

The High School.

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

Legendo, Cogitando, atque Scribendo vere docti fitemus.

VOL. I.

OMAHA, NEBRASKA, NOVEMBER, 1874.

No. 9

POETRY.

POND-LILIES.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

In early morning, when the air
Is full of tender prophecy,
And rose-hue faint and pearl-mist fair
Are hints of splendor yet to be

The lilies open. Gleaming white,
Their fluted cups like onyx shine,
And golden-hearted in the light,
They hold the summer's rarest wine.

Ah, love, what mornings thou and I
Once idly drifted through, afloat
Among the lilies, with the sky
Cloud curtained o'er our tiny boat!

Noon climbed apace with ardent feet:
The goblets shut whose honey-dew
Was overbrimmed with subtle sweet,
While yet the silver dawn was new.

The pomp of royal crowning lay
On daisied field and dimpling dell,
And on the blue hills, far away,
In dazzling waves the glory fell.

And flashing to our measured stroke,
The waters seemed a path of gems,
Beneath whose clear reflection broke
A grove with mirrored fronds and stems.

In music, on the sparkling shore,
The plashing ripples fell asleep;
We laid aside the dripping oar,
For one delight we could not keep.

In all the splendor, farther on,
We missed the morning's maiden blush;
The soft exultancy was gone,
The brooding haze, the trembling flush.

—Harper's Magazine for October.

THE WOODS IN AUTUMN.

I love Autumn—to me its days are not the saddest, but the rarest of the year. Lowell has asked, "What is so rare as a day in June?" we unhesitatingly answer, a day in October. The bursting buds and balmy breezes of spring move us instinctively to love nature, and in loving nature we worship God. That season is the favorite of almost every one, but to me the vermilion tinted forests and musically moaning winds of autumn have far more potent charms. Oh, the grandeur and glory of those autumn woods. Who does not feel, when standing amid the solemn stillness of the forest, beneath the shadows of those giant monuments of ages past, that they are "nearer to God?" The most convincing sermon you could preach to an atheist would be to bring him for a stroll in the autumn woods. "And why in the autumn?" you may ask, "does not the woods at any other season teach as powerful a lesson of the Infinite One?" They do not, but I cannot tell you why; only that there is something about them in that season that is not there at any other time. The woods in spring have too much of opening life and mirth in them to turn our thoughts upward; they rather tend to make us think more of earth and its beauties than of its creator. Then, as for the woods in summer they are an entire death blow to thought. They seem, in the fullness of their beauty, to throw over you a mystical languor that leaves you unable to think, and you soon begin to imitate the nodding poplar leaves above your head. The murmur of the leaves grow fainter and fainter, and you sink into that delicious dreamless sleep that can be enjoyed no where else half so well. You all know what an unfavorable place for meditations is the woods in winter, certainly we would feel more inclined to think of ourselves than of anything else, if seated on a snow-bank, with the leafless branches rattling above our heads. But the woods in autumn—surely, if there was ever a place where we seem to be under the shadow of the throne, it is here. A soft misty haze, like incense, enwraps the whole forest. The birds that through all the spring and summer made it a garden of music, have now almost entirely deserted it; and we only hear, now and then, the monotonous, though not unmusical, "caw, caw" of the crow; and one of the sweetest sounds of autumn life, the whistle of the quail. By and by a daring squirrel peeps at you from some high branch, and chirps his displeasure at your intrusion. Then, as if frightened at his own voice amid the solemn stillness, he flees to his home in the hollow tree-trunk near by, and peeps out occasionally as if to assure himself of your proximity. But it is useless to tell of the mysterious some-

thing prevailing all that seems to speak of God. The tall trees bow down their heads as if in mute acknowledgment of his presence. The birds and squirrels are awed into silence by it; and everything, in and about the woods, says, with an almost audible voice, "Our Father is here as well as in heaven."

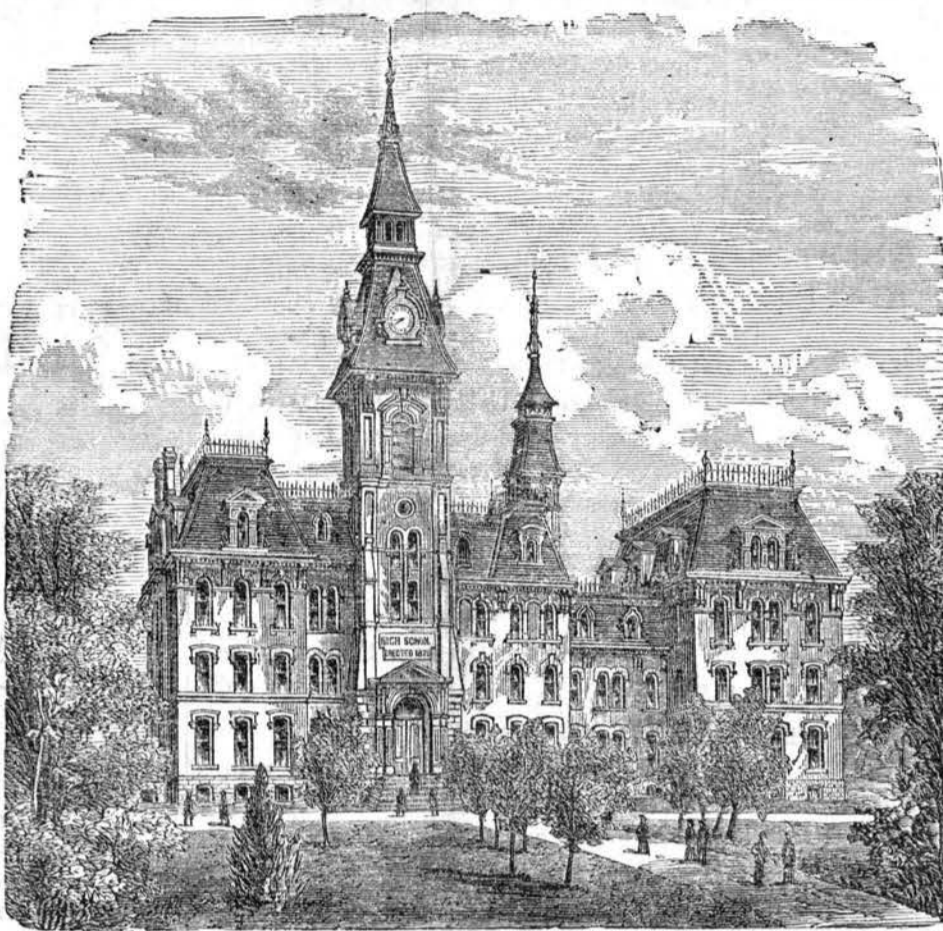
Bryant says, "The groves were God's first temples, and surely grander ones have never been erected. What old cathedral, with its mosaic floors, can equal the moss-grown, leaf-strewn aisles of the grand old woods? What sculptor's chisel can delve out statues that will remind us more forcibly of the enduring greatness of God than these giant oaks, whose

