left! But how long would it remain so, was the question that Blackwood and I considered in a few hurried words. We had hardly closed the door when we heard the frightful crash of the falling of the roof of the refinery, and pieces of burnt wood came hissing and crackling down the stair. We rolled two barrels behind the door, which we did not fear would catch fire, as it was covered with iron, and then we waited, while it began to grow hotter. It was quite dark there, although we were so close to the bright flames. I could hear Blackwood praying, as he knelt on the floor of the cellar. He was a good man, I believe, and well prepared for the death that met him that night. I soon felt the choking stench of burnt sugar, and on putting my hand to the floor, I was burnt severely. The melted sugar and scalded molasses were flowing down the stair, and filling the place where we were. The floor sloped considerably, and I retreated to the end farthest from the door. The heat was growing intense, and the vapor was stifling. I became unconscious, and how long I remained so I cannot tell. When I recovered my senses, the heat had not gone, and there

was about six inches of water in the place where I was lying. This had come from the fire-engines, and was lukewarm. I could not feel this with my hands, as they and my face were fearfully scorched, but I dip so with my tongue. I had called on Blackwood, but there was no answer; and by wriggling over with great pain for a few yards, I found both he and his son lying dead. The scalding sugar had reached the place where they were, and had apparently stopped there. I could feel the hardened cake under the water. I conjectured that they, like myself, had become unconscious, and had been burnt to death by the boiling sugar. In the agony I was enduring, I envied them. Death had no alarms for me then.

The time during which I remained in this place seemed like weeks. I had no hope of escape, as I knew that above, there must be an immense mass, formed by the parts of the building which had fallen. I had not strength even to reach the door. At last when my pain had decreased a little, I fell asleep, or fainting, I cannot tell which; but when I awoke I felt somewhat relieved, and a longing for life. I also for the first time felt hungry. I managed to get some beer, which revived me considerably. I tried to open the door, but was unable. The silence which pervaded the place, and the consciousness of the presence of the two dead bodies, had their effect on my weak state, and I knew I was becoming delirious. I remember I laughed hysterically, and began to shout. When I stopped, I heard a faint sound far above me; this made me wild. There was a hammer which my hand had accidentally come against, and I took it, and began beating an empty barrel in frenzy. Then I heard a shout from above, but I was mad now; and I remember, as if it were yesterday, that I attempted to strike my head with the hammer, and then I lost all recollection. When I regained my consciousness, I found I was in the infirmary. They told me, that when the men were clearing away the rubbish, they heard a sound, and remembering the cellar, had dug down to it. They thought at first that we were all dead, and it was not till a medical man had seen the bodies, that it was discovered that there was still some life left in me.

I lay there for months, and was never expected to recover. A young and strong constitution, however, served me in good stead; and I was at last able to fill a very good situation, which the owners of the refinery kindly procured for me in England. Ten years have passed since then, and I am very glad to say very few effects have remained of that terrible experience.

HINDOO WORSHIP OF TOOLS.

At the festival of Sauri, wife of Seeva, and of the three principal Hindoo deities, which is celebrated for several days in September, and is one of the most solemn of the Hindoo festivals, every artisan, every laborer and handicraftsman offer sacrifices and supplications to the tools and implements which they use in the exercise of their various professions. The laborer brings his plow, hoe and other instruments, piles them together, and offers to them a sacrifice consisting of incense, flowers, fruit, rice and other similar articles; after which he prostrates himself before them at full length. The mason offers the same worship and sacrifice to his trowel, his rule and other instruments. The barber, too, collects his razors in a heap and adores them with similar rites. And the shop-keepers daily personify the stool on which they sit: "Oh, great stool, send me to-day many customers with full purses and empty heads." The tools are then considered as deities to whom they present their supplications that they will continue favorable and furnish them with the means of living; and to such a depth does this base idolatry descend that farmers in certain districts offer a sacrifice to the dung-hill which is afterward to enrich their lands.

It is well known that in high altitudes owing to the rarified air, objects are visible at a greater distance; and from the city of Denver, the Rocky Mountains, although some sixteen miles distant, seem but a very short way on. An English gentleman, a tourist, came in on the Kansas Pacific train one morning, stopped at the Inter-Ocean Hotel in Denver, and soon made the acquaintance of two of the "old citizens." The Englishman was captivated with the appearance of the mountains, and suggested to the two "old citizens" that, as the mountain range was such a very short distance from the city, they should all take a walk to it, and return in time for dinner. The two "old citizens" saw a chance for some fun, and immediately consented. The trio started west, and walked toward the mountains for about two hours and a half, but the mountains seemed as far away as ever. The Englishman was a good walker, and kept a little in advance of his friends. Finally they saw him deliberately sit down, as he came to a small irrigating ditch, perhaps two feet wide, and begin taking off his boots and stockings. When they came up to where he was sitting they asked him, in great surprise, what he was doing that for. The Englishman said he was going to wade the stream. Both the "old citizens," looking at him in astonishment, asked him why he didn't step across it. "Step across it," replied the Britisher—"Step across it! Not I! What do I know about distances in your confounded country?"

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And if you wish a crown to adorn your noble brow,
GO TO BUNCE, THE HATTER, he can do it now.
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And beats them all in fitting hats upon the human head.
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