

The High School.

A LITERARY AND EDUCATIONAL JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Liberator a defectione solum, qui non nititur.

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No. 8.

ON THE OTHER SIDE.

BY LULA.

Many wait and watch forever,
Watch and wait, but all in vain,
For the coming of the absent,
Whom they'll never see again.
After many years of waiting,
After months of weary pain,
How they long to be with angels,
And the heavenly boundaries gain.

Tears of anguish for the loved one,
That is very far away,
Have dimmed the eyes of many a maiden,
Dimmed them too, for many a day.
Listening for the falling footsteps,
In the streets so long and wide,
But the footsteps always passing,
Echo from the other side.

Years have passed by slowly, sadly,
For the weary waiting one,
Always heart sick, home-sick, soul-sick,
From the rise till set of sun.
Seeking solitude to soothe her,
While the evening shadows bide,
Even listening to the footsteps,
Passing on the other side.

"Loving once, and loving ever,
It is sad to watch for years
For the light whose fitful shining,
Makes a rain-bow of our tears."
We are sad and always pensive
With the grief we cannot hide,
As we hear the echoing footsteps
Passing on the other side.

SMOKE, FLAME FLAME AND ASHES.

Graduating Essay of Miss Ada Crockwell, Read in the Council Bluffs High School.

"Why not doubt, why not hesitate, why not tremble?" Does any man purchase a ticket in a lottery—a poor man whose whole earnings go in to secure the ticket—without trembling, hesitating, and doubting? Does any man sacrifice his life for his country without trembling at the venture? Or does any man "stake his bachelor respectability, his independence and comfort," as he believes them to be, in the main lottery of life without hesitancy and doubt? How frequently in court the decision of the judge or jury is apt to be doubted with respect to its justness? Does not a feeling of fear overcome us when a member of the family or a friend leaves home for a voyage across the ocean? Do we not tremble lest they should suffer shipwreck, and find a watery grave? We wish them "God's speed." But oh how deeply our hearts yearn for them; how fervent are the prayers offered to God for their safety; that He will be with them during the entire voyage. The coming of each day is dreaded lest we hear the news of some disaster—even doubting the omnipotence of the great Father, but when they are safely landed and the word come back "we are all safe;" we are compelled to again kneel before God and thank him for his kind and ever-watchful care over them. 'Tis then that every doubt and fear is dispelled, and we feel as though we could never doubt him again. When about to decide concerning some very important subject, while enveloped in a mist, and not knowing which way to turn, nor what course to pursue, our minds are filled with "doubts thick and thick coming as smoke." As smoke always goes before flame, so does doubt go before decision. Doubt vanishes with smoke, and hope begins with flame.

Bright, joyous and unfading Hope! 'Tis hope who leads us on through life, she cheers us by pleasant anticipations of the future. Wherever we may be hope diffuses joy and gladness around us. The eyes of the young sparkle brighter than ever at her approach; old age as it casts its dim glances to the blue vault of heaven seems inspired with new vigor. All things seem to sympathize with her in her gladness. How brightly hope pictures the future to the child. How often he replies,

when requested to perform some task, "I'll soon be a man, then I can do just as I please." Little does he know of what the future has in store for him. Would that he was not to be disappointed. Was it not hope—the hope of renown—that cheered Emma Abbot through all her struggles in poverty? She labored earnestly when but a mere child endeavoring to help her father gain food for his family by traveling on foot from place to place, trying to find some locality in which she might give a concert or open a music school. At one time almost disheartened, she attempted to commit suicide, but the thought of home and success prevented her. She certainly deserved success, and now the day has arrived when she commands it. Now she is styled the Jenny Lind of America. Of course we do not all look forward to as bright a career as hers, still we can live in hope, putting forth our best efforts during this period of our lives, and our future may yet be bright. Yet how "little do we know what the next day will bring forth," and yet "How often we waste our time in longing and sighing for what we have not, ungrateful for what we enjoy."

"Ashes always follows blaze, inevitably as death follows life." How well may we say, "misery treads on the heels of joy—anguish rides swift after pleasure." Sad and gloomy would the present seem to us should we know that the future would bring to us misery and anguish. Perchance you may have a favorite child—a son on whom all the affections and future hopes are centered—who is pining. You notice how blanched that once full cheek, how thin that little lip. All is done that lies in your power to relieve him, but nothing can bring color again to that pale countenance or life to that wasted form. At night you steal softly to his bed, watching and listening to ascertain if his breathing "be regular and sweet," and you think perhaps a change of air might be beneficial; you make preparations to go to the country, but alas! you are too late! Nothing can save him now—he is gone. No more night watching. You try to bear up under the burden, saying, "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord." Yet, it is not always thus. If oppressed by sorrow to day, to-morrow's sunshine may bring your heart some blessing. Indeed, we should bless the name of the Lord, feeling that 'tis He alone who knows what is best for your child, and that it is He alone who knows how much trouble was in store for him. You know he is "not lost, only gone before," and that the day is not far distant when you will join him in that innumerable throng. You are not alone in this great world in your trouble, for,

"Your fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days be dark and dreary."

WHAT THE WIND SAID.

Did you ever listen to the wind? Perhaps you have heard it on cold, bitter nights whistle around the house, shriek through the keyhole, and shake the windows in their casements. You have gladly felt it fan your cheek and brow, on a soft, warm evening, and heard its gentle murmur, as the boughs of the trees swayed to and fro. There 'twas whispering. But did you listen to what it said? "I have been," said the wind, with a sort of trembling that made the boughs shake, and the tender little grass-blades quiver, "to far-off heathen lands. I saw people—human beings—worshiping idols of wood and stone; mothers throwing their helpless babes into the river; more torturing



View of the Omaha High School Building.—From a Photograph by Eaton.

themselves with hooks and all instruments of horror; others being burned as a sacrifice, and all this to obtain the favor of an inanimate god, who appreciated not, because he knew not, the sacrifices that were being made for him. I passed through the civilized world, and there I saw intelligent men—men of intellect and power—bowing before a golden god. So absorbed was their worship that they took no interest in the other lives that were being lived around them daily. Their minds became narrow and narrower; the radius of their lives began to shorten, until they stood isolated beings with their piles of gold around them; their hearts hard as the golden metal to gain which they had sacrificed religion, love, and all the tender little joys and sorrows which make up a happy, beautiful life. Oh, god of money, how great is the sacrifice which thou requirest! I saw fair and beautiful women enslaved in the worship of the goddess Fashion. They destroyed their health and happiness in her service. Mothers unflinchingly brought forward their daughters; their frail and tender daughters must be sacrificed upon the cruel altar." Then said the wind, in loud voice, "which is worse, the heathen or the civilized? The heathen know no better; the civilized have their learning and religion to teach them." Oh, the wind was angry.

The wind blew gently; it seemed to blow in little ripples; could it be laughing? It said, "I have seen such beautiful sights. They two were standing in a garden together. They were lovers, and were talking low. She was lovely to look upon; he was brave and noble. I kissed her brow as I passed them by, and murmured them a blessing. The next instant I was far, far from them. I was sweeping up the aisle of a grand old cathedral. Worshipers knelt in attitudes of devotion; music pealed out upon the air; lights streamed in through the stained windows, making the scenes almost too beautiful for earth; mountains, forests, hills and dales, beautiful gardens, stately castles, and sweet, quiet bye-ways; oriental splendors and rural beauties, all these have I just seen in my journey." "Oh," moaned the wind, "that I should see so much misery. Poverty and starvation; wild, hollow-eyed women, haggard men, and dirty, ragged children; the rich riding in their silks and velvets through the very mire that forms a bed for the poor; their royal garments brushing against the rags and tatters that cover their nakedness; their delicate hands coming in contact with the very dirt that makes up the poor

man's every day living. Shame that such things should be; that the favored surrounded by luxuries and comforts, should stand back in their scorn and say to their downcast fellow-creatures, "stand back, this is my place, pollute it not with your mud-besmeared feet." They forget the story of Dives and Lazarus." The wind was sobbing; yes, actually sobbing. I got a glimpse into a sick room. The air seemed laden with the heavenly spirit of the sufferer. It was like passing from the toils and troubles of life to the entrance that leads to the world beyond, and she was there; this pale, beautiful girl stood at the door between the two worlds. The light from above shed its halo upon her, and seemed brighter. Mourning friends weep not for one so pure and good, one standing upon the threshold of that glorious home." When we stand at the door between life and death, may bright-robed angels be waiting to lead us up the golden ladder that enters the "City of the Blessed." LOTTIE OBLINGER.

BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX ON THE YELLOWSTONE.

The last contribution of Gen. Geo. E. Custer to the Galaxy appears in the July number, and is very interesting. General Custer was remarkable for his ability as a descriptive writer, and his productions, which have from time to time appeared in the Galaxy, were always read with interest. The following extract from his last contribution:—[Ed.]

In the early spring of '73 the officials of the Northern Pacific railroad applied to the Government authorities at Washington for military protection for a surveying party to be sent out during the ensuing summer to explore and mark out the incomplete portion of the road extending from the Missouri river in Dakota to the interior of Montana, west of the Yellowstone.

To extend encouragement and aid to the projectors and builders of the Northern Pacific road, the government granted the application of the road for a military escort, and gave authority for the organization of what was afterwards designated as the Yellowstone expedition. The troops composing the expedition, numbered about seventeen hundred men, consisting of cavalry, infantry, an improved battery of artillery, and a detachment of Indian scouts, the whole under command of Brevet Major General D. S. Stanley, an officer whose well known ability and long experience on the plains and with Indians amply qualified him for the exercise of so important a command. Fort Rice, Dakota, on the Missouri River, was selected as the point of rendezvous and departure of the expedition.

It was not until July that the Yellowstone expedition assumed definite shape, and began its westward movement from Fort Rice. The engineers and surveyors of the Northern Pacific railroad were under the direction and management of General Thomas L. Rosser. This man deserves a fuller notice than the limits of this article will permit. He and I had been cadets together at the Military Academy at West Point, occupying adjoining rooms and being members of the same company, often marching side by side in the performance of our various military duties while at the Academy. When the storms of the secession broke upon the country in '61, Rosser, in common with the majority of the cadets from the Southern States, resigned his warrant, and hastened to unite his personal fortunes with those of his State—Texas. He soon won distinction in the Confederate army, under Lee, and finally rose to the rank and command of major general of cavalry. I held a similar rank and command in the Union army, and it frequently happened particularly during the last year of the war, that the troops commanded by Rosser and myself were pitted against each other in the opposition lines of battle, and the two cadets of earlier years became not only hostile foes, but actual antagonists.

When the war was ended Rosser, like many of his comrades from the South who had staked their all upon the issue of the war, at once cast about him for an opportunity to begin anew the battle, not of war, but of life. Possessing youth, health, many and large abilities, added to indomitable pluck, he decided to trust his fortunes amidst his late enemies, and repaired to Minnesota, where he sought employment in one of the many surveying parties acting under the auspices of the Northern Pacific road. Upon application to the officer of the road for a position as civil engineer, he was informed that no vacancy existed to which he could be appointed. Nothing daunted, he persisted, and finally accepted a position among the axemen, willing to work, and proved to his employers not only his industry, but his fitness for promotion. He at once attracted the attention of his superiors, who were not slow to recognize his merit. Rosser was advanced rapidly from one important position to another, until in a few months he became chief engineer of the surveying party accompanying the expedition. In this capacity I met him on the plains of Dakota, in 1873, nearly ten years after the date when in peaceful scabbard we sheathed the swords which on more than one previous occasion we had drawn against each other. The manly course adopted by Rosser after the war, his determined and successful struggle against adversity, presents a remarkable instance of the wonderful recuperative powers of the American character.

Passing over all this, and omitting the incidents of our march from the starting point, Fort Rice, on the Missouri, we come to the time when we found ourselves encamped on the east bank of the beautiful and swift flowing Yellowstone, about a hundred miles from its mouth. At this point the expedition was met by a steamer, sent for that purpose up the Missouri, hundreds of miles above Fort Rice, then up the Yellowstone to the point of juncture. From it fresh supplies of forage and subsistence stores were obtained. This being done, the entire expedition, save a small detachment left at this point to guard our surplus stores, intended for our return march, was ferried by the steamer across the Yellowstone river. Our course for several days carried us up that stream, our tents at night being usually pitched at or near the river bank. The country to be surveyed, however, soon became so rough and broken in places that we encountered serious delays at times in finding a practicable route for our long and heavily laden wagon trains, over rocks and through canons hitherto unexplored by white men. So serious did these embarrassments become, and so much time was lost in accomplishing our daily marches, that I suggested to General Stanley that I should take with me each day a couple of companies of a cavalry and a few of the Indian scouts, and seek out and prepare a practicable road in advance, thereby preventing detention of the main command. This proposition be-

ing acceded to, it was my custom thereafter of after pushing rapidly forward in the early morning, gaining an advance of several miles upon the main expedition.

On the morning of August 4, with two companies of the Seventh Cavalry, commanded by Captain Moylan and Colonel Custer—who with my adjutants, Lieutenant Callhoun and Lieutenant Varnum, composed the officers of the party—and guided by my favorite scout, Bloody Knife, a young Aric-karee warrior, the entire party numbering eighty-six men and five officers, I left camp at five o'clock in the morning, and set out as usual to explore the country and find a practicable route for the main column. Soon after we left camp Bloody Knife's watchful eyes discovered fresh signs of Indians. Halting long enough to allow him to examine the trail, Bloody Knife was soon able to gain all the information attainable. A party of Indians had been prowling around our camp the previous night, and had gone away, traveling in the direction in which we were then marching.

The intelligence occasioned no particular surprise, as we had been expecting to discover the presence of Indians for several days. Bloody Knife's information produced no change in our plans.

About ten o'clock we reached the crest of the high line of bluffs bordering the Yellowstone valley, from which we obtained a fine view of the river and valley which extended above and beyond us as far as the eye could reach.

After halting on the crest of the bluff long enough to take in the pleasures of the scene and admire the beautiful valley spread out like an exquisite carpet at our feet, we descended to the valley and directed our horses' heads toward a particularly attractive and inviting cluster of shade trees standing on the river bank and distant from the crest of the bluff nearly two miles.

Precautionary and necessary measures having been attended to looking to the security of our horses, the next important and equally necessary step was to put half a dozen pickets on the open plane beyond to give timely warning in the event of the approach of hostile Indians. This being done, the remainder of our party busied themselves in arranging each for his individual comfort, disposing themselves on the grass beneath the shade of the wide-spreading branches of the cottonwoods that grew close to the river bank. Above us for nearly a mile, and for still a greater distance below, the valley was free from timber. This enabled our pickets to command a perfect view of the entire valley, at this point about two miles wide, and almost level, save here and there it was cut up by deep washes in the soil. Satisfied that every measure calculated to insure our safety had been taken, officers and men—save the trusty pickets—stretched their weary forms on the grassy lawn, and were soon wrapped in slumber, little reckoning that within a few rods there lay more than five times their number of hostile Sioux warriors, waiting and watching for a favorable moment to pounce upon them. For myself, so obvious was I to the prospect of immediate danger, that after selecting a most inviting spot for my noonday nap, and arranging my saddle and buckskin coat in the form of a comfortable pillow, I removed my boots, untied my cravat, and opened my collar, prepared to enjoy to the fullest extent the delights of an outdoor siesta.

I did not omit, however, to place my trusty Remington Rifle in easy grasp more from habit, it must be confessed than from anticipation of danger. Near me, and stretched on the ground and sheltered by the shade of the same tree was my brother, the Colonel, divested of his coat, hat, and boots; while close at hand, wrapped in deep slumber, lay the other three officers, Moylan, Callhoun, and Varnum. Sleep had taken possession of us all—officers and men—excepting of course the watchful pickets into whose keeping and safety the lives of our little detachment was for the time entrusted.

How long we slept I scarcely know, perhaps an hour, when the cry of "Indians! Indians!" quickly followed by the sharp ringing crack of the pickets' carbines, aroused and brought us—officers, men and horses—to our feet. There was neither time nor occasion

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The High School

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The High School is published every month.
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The paper will be sent until ordered discontinued and arrearages paid.

POSTAGE—The postage will hereafter be prepaid by the publisher.

CLUBS—Parties sending the names of five subscribers, accompanied by the cash, will receive one copy free.

Subscribers changing residences can have the addresses of their papers changed by sending notice to the Business Manager.

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Anonymous communications will not be published.

Rejected MSS. will not be returned unless previously accepted by the necessary postage.

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J. F. MCCARTNEY,
Editor and Publisher, Omaha, Neb.

ERASMUS M. CORRELL, editor of the *Hebron Journal* delivered an address before the teacher's institute of Jefferson and Thayer counties. He did himself justice.

THE Utah Educational Journal is a very good publication for one so far from civilization, and the only thing we can complain of is the reprehensible practice of "cribbing" our choicest articles, and then simply giving the credit "ex." This "ex" business will protect the *Journal* in the eyes of the law, but we would mildly suggest that when the enterprise of the *HIGH SCHOOL* is instrumental in contributing a choice gem to the literature of the day that the same be duly credited.

SOME important changes have lately been made in the faculty of the State University; Prof. Manley has resigned and Prof. McMillan has been transferred to that chair (Greek.) Prof. Hiram Collier of Pennsylvania, vice president of the same institution, of which Dr. Fairfield was president, was elected professor of chemistry and physics.

Prof. H. Emerson, a gentleman recommended by Dr. Fairfield, and who has been studying in Europe for some years past, was elected tutor in modern languages, salary \$1,500. A resolution was passed requiring students to pay hereafter an incidental fee of \$2 per term.

The number of students at the university has been greater this term than at any previous spring term, and the prospects for the coming year are very flattering.

The above facts are gleaned from the *Nebraska Teacher*.

GUTTENBERG invented printing. That illustrious individual never thought, however, that his invention would be the outgrowth of such a mania as there is in the city of Omaha at the present day for starting magazines and periodicals of every description.

The blessing conferred on humanity in general by the invention of printing has been so thoroughly appreciated in Omaha that many come to regard it as more of a misfortune than anything else.

Almost every fourteen year old boy in this city who has not at sometime in his life started a periodical and failed in business is now dragging along in the "publishing business."

"Too much of a good thing" is sure to react on any community, and the publishing business is so much overdone in Omaha that the citizens are sick and tired of the requests made on them to lend their support to so many. It is with these facts before us, that we have been, during the past three years, and are now disposed to look with disfavor on any further attempts to increase the number of publications in this city. Some may wish to know why we express ourselves thus when the *HIGH SCHOOL* is one of the multitude; we answer that this journal was started some three years ago, and has attained a successful position as a literary and educational periodical, and the vast hordes of advertising sheets that have sprung into existence since that time have had for their guiding star the happy thought that as the *HIGH SCHOOL* was successful, it was a sure sign that everything else in the shape of periodicals would also be needed by Omaha and prove a big bonanza to the publishers.

THE *HIGH SCHOOL* daily receives flattering testimonials from its many subscribers and friends in Omaha and Nebraska, and although its course in the past has been to avoid as much as possible any allusion to them, for fear of laying ourselves liable to the charge of egotism, we can assure one and all that we appreciate their good words. A compliment coming from Miss Carrie B. Knight, secretary of the "Carry Sisters," of Booneville, N. Y., is doubly appreciated, from the fact that it is the opinion of a non-resident, and it therefore offers considerable testimony in support of our assertion, that the *HIGH SCHOOL* is the leading literary and educational journal in the west.

PROF. S. D. BEALS has been re-elected City Superintendent of Public Instruction, and the action of the Board gives very general satisfaction. The only objection we ever heard urged against Mr. Beals was his rather complicated methods of teaching the lower grades, and his opposition to the employment of young graduates and home teachers who had not previously been trained at some Normal Institute. Concerning the first complaint, we will not here express our views, but we are glad to know, and are able to state, that whatever may have been the former position of Mr. Beals on the employment of home educated young teachers, he has recently given way to requests of many citizens and members of the Board, and will not urge any objections to the employment of young teachers, but on the contrary will do all he can to aid them in conducting schools.

INTERCOLLEGIATE REGATTA

A Second Triumph for Cornell.

The annual intercollegiate boat race for the championship came off at Saratoga on the 19th of last month, and the result was a sweeping victory for the representatives of Cornell College. The prize and prestige of the single scull race was also won by a Cornell man. There were six entries this year and the following is a list with the official time made by each crew:

Cornell.....	17 01 1/2	Union.....	17 27 3/4
Harvard.....	17 05 1/2	Wesleyan.....	17 28 1/2
Columbia.....	17 18 1/2	Princeton.....	18 10 1/2

THE GALAXY.

The June number of this popular magazine contains among other notable articles one from the pen of Col. Thomas M. Anderson, on the subject, "Have we a national character?"

The contributions of Justin McCarthy, Lucy H. Hooper, Mary Ainge Devere, Gail Hamelton, and the many other celebrated writers who monthly contribute to the *Galaxy* are both instructive and interesting. The July number contains the twelfth and last of a series of articles that have been written by the late General Custer. It is on the subject, "Battling with the Sioux on the Yellowstone."

REPEAL OF THE OBNOXIOUS POSTAL LAW.

Publishers throughout the country country will hail with a great degree of satisfaction the late action of Congress in partially repealing the obnoxious postal law that was sprung upon both bodies and passed during the last days of the preceding session. Senator Harlan of Maine immortalized himself by his success in passing that obnoxious law, but the notoriety he gained was quite an unenviable one. The law was not totally repealed, but a compromise between both branches of congress was effected after a long and obstinate disagreement between conference committees.

The old rate of one cent for two ounces or fractional part thereof for all sorts of printed matter except unsealed circulars is restored, while the present rate of one cent on unsealed circulars, seeds and all kinds of merchandise is retained. It reduces the postage on transient newspapers, but the merchant who desires to send a package of samples, or seedsmen a bundle of slips or cuttings, has still to pay high charges. The measure has been so ingeniously framed that it will satisfy the newspaper men and the greatest number of the people, and at the same time not interfere with the profits of the express companies.

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for questions to be asked or answered. Catching up my rifle, and without waiting to don hat or boots, I glanced through the grove of trees to the open plain or valley beyond, and saw a small party of Indians bearing down towards us as fast as their ponies could carry them.

"Run to your horses, men! Run to your horses!" I fairly yelled as I saw that the first move of the Indians was to stampede our animals and leave us to be attended to afterwards.

A few moments found us in our saddles and sallying forth from the timber to try conclusions with the daring intruders. We could only see half a dozen Sioux warriors galloping up and down in our front, boldly challenging us in their manner to attempt their capture or death. Of course it was an easy matter to drive them away, but as we advanced it became noticeable that they retired, and when we halted or diminished our speed they did likewise. It was apparent from the first that the Indians were resorting to stratagem to accomplish that which they could not do by an open, direct attack. Taking twenty troopers with me, headed by Colonel Custer and Calhoun, and directing Moylan to keep with supporting distance with the remainder, I followed the retreating Sioux up the valley, but with no prospect of overtaking them, as they were mounted on the fleetest of ponies. Thinking to tempt them within our grasp, I being mounted on a Kentucky thoroughbred in whose speed and endurance I had confidence, directed Colonel Custer to allow me to approach the Indians accompanied only by my orderly, who was also well mounted, at the same to follow us cautiously at a distance of a couple of hundred yards. The wily redskins were not to be caught by any such artifice; they were perfectly willing that my orderly and myself should approach them, but at the same time I carefully watched the advance of the cavalry following me, and permitted no advantage. We had by this time almost arrived abreast of an immense tract of timber growing in the valley, and extending to the water's edge, but distant from our resting place, from which we had been so restlessly aroused, about two miles.

The route taken by the Indians, and which they evidently intended us to follow, led past this timber, but not through it. When we had arrived almost opposite the nearest point, I signalled to the cavalry to halt, which was no sooner done than the Indians came to a halt. I then made the sign to the latter for a parley, which was done simply by riding my horse in a circle. To this the savages only responded by looking on in silence for a few moments, then turning their ponies and moving off slowly, as if to say "Catch us if you can." My suspicions were now more than ever aroused and I sent my orderly back to tell Colonel Custer to keep a sharp eye upon the heavy bushes on our left and scarcely three hundred yards distant from where I sat on my horse. The orderly had delivered his message and almost rejoined me, when, judging from our halt that we intended to pursue no further, the real design and purpose of the savages was made evident. The small party in front had faced towards us as if to attack. I could scarcely credit the evidence of my eyes, but my astonishment had only begun when turning to the wood on my left, I beheld bursting from the concealment between three and four hundred Sioux warriors mounted and equipped with all the flaming adornments of paint and feathers which go to make up the Indian war costume. When I first obtained a glimpse of them—and a single glance was sufficient—they were dashing from the timber at full speed, yelling and whooping as only Indians can.

Wheeling my horse suddenly around and driving the spurs into his side, I rode as only a man rides whose life is the prize, to reach Colonel Custer and his men, not only in advance of the Indians, but before any of them could cut me off. Moylan with his reserve was still too far in the rear to render their assistance available in repelling the shock of the Indians first attack. Realizing the great superiority of our enemies, not only in number, but in their ability to handle their arms and horses in a fight, and fearing they might dash through and disperse Colonel Custer's small party of twenty men, and having once broken the formation of the latter, dispatch them in detail, I shouted to Colonel Custer at almost each bound of my horse, "Dismount your men! Dismount your men!" but the distance which separated us and the excitement of the occasion prevented him from hearing me.

Fortunately, however, this was not the first time he had been called upon to contend against the sudden and unforeseen onslaught of savages, and although failing to hear my suggestion, he realized instantly that the safety of his little band of troopers depended upon the adoption and prompt means of defence. Scarcely had the long line

of splendidly mounted warriors rushed from their hiding place before Colonel Custer's voice rang out sharp and clear, "Prepare to fight on foot." This order required three out of four troopers to leap from their saddles and take their position on the ground, where by more deliberate aim, and being freed from the management of their horses, a more effective resistance could be opposed to the rapidly approaching warriors.

The victory was almost within the grasp of the redskins. It seemed that but a moment more, and they would be trampling the kneeling troopers beneath the feet of their fleet-limbed ponies; when, "now men, let them have it!" was the signal for a well directed volley.

The effect of the rapid firing of the troopers, and their firm, determined stand, showing that they thought neither of flight nor surrender, was to compel the savages first to slacken their speed, then to lose their daring and confidence in their ability to trample down the little group of defenders in the front. Death to many of their number stared them in the face.

But more quickly than my sluggish pen has been able to record the description of the scene, the battle line of the of the warriors exhibited signs of faltering, which soon degenerated into an absolute repulse. In a moment their attack was transformed into flight in which each seemed only anxious to secure his individual safety.

GET READY

Thy Spindle and Distaff, for God has Provided the Flax.

Graduating Essay of Miss Esther Jacobs, High School Class of '76.

In this busy world of ours let no one sit down with folded hands for want of something to do. There is work for all. Flax has been distributed without regard to climate or country, and with a little exertion it can be spun and woven into the most beautiful fabrics. To do this we must use the spindle and distaff, those by aid of which threads of happiness, comfort, knowledge and power are spun. The flax to be used is that of the opportunities and advantages provided for us by our benevolent Creator. In this age of labor-saving machinery we enjoy many advantages which those of earlier times did not, and they, perhaps, who have been most benefitted by this progressive change are the women.

Until the dawn of the present century woman was credited with little intellectual capability. The spindle and distaff, it was thought, were almost the only implements she could use advantageously. Pythagoras instituted at Crotona an annual festival for the Distaff, Confucius in China did the same for the Spindle. These festivals celebrate not the liberty but the serfdom of woman. Yet, according to tradition, woman invented the spindle, the needle, and the work-basket. From this we readily infer that with training and practice she could invent other and more important things.

In olden times few allowed that women had any appropriate field of labor outside their homes. They were, accordingly, slaves to physical necessity. They must do their work assigned them, and no other. They had neither time nor opportunity to elevate themselves; their spinning and other household duties claimed all their attention. Indeed, this was all that was required of them.

But, as Mr. Higginson remarks, in this country, and in this age, where all the heavy labor is done by machinery, when all the cloth that is used is woven at Lowell and other manufacturing cities, when the needle has made its last dying speech and confession in the "Song of the shirt," and the sewing machine has changed these doleful measures to delightful ones, it is impossible not to see that a new era is begun, and that the time has come when woman shall use other spindles and distaffs than those to which she has been a slave so long, shall weave other cloths than those for making garments.

Woman's work is not one; her sphere is broad, and her employments various. There is work for all. Young or old, rich or poor, it is in each one's power to contribute to his own and other's happiness, and to the general progress and improvement of the world.

Household duties, though not woman's only work, are by no means to be

neglected. Her first care should be for them; to make home attractive and pleasant to the inmates, who only under these influences can have their better nature developed and their characters formed to meet and overcome the temptations of life.

Woman's work, then, should begin at home, but not end there. There are others besides those of her own household that require her attention, other duties to which she must attend. Those who have no homes require care and sympathy. A kind word to the poor and suffering, a work of comfort or cheer to the desponding costs nothing, but may accomplish a great deal of good. This flax is within every one's reach, and were it used as often as there should be occasion and opportunity, there would be less misery, less crime in the world than there is now. Woman's duties are so numerous that to give anything like a complete list of them would be impossible; nor is it necessary, since every woman knows what work there is to be done. In selecting her work, however, she should remember that if she would succeed, she must not undertake too much.

According to a legend, there was a lass who thought it would spoil her hands to spin common flax, so a fairy gave her the power to spin gold, but this made her thumb broad, which, of course, she considered a great calamity. And, no doubt, if woman now should try to perform work beyond her power she would be equally displeased with the result.

Mrs. Shapton, who navigated her husband's ship from Cape Horn to California, would have failed in her heroic efforts had she not been taught by her Bowditch. Florence Nightingale, when she heard of the distress in the Crimea, did not, as is usually supposed, say, "I can do all things, knowing nothing about any of them," by no means. For ten years she had been in training for just such work, had visited all the hospitals in London, Edinburgh, Dublin, Paris, Berlin and other large cities, had studied under the Sisters of Charity, and been twice a nun in the Protestant Institution at Kaiserwerth. She not only carried to the Crimea a woman's heart, but a thorough knowledge of her profession.

When a work is finished, we may have nothing more to do with it, but its power over us never ceases. Every act of ours is woven into that most important of all fabrics—"the web of life," and has to do with our welfare and happiness.

So, if there is work to be done, it is not the parts of any one to say, "It matters not how I weave the cloth, what woof I fill it with." Let us rather do our work well, while yet we have power to do so. Be its hues dark or bright, its threads golden or sable, let it be spun and woven with care. Pause not too long to select and arrange, but take those threads which lie nearest. God intended them for your hands, you were not like the lilies of the field, created neither to toil or to spin; there is work for each hand created, and burdens for each to bear. So "Get ready thy Spindle and Distaff" and prove by the work done, that the Flax which God has provided has not been wasted.

THE NEBRASKA EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The secretary of the State Editorial Association, Mr. J. H. McMurphy, promulgates the following:

We are constantly written to about our editorial excursion. To avoid so many personal answers, we hereby announce that we are in constant correspondence about the matter. It is a bad year for excursions, but we will do all we can; just as soon as any definite arrangement is made the secretary will notify every member of the Association by circular of time of meeting, route, and all about it, besides publishing in the *Herald*. If our efforts fail you will all know it in short metre.

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The High School

OMAHA, NEB., AUGUST, 1876.

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Local Advertisements 20 cents a line.

THE Nebraska State Institutions at Lincoln have been fitted up in good style with those useful and efficient fire preventatives, Babcock Extinguishers.

WHEN you miss the HIGH SCHOOL, don't let your angry passions rise, but send up a complaint to the office and it will be promptly attended to. It is to our interest that every subscriber receive his paper, and we use every exertion toward that end.

THE members of the 2nd M. E. Church had a picnic at Plattsmouth on the 26th. It was a very enjoyable affair; singing at the grounds and on the cars by Misses Mattie and Addie Kennedy, Mary Nile, Jennie McCoy, Messrs. Estabrook, Saunders and Reed were greatly enjoyed by all and proved quite an interesting feature. The excursion was under the management of Mrs. Hill, H. C. Newman and Samuel Burns.

THE HIGH SCHOOL has a circulation of 1,000 copies, and has had since January 1st, 1876. Previous to that time its circulation was 800. Of this circulation, 900 are actual subscribers, and the rest exchanges.

We state these facts in answer to many inquiries, and would add that we will increase to 1500 during the next year, and as they may suggest themselves will take advantage of all improvements that can in any way and to the usefulness and general interest of the journal.

PROFESSOR MERRITT requests us to mention the fact that there will be at about the last of August another examination of all those who may wish to enter the High School. This examination will be open to all, whether they are students of the eighth grade who failed to pass last examination, or new applicants entirely. Ambitious students may gain a year by studying hard during vacation and successfully passing this examination and we advise all who have any desire to enter the High School to study during vacation and avail themselves of this opportunity.

THE observation stone that was placed on the High School grounds by the U. S. coast survey was removed through the fault of some one, about a month ago. The contractor of the grading work dug around it so that it fell over, and it was then thrown aside. The contractor however, says that he understood from some member of the board, whose name he cannot remember, that it was all right to proceed with his grading regardless of the stone. This stone was placed there at an expense to the government of not less than \$1,500, and was a correct establishing mark of the 96th degree of longitude. A serious mistake has certainly been made, but upon whom the blame falls we are unprepared to say.

WHILE the Methodist excursionists were at Plattsmouth on the 26th, an accident occurred which we are glad was not more serious in its consequences. Misses Daisey and Belle Jewett and Callie McCConnell had accepted an invitation to take a boat ride with a couple of young gentlemen, and the boat capsized by running on a snag. The occupants were thrown into the treacherous Missouri, but fortunately they were quite near the shore, and the young gentleman succeeded in saving the young ladies and themselves. The male occupants of the boat were William Gratton and Charles Stuhts, employees at Simpson's carriage works, and they are both entitled to the highest credit for their courage and presence of mind, by the aid of which they gallantly saved the girls from what might have been a watery grave.

School Officers Elected.

The Board of Education re-elected Prof. S. D. Beals to the office of City Superintendent of Public Instruction for the ensuing term. Prof. W. H. Merritt, whose able and efficient services as principal of the High school for the past year won for him so many friends, was also re-elected. Prof. Bruner retains the principalship of the North school, Miss Anna Foss the South, and Miss Jennie McKoon the West. Miss Weeks, who has acted as assistant principal of the Central school for the past year, could receive no higher compliment on her former services than her re-election to the same position for the coming year. Miss Hattie Stanard, formerly of the North school, was elected principal of the new Third ward school, which will open in September. Miss Hattie McKoon retains charge of the Hartman addition school, and Prof. Decker will continue to teach German.

The salaries of principals were fixed as follows: High School, \$2,000; North, \$1,500; Third ward, \$1,200; South, \$1,000; Hartman's addition, \$85 per month; West \$750; Central, assistant principal, \$150 per month; German teacher, \$1,200.

The janitors elected were as follows: High school, D. E. Keyes; North, Mr. Moriarity; South, Mr. Hansen; Third ward, Mr. Henderson; West and Jackson street, J. C. Christiansen; Hartman's addition, Mrs. Orton; Cass street, Mrs. Knight.

Wahoo City.

This little town is situated in the center of Saunders County, and is surrounded by a fine farming country well cultivated. For a town in the interior of the state and devoid of any railroad facilities—being distant from the nearest railroad twenty miles—it is certainly one of the most enterprising ones in the state. The citizens are waking up to the full realization of the fact that the town needs some adequate fire protection, and the city will doubtless purchase one of the excellent Babcock engines that are now being adopted by most of the young towns springing into existence in Nebraska. The most economical and at the same time efficient provision that a town in the situation of Wahoo can make is to secure one of the Babcock engines for the reason that the outlay is but from one-third to one-half what it would be to purchase a steam engine, and besides there is a great advantage in not having to build cisterns and pay an engineer and driver.

Educationally, Wahoo is well provided, as there is an excellent city school also several surrounding schools, prospering under the able direction of a good school-board.

The Wahoo Independent, conducted by the Perky Brothers, furnishes the latest news to the people, and Messrs. Gilkeson, Saylor, Reese, Burton and H. D. Perkey attend to their legal matters.

Base Ball Notes.

Omaha has now about half a dozen base ball clubs, and interest in the national game has greatly increased of late. The "Omaha Base Ball Club" is the significant cognomen of a new but thoroughly first class organization, and it numbers among its members some of the best citizens of Omaha, as well as most of the crack players. As yet this club, has not yet made much of a prominent appearance, but we understand that it has accepted challenges from the clubs of Nebraska City, Council Bluffs, Fremont, and other places, and that it will make a strenuous effort for the first rank in Nebraska. It was formally organized on the 12th of last month, with the following officers: Chas. S. Goodrich, president; J. C. Sharp, vice president; Charles J. Emery, secretary, Sam Nash, treasurer; and William Hartley captain of the club. The business manager is C. J. Emory, and the board of directors consists besides the president and secretary, of Messrs. C. M. Pratt, J. C. Sharp, and E. D. Frank. At a meeting held July 25th it was decided to limit the membership to 75, and to order suits for the nine. The committee consisting of Messrs. Pratt and Sharp, previously appointed to wait on Capt. Marsh and request him to fix up the grounds at the end of the street railroad, reported that the same would be done, and a vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Marsh for his generosity.

The "Excelsior" base ball club is one which has been in existence for a couple of months, and it has on several occasions shown a very creditable degree of ability. The idea of the club has been to avoid as much as possible any large games during the hot summer months, but it will show its colors this fall. The nine is composed as follows:

Morris, Captain and Pitcher;
Morris Barnes, 1st B;
Jack Barry, 2d B;
O'Toole, 3d B;
Wm. Moran, L. F.;
Jno. Mackavin, C. F.;
Matt. Hudson, R. F.;
Ed. Koster, R. S. S.;
Albert Herman, C.;
Billy Patterson, S. S.
The "Simpsonians" is a club composed of the workmen in Simpson's shop, and the picked nine consists of
John Carpenter, Captain and S. S.;
Chas. Metcalf, C.;
George Cruickshank, P.;
Leonard Snider, L. F.;
Wm. Howard, 1st B;
Louis Stuhts, 2d B;
Wm. Wiley, 3d B;
Chas. R. Turney, C. F.;
Fred Schaeffer, R. F.

Besides the above named clubs, there are the "Centennials," "Gladiators," and "Painters," all of which are clubs of no mean order, and we will give them a review at some future time.

The "Quicksteps" of Council Bluffs, and "Troublesomes" of Atlantic, Iowa, played a game at Atlantic on the 22d. The score stood 29 to 3, in favor of the Atlantic club. This is rather rough on the "Quicksteps," but the case is mitigated somewhat by the fact that but half of the club nine participated. The Atlantic club pays its pitcher \$60 a month, and is certainly a first rate base ball club. It has been sweeping everything before it up to date, but as there "never was a man so smart but another could be found a little smarter," so will be the case of the "Troublesomes," and they will surely "tumble" sooner or later.

Where is he?

GIRLS are artful creatures. As the school-boy aptly remarked—

"Just when you think you have caught one, she ain't there." Tony Pastor observes that now days when a girl of seventeen is asked to marry, she curls up her beautiful nose and asks "Who is he?" at about twenty-five she asks "How much is he worth?" when she arrives in the neighborhood of forty, the great question is "Where is he?"

Life in Fremont.

The city of Fremont is fast assuming a metropolitan character. Its citizens are enterprising, industrious, and ever ready to make a stranger within their limits feel at home while sojourning over night in this little city. A couple of weeks ago it was our good fortune to be present at an entertainment gotten up by the ladies of the Episcopal church. It consisted of tableau representations—among which were those of the execution of Beatrice Cenci, Joan of Arc at the stake, Virginius and his daughter, and several others, all of which were faultlessly presented, and the highest compliment we can pay to the many participants is to assure them that their efforts would do credit to many of the best cities in the land. Fremont is blessed with a set of good-natured, wholesome boys, and a fine collection of handsome, accomplished and pleasant young ladies, and for the many courtesies received at their hands while there, the writer wishes to return his sincere thanks, with the assurance that he will always hold in pleasant recollection their beautiful, prosperous and generous little city.

PERSONAL.

Lucius and Bird Wakely have gone to the Centennial.

"Creedy" White and William Withers are among the exportations for Philadelphia.

Fred Knight has returned from a six week's visit at the Centennial.

Likewise Dr. Bob Johnson.

Will Demorest has returned from a four week's visit at the Centennial.

Miss Lou Alvord, daughter of Gen. Alvord, has been in the city for the past few weeks, visiting Miss Cora Doane.

Miss Bertie Steel returned from school at Plattsburg, N. Y., to spend the summer.

Prof. Palm, of Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, visited Omaha last month.

Martin or S. Hyde, of Chicago, was in Omaha visiting his friends last month.

Messrs Al and Walter Wilkins leave about the first of the present month for a trip to Canada, New York, and the Centennial. They will be gone about two months.

Professors Merritt, Beals, and Brunner were in Philadelphia in attendance at the National Teacher's Association.

Mr. B. G. Cranston, the popular and efficient salesman for J. J. Brown & Bro., has gone east on a furlough, and if his girl don't "go back on him," he will get married in New York city.

Amos E. Gannt, editor of the *Western Nebraskan*, of North Platte, favored us with a visit.

J. H. Mountain, one of the best railroad passenger agents ever west of the Missouri river, has been transferred to Chicago, where he can do good to a greater number of souls than he could while out in Omaha.

The many Omaha friends of Misses Josie, Julia, and Kittie Ord, now of San Antonio, were exceedingly pained on hearing of the death of their father, Maj. Ord, who was violently thrown from his carriage and killed on the 19th of last month.

Arthur C. Wakely is at home spending the college vacation. He receives congratulations on the victory of Cornell, which has again won the annual boat race.

COUNCIL BLUFFS.

Miss Georgie Jackson of St. Louis is in the city, visiting Mrs. Lettie Montgomery.

Miss Cora McDowell is visiting her sister, Mrs. Jacob Williams.

Miss Carrie Rice, mother and little sister, left on the 18th for a visit to Philadelphia and other cities of the east.

Miss Ella Dodge is spending the summer with her father and mother, at Swampscott, Mass.

Miss Roach of St. Louis, is visiting her cousin, Mrs. James Brown.

Miss Mamie Nutt of Chicago, daughter of Col. H. C. Nutt, has been in the city for the past few weeks, the guest of Miss Ada Everett.

Miss Jennie Batchelor, who has been attending school at St. Joseph for the past year, is spending the vacation at home in this city.

Frank Pusey and Horace Everett, are home from Easton College.

Mr. R. E. Montgomery, left for Texas on the 16th of last month.

L. E. Robbins and D. T. Stubbs made us a pleasant call on the 22d.

Mr. W. C. Erb has returned from his Centennial visit.

Why don't the C. B. boys organize a sportsman's club? The Field Sportsman's Club of Omaha wants to get up a match with the Bluffs, so we understand.

Party at J. F. Evans'.

Friday evening, July 21st, the young ladies and gentlemen, principally those of the High School, were given a party at the residence of J. F. Evans. Among those present were Misses Annie and Nellie Blanchard, Lizzie and Ella Stewart, Eva and Ella Hewett, Hettie and Edie Ross, Carrie Test, Sarah Beers, Maggie Dohany, Maud Knepper, Rachie Fisher, Mollie Brown, Jennie Batchelor, Nellie Rockwell, Mamie James, Laura Cooper, Mamie Rue, Hattie Rue, Addie Horton, Miss Swan, Messrs. Jno. N. Baldwin, Harvey Reynolds, D. T. Stubbs, Joe Swan, L. E. Robbins, Henry Stubbs, Geo.

Ferguson, Ed. Troutman, Jas. Robinson, Eugene Stupfel; Ed. Rue; Mort. Craig, Will Sherman, Chas. Ross, Horace and Bertie Evans, Ed. Street, A. L. Munger, and others.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Evans, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Evans received and entertained the guests. Refreshments were served at 12 o'clock, and all went home well pleased with the evening's enjoyment, and carried with them most favorable impressions of the kindness and generosity of the host and hostess of the evening.

The Young Ladies' Anti-Slang Association.

The "reform club" is the title of a new organization that was recently started in Council Bluffs, organized by young ladies for the purpose of discouraging the use of slang phrases in conversation. The deliberations were not to be made public for a while, until the society could hold a few meetings and thoroughly perfect its organization, but our special reporter nevertheless took a full account, and hopes for the indulgence of the young ladies, assuring them that she will not "give them away" again:

At a recent meeting, while a member was addressing the society, she inadvertently made use of the expression, 'awful nice,' and was called to order for transgressing the rules.

"In what way have I transgressed?" asked the speaker, blushing deeply.

"You said it would be 'awful nice' to admit young gentlemen to our deliberations," replied the other.

"Well, wouldn't it be?" returned the speaker; "you know you said yourself, no longer ago than yesterday, that—"

"Yes, I know; but then you said 'awful nice.' That's slang."

"Well," said the speaker, tartly, "if you are going to be so awful nice about it, perhaps it is; but I wouldn't say anything about it if I were you. Didn't you tell Sallie Spriggins, this morning, to pull down her basque?"

"No, I didn't," retorted the other, her face growing crimson; "and Sallie Spriggins will say I didn't. She won't go back on me."

"This is a nice racket you are giving us," cried the President, after rapping both speakers to order. "Let us ask what is the object of this society?"

"To discourage slang," cried a dozen voices.

"Kerree," said the President, "go on with the funeral."

A member rose to explain that she had been fined at the last meeting for saying 'awful nice' herself, but she hadn't the stamps to pay it now—would settle in the sweet by and by.

"That'll be all right," said the President. "Pay when you have the deucats."

Another member asked if a young lady could say "old splendid" without subjecting herself to a fine.

"You bet she can't," said the President, who was the original founder of the society, and, therefore, appealed to when any nice question was to be decided.

"Then," said the speaker, "I move that Miranda Pew come down with the dust, for I heard her say that her beau was just old splendid."

Miranda's face was in a blaze as she cried:

"Well, if my beau was such an old hair-pin as your fellow is, I wouldn't say it."

"Shoot the chinning," cried the President. "Will you never tumble?"

But the confusion was too great to be allayed. Miranda's blood was up. Some sided with her, and others against her; and amid the babel that followed, could be heard such exclamations as "Dry up," "Nice huckleberry you are," "Wipe off your chin," "Hire a hall," "Cheese it," "Drop on yourself," "Take a reef in your pull-back," etc., when a motion to adjourn was carried by a large majority.

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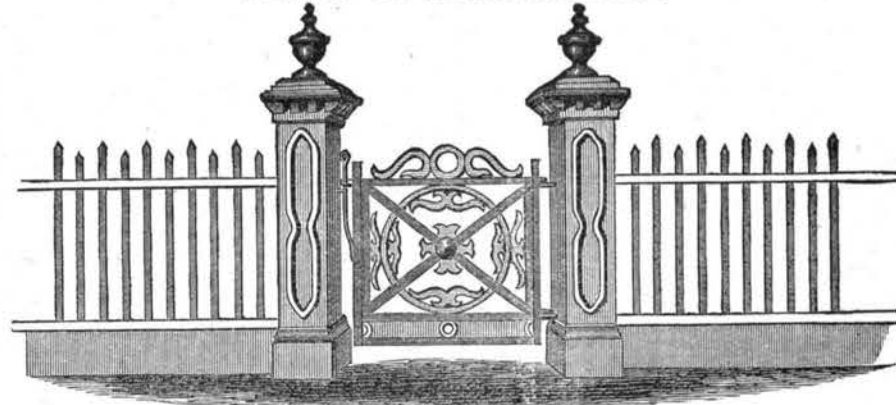
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The High School

OMAHA, NEB., AUGUST, 1876.

WHEN SCHOOL DAYS ARE OVER.

A blue-eyed child, where the sun-beams fall,
And summer flowers are springing,
Where green leaves dance, at the south
wind's call,
Shade, but not shadow flinging.
Above her, the blue, blue summer sky,
About her, the bloom of the clover,
Before her, the life's great mysteries lie,
And she dreams of when school days are over.

A woman pale where the shadows fall,
And faded flowers are lying,
Where dead leaves drop at the north
wind's call,
Like tears for the summer dying.
Above her, the drear and wintry skies,
Around her the chill mists hover,
Behind her, life all wasted lies,
And she sighs, "ere my school days were over."

A bright faced boy, where the fresh winds
blow,
The sea's voice in them calling,
Stands, heedless all of the summer's glow,
And the sunshine round him falling.
For his eyes are looking far away,
To the hills where the blue mists hover,
And his quick pulse chides Time's dull
delay,
While he waits till his school days are over.

A world-worn man, where no breeze that
blows,
Brings dreams of a joy untasted;
Where the sad sea sings at its ebbs and
flows,
The dirge of a long life wasted,
For the mists and the hills have lost their
art,
And the aimless self-wrecked rover,
Lungs most for the throbbing boyish
heart,
That was his, ere his school days were over.

So future and past like the desert's dream,
To present beauties blind us,
And we only see life's glories gleam,
Before us and behind us.
Ah, youth, you long for what may not be,
Till heads shall lie under the clover,
Ah, age, you sigh for what is not gone,
But with life, can our school days be over.

EDUCATIONAL.

NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

The Association assembled in Convention at Philadelphia July 10th, and continued its session during the 11th and 12th. Wm. F. Phelps, of Minnesota, presiding. "The Country School Problem" was discussed at length, and great difficulty being the obtaining of competent teachers at the present rate of salaries. Dr. Da Motta, Commissioner of Education for Brazil and Mr. Meyerberg, Superintendent of Schools in Stockholm, Sweden, spoke of the educational system of their respective countries.

Mr. David Murray, connected with the educational system of Japan, spoke of the progress of education in that country.

F. Tanaka, Vice-Superintendent of Education in Japan, said he had come hither for the purpose of studying the educational system of this country. In 1863 the first newspaper was established in Japan, but now he was glad to say there are more than one hundred.

Some valuable papers were read, reports were presented, officers for the ensuing year were elected. M. A. Newell, of Baltimore, was made President. In the afternoon of the 12th the Convention made an excursion to Fairhaven.

Nebraska was represented by Professors Thompson, Church, Manley and Hitchcock of Lincoln; Professor Rich of Brownville, Professor Palmer of Beatrice; Professor Beals, Brunner, and Miss M. S. Gilchrist of Omaha. THE INTERNATIONAL EDUCATIONAL CONGRESS.

The International Educational Conference opened on the afternoon of Monday, July 17. The sessions are held in the Judges' Pavillion, Centennial Grounds, Philadelphia. Eminent foreign and American educators participate. The first session was opened with a debate between Dr. Harris, of St. Louis, and Dr. Da Motta of Brazil.

DEAF AND DUMB EDUCATORS.

A convention of principals of institutions for the instruction of the deaf and dumb was organized, July 12, in Philadelphia, at the Deaf and Dumb

Asylum, the object being to devise improvements in the management of deaf and dumb institutions. Thomas McIntyre of Indiana, was chosen President, with Dr. Foster, of Pennsylvania, Dr. Wilkinson, of California, and Dr. Palmer, of Ontario, as Vice-Presidents. Delegates were present from nearly all the States and British Provinces. The discussions were long and on the subject of the proper education of patients. In the afternoon session a series of resolutions on the same subject occasioned a debate of three hours' duration, after which addressed in favor of a National Home for Aged and Infirm Mutes, to be situated in New York, were made by several gentlemen.

Two Aristocrats.

"Billy," said one news-boy to another yesterday, as they thronged the sidewalk in a mass awaiting the advent of the *Evening Republican*, "wot's the matter o' yer complexion? Aint yer health good, my dear?"

"It's dissepashum, cully," was the prompt reply. "Wot with opperrers an' late hours in the spring, an' these swell parties just now, an' high livin', I'm rooninin' my constertoshun. I aint wot I was in my younger days, I tell yer!"

"Jest ez I thought, Billy, yer must let up. Didn't I see yer makin' a call ez I directed my coachman to take a little turn through Locas place yesterday, and didn't yer have a booky?"

"I 'spose 'twas me yer saw, I take 'er a \$5 booky now an' then. 'Smy style yer know."

"Wa'al it's all right, Billy, it's all right; but don't yer be throwin' yer-self away. Yer too much uv a ornament ter serciety, yer be, ter waste yer-self."

"Oh, know my vally. Don't yer be alarmed. Hitch up yer britches an' hev a partager, cully."

And then the two scions of bloated aristocracy sat down on the curbstone together and smoked a couple of cigar stubs with great dignity and considerable labor.—*Ex.*

We offer below some new thoughts on spring—extracts from a poem which found its way to our possession. It gives evidence of a true poetic spirit, and, spite of its marked resemblance to some of our great poets, is declared to be *entirely original*. On account of lack of space we print but one or two stanzas:—

Spring has come at last,
With all its sunshine and shadow.
The snow must soon melt fast,
But it melts now, O how slow.

April is passing very fast,—
It will soon be gone.
The snow will then have past;
The frosts of another winter will be done.

Oh! may we long to welcome the,
Though most beautiful month of the year.
Hasten though and bring with the
Every flower to all of us so dear.

These, these are scenes of Spring,
Seems which every heart should treasure,
Seems which make the birds rejoice and sing,
Seems which give us untold pleasure.
Bate's Student.]

"Can you see me, dearest?" said a Chicago man to his dying wife. "Tell me, can you see me?" "No," she faintly whispered, "but I can smell your breath."—*Herald.*

SHAKESPEARE said: "There is a tide in affairs of men." But it appears to be pretty much all tied back in the affairs of women.—*Galaxy.*

AN American eagle was roasted in the Brooklyn fire which destroyed the Home for the Aged Poor. He tried to fly out, but the cause of his death was a defective flew.—*Galaxy.*

A gentle, meek-eyed Indiana girl at Vassar College, writes to her parents: "This is the most stylish hair-pin of a boarding school I ever tumbled to. I can eat four times a day, if I want to, and get a fair hack at the hash every time."—*Ex.*

NEW YORK "Commercial": Scene, a butcher's stand.—Butcher—"Come John, be lively, now; brake the bones in Mr. William's chops and put Mr. Smith's ribs in the basket for him." John (briskly)—"All right, sir, just soon as I've sawed off Mrs. Murphy's leg."—*Galaxy.*

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At CLINTON for Dubuque, Dunleith, Prairie du Chien, La Crosse and all points on the Chicago, Clinton and Dubuque, and Chicago, Dubuque and Minnesota Railroads.

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—[Gallery of Art.]—

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