branches have waved in the sunlight of centuries, and over whose heads the storms of centuries have clashed in vain? And what waxen tapers, in their golden sconces, can equal the stars—those tapers lit by angels for the vespers of the woods? And what incense can equal that forever rising from the forest depths? Perhaps you miss the organ's deep-toned voice; but is it not amply atoned for by the sighing autumn winds? Grander melodies are played by them among the tree tops than mortal fingers ever drew from pipes and keys. What dim old abbey's vaulted roof can equal the blue impenetrable dome that covers this temple, whose pillars are the everlasting hills? And what sermon could lead to more serious meditation than that spoken by nature in the falling of the leaves? Do they not seem to say to us, "Oh, mortal, youth and manhood, like spring and summer, pass quickly away; old age, like autumn, comes swiftly, prepare as we do for winter—which is death?" The mountains are grand, but they awe me with their immensity. The ocean is one of my old dreams; but the woods—the woods, they seem almost a part of my being, and I feel that in death I would sleep amid more continued worship, if in their shade, than if laid with the bones of my kindred in a niche of some old abbey vault.

STACIA CROWLEY.

POETRY.

It is a matter of difficulty to give a definition of poetry, which shall include all that is essential to it, and exclude all that is foreign or incidental to it. It is an old and well-worn definition which makes poetry "An Imitative Art," but this is open to the objection of being at once too comprehensive and too limited. Too comprehensive, since that definition would include also the imitative arts of sculpture and painting; and too limited since it would exclude many departments of poetry in which, as in the lyrical, the art is not properly imitative, but expressive—not copying in any sense the thoughts or actions of others, but conveying to the reader the emotions of the poet himself. Another definition is "Expressing our thoughts by Fiction," which is equally objectionable, because not true. Poetry is not fiction, except in this sense, that in all high poetry a certain transforming and beautifying power of imagination is excited, which in some measure transmutes the forms of things from the natural aspect. Poetry, unlike science, does not seek to instruct. The object of science is to impart instruction—the object of poetry is to impart pleasure. Poetry may incidentally instruct, as science may indirectly give pleasure. The connection between the intellectual and poetical pleasures of man is evident. Poetry, which as I said before does not directly instruct, may with justice be considered one



of the most important assistants of moral education, by its appeals to those affections which are apt to become dormant amid the commerce of life, and the revival of those better feelings, which form the earliest and most unselfish period of our existence. The cares of everyday commercial life certainly have a tendency to sharpen the intellect; but it is only in regard to material wealth and power that we see selfishness reflected on all sides from the glittering surface of society, and it would go hard with man, in any station of life, if some resource were not provided which would rouse and animate his better feelings, by a banishment for a time of the worse. Nothing is so much an object of pride in any country as the national poetry. To be a great orator or statesman is justly the ambition of many a young man. To be a Cicero, a Burke, or a Webster, is certainly worthy of anxious and earnest endeavor; but who would think for a moment of comparing their grandest flights of eloquence with the lofty and undeniably superior sentiments of Shakspeare and Milton, look at it as you will from whatever standpoint, and soaring as high as possible in the region of fancy or the sublimity of prose, you can always look up and see poetry one step higher. Men, taken in the mass, judge rightly even when they act wrongly. Therefore, if poetry were anything but the high and lofty leader which it is, it would long ago have been consigned to a richly merited oblivion. In painting, Titian and other great masters have ministered to the promotion of vice. In sculpture, the pure marble has been converted into a vehicle of impure representation; but the circle of their action is limited. To the great mass of men impressions of this kind are unknown. But Poetry, multiplied indefinitely by printing, finds its way into every quarter of the globe, and penetrates as well into the lowest as the highest classes. It has a sphere of action boundless, and such an influence, through its sympathies with the thoughts and habits of men, that its limits do not admit of any precise determination. It is a remarkable fact in its history that no book essentially immoral has ever attained any permanent popularity. The witty licentiousness of Pucelle is almost forgotten; and although the present generation laud and approve of Byron's works as a whole, the next will, doubtless, consign to oblivion most of his immorality, his contempt for human nature, and his ridicule of generous feeling. Shakspeare, Milton, Tasso and Spencer are names that have descended to us undimmed by the criticism of generations. They wrote at a time when vice was uncurbed, and richly merit a fame which lives after the death of its object, by the devotion of their lives to the purification and elevation of mankind. It will be, and has been, urged by many that there are many objectionable points in the plays of Shakspeare and the poems of Spencer, but it will be seen by a close observance that these are merely accessories to the more

effectual bringing out of a plot which is in the main strictly moral and instructive. It has been said that man is the 'reflecting mirror of nature,' every thing is recreated by him, and through poetry everything is re-animated and receives new life. Memory is the first and most important element of poetry, because by it we retrace upon our minds the images of things that have passed and gone. Imagination comes next, by it we color the outline of memory. The poet must be sensitive, because he is to be impressed by things that have passed away as vividly as though they were actually occurring before him. His judgment must be unequalled, because he must

so arrange in their proper places, relations and harmony, these historical remembrances that they shall wear the perfect aspect of truth. Probably the last and perfecting attribute of a poet is that he have a perfect command of language. He must paint with words that shall stir every mind—the joys, the sorrows and whatever emotion the human being is susceptible of; he must be a musician, for he sings where others simply speak; he must have the warrior's spirit, for he sings of battle scenes and bloodshed; he must have the hero's spirit, for he tells of the achievements of the great; his songs extend over heaven and earth; he draws his metaphors and his simile from the stars, the vessels, the beasts and the birds; he must be simple as a child, yet stern as a judge, for he tells of the joys of childhood and the trials of latter years; he should also be a Christian, for he sings as much of heaven as of earth. The most important part of his mission is to make men aspire to the invisible and superior world. The howling of the wind is to him the voice of God, and the sighing of the trees, and the stars at night, are to him the voices and the eyes of the angels.

Space will not admit of a further analysis of a subject that has never been exhausted. In a fragment of English history, Macaulay thus records the glory of John Milton, "A mightier poet, tried at once by pain, danger and poverty, meditated, undisturbed by the obscene tumult which raged around him, a song so holy and sublime that it would not have misbecome the lips of those ethereal virtues which he saw with that inner eye, which no calamity could darken, flinging down on the jasper pavement their crowns of amaranth and gold."

J. M. R.

AIMS OF LIFE.

We have been taught from time immemorial that to have an aim in life, and to keep that aim steadily before our mind as our guiding star, to mould all circumstances, and to turn all our inclinations so that they may contribute to the accomplishment of our main purpose to array all the best qualities of our mind and heart in unbroken line for the battle with destiny, that we may eventually become the men whom we have pictured in our enthusiastic youth, were on the sure road to success. The successful careers of illustrious men have been time and again held up to our gaze, and we are told that in their youth they had planned, and during life had perseveringly aimed at their final greatness and renown; and then, again, in almost the same breath, we are told and expected to believe with equal faith that we are, after all, the creatures of circumstance. Now, my friends, you would scarcely think it, and yet it is too true that I have on several occasions been tempted to believe, and in fact have yielded to the temptation of believing the latter doctrine to the entire exclusion of the

former, and to accept it as a settled fact that we really are the creatures of circumstance, and that we too long have listened to the siren song of "Aim in order to Succeed;" and that instead of following further after the "Ignis Fatuus" we should pause and grapple with something more solid than impalpable theory, and like Dickens' "Gradgrind," deal with stern facts only. But what will people say if we attack and shiver to atoms those ancient, sacred and traditional rules of life, such as "aim high," and "try, try again;" or if we affect to disbelieve the legends of their idols—the great men—well let us first have our say, and then listen to the old fogies. The story of a man's life, is generally told after he has become great, grown old, and departed this life, and it runs something like this: It was noticed that on the night of his honor's birth a terrible storm prevailed, lurid lightning furnished continuous light to the heavens, awful thunder shook the village to its foundations, and split numerous crags and peaks in the adjacent mountains—the pater-familias was obliged to ride a fiery steed through gorge and glen, something like fifty miles, for a doctor, who arrived too late; and this circumstance was construed into a streak of luck for the boy, which prompts his old family servant, or in her absence the old servant of some neighbouring family, moved by the spirit of prophesy, to make the remark, that the lad would yet be something in this world, a remark, by the way, as capable of two contradictory interpretations as any that ever emanated from the famed oracle of Delphi. As the boy grew and strengthened it was noticed that he was not like other boys, not he, he was sagacious beyond his years, he never played as other boys did, and it was noticed that if he ever forgot himself so far as to take a little enjoyment in the way of skating or base ball, that it did not sit well on his stomach, and that his inards immediately assumed an attitude of revolt. In his evening studies a bright and cheery fire in the sitting-room had no charms for him, so he immured himself in a dingy and lonesome garret, and there studied and studied until he presented a pinched and ghostly appearance, and it was observed that he was obliged to don several overcoats in order to cast a shadow, and above all it was especially noticed that he neither chewed, smoked, swore, lied, nor stole apples from his neighbor's orchard; and, in addition to this, he never, never stooped to attach an oyster-can full of pebbles to any canine's narrative. And thus he reached man's estate, with a head of enormous proportions, and full of knowledge, and immediately everybody began to notice him and gather around him in great crowds, offering assistance, such as partnerships in lucrative professions—in fact they stepped on and fell over each other in their zeal. And you, my young friends, are expected to implicitly believe this story and similar ones, for they will assure you that what the man finally became he had always aimed at. Now, in dissenting from this old faith I do not desire to discourage anyone, in fact what I am about to say in concluding this article will serve to encourage rather than otherwise. And first, I will venture the assertion that few men ever became great by pursuing any such nonsensical course as the one I have described. Certainly, in all ages, to become great, men were obliged to study, but they did not wear themselves out at books, but rather in studying everything in its own time, giving to every study the time to which it is entitled, and not forgetting to give to healthful physical exercise a due share, in order to keep pace with the mind in vigor and elasticity, and the same rule applies in our generation. To my young friends I would say, draw information from every source, make every object around you contribute to increase your wisdom, never assert that anything is so without being able to furnish a conclusive reason why, and thus knowledge will almost imperceptibly glide into your minds. A keen observer generally knows more than he gives himself credit for, while your exclusive "book worms" generally know considerably less. By following this course you are always master of the situation, an able to take advantage of any position that is offered to you in life, and the chances are that you will compass success and greatness where a scholarly saint might fail.

CONSTANTINE.

The High School.

OMAHA, NEB., NOVEMBER, 1874.

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J. F. McCARTNEY, Manager, Omaha, Neb.

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THE SOUL KNOWS NO PRISON.

The most inexplicable thing on earth is man, and the most mysterious part of man is his own soul. Man is so constructed that he enjoys at once a temporal and spiritual being. The former being subject to the forces of habit, the revolutions of customs and the advancement of the ages; the latter remaining unchangeable.

Generations may rise and fall; wealth may tyrannize over poverty; the march of progress proceed to higher attainments; but the soul of the ignorant Egyptian is of as much importance as that which dwells in the body of the educated man of to-day; and it is equally pure and immortal in the being of a rich man and that of the groom who does his bidding. It is that portion of the human being which the application of science can neither move nor the inventions of man restrain. John Bunyan, author of "Pilgrim's Progress" was imprisoned by walls; bound by heavy chains; defied by many locks and surrounded by the darkness of the dungeon. The man was conquered, but his soul soared away to the light beyond. And here it was that he composed and wrote his book, which has converted to the Christian faith so many.

To the outer man, life is but a common enjoyment, but when the finer reasoning faculties of the mind are called into play, how deeply surrounded in mystery does his whole life seem. Everything is provided for his pleasure and good. His brain and hands that he may prosper in this world—his soul that he may be prepared for the next. The bible tells him what is necessary and what he shall do, and the soul is constantly reminding him of this duty.

He may be on the eve of committing some unlawful deed, he may endeavor to stifle the cry of conscience, but the soul pricks into activity the nobler man, and he walks off with an unstained character.

The brain may be confined by ignorance—the eyesight destroyed by disease—the limbs rendered useless by deformity, but the soul is still unimpaired. Deeds on earth may stain the character—may blot the same beyond recognition—but the soul still remains in the purity of immortality.

The man may die—his body decay—his bones crumble in the dust—but his soul still lives and pushes on into eternity.

Compared to the other things in the world man is vastly superior and most mysterious, but he is lost sight of in the shadow of his own soul. Whatever of noble thought or honorable action may be in man comes from his soul's depths, and conscience in its watch-tower in the soul, presides over his movements and passions with supreme if not absolute power.

Like the translations of the bible which, although suppressed by the authorities; ridiculed by the world; and almost choked by the cries of fanatics; persisted in pushing their way to the ears of the universe,

the soul awaits not the drawing of bolts nor turning of keys, but wherever space extends does it dwell to purify man's ownself and indicate right against wrong.

C. R. R.

From the McKendree Repository.

To be considered aristocratic is one of the highest aspirations of Young America. To be clothed in fine linen, to "fare sumptuously every day," to be surrounded by liveried servants and caressed by the devotees of wealth. Such are the desires of many a human heart; it is a sad fact, but alas, a true one. Sad, that the youth of our land, rich in strength and beauty, should long for those riches which are transient and perishable. Sad, that some are willing to sacrifice principle, and even honor, to secure the smiles of Fortune. Sad, that this cold, stern, un pitying Goddess should count at her feet hundreds of willing, yet unhappy slaves.

Why is this? Whence comes this unsatiated appetite? Is it Heaven-sent, or is its home in the region of despair? Is it the will of God that the heart of man should harbor such an evil desire? Does he not proclaim in his Word that "Ye cannot serve God and mammon," and is it not a well known saying that "money is the root of all evil?" Yet mammon sits enthroned in how many hearts! The love of money supersedes the love of Christ, and his holy religion abandoned for the pleasure of the wicked! What a power is money, whether for weal or woe; when rightly used, what a blessing; when not rightly used, what a curse!

It is commendable in any one to obtain riches and use them as a means of doing good; but let not honesty, purity of heart and nobility of soul be sacrificed for anything under the sun: and let the young be content with a slow accumulation of those riches.

This is the one great fault the unwillingness to begin at the beginning; on entering any field of labor, learning any trade, studying for a profession, or starting out in any pursuit of life, let every young man or woman begin at the bottom of the ladder; aim at the top round if you will—keep your eye fixed upon it; but place your foot on the bottom round and ascend slowly, with a hand's firm grasp and a sure footing at every step.

History warns us, the lives of the great and good teach us, and God in his vast book of Nature proclaims that to insure success we must begin at the beginning. If, by so doing, we "heap the golden ore" in after years, may we use it in benefitting humanity, as God's faithful stewards; but if it is squandered for selfish purposes, misery unutterable will go hand in hand with our wealth, and follow us even unto death's door.

OUR EXCHANGES.

—The editor of the *University Press* calls us a "half brother." That is as near as we want to be related to him.

—The October number of the *Index Niagrensis* is at hand. The *Index* is now under a new editorial management.

—The *McKendree Repository* of Lebanon, Ill., comes to us full of interesting and instructive articles on various topics.

—The *College Ohio* for October contains a well written article on the subject "Inflation."

—We highly prize the *Rapid Writer* of Andover, Mass., for its valuable and instructive information on the subject of writing.

—Among our new exchanges are the *Sioux City Weekly Times*, *The Central Collegian*, *Madison County Review*, and *Hamiltonian*.

—The *New Deal* is the laconic title of a paper just started by M. Cummings. We suggest that he hire a cheap boy to write editorial, as it is badly in need of some intelligible original matter.

—The *Hamilton Literary Monthly*, published by the senior class of Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y., appears among our exchanges for the first time. The *Monthly* is one of the first class.

—A. S. Barnes & Co. have issued a prospectus for a new school journal, to be called the *National Teachers' Monthly*. Jeremiah Mahony, late of the *Chicago Teacher*, will be the editor. Subscription, 75 cents per year.

—The following exchanges have not appeared lately. We hope none of them have gone up to heaven:—*Lyceum*, Brownville, Neb.; *Guardian*, Columbia, Tenn.; *Brownonian*; *Tripod*, Evanston, Ill.; *Parhelion*, Westfield, N. Y.; *Seminary Budget*, San Francisco; *Garguni*, Brunswick, N. Y.

—The following exchanges are acknowledged: American Journal of Education, Golden Rule, Fremont Tribune, Pleasant Hill News, Woman's Journal, The Register, Bates' Student, National Normal, Common School, R. I. Schoolmaster, National Teacher, Nemaha Valley Journal, College Courant, Nebraska Farmer, St. Joe Standard, College Journal, The Berkleyan, Ewing Review, Cornell Era, Educationalist, Michigan Teacher, Index Niagrensis, Annalist, Temperance Blessing, Maine Jour. Education, Whitney's Musical Guest, Young Folks, with chromo, Michigan Amateur, University Press, Hesperian Student, Amateur Banner, Sioux City Weekly Times, Alumni Journal, The Triad, College Olio, College News Letter, N. Y. State Educational Journal, Chicago Teacher, Collegian, N. W. College Chronicle, Simpsonian, Wittenberger, Public School Record, Rapid Writer, The Tyro, Yale Literary Magazine, College Herald, Central Collegian, The Geyser, Madison County Review, McKendree Repository, Nebraska Patron, Hamilton Literary Monthly, Central Union Agriculturist, Omaha Excelsior, Boston Journal of Chemistry.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The credit of getting up the entire local department of this issue belongs to John Creighton.

Being born rich don't make a man a gentleman any more than being born in a stable makes him a horse.

Oxford is one thousand years old and has an annual income of one million dollars, and a library of five hundred and twenty thousand volumes.

The anniversary exercises of the High School Literary and Debating Society take place on Friday the 27th of this month. The last anniversary passed off gloriously. Will the next one equal it?

At a recent surprise party in the upper part of town it happened during the progress of a game of "button" that Miss Kate E—, was sentenced to kiss Mr. Jno. C—. John says it was suffo-Kating.

We hope the practice of speaking and reading composition on Friday afternoons will not be dispensed with. It lends enthusiasm and makes the school appear more lively.

We have received a new, interesting and well written article entitled "A Woman's Place in Literature," from a member of the *Lumina Aulæ* Society, of Brownell Hall. It will appear in next issue as it came too late for this number.

A Minneapolis newspaper announces, that rejected contributions must be accompanied by postage if the owner wishes to have them returned. We wouldn't like to contribute to that paper. Postage costs too much.

—The pleasure club, formerly known as the O. P. C. has lately reorganized under the name of *entrouous*, with Geo. Jewett President, and H. C. Sharp Secretary. The first party this season was held last week at the residence of Hon. E. Wakely.

The following question is respectfully suggested for the benefit of the High School Debating Society. After a man has lost a fine felt four-dollar-and-a-half hat at a party, can he feel justified in taking one equally as good, provided he has to make a selection from the remaining ones?

An effort has been made upon the part of some of the members of the High School Debating Society to have young ladies admitted to active membership. Now, we as a member of that society do most emphatically oppose this movement, because we think it would be a detriment to the advancement of the society. We trust the prime movers of this scheme will take a look at this in the right manner, and we are certain they will agree with us.

John E. Crowbar is the name of a young man in Wisconsin who has worked in a factory thirteen years at a salary of \$25 a month. Now Johnny felt when he was there nine years that he ought to have a raise of wages, but like a great many other boys that we know, he thought his employers would soon recognize his situation and give him a raise without his asking for it. He waited on however month after month without receiving the slightest intimation of anything of the kind, until at last he fell sick and had laid at the point of death several weeks, when one of his employers sent him word that he hoped he would soon get

better, and if he ever did get back to work again, he would raise his wages \$5 a month. John was so overcome with emotions of gratitude at hearing this announcement, that his already overtaxed system was unable to withstand the temporary strain, and he quietly went off into a swoon from which he never recovered.

—Schoolmaster to dull boy: "What comes after t?" "You do to see 'lize."

—There is danger in being too neat, an old lady in Council Bluffs scrubbed her sitting-room floor until she fell through it into the cellar.

—"As we are one," said a witty brute to his wife, "when I beat you I beat half of myself." "Well," said the wife, "then beat your own half, not mine."

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536 and 538 Fourteenth St., Simpson's Block,

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St. Joseph, Mo. Omaha, Neb.

In these hard times the workmen only have

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JAS. H. PLATZ & BRO.

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Spring Wheat Flour.....	\$2 50
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" Brown.....	3 1/2 lbs. 1 00
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Standard "A" Sugar.....	8 lbs. 1 00
Carolina Rice.....	9 lbs. 1 00
Sag.....	9 lbs. 1 00
Vinegar (double strength).....	per gal. 0 50
" White.....	" 0 25
Syrup—Best.....	" 1 10
" Good.....	" 0 90
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Tea.....	per lb. from 50 cts. to 1 00
Dr. Pierson Gillett's Baking Powder.....	per lb. 0 50

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AT 217 FARNHAM STREET.

RATES OF ADVERTISING IN THE HIGH SCHOOL. Table with columns for advertisement type and duration, and corresponding rates.

LOCAL NEWS.

Local Advertisements, ten cents per line.

A VISIT TO NORTH SCHOOL.

WHAT WE SAW THERE.

Thinking a visit to the North School, and a description of what we saw, would be interesting to our readers, a HIGH SCHOOL reporter repaired to that building situated on Izard, between 19th and 20th Streets, and arrived just in time to have the pleasure of seeing the scholars, to the number of 424, march into their different departments to the beat of the drum.

We found Mr. James B. Bruner, the worthy and efficient principal in his office, and questioned him with regard to the prosperity of the school. In answer to our inquiry he suggested, that we visit each of the rooms and draw our own inference of the workings of the institution. We accepted this kind invitation and were shown into the sixth grade, under the care of Miss Mary T. Cochrane, formerly principal of the West School.

The discipline in this room, as in the rest, was something that could not be improved upon. The pupils in this grade number 49, and are proportioned thus: boys 26, girls 23.

Next we visited the Fifth Grade, conducted by Miss E. A. Barnette, formerly teacher of calisthenics, and were pleased to note how explicit and simple were the explanations of this teacher. Total number of pupils 48, boys 24, girls 24.

The Fourth Grade is under the supervision of Miss Mima Richards, who acted in the same capacity last year. Miss Richards possesses a faculty which is noticeable in all teachers to a certain extent, but in Miss Richards especially, viz: that of being able to hold the undivided attention of her scholars while reciting. Number in this department 62, boys 31, girls 31.

We were next conducted into the Third Grade, of which Miss Mary Richards is the teacher, and so interested were the students in their books, that they hardly noticed us when we entered. Number in grade 64, boys 32, girls 32.

Miss S. E. Lyons, who will be remembered by our readers as the popular teacher of the Fifth Grade, Central School, last year, has a room of bright intelligent looking scholars, consisting of the "C" class, Third Grade, and "B" class, Second Grade. They number 49, boys 20, girls 29.

The "B" and "C" classes, First Grade, numbering 56, are under the care of Miss Agnes Berlin, who although a new teacher, has proven herself highly competent to fill the responsible position entrusted to her.

Last, but not least, comes the "A" class, First grade, taught by Miss Hattie Stanard, who is an experienced teacher, and does everything in her power to make school pleasant for the "babies."

In summing up we must say that the condition and prosperity of the North School is all that could be desired by the patrons of that institution, and is a creditable showing for Prof. Bruner and his able corps of teachers.

We shall endeavor in our next issue, to place before our readers something concerning the South and West Schools.

OUR CITY SCHOOLS.

The following is a complete list of schools, school officers, teachers, and their places of assignment for the present term of school in this city:—

- Members of the Board of Education: First Ward—John Rath, '74; W. H. S. Hughes, '75. Second Ward—B. E. B. Kennedy, '76; John W. Lytle, '75. Third Ward—Hugh G. Clarke, '76; James Morris, '75. Fourth Ward—Alvin Saunders, '76; Howard Kennedy, '75. Fifth Ward—Robert McConnell, '76; David Harpster, '75. Sixth Ward—Chas. A. Baldwin, '76; Chas. K. Coutant, '75.

OFFICERS.

President, Alvin Saunders; Vice-Presi-

dent, B. E. B. Kennedy; Secretary, W. H. S. Hughes.

COMMITTEES.

On Finance—H. Kennedy, McConnell and Clark. On Buildings and Property—Coutant, Harpster and Rath. On Claims—Hughes, Lytle & Harpster. On Teachers and Text Books—Morris, Coutant and Baldwin. On Rules, Forms and Printing—Baldwin, McConnell and B. E. B. Kennedy. On Examination—S. D. Beals, J. H. Kellom and Mrs. Chauncey Wiltze.

HIGH SCHOOL, CAPITAL SQUARE—Principal, John H. Kellom; Professor of Natural History, W. H. Smith, A. M.; Teacher of English Literature, Miss Williams; Professor of German, Theodore Decker. CENTRAL SCHOOL, CAPITAL SQUARE—Principal, T. N. Snow; Assistant Teachers, J. W. Lowe, 8th Grade; Miss Lucy Green and Miss Lesbia Balcombe, 7th Grade; Miss A. S. Field, 6th Grade; Miss Minnie G. Ketchum and Miss Fannie Butterfield, 5th Grade; Miss E. T. Stewart and Miss T. S. Cushman, 4th Grade; Miss Jennie Stull, 3d Grade; Miss J. M. Parker and Miss Fannie C. Drake, 2d Grade; Miss Nellie M. Weeks, 1st Grade.

NORTH SCHOOL, COR. IZARD AND 19TH STREETS—Principal, James B. Bruner; Assistant Teachers, Miss Mary F. Cochrane, 6th Grade; Miss Elizabeth A. Barnette, 5th Grade; Miss Minnie Richards, 4th Grade; Miss Mary Richards, 3d Grade; Miss Louise Honey and Miss Ella Lyons, 2d Grade; Miss Aggie Berlin and Miss Hattie Stanard, 1st Grade.

SOUTH SCHOOL, PACIFIC STREET, BET. 9TH AND 10TH—Principal, Miss Anna Foose; Assistant Teachers, Miss Mary E. Fawcett, 4th Grade; Miss Louise J. Ray, 3d Grade; Miss Hattie Slaughter, 2d Grade; Miss K. B. Foss, 1st Grade.

WEST SCHOOL, ST. MARY'S AVENUE—Grades from 1st to 4th inclusive, Teachers, Miss J. M. and H. H. McKoon.

CASS STREET PRIMARY, BET. 14TH AND 15TH STREETS—Teachers, Miss L. C. Blair, 1st Grade; Miss Maggie Mayers, 2d Grade.

DODGE STREET PRIMARY—Miss Laura Moore, 2d and 3d Grades.

JACKSON STREET PRIMARY—Miss Julia E. Houghton, 1st Grade.

A MISCELLANEOUS PAPER.

A new feature has recently been inaugurated in the weekly programme of the High School Debating Society, in the shape of a "paper." It consists of miscellaneous matter and essays, copied and read by the person appointed as editor for the evening.

The first issue was under the charge of Mr. Chas. R. Redick, who proved himself highly competent to fill the position which he occupied. The second copy was under the control of Mr. Chas. J. Emery, and it is needless to say that it was a success.

We hope this practice will be continued, as it excites interest among the members, and is besides very instructive.

—Peters' Musical Monthly for November is at hand.

—J. M. Wolfe will please accept the thanks of the HIGH SCHOOL for a copy of his new City Directory.

—WILSON HINKLE & Co. have just issued some new school publications. See their advertisement in another column.

—Mr. A. Hurm, the enterprising boot and shoe man, 16th, bet. Capitol Ave. and Dodge, appears this issue in a new "ad."

—All Articles and communications to secure publication must be handed in before the 20th of the month.

—Mr. Chas. Sweesey has consented to receive subscriptions for this paper at the High School Building.

—The scholars of the Junior and Sophomore classes have organized since they commenced studying zoology, a society for the protection of jaws.

—An exchange says, its foreman is endeavoring to put a new head on it. We would suggest they leave the head alone, but by all means look after some brains.

—Persons happening along on upper Dodge St. about 6 o'clock are amused at the activity displayed by the residents in reaching their homes.

—Samuel G. Stone of Glasgow, Mo., writes that he will accept the agency of the HIGH SCHOOL for Glasgow and vicinity. All right, Samuel.

—Teachers of the City Schools are requested to prepare monthly rolls of honor, and hand them in for publication on or before the 25th of the month.

—According to the Lincoln Blade, Fred Wilson is now known down there as "Young Col. Wilson."

—Mr. G. L. Bonner, the enterprising butcher, cor. 10th and Dodge, has just completed some new improvements, and now has one of the neatest meat markets in the city.

—In answer to several inquiries we will state that the rate of subscription to scholars in the city schools will remain as heretofore, if sent direct to the publisher, and paid strictly in advance.

—We have received one of Forbingers patent drawing tablets prepared for use in public schools by Arthur Forbinger, Superintendent of public schools in Cincinnati, Ohio. It is just the thing for every student in drawing.

—We have just discovered that for the last three months we were paying postage both ways on our exchanges, some seventy each month. It came over us, not quite like a dream, when we were settling a little bill of \$1.70 for postage on papers received. If we can be forgiven this time, we will promise never to do it any more.

FOR RENT—Three commodious rooms adjoining the HIGH SCHOOL office, 13th St., between Farnham and Douglas, are offered for rent on very reasonable terms. The building is of brick, located in the business part of the city, and the rooms are comfortable, convenient, and well suited for offices. Apply to J. G. Megeath.

—Messrs. L. G. Tillotson & Co., dealers in telegraphic supplies, whose adv't can be seen in another column, will furnish a complete outfit, including instrument, battery, wire and manual for \$7.50, or two outfits \$14.50. The idea of having two instruments, is to have one to send and the other to receive, thereby enabling the student to master the whole art in a very short time.

—We have made arrangements with Prof. A. F. Nightengale of Ravenswood, Ill. for the purchase of the original woodcut of the High School Building, and it will appear in next issue. The electrotype used in this issue is the property of O. F. Davis of the U. P. R. Land Department, and that gentleman will please accept our thanks for the use of it.

—ROLL OF HONOR SHOWING NAMES OF SCHOLARS PERFECT IN DEPARTMENT AND ATTENDANCE.—First Grade—Geo. Fisher, Charlie Stone, Emil Dieckman, Eddie Wilbur, Frank Burleigh, Colden Ruggles, Harry Putnam, Eugene Keyes, Morris Hall, Joseph Woodhave, Harry Trumppore, Henry Mattingly, Willie Crager, George Pyffer, Jos. Henriksen, Emmet Schuulenberg, Louis Biendorf, Sammie Brown, Phillip Windheim, Dwight Roberts, Clara Cleveland, Maude Keyes, Mabel Balcombe, Minnie Yeabell, Rosa Manning, Lillie Morris, Emma Anderson, Julia Peterson, Lucy Lockermann.—Nellie M. Weeks, Teacher.

Second Grade—Ada Jones, Carrie King, Nellie Sheely, Charlotte Campbell, Frank Friday, Freddy Burleigh, Annie Giacomini, Dollie Harpster, Minnie Walker, Mary Martis, Agnes Livesey, Alice Poners, Annie Covalt.—Fannie Drake, Teacher.

PERSONAL.

—Capt. C. B. Rustin has moved into his new residence, cor. 18th and Harney.

—Prof. T. N. Snow, Principal of Central School, has also charge of the Algebra Class, High School.

—We notice our young friend Charley Huntington behind the counter in Sawyer's jewelry store.

Miss Nettie Collins has gone on a pleasure trip to New Orleans and other southern cities.

—Mr. M. D. Hyde, better known among the boys as "Skip," holds a military position in the Cornell College Cadets.

—In the "Madison County Review" we see the following: "Our district school will be opened next Monday with Miss Balcombe of Omaha as presiding elder."

—At a recent meeting of the High School Literary Society, Messrs. W. H. Frost and B. Walker were elected members.

—Mr. Al. Wilkins, a well known Omaha boy, is now the station agent at Sidney, Neb., on the U. P. R. R. He was in the city not long since, visiting friends.

—Mr. C. L. Bare, formerly of this city, has lately been elected critic of the Everett Literary Society of Simpson's Century College, Indianola, Iowa.

—Mr. H. D. Estabrook has entered upon a course of law, in Washington University, St. Louis, Mo. Success to you, old boy, and may you some day be one of the shining lights of the American bar.

MORGAN & GALLAGHER, WHOLESALE GROCERS, AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, Dealers in Provisions, Liquors, &c., 205 FARNHAM ST. OMAHA, NEB.

HOUSTON & GARRISON, Dealers in DRY GOODS, CARPETS, HOSIERY, NOTIONS &c. 527 Farnham St., OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

MISS D. C. SENTER, Successor to Mrs. C. WOOD, FASHIONABLE MILLINER, 236 Douglas Street, OMAHA, NEB.

BROOKLYN MARKET, AUG. AUST, Thirteenth and Jackson Streets, Omaha, Neb. PACKING ESTABLISHMENT, And Manufacturer of all kinds of GERMAN SAUSAGES.

C. F. CATLIN, SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY, WALL PAPER, 223 Douglas Street, Caldwell Block.

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

HAGAR'S MATHEMATICS. Primary Lessons in Numbers, - - - .30 Elementary Arithmetic, - - - .50 Common School Arithmetic, - - - 1.00 Elementary Algebra, - - - 1.25 Elementary Geometry, - - - 1.25

FOR TEACHERS. Dictation Problems and Reviews in Written Arithmetic, - - - 50 Key to Hagar's Common School Arithmetic 1.00 Key to Hagar's Elementary Algebra, 1.25

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

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

Specimen Copies (except Keys) sent on receipt of the one-half of Retail Price.

TEACHERS AND SCHOOL OFFICERS must examine these New Books, if they wish to keep up with the times, and with the improved methods of instruction which now prevail in the best schools. Correspondence earnestly solicited, and information in regard to Teachers' names proposed changes in Text-Books, etc., gladly received. Address, COWPERTHWAIT & CO., Educational Publishers, 628 and 630 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. F. S. BELDEN, Western Agent, 25 Washington Street, Chicago.

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POETRY.

LEGEND OF ALYN FORD.

Bright on the moorlands the morning lay,
As the Lord of Llangollen rode away.
Clear and loud on the air rang out
Day of greyhound and huntsman's shout.
To the lady that watched him with parted lips,
He tossed a kiss from his finger tips.
Then merrily wheeled at the leader's word,
And galloped away to Alyn Ford.
Oh! the rider was bold and the steed was strong,
And the foam flashed white as he dashed along.
The hoof beats rang on the further shore,
And the scarlet plume that the young lord wore
Dropped low, as a silken scarf he spied,
Swung from the hands of his own sweet bride.
Away and away where the woods were deep,
Till the sun slid down the western steep
And a cloud rose out of the moaning sea,
Black as a raven's wing might be.
Over the forest, over the plain,
It flung its mantle of sheeted rain.
The Alyn ran swift, and broad and high,
Mocking the wrath of the sullen sky.
Through the castle garden a lady came down
With a mantle over her silken gown
"Are ye mad, Lady Alice?" the old nurse cried;
Never a word spoke Llangollen's bride.
But white as a snow-drift, mute as death,
She fled down the narrow river path.
And afar, through storm and twilight gloom,
She saw the gleam of a scarlet plume.
Close to the brink of the seething flood,
Fearless the haughty huntsman rode,
And the charger sprang with a mighty leap,
Far out, where the water was wild and deep.
Soon he stood panting and fearful eyed,
Riderless by the lady's side.
Then out rang so sharp and wild a cry,
That the wind shuddered and hurried by—
And the river clasped to its cruel breast,
The fairest form it had ever caressed.
For dimly gleamed a silken gown?
In the spot where the scarlet plume went down.
And still the good people of Alyn Ford,
Tell the story by heath and board,
How, when the twilight hour is nigh,
And the river wraith goes shrieking by,
A slight form wrapped in cloak and hood,
Watching, stands by the seething flood,
Till a gallant knight with a plume like flame,
A coal-black steed and a brace of game,
Beckons to her from the further steep,
Then plunges into the waters deep,
And away from the sight of mortals, glide
The phantom lord and his spirit bride.

DANBERRIES.

—One of our Main street merchants has
an imported little darkey who refused to
go to church, last Sunday, "kase he didn't
want to look there like a huckleberry in a
pan of milk."
—Two young ladies were running a race
down the Danbury House parlor on Mon-
day forenoon. She that first reached the
goal suffered a concussion of the nose in
bringing that facial ornament into too vio-
lent a contact with the wall—a dent wher-
on can to this day be seen with the naked
eye.
—If anybody in Danbury is looking out
for lodgings in Philadelphia, to be occu-
pied during the Centennial Exhibition, I
would advise him to hunt up the place
mentioned in the following advertisement,
which I cut from a Philadelphia paper;
"The upper part of a house to let, con-
taining three rooms, a cellar, kitchen, and
a back-yard."
I recommend this place because I can
imagine nothing more interesting than a
cellar on the third floor, and a back-yard
which can be reached only through the
fourth story window. I am going around
to see that house the next time I visit Phil-
adelphia, so that I can grasp the phenome-
non better. I suppose they have the garret
about eighty feet below the front pave-
ment. The only explanation of the mys-
tery that occurs to me is, that somebody
has turned the house upside down, and
turned it upon its roof, while the back-
yard, having adhered to the foundation
wall, remains suspended in the air. It is
going to be very entertaining to the hired
girls who have to hang out the wash on
the under side of that yard. They had
better practice for a while on the flying
trapeze.
—The young gentleman who writes to
me from Rutland, Vt., to ask, "Was Ari-
osto an Italian or a Spaniard?" has a very
credible thirst for knowledge. Of course
the answer to the question depends to some
extent upon where Ariosto was born and
who his parents were. If, for instance,
Ariosto's birth occurred at Mauch Chunk,

Penna., he could hardly be considered a
Spaniard, while if the place of his nativity
was Hoboken, N. J., there would be a
manifest impropriety in regarding him as
an Italian, particularly if his mother came
originally from Oshkosh and his father
from Tuscaloosa. And there would be
hardly any doubt that he could not be des-
ignated as a Spaniard if he was born of an
Irish mother and a Hindoo father on board
of an American vessel sailing under the
English flag; or in a Norwegian balloon,
eight-thousand feet high, of Esquimaux
parents. And I should hesitate to regard
him as an Italian if his father was a Pinte
Indian, his mother a squaw, and his birth-
place Omaha. Under the circumstances
therefore, the nationality of Ariosto would
seem to be somewhat clouded with doubt,
and as I know of nobody who was present
when he was born, it will perhaps be bet-
ter to write to Ariosto himself—he was
present when he was born, I believe—and
to lay the matter before him. He is in the
spirit land somewhere, and the letter might
be sent through a medium.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—The secret of Chicago's complacency
over her desertion by the fire insurance
companies may be traced to the fact that
any one of her girls could stamp out the
next great conflagration that comes along.
—When a young man in Ohio will walk
eight miles on a hot night to buy his true
love a palm leaf fan, will any man dare
write that love in this country isn't what
it used to be?—Detroit Press.
—"It is said that a donkey cannot bray
unless his tail is horizontally extended."—
Indianapolis News.—And yet an Indian-
apolis editor will sit straight up in his chair
and write a whole editorial.—St. Louis
Journal.
—In a hospital at Montpelier, France, is
a patient who has just swallowed a ther-
mometer left on his table, while suffering
from temporary delirium. They have a
great deal of trouble with him now. When
he drinks hot coffee that thermometer flies
up against the roof of his mouth hard
enough to lift his hat off, and when he eats
ice cream it gets down in his boots and
worries his corns.—Milwaukee Sentinel.
—A bashful youth, who takes his meats
at one of the bon-ton boarding houses "up-
town," mistook a plate of cheese, which
was passed to him by a young lady, for
butter, and taking a slice of no mean pro-
portions onto his plate, commenced a fruit-
less endeavor to spread a piece of bread.
When informed of his mistake by one of
the "boys" who had watched for some
time the amusing maneuvers of his verdant
neighbor, his face assumed the color of ev-
ery other stripe in the American flag, and
he stammeringly replied that he thought it
"smeared kind o' hard."—Wash. Chronicle.

Business Directory,

- ATTORNEYS.
E. F. SMYTHE, Room 5, Creighton Block.
CRACKER FACTORY.
McCLURE & SMITH, Harney St., between Elev-
enth and Twelfth.
GUNS AND AMUNITION.
D. C. SUTPHEN, 211 Farnham St.
DENTIST.
DR. A. S. BILLINGS, 234 Farnham St.
DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS.
TOOTLE & MAUL, 226 Farnham St.
RETAIL DRY GOODS.
W. M. BUSHMAN, 265 Douglas Street.
JOB PRINTERS.
OMAHA DAILY BEE, 138 Farnham Street,
Official Paper of the City, and best advertis-
ing Medium in the State.
C. L. JENKINS, 512 Thirteenth St.
MEAT MARKET.
R. A. HARRIS, 537 Fourteenth St.
MERCHANT TAILOR.
JEAN LIEBERT, clothes made to order, 284
Thirteenth St.
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WHOLESALE GROCERS.
CLARK & FRENCH, cor. 11th and Farnham St.
STOVES AND TINWARES.
WM. McFADDEN, 185 Farnham St.
BOOKS AND STATIONERY.
J. U. FRUEHAUF & Co., 125 Farnham St.
IOWA COAL COMPANY.
Office, 515 Thirteenth Street, Omaha, GEO. C.
TOWLE, Agent.
MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING.
A. POLACK, 238 Farnham Street, near 14th.

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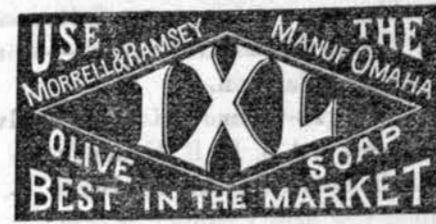
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