

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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THE FLOOD OF YEARS.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

A mighty Hand, from an exhaustless urn,
Pours forth the never ending Flood of Years
Among the nations. How the rushing waves
Bear all before them! On their foremost edge,
And there alone, is Life; the Present there
Tosses and foams and fills the air with roar
Of mingled noises. They are they who toil,
And they who strive, and they who fret, and they
Who hurry to and fro. The sturdy hind—
Woodman and delver with the spade—are there,
And busy artisan beside his bench,
And pallid student with his written roll.
A moment on the mounting billow seen—
The flood sweeps over them and they are gone.
There groups of revelers, whose brows are twined
With roses, ride the topmost swell awhile.
And, as they raise their flowing cups to touch
The clinking brim to brim, are whirled beneath
The waves, and disappear. I hear the jar
Of beaten drums, and thunders that break forth
From cannon, where the advancing billow sends
Up to the sight long files of armed men,
That hurry to the charge through flame and smoke.
The torrent bears them under, whelmed and hid,
Slayer and slain in heaps of bloody foam.
Down go the steed and rider; the plumed chief
Sinks with his followers; the head that wears
The imperial diadem goes down beside
The felon with the cropped ear and branded cheek.
A funeral train—the torrent sweeps away
Bearers and bier and mourners. By the bed
Of one who dies men gather sorrowing,
And women weep aloud; the flood rolls on;
The wail is stifled, and the sobbing group
Borne under. Hark to that shrill, sudden shout—
The cry of an applauding multitude
Swayed by some loud-tongued orator who wields
The living mass, as if he were its soul.
The waters choke the shout, and all is still.
Lo, next, a kneeling crowd, and one who spreads
The hands in prayer; the engulfing wave o'er takes
And swallows them and him. A sculptor wields
The chisel, and the stricken marble grows
To beauty; at his easel, eager-eyed,
A painter stands, and sunshine, at his touch,
Gathers upon the canvas, and life glows;
A poet, as he paces to and fro.
Murmurs his sounding lines. Awhile they ride
The advancing billow, till its tossing crest
Strikes them and flings them under while
They are yet unfinished. See a mother smile
On her young babe that smiles to her again—
The torrent wrests it from her arms; she shrieks
And weeps, and midst her tears is carried down.
A beam like that of moonlight turns the spray
To glistening pearls; two lovers, hand in hand,
Rise on the billow swell, and fondly look
Into each other's eyes. The rushing flood
Flings them apart; the youth goes down; the maid,
With hands outstretched in vain, and streaming eyes,
Waits for the next high wave to follow him.
An aged man succeeds; his bending form
Sinks slowly; mingling with the sullen stream
Gleam the white locks, and then are seen no more.
Lo, wider grows the stream; a sea-like flood
Saps earth's walled cities; massive palaces
Crumble before it; fortresses and towers
Dissolve in the swift waters; populous realms,
Swept by the torrent, see their ancient tribes
Ingulfed and lost, their very languages
Stifled and never to be uttered more.
I pause and turn my eyes, and, looking back,
Where that tumultuous flood has passed,
I see

The silent Ocean of the Past, a waste
Of waters weltering over graves, its shores
Strewn with the wrecks of fleets, where mast and hull
Drop away piecemeal; battlemented walls
Drown idly, green with moss, and temples stand
Unroofed, forsaken by the worshippers.
There lie memorial stones, whence time has gnawed
The graven legend, thrones of kings o'erturned,
The broken alters of forgotten gods.
Foundations of old cities and long streets
Where never fall of human foot is heard
Upon the desolate pavement. I behold
Dim glimmerings of lost jewels far within
The sleeping waters, diamond, sardonyx,
Ruby and topaz, pearl and chrysolite,
Once glittering at the banquet on fair brows
That long ago were dust; and all around,
Strewn on the waters of that silent sea,
Are withered bridal wreaths, and glossy locks
Shorn from fair brows by loving hands, and scroll
O'erwritten—haply with fond words of love
And vows of friendship—and fair pages flung
Fresh from the printer's engine. There they lie
A moment, and then sink away from sight.
I look, and the quick tears are in my eyes,
For I behold, in every one of these,
A blighted hope, a separate history
Of human sorrow, telling of dear ties
Suddenly broken, dreams of happiness
Dissolved in air, and happy days too brief,
That sorrowfully ended, and I think
How painfully must the poor heart have beat
In bosoms without number, as the blow
Was struck that slew their hope or broke their peace.
Sadly I turn, and look before, where yet
The Flood must pass, and I behold a mist
Where swarm dissolving forms, the brood of Hope,
Divinely fair that rests on banks of flowers
Or wander among rainbows, fading soon
And reappearing, haply giving place
To shapes of grisly aspect, such as Fear
Molds from the idle air; where serpents lift
The head to strike, and skeletons stretch forth
The bony arm in menace. Further on
A belt of darkness seems to bar the way,
Long, low and distant, where the life that is
Touches the Life to Come. The Flood of Years
Rolls towards it near and nearer. It must pass
That dismal barrier. What is there beyond?
Hear what the wise and good have said.
Beyond
That belt of darkness still the years roll on
More gently, but with not less mighty sweep.
They gather up again and softly bear
All the sweet lives that late were overwhelmed
And lost to sight—all that in them was good,
Noble, and truly great and worthy of love—
The lives of infants and ingenious youths,
Sages and saintly women who have made
Their households happy—all are raised
and borne
By that great current in its onward sweep,
Wandering and rippling with caressing waves
Around green islands, fragrant with the breath
Of flowers that never wither. So they pass
From stage to stage, along the shining course
Of that fair river broadening like a sea.
As its smooth eddies curl along their way,
They bring old friends together; hands are clasped
In joy unspeakable; the mother's arms
Again are folded round the child she loved
And lost. Old sorrows are forgotten now,
Or but remembered to make sweet the hour
That overpays them; wounded hearts that bled
Or broke are healed forever. In the room
Of this grief-shadowed Present there shall be
A Present in whose reign no grief shall gnaw
The heart, and never shall a tender tie
Be broken—in whose reign the eternal Change
That waits on growth and action shall proceed
With everlasting Concord hand in hand.
—Scribner for August.



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

THE ADVENTURES OF A PARTY OF OMAHA SERENADERS.

Equipped with our musical instruments, two violins, a flute and guitar, we started in gay spirits to serenade some lady friends. At two o'clock in the morning our strengths were almost exhausted, having had no free lunch or exhilarating liquors offered to us since we started. The distracting vacuity in our stomachs must have had an evil influence upon our minds, for instead of feeling hilarious as two o'clock in the morning wanderers should, we were evidently despondent. It was a theme of serious and irritable discussion among us, why we had thus been slighted by all of the many whom we serenaded, and one of our four came near getting himself into trouble by insolently remarking that it was because our music, to say the least of it, was execrable; another gave it as his opinion that the serenadees had not yet survived the effects of the grasshoppers and consequently were economical in their generosity, but the most plausible reason to me was that our reputation as lunch fiends had preceded us. We were out a few times last year on the same beat, and frequently had been asked in to lunch. It was noticeable that where we had lunched once, we never have been asked to do so again. And it remains a matter of conjecture to this day among those who provided the lunches where the rapidly disappearing eatables and drinkables (if there were any of the latter,) went to, but I can conscientiously vouch thus for the honor of the party, that they did not put in their pockets what they could not crowd into their stomachs.

We knew two tunes last year, and by perseverance we knew the same two this year. We serenaded the same parties last, that we did this year, and I suppose they recognized the tunes, which probably brought to their recollection our marvelous capacity for stowing away grub, and resolving to profit by their experience of last year, gave us no lunch receptions. On the evening in question, our party, myself excepted, threatened frequently to disperse, but as often by persistent entreaties and alluring hopes of a free lunch at the next house where we serenaded, did I prevail upon them to keep together. Two o'clock in the morning, and we looked more like a mutinising crew than dolers-out of pleasure. My companions were making ominous gestures at me for the successive deluding hopes which I had held

out to them, all of which had proved abortive.

We were about to commence serenading the last lady on the list, when suddenly I remembered an acquaintance who lived at the other side of the city. Now I was almost, in fact, I was quite certain, that if we serenaded her, she would use us royally and request us in to partake of the good cheer. Forthwith I communicated my conviction to the party, and this was the only time that I had any confidence in redeeming a promise made that evening, but nevertheless, it carried the least weight of all. They gazed fiercely at me, gave their lips a credulous curl, then their looks tapered into a wilting expression and ended in disgust.

They slouched their instruments under their arms, gave me parting looks which felt almost like as many kicks, speechlessly separated, to depart to their respective couches, and left me to my bewilderment. This was too much for my already lacerated feelings to submit to. I felt my indignation arising—it arose—but it was quickly succeeded by a calm, one of those dignified, inspiring calms, which only the great in spirit, and lofty in mind are susceptible of. I grasped my solitary guitar, placed it in a position to fret it, turned my eyes up towards the stars, and invoked the moon to aid me in my endeavors to play enchantingly. Then my fingers wandered over the strings, and delicious music was breathed, which was wafted to the senses of my delicate idol by jealous zephyrs, struggling to carry the greater burden. I was in a trance of delight, and forgot the grievances of the previous moment. The blinds trembled, and instinctively I knew that she was peeping through the lattice, listening with delight. I said to myself, "she's there," the music sighed "she's there," and the atmosphere echoed "she's there." I felt a thrill of peculiar delight tingle in my veins, and was transported nearer heaven than I intend to be again, until I pass over to the other side of Jordan. I was not insensible to the poetry of the situation, for I imagined myself and the surrounding scene depicted on canvas before me, and thus described it to myself unconsciously aloud:

"A mansion surrounded by a group of trees, beautiful moonlight night, stars twinkling in the heavens, a solitary figure half hid in the trees and awakening soul-stirring strains from a guitar, with a devotion unknown in the annals of serenaders, to a beautiful object who was too shy to show him the glory of her

countenance. Good heavens? what a triumphant subject for an artist, but what artist can do justice to such a striking attitude or paint the romance and sublimity of this scene."

I had reached that stage of transport when it is impossible to stand still. As I played, my enthusiasm augmented, until, feverish with rapture, and enveloped in this sea of heavenly excitement, I kept moving to and fro, playing the while—suddenly I saw a mass of black approaching my head, and my feet kick at the stars, heard unearthly rattling, as if the ground under me had caved in, and felt an uneven wall abruptly support my back, while something that felt like a thousand of brick caressed me about the head. Then I became oblivious. Unfortunately it was not forever. Shortly, I began to feel pains in different parts of my body, and on opening my eyes, I saw the household standing around me and an old lady wiping the crimson perspiration from my brow. I found myself in a cellar, on the broad of my back, still gazing at the stars. The cellar has a trap door on the outside, which negligently, had been left open. As I was looking upwards, from whence I receive inspiration, instead of at my feet, (modestly encased in a pair of number thirteens,) while moving, it cruelly received me. In my unpremeditated descent, I upset crockeryware, spilt the milk, and brought chaos out of general order. The young lady hearing the music abruptly cut off, followed by a crash, opened the blinds, and took the tableau in at a glance, whereupon she aroused the inmates and brought them to my assistance. Yes! there she stood before me with sympathy in her voice and suppressed merriment in her eyes. I was not so badly hurt as was at first supposed, for with assistance, I stood up and found myself able to walk.

My once beloved, but from this forward accursed guitar was shivered into a dozen pieces, and there I left it as a souvenir of an unexpected and somewhat singular visit. I was struggling to find speech to ask them not to mention the deplorable windup of the serenade; but they seemed to have divined my thoughts from my imploring looks, and assured me of their sealed silence on the subject. I then bade them a hasty trembling "good night," and with apparent earnestness they reciprocated the parting courtesies. I took my departure amid a shower of half muzzled tittering, and numerous consolations, but as I closed the outer gate, I faintly heard the voice of that young lady ring out with: "But what 'artist can do justice to such a striking attitude, or paint the romance and sublimity of this scene.'"

"GRACE DARLING."

SAFE CELEBRITY.

Honor, fame and immortality marketable commodities.

To people ambitious of posthumous fame (and who of us is not?) there is something fascinating in the "Centennial Safe" at the Philadelphia Exhibition. For a ridiculously small sum, a mere pittance, anybody may have his autograph locked up in his iron box, kept from the tooth of time until the year 1976, and then held up to the gaze of posterity. Rarely is such a chance given to become illustrious on cheap terms. It is economical, universal, infallible. It brings immortality within the reach of the humblest of us, and the price is, we will say, five dollars a head. Think of it! Five dollars for a century of fame! Was ever anything so tempting heard of? No poor but aspiring man has a purse too scanty for this. Timothy Tubbs writes his

signature (or haply makes his x mark) in the sacred tome, with a gold pen and a silver inkstand, and thereupon without more ado sails down the stream of glory. Two men celebrated for integrity—namely, Chief Justice Waite and Simon Cameron—"are to be invited to put the pens in the safe" after all the ambitious Tubbses shall have finished spluttering. And oh, what will be the admiration, the awe of posterity when, a hundred years hence, it shall open the chest, and find there the signed manual of the renowned Tubbs (if the ink holds,) in all its glory! This, this alone were worth living to see—and all, gentlemen, going for five dollars.

Such a project has a great advantage over the four grades of glory which the Washington monument society proposed a few years since. These were, your name in solitary grandeur on a block of the monument, for \$5,000; your name among others on a block, for \$2,500; your name on a tablet inside the monument, for \$1,000; your name "perpetually recorded" in the archives, for \$100. But though the society declared that a block inscribed, for example, Peter Piper, \$5,000, "would secure immortality beyond a peradventure," yet it soon became clear that the price was too high. What our countrymen want is cheap fame; even \$100 for archeval immortality seemed extortion, and so that scheme came to naught. But look, on the other hand, at "Centennial Safe" celebrity, furnished at a price which one absolutely blushes to name.

With money enough in his purse any man may have immortality. He can set up his statue in the market-place; can build a pillar more enduring than his brass; can found a church or a charity. But some countrymen or ours are bent on buying fame at auction prices. Our cities shine with Smith avenues, Brown boulevards, and Robinson terraces. We find the portraits of "living originals" on currency notes and revenue stamps. Congress had actually to pass a law forbidding portraits to be put on "any bonds, securities, notes, and fractional or postal currency of the United States while the original is living"; and no sooner had this been done than "living originals" put their faces, for contemporary admiration and posthumous fame, on the revenue stamps, because these had not been expressly mentioned in the law.

Public schools, as centres of education, are naturally the prey of persons ardent for immortality at moderate rates. In some cities you find upon the schoolhouses such inscriptions as, "Charles Henry Tittiboy School: Founded, 1864"; or "J. M. Smith School: A. D. 1871." Should you ask the urchins around the schoolhouse who Mr. Tittiboy is, probably not one in a hundred could tell. They might guess him to be a grocer or a general (I did not mean, by the way, to bring in quite so soon the point that cheap fame is often baffled after all) or, at best, one boy might have heard of him as a ward politician, or more likely yet as a school committee man.

Of course when a Vanderbilt, a Drew, or a Cornell founds a university, there is no question of cheap fame—that belongs to a different subject; but seeing the other day that the new Nashville colored college had been named in honor of General Clinton B. Fisk, the thought came to me that it is not always safe to christen such seminaries with the names of "living originals," as the statute phrase goes, especially when the said originals are still deep in politics. Some day, should our patron saints be mixed up with Indian rings or *Credits Mobilieres*,

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

The High School

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

Go to the Centennial if you have to walk back.

We are glad to notice that several graduates of the High School and others educated at home have recently secured positions as teachers in our public schools.

William Cullen Bryant's late production, "The Flood of Years," regarded by able critics as one of the best efforts of his life, will be found entire on first page.

Friends are always welcome at the office of the HIGH SCHOOL, and time is unlimited, unless it be just previous to our going to press, when a busy state of affairs generally exists, about a week before the first of each month.

A desperate attempt was recently made in the Chicago School Board to abolish the higher schools and normal institutions of that city, but it met with an ignominious defeat. Such a proposition may be entertained with impunity by fanatical individuals, but it will never meet the sanction of a community of intelligent citizens and supporters of education.

Messrs. W. T. Meads and R. R. Baliman, two former attaches of the *Herald* office have purchased the *Center-Union Agriculturist*, and intend to carry it on in a manner that will win for it the first rank among publications of its kind. Meads & Baliman are enterprising young men, and they will undoubtedly succeed. We wish the *Agriculturist* all the success imaginable.

There will be an Amateur State Tournament held in Lincoln during the State Fair week, commencing on the 21st of September, and continuing until finished. Four prizes will be offered, the first of which is a champion diamond pointed cue and fifty dollars. The game will be French carom, and be governed by the rules of the National Billiard Congress. The number of entries will be limited to twelve, and no player will be allowed to participate who is recognized as a professional, and each player must have resided in the State at least one year. The tournament will be held in the billiard parlors of T. P. Quick, and promises to be in every way a success.

The State Normal School at Peru, Neb., opens on the 5th of September, and the attendance promises to be fair. The institution is certainly under able management, and the many advantages it affords need only to be known to be appreciated. To go to the Normal school costs nothing but your time, and we believe that if there was some exorbitant charge for tuition there would be a greater attendance. The object of this school is to train teachers for common, graded, and high schools. The courses of study are two, viz.: An elementary course of two years for such students as wish to prepare themselves for ungraded or lower grade schools; a higher course, including the lower course and three years of additional study. The latter is designed for such as wish to teach in the higher grade, or high schools. The advantages are: A healthful location, convenient buildings, cheap boarding, free tuition, experienced teachers, a good library and cabinet, energetic and agreeable students, unusually good facilities for learning vocal and instrumental music, and light gymnastics.

Judge John M. Thurston now holds a blank certificate for a beneficiary scholarship in the Louisville Medical College, with full power to make an appointment, and he wants to give the benefit to some honest, ambitious and industrious young man.

There is nothing we can conceive of that is so distasteful to a crowd of spectators at a base ball match as the use of obscene language by any of the players. On the other hand, there is no feature that will so readily excite the admiration of everyone as thorough gentlemanly deportment in the field. A player is never so eloquent as when he keeps his mouth shut and allows his actions to speak for him. A game of ball should be entirely free from loud-mouthed ejaculations and obscene expressions, so much so that the most refined ladies in the city can attend and witness without being shocked.

SOUTHERN NEBRASKA.

Omaha is not Nebraska, and if you want proof of this startling assertion, you have only to pick up your grip-sack, or borrow one, and start for the southern portion of the State, where you will find hundreds of enterprising and prosperous towns advancing steadily onward and upwards. Here you will also find those fine farms of which we are truthfully told are only second editions of the Garden of Eden, and farmers who do not propose to run the chances of being turned out, either by eating crab apples, voting railroad bonds, or neglecting to vote the straight ticket.

We said you only had to go south, but we forgot to premise our remarks by advising you to walk to Lincoln or go around by the way of Nebraska City, in order to connect with the A. & N. R. R., as there is no one on earth whom we have such a grudge against as to ask him to ride over the B. & M. This Nebraska branch of the road runs through the most dreary and uninviting portion of the State, miles and miles of it being directly under a high bluff that marks the edge of the most deserted and uninviting country in the State. Much advertising has been done to entrap emigrants into this portion of the country, but when they reach and see the state of the case, they most invariably go farther south, where, situated along the line of the A. & N. R. R., there are fine farming lands. There are hundreds of thousands of acres in Nebraska of the finest farming lands in the world, but they are not on the line of the B. & M., and we feel it a duty we owe to the unguarded immigrant to warn him not to be entrapped onto a piece of unproductive land, when he can go farther south on the A. & N. R. R., or west on the U. P. R. R., or north on the S. C. & P. R. R., and find farms that will pay to settle on. Leaving Lincoln on the A. N., you will notice that you are riding through an excellent farming country, well cultivated, and containing many prosperous towns, which are always the best evidences of the thrift and prosperity of the farmers surrounding them. If you perchance should stop off at Tecumseh, you will behold a happy little city basking in the sunshine of prosperity and enjoying all the fruits of the toil and success of her many surrounding farmers.

Falls City, a few miles further south, presents the same appearance of thrift and progress, and is quite a large city. Here, encircled by all that exalts or embellishes civilized life, lives that prodigy of editors, Ed. W. Howe, who can bring a smile to the cheek of a weeping statue by any one of his jokes in the *Globe-Journal*. Ed. S. Towle, formerly Speaker of the House, is also among the curiosities. At first sight he looks like a broken down book agent with the toothache, but when he smiles the scene is transformed.

J. G. Good keeps the Union House. Good believes in economy, and he practically inculcates his doctrine in the management of his hotel. It costs \$2 per day to learn economy and frugality under the instructions of Mr. Good, and the lesson is never forgotten. Many of his boarders carry lunches with them when they go to dinner to keep them from getting hungry while they go back to work.

We hope the Board of Education will fit up a room in the Third Ward school for use as a meeting hall. The furniture now in the basement of Central school will furnish it. The High School debating society was killed by the long walks up and down Capitol Hill at night, and a meeting room down town would be a great incentive to it to reorganize. Let the room be fitted up.

THE STATE UNIVERSITY.

The September term of the University commences on Thursday, the 14th day of September.

The Faculty, as now constituted, is as follows:

Edmund B. Fairfield, D. D., L. L. D., Chancellor and Professor of Mental Philosophy and Political Economy.

H. E. Hitchcock, A. M., Professor of Mathematics.

Samuel Aughey, Ph. D., Professor Natural Philosophy.

Geo. McMillan, A. M., Professor of the Greek Language and Literature.

H. Emerson, A. B., Professor of Modern Languages.

George E. Church, A. M., Professor of the Latin Language and Literature.

Hiram Collier, L. L. D., Professor of Chemistry and Physics.

Gilbert E. Bailey, A. B., Assistant Professor of Chemistry and Physics.

Harvey Culbertson, B. A., Superintendent of Model Farm and Instructor in Agriculture.

Edgar L. Dudley, 1st lieutenant, U. S. A., professor of military science and tactics.

Of the members of the Faculty, save Chancellor Fairfield, and Professors Collier and Emerson, no special mention is required. They have long been in the service of the University. Their fitness for the discharge of the duties of their several positions is well known. Chancellor Fairfield has already become somewhat acquainted with the people of the State.

Prof. Hiram Collier ranks high in his department. From his appointment the Regents expect much. By his scholarly attainments, and long and ample experience they are assured that he will be not only an element of great strength to the University, but an honor to the State as well.

Professor Emerson, by a residence of four years in France, four years in Germany, a like period in Italy and a year in Greece, studying the languages of those countries, has had opportunities (which he has in the highest degree improved, it is said,) for qualifying himself in the most thorough manner for the duties of his chair.

FIFTEEN MINUTES ONLY.

In a poverty stricken cottage, lived Mrs. Grey a widow and her only son a boy of fourteen. James Grey was the sole support of his invalid mother, and in doing this duty labored with all the energy that could be expected from a boy of his age.

It was a bleak day in mid winter, as James was busily at work in front of the house cutting wood, and Mr. Davis, a blunt open-hearted farmer came along.

"Hard at it," said Mr. Davis ere James was aware of his being near.

"Yes," said James, honestly, hardly knowing what to say.

"Well," said Mr. Davis, bluntly, "I want you to come over to my house to-morrow morning—and mark,—I want you to come just at eight o'clock."

"Well," said James, and Mr. Davis walked towards home.

James thought some work only was to be done, and therefore did not hasten to tell his mother, nor did she know it till next morning was come. And when he told her and remarked what Mr. Davis had said respecting time, she looked at the clock and said—

"Why James, it is now past eight."

"I guess I will be in time," and James put on his cap and started for the home of Mr. Davis.

Mr. Davis had a brother, a wealthy merchant, who lived in the city, and who was in want of a trusty boy and had requested Mr. Davis to procure him one whom he well knew. He at once thought of James but doubted his punctuality, and it was for this reason

why her equest James to come precisely at eight.

When James arrived, he found that he was just fifteen minutes too late, and after he had heard of the favorable chance, found that Mr. Davis had gone to the city with another boy in the place that he would have been glad to have occupied.

Many a deep sob had he to check, as he walked slowly towards his home, and when he entered that home where he had enjoyed so many sunny days, but which looked cold and dreary now, he threw himself into a chair and wept aloud.—*Rural Home.*

Jim Grey was the same boy who went into a store, asked for a position, and being refused picked up a pin, as he went out with downcast eyes—hoping that he might get the position on the strength of his remarkable freak of economy—but the pin game was a failure. He was always unlucky.

How Jones got Barreled Out.

Mr. Jones sat down on an empty barrel standing in front of a liquor store on Michigan avenue, and remarked that it was cheaper to lose \$2, worth of time waiting for the car than to foot it nine blocks. Mr. Jones is long and lean, and doesn't weigh over 160 pounds. The barrel ought to have held up two just like him, but he wriggled around to secure an easy position and the head fell in. It was the best he could do, but no time was given him to plan and ponder. The first thing he knew, after the crash, was finding his feet and ankles over one side, and his shoulders and head wedged against the opposite. His head was bent forward until his neck was nearly broken, his legs seemed to have been driven up, and he was right where the boys wanted him. He yelled out in smothered tones, and an aged lady who keeps an intelligence office near the scene of the accident looked down from her window and called out:

"Bub, we don't want any such fooling around here!"

"Bub be blowed! Lemme out! help! help!" hoarsely replied Mr. Jones.

Oh! young man you are on your way to the gallows!" said the aged lady, and she drew back from the window and sighed.

Few people walk the streets at noon, and Mr. Jones yelled out many times before the grocer came out. He saw the feet sticking up, and he gave them a rap with a potato masher, and exclaimed:

"You boys deserve killing!"

"I'm dying here—help me out!" roared Jones.

"I'll die you, you old vagrant!" replied the grocer, seeing that the feet belonged to a man, and he gave the barrel a kick.

"I tell you I am dying!" shouted Jones, as he tried to struggle around.

"I believe you are a liar," replied the grocer, and he gave the barrel a shake.

When he was convinced that the man in the barrel was not a vagrant or a beggar, he set about helping him out. He tried to lift him up, but Jones yelled for mercy. The grocer finally came with his hatchet, and as he knocked at the hoops he said it was a pity to go and destroy a nice barrel like that in order to save a human life.

The staves finally fell. Jones gave a yell and scrambled up, and the aged lady in the intelligence office looked out of the window and said:

"If that man doesn't go around robbing clothes lines, then I'm no judge human nature!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

CHARLES H. ROBERTS,

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ANNOUNCEMENT.
OFFICE OF THE STATE SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,
LINCOLN, NEB., January 28, 1876.
I have this day added Anderson's Grammar School History of the United States to the list of Text Books recommended for use in the common schools of the State of Nebraska.
J. M. MCKENZIE, State Superintendent, Public Instruction.
The retail price of the new book is only \$1.20. We furnish it for introduction at 80 cents per copy, or in exchange for any history in use, for 60 cents, and deliver the books wanted, free of all express charges.

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GRAND EXCURSIONS
DURING THE SUMMER OF 1876, VIA
ST. PAUL AND SIOUX CITY,
AND
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OMAHA & COUNCIL BLUFFS
TO SPIRIT LAKE,
"THE LONG BRANCH OF THE WEST,"
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The Most Delightful Summer Resort on the Continent.
Its numerous and beautiful lakes, well stocked with the finest fish, the superb scenery of the Upper Mississippi river, the wonderful dunes of the St. Croix, the celebrated Falls of Minnehaha, immortalized by Longfellow, and the world renowned Lake Superior region, are but a few of the attractions of this beautiful country.
Sleeping Cars Run Through Without Change
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TICKETS GOOD FOR 30 DAYS.
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These tickets can be purchased at the Chicago & Northwestern railway ticket offices, Grand Central Hotel, Omaha.
For further information regarding above excursions, and also steamer excursions on Lake Superior, apply to J. H. O'Bryan, Agent, C. & N. W. Railway ticket office, Grand Central Hotel, Omaha.
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Teeth extracted without pain, by use of Nitro-oxide Gas.
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The High School

OMAHA, NEB., SEPTEMBER, 1876.

Extra copies \$1.00 per dozen.
Subscriptions, orders for extra copies, Advertisements, or articles for publication, may be left office, 2d floor, Odd Fellows Block.
Local Advertisements 20 cents a line.

A few of our subscribers are yet delinquent.

All the public schools will open on Monday the 4th of September.

The stone wall has been built around the High School grounds.

E. WYMAN, the leading book seller and newsdealer, Creighton block, keeps a good supply of school books and stationery. Give him a call when you want anything in his line.

The O. & N. W. R. R. made its first trip over the extension to Tekamah on the 28th of last month. A fine large depot has been built at Tekamah and it will be a grand centre of business and a prospering town in the future.

Dick Hume, the agent of the O. & N. W., at Tekamah, will soon be married. He has "given himself away" to an up country schoolman, and was down here sometime ago showing her the city. The event will soon transpire, and the only thing we have to say is to wish Dick the best of success.

THE Academy of music has a brilliant prospect before it for the coming winter. The season will open September 6th with the Redpath Opera Troupe, and this troupe will be followed by those of equal renown. Manager Gladstone realizes the fact that Omaha wants first class talent or none at all, and he has consequently refused to make engagements with any troupe that would not be up to the requirements in this regard.

MOUNT St. Mary's academy will open its next scholastic year on the 4th of September. This institution is conducted by the Sisters of Mercy, and the facilities for instruction are equal if not superior to any seminary in the west. Especial attention is given to instruction in music. Here can be found a school for young ladies where naught but the most refining and ennobling influences can surround them, and where any branch of learning from the rudiments to the highest departments of mathematics, language, or science may be followed.

FRANK F. CURRIER the popular photographer, who has no superior as an artist in the west, has recently finished an excellent photograph of the young ladies of the High School graduating class. The group consists of Misses Bertha Isaacs, Maggie McCague, Nelie Lehmer, Esther Jacobs, Blanche Deuel, Addie Gladstone, Ida Goodman, Fannie Wilson, and Stacia Crowley. We say Currier is an artist. His taste and good judgment betray that fact in his every action, for he guessed that he could do us no greater favor than present us, for the adornment of our sanctum, one of these photographs. Many thanks.

R. Landeryou, teacher in drawing and painting, whose paintings adorned the walls of the High School buildings, previous to vacation, and may now be seen at 281 Dodge street, is undoubtedly a proficient teacher and an able painter in portraiture, landscape, and marine views. It is due to the city of Omaha, where he intends to permanently reside, to give him liberal support. He has been rightly granted a room in the Central school building, in which he will open a class for drawing and painting Sept. 4th. Art cannot be studied without a certain reward coming to the student in the form of improved character and increased love for beauty. Go and learn to paint.

THE Board of Education recently passed a resolution fixing the salary of teachers as follows: Teachers for the first year \$50 a month; second year, \$60 a month; third year, \$65 a month, with the understanding that teachers will be promoted and have their salaries raised as they rise in excellence. The examining committee held a meeting on the 23d, 24th, and 25th of last month, and examined 19 applicants, of whom the following ten passed successfully and were given certificates: Fannie Wilson, Esther Jacobs, Stacia Crowley, Addie Gladstone, Maggie McCague, Ida Goodman, Bella Schaller, Miss Briggs, and Miss Minnie Woods. Forty-three teachers were needed for the coming year, and they have all been secured.

THE Omaha Book Company is the title of a new corporation recently organized in this city. It is composed of most of the former book and stationery dealers of Omaha, who have joined their various stocks of goods. The company will carry on an extensive book trade, and will also manufacture extensively. The officers and stockholders are R. H. Wilbur, president; C. F. Catlin, vice-president; S. C. Abbott, Supt. of wholesale department; John F. Fairlie, Supt. manufacturing; John J. Monell, secretary and treasurer. The location of the establishment is in the store formerly conducted by C. F. Catlin, and it is excellently adapted to the wants of the new company. The first floor being devoted to the retail department, the second to the wall paper and wholesale department, and the third to the manufacturing department.

Let all those now in arrears for subscriptions not forget the importance of remitting at once.

The Omaha club beat the "Centennials" in a game of base ball on the 24th of last month, by a score of 33 to 4.

"Grace Darling" contributes to this number a spicy and readable article on the subject "Adventures of a Party of Omaha Serenaders."

Extra copies of the HIGH SCHOOL are \$1 a dozen, 3 for 25 cents, or 10 cents apiece, "and don't you forget it" when you are ordering.

The young men's literary club will doubtless meet after the summer vacation, on Tuesday evening, the 12th, this being the date to which it adjourned last spring.

The Third Ward school building will not be finished in time for the commencement of the fall term, but it is expected that some of the lower rooms will be ready for occupancy about the 20th of the month.

A pleasant moonlight party was given at Hanscom Park by the many friends of Frank Higby, in honor of that young gentleman, on the evening previous to his departure for Rawlins, W. T., for which place he left on the 10th of last month.

A mistake or two occurred in our report last month of teachers' election. The salary of Miss Weeks is \$100 a month, instead of \$150. Miss Foss, formerly principal of the south school, will have charge of the new Third Ward school, and Miss Hattie Stanard will succeed to the principalship of the south.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Hopper passed through last month on the air line, accompanied by a long train of attendants. Our local kept in doors, as he heard they were very destructive to everything green, consequently but little G. H. news can be given, further than the observation that they carry their sick along on their backs.

The thanks of the HIGH SCHOOL are due, and the same are hereby tendered to Miss Jennie McCoy for an elegantly arranged bouquet of choice flowers. That bouquet occupied a prominent position in our editorial sanctum for a week, and the influence of its delicate perfumes fell with a double effect when we considered the thoughtfulness and generosity of its fair donor.

Prof. W. H. Smith has recently made a "ten strike," he having been called to take the professorship of natural sciences in Chapel Hill, North Carolina. He says he is now glad that circumstances were such that they rather necessitated his departure from Omaha. He always has his address on our subscription books moved when he moves, but although it may be moved from page to page, it will always stay in the book. Prof. Smith thoroughly appreciates the HIGH SCHOOL.

The Field Sportsmen's Club.

The regular monthly meeting of this club was held August 15th, President Lowe in the chair. The names of several new applicants for membership were proposed. Dick Berlin, Wm. Krug and Sam Nash, previously proposed, were admitted. The constitution and by-laws were placed in the hands of a committee to be printed. A practice shooting match was then arranged for, and it took place at the terminus of the street railroad, in Lake's addition, August 19. The first match was ten single birds each at 21 yards. The judges were D. C. Sutphen and J. W. Petty. Wm. Preston acted as referee, and Mr. Sutphen as scorer. The following is the score:

McLAIN'S SIDE.	
C. F. McLain.....	1 0 0 1 1 1 1 0 0 0 5
J. N. Hardin.....	1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 8
N. N. Cray.....	1 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 1 3
C. Sutphen.....	1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 8
E. B. Lowe.....	1 0 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 7
31	

WINDHEIM'S SIDE.	
G. Windheim.....	0 1 0 0 0 1 1 0 1 5
W. King.....	1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 8
G. Ketcham.....	1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 9
A. S. Huntington.....	1 1 1 0 0 1 0 0 5
E. L. Patrick.....	1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 7
34	

After this match some private matches were shot, in which the boys who participated distinguished themselves.

A movement is on foot by the boys to organize a gymnastic club. They will probably use the room over Meyers' music store if it can be secured, as it contains nearly all the necessary apparatus. Such exercise is both amusing and healthful, if indulged in moderately. We remember about two years ago a party of enthusiastic young men formed themselves into a "Gymnastic Club," and went to considerable expense fitting up their hall, etc., but after pouncing the senses out of each other with the gloves they abandoned it, and have probably recuperated sufficiently by this time to take another whirl. However, we predict for the new club a longer life and more beneficial results.

RUSSIA LEATHER, Seal skin, and Morocco POCKET BOOKS and Portfolios at a great reduction, as I am bound to close out all my present stock, preparatory to ordering a brand new lot for the holidays.

CHAS. H. ROBERTS, Druggist.
Cor. Douglas and 15th Sts.

BASE BALL.

The Game for the State Championship Between the Omahas and Otoes.

On the morning of Wednesday, August 9th, the Otoe base ball club came up to Omaha to play a match game of ball, that was the first of a series of three that had been agreed upon for the championship of the State. The party entire consisted of W. J. McFarland, A. A. Brown, R. S. Ege, E. L. Sayre, W. G. Hail, H. A. Smith, C. E. Hochstetler, Jno. T. Evans, Geo. L. Woolsey, E. F. Holmes, M. H. Whittridge, J. E. Haynes, Jr., F. W. Hall, G. L. Bradley, G. H. Thomas, F. B. Hochstetler, A. P. Shoff, E. A. Brown, G. A. Wilcox, Wm. Cornett, and W. B. Newman. The boys were received in the morning by a committee of the Omahas, consisting of C. M. Pratt, Chas. Eitling, and J. F. McCartney, and driven to the Grand Central Hotel in carriages. The game was called at 2:15 in the afternoon, and the toss was won by the Otoes, who of course took the "outs." As the game started off, the captain of the Otoes took exception to the pitching of Frank, which was without doubt the fairest kind, and the umpire followed the instructions and ruled the pitching foul. This was not expected and rather dampened the ardor of the Omahas, but the game went on and, as the results were showing favorably for the Otoes, nothing more was urged against the pitching. The first inning resulted in a score of one for the Omahas, and four for the Otoes. The second gave the Otoes 7 and the Omahas 1; the third, Otoes 4, Omahas 4; fourth, Otoes 5, Omahas 5; fifth, Otoes 1, Omahas 2; sixth, Otoes 2, Omahas 2; seventh, Otoes 3, Omahas 3; eighth, Otoes 1, Omahas 0; ninth, Otoes 6, Omahas 4; leaving the score 33 to 22 in favor of the Otoes.

It will be seen by the above that in the first two innings the Otoes gained nine runs, but after that and all through the game the Omaha boys held them so close that they only gained two during the rest of the game—seven innings. Had it not been for the effect of the squabble on the pitching question in the commencement of the game, which disconcerted the Omaha boys, it is certain that the Otoes would not have got the start by nine runs and the chances of victory would have been good for the Omahas.

In regard to the umpire, Mr. Holmes, of Nebraska City, we will not here accuse him of showing partiality to the Otoes, but we are confident of the fact that his sympathies were with them. There was one particular case where a decision on a question which he decided adversely to the Omaha club, resulted in adding seven runs to the score of the Otoes.

During the game we had splendid opportunity to witness the abilities of the players, and we observed that the catcher of the Otoes, Mr. Scott Hail, the 1st baseman, Mr. McFarland, the short-stop, Mr. E. L. Sayre, and the right fielder, Mr. Freeman, were excellent players. Of the Omahas, Mr. C. M. Pratt deserves special mention on general principles, as he displayed extraordinary ability both in field and at the bat. Hartny won for himself fresh laurels, and able critics concede that he has no superior in the State as a catcher. Bennett, the first baseman, won the admiration of everyone. Raftier did well in right field, and his record as a batter showed that he was no "slouch." Messrs Stevenson and Sharp did not "loom up," as well as was expected, but the difficulty was explained by the fact that Stevenson was sick that day, having walked barefooted and hungry from Florence; while Sharp had a bone in his arm, and a mortgage on his dexterity. The game, taken as a whole, was a very poor one on both sides, the large score giving evidence of the fact that each individual was guided, not by the idea of working well in the field, but of gaining success at the bat, and in running bases.

The following is the score, showing the positions, and number of "outs" made by each player.

THE SCORE.	
OTOES.	OMAHAS.
O R	O R
Sayre, s. s.....	3 4 Hartny, c.....
McFarland, 1st b.....	1 6 Raftier, f.....
Brown, i. f.....	4 3 Pratt, 2d b.....
Ege, c. f.....	2 2 Bennett, 1st b.....
Minor, 3d b.....	5 3 Tischer, s.....
Freeman, r. f.....	4 3 Moran, i. f.....
Smith, 2d b.....	3 3 Stevenson, 3d b.....
Hail, c.....	3 3 Sharp, c. f.....
Hochstetler, p.....	2 4 Frank, p.....
Total.....	27 34
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9	
Omahas.....	1 4 5 2 2 3 0 4 22
Otoes.....	4 7 4 6 1 2 3 1 6 33

Umpire—E. F. Holmes.

Scorers—Evans and Nash.

Time of game—3 hours, 10 minutes.

Return Game Between the Otoes and Omahas, Played at Nebraska City Wednesday, Aug. 30.

Pursuant to the conditions of the series of games with the Otoes, the Omaha club went down to Nebraska City and played a return game on Wednesday, Aug. 30th. The club was met at the depot by Messrs. Woolsey, Hail and Brown, the reception committee, who were waiting with conveyances to take the party up town. In the afternoon both clubs marched in their suits to the grounds, headed by a brass band, and the display was very fine. Game was called at 3 o'clock, and the "toss" was won by the Otoes, who of course took the field. This had streak of luck did not help to enthrall the Omahas, as it is well known that the

last half of the ninth inning is worth considerable to the side having the bat. The game was closely contested, and playing was very fine on both sides until the sixth inning, up to which time the Omahas led in the number of scores, and had bright prospects of victory. At the sixth inning the score stood 7 to 6 in favor of the Omahas, when a violent rain storm came up and stopped the game. The game should not have gone any further after the rain, in the opinion of many, for the grounds were left in a very bad condition, and although the Omahas yielded to the request of their opponents, to play it through in the mud, they felt that they could not play successfully after the rain. The result was as predicted, for no sooner had the Omahas taken the field than the Otoes made eight runs. (When just previous to the rain they were once whitewashed and made but three runs in three innings.) This was all due to the fact that the Omahas could not play in a wet field and on muddy ground. In the seventh inning Hartny, catcher of the Omahas, was disabled by a ball striking him, and the game closed, the score standing 17 to 7.

PERSONAL.

Miss Decie Johnston has returned from Chicago.

Miss Jennie McKoon has returned from a delightful visit to the centennial.

Miss Libbie Wood, of 202 Howard street, has returned from an eastern visit, and will teach school in Omaha.

Elmer Frank, the pitcher of the Omaha B. B. club, left on the 20th for a four week's trip through the east.

Geo. Lake has secured a lucrative position at Cleveland, Ohio. He recently returned from a summer visit to Long Branch.

Fred Millard, of Cornell college, has been spending a month among his friends in this city, and returns to college, which opens on the 12th of September.

B. D. Slaughter, "Gad," the well known traveling correspondent of the Lincoln Journal, did not forget to call while in Omaha recently. Good Gad.

Will Demarest, well known as the popular salesman at Frederick's hat store for the past year or so, is now acting in the same capacity for J. W. Bunce.

Our whilom friend H. C. Sperry, who has been vegetating in the wilds of Canada for the past year, and is now visiting the centennial, will return to his home in this city next October.

Miss Laura Morse, who has been spending the hot summer months in the delightfully cool regions of the north, is again at home, and will resume her position as teacher in this city.

We were pleased to receive a call from our old friend M. Langdon, county superintendent of public instruction in Sarpy county. Mr. Langdon reports school matters progressing finely in his section.

Misses Lizzie and Nannie McNamara left on the 15th for their home in Cheyenne, after stopping a few weeks in Omaha to visit their many friends. They have recently graduated from an eastern seminary.

Miss Carrie Ijams now fills the important position of assistant in the office of the clerk of the district court, and we are sure that the office was never better filled, as this young lady is an excellent writer and in every way competent.

Mr. W. R. Morris, who has been spending his college vacation in this city, the guest of Hon. J. W. Savage, left on the 25th of last month for a visit in the east, preparatory to the opening of Harvard, at which institution he will complete his course in another year. During his short stay in Omaha Mr. Morris won for himself the esteem and good will of many friends.

GO BY ALL MEANS.

Grand Excursion to the Delightfully Cool, Enchanting and Picturesque Regions of the North.

Minnesota, the western Long Branch, is now a paradise for pleasure travelers, health seekers and admirers of the picturesque in nature. Its hotels are thronged with the best people in the land who now yearly visit its many lakes and waterfalls to while away the hot, sultry summer months. With a view of placing the opportunity of a visit to this delightful region within the reach of all, the S. C. & P., and St. P. & S. C. Railroads have arranged for a grand excursion from Omaha and the west. It will start from this city September 7th, and the fare for the round trip is placed at the remarkably low price of \$16, tickets good for 60 days. The road over which this excursion train will run, is excellently equipped, and the country through which it passes, abounds in fine scenery. Knowing that every one who takes an excursion to the northern lakes will be well pleased, not only with the beautiful scenery and healthful climate, but with the cheapness of the fare, we take no risk in recommending the trip. The tickets can be procured of Harry Deuel, and any further information will be cheerfully furnished by J. H. O'Bryan at his office, corner 14th and Farnham.

The HIGH SCHOOL is not on sale at any of the city news depots; the only place it can be obtained is the publication office, Odd Fellows' block, up stairs.

COUNCIL BLUFFS.

Brilliant Reception and Entertainment given by Miss Carrie Robinson

On the evening of August 4th a delightful evening party was given by Miss Carrie Robinson, in honor of her friend, Miss Ada Hoppin, an estimable young lady from Leavenworth there on a visit. The spacious parlors were brilliantly illuminated, the carpets were over-laid with canvas for dancing, and ample preparation made for a good time.

The guests were courteously received by Miss Robinson, assisted by Miss Hoppin and Mr. James Robinson, each of whom used every exertion to make the visitors feel at home. The evening was spent in dancing to the excellent music of a violin with piano accompaniment. Refreshments were served at 12 o'clock and at the early hour of 2 o'clock, all went home highly pleased with the evening's entertainment. Those present were Harry Reynolds, Geo. H. Furgason, "Daisy," Stubbs, Jos. Swan, Jno. Baldwin, Henry Stubbs, Ed. Robbins, Ed. Rue, Will. Batchelor, Ed. Troutman, Will. F. Sapp, Will. R. Sapp, Theo. Batchelor, Mort Craig, Will. Sherman, Frank Keeline, Chas. Ross, Fred Rockwell, Dug. Patton, Arthur Munger, Eugene Stupfel, Horace Evans, Geo. Conley, Frank Pusey, J. F. McCartney, Misses Anna and Nellie Blanchard, Eva and Ella Hewett, Hetty and Edie Ross, May Loveland, Nellie Wakely, Rose and Mollie Brown, Mamie and Hattie Rue, Laura Cooper, Jennie Bachelor, Carrie Test, Nellie Rockwell, Addie Horton, Rachie Fisher, Mamie James, Nellie Huber, Nellie Roberts, Belle Lafferty, Nellie Graves, Lizzie Stuart, Miss Swan, Miss Shaw, Lillie Millard, Ada Hoppin, Kate Pusey Louie Bowman, Flora Casady, the Misses Cook, and some others whose names we cannot recall.

While visiting southern Nebraska it was our good fortune to meet our old friend, Will R. Sapp, formerly of the Bluffs. Will is now assistant station agent at Falls City, and in the absence of the regular agent at the Centennial, is "running" the entire concern. He enjoys life where he now is, and only regrets that he cannot spend an occasional evening at the Bluffs. He sends his kindest regards to several young ladies in Council Bluffs, and to one especially. Of course he ordered the High School, as he wants to keep posted on all the live questions of the day as well as on the movements of the boys and girls.

Will Sapp, son of Col. Sapp, has been spending his college vacation at home. He returns to Columbia University, Washington in a couple of weeks.

Jno. Baldwin will go to the Columbia Law School in Washington, and study for a year.

Miss Julia Officer gave an excellent and enjoyable party to her many friends on the evening of the 24th.

There was an enjoyable party at the residence of Mr. J. B. Rue on the 17th of last month. Miss Hattie entertained her many friends most handsomely.

Particulars of the Accident which Resulted in the Death of Major Ord.

The many Omaha friends of Major Ord, his estimable lady, and his daughters, Misses Kittie, Josie and Julia, heard with regret of his accidental death at San Antonio some time ago. As the news came to this city simply in the form of a bare announcement, we have decided that a few of the particulars would not be out of place, even at this late day. The following account is gleaned from a letter written by Miss Julia Ord to her friend in this city, Mrs. Col. Smythe, nee Miss Lottie Lowe.

A hack driver left his team untied on the opposite side of the river, and the horses took advantage of his absence to run away with the vehicle. This was the cause of starting a spirited span of greys belonging to Captain Story, and these horses had soon smashed the buggy and were flying down street with a portion of the harness and the broken half of a whiffletree clinging to them.

THE FINAL CATASTROPHE.

The runaway team overtook the carriage of Major Ord, U. S. Army (which contained, besides himself, the Rev. Father J. T. Johnson and Placidus A. Ord, (son of Major Ord, who was driving), opposite the residence of Mr. Fritz Schreiner, on Flores street. The gray horses struck the back of the vehicle, which was going in the same direction they were, with considerable violence, but Mr. Ord, the driver, managed to keep the horses in hand, and to prevent them from running away. One of the Storey horses fell to the pavement from the violence with which they struck the back of Major Ord's carriage, but he was soon on his feet again, and the gray team with the neck yoke and dangling whiffletree kept on up Flores street as if nothing had happened. They soon overtook Major Ord's carriage and passed it, but in passing we think some of the harness, or the whiffletree, must have touched one of the horses, for they became unmanageable, ran away, and followed the flying gray team up Flores street at a fearful rate. On the flying team reaching the Kingsbury place, Major Ord sprang from the vehicle, and owing to the impetus he received from the vehicle, was hurled to the ground, striking the back

of his head on a rock with sufficient violence to fracture his skull.

Immediately after, the carriage came in collision with a tree near Colonel N. O. Green's place, about a hundred yards further on. Father Johnson went out on the left side, and young Ord fell between the horses. The former sustains some severe bruises, while the latter only sprained his wrists. The vehicle was wrecked. Major Ord was carried by John Evans, Henry Weir, Leslie Thompson and others, into the house of Mr. John Evans, where he remained in an insensible condition until his death, which occurred about 10 o'clock. He received the sacrament of extreme unction at the hands of Father Johnson, and surrounded by the distressed members of his family. Immediately after his death the body was taken to his residence on Soledad street.

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The High School

OMAHA, NEB., SEPTEMBER, 1876.

[Concluded from Fourth Page.]

what would be the lesson for the young students? Suppose, for example, that the Nashville institution had been named, a few months since, for W. W. Belknap instead of C. B. Fisk: would it not already be in bad odor? These, I say, are the perils of so baptizing schools; because a W. M. Tweed school might make queer confusion for pupils regarding the name first set up for their worship and then torn down in disgrace. And it is much wiser to furnish schoolhouses for the monumental inscriptions of mere nobodies.

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The Champion School Teacher.

From the Philadelphia Bulletin.

In one of the townships of a neighboring county there have been recently some complaints about the inefficiency of a teacher in a public school named Weaver, and a short time ago the Board of Supervisors, having collected some facts concerning his method of instruction, summoned him before them, and the President examined Weaver in reference to the matter. He said:

"Mr Weaver, the board is not satisfied entirely with your way of imparting instruction to the youthful mind, and we called you before us to-day to ascertain what the general drift of your purpose was on occasions that have come under our notice, when you have been giving the boys what you seem to have considered useful information upon a variety of topics. For instance, Mr. Weaver, in teaching this history class; we feel compelled to take exception to your views when you assert that Benjamin Franklin was shot at the battle of Agincourt, and that Nebuchadnezzar was King of Italy, and played the fiddle while Quebec was burning. You may, possibly, have later information upon those topics than has reached the rest of us, but the community is prejudiced against these views, and they make you unpopular.

"I don't recollect saying that," said Weaver, "but just as likely as not I may have said Agincourt instead of Waterloo, and got Nebuchadnezzar mixed up with William the Conqueror. I was sick that day, and my mind didn't work right some-how."

"And besides, Mr. Weaver, we feel as if we ought to direct your attention to the fact that you were wrong when you instructed the class in grammar that Martin Van Buren is an adverb and that the word 'hungry' is a personal pronoun. These mistakes are serious enough, but when you flogged a scholar because he insisted that 'buolic' was an intransitive proposition and that it did not represent a species of stomach-ache, it seems to the board that you went a little too far."

"It wasn't for that I whipped him," said Mr. Weaver; "it was because he put a pin in my chair. I was only in fun about those things. I knew well enough Martin Van Buren was an adjective."

"But such a theory will hardly avail to explain why you asserted in arithmetic that vulgar fractions were so called because only blackguards use them, and why you made Mr. Coyle's boy go down foot for saying that there were only two halves to an apple. The community is indignant at these things, sir, and when they learn you taught

those little innocents to spell 'dog' d-a-w-g, I am seriously afraid that public sentiment will be strongly in favor of having recourse to violent measures. Now you certainly know that there is no respectable authority for spelling the name of that useful animal d-a-w-g. It is preposterous. It shows a want of a proper sense of the fitness of things. Now, don't it?"

"Well, may-be it does. But I'll tell you. Everybody spells dog the other way, d-a-u-g, and it struck me that it'd be a good thing for my scholars to start out on a fresh, original basis; to get up something new and startling and refreshing in the dog line, and so I threw d-a-u-g out as a kind of an idea—a mere suggestion, you understand, without intending to insist on it. But I don't mind coming down on that; I'll give it to them the old way if you insist on it."

"Very well. But while we are going over the matter permit me to urge that you could have had no respectable authority for telling the scholars that Omaha is the capital of Mexico, and that the Revolutionary war began in 1812, and still less is there any warrant for your assertion to the pupils in history that the middle name of George Washington was McGrath. George McGrath Washington. This sort of education of the infant mind attracts attention and excites remarks. It brings ridicule upon the sacred name of the Father of his Country, and leads the children astray respecting the geographical location of Omaha. It is wrong, sir, all wrong; and the board can't put up with it."

"Well, the way I came to do that, I suppose," said Weaver, "was that I used to know a man named George Washington McGrath, and I must have confused him with the other one. And as for Omaha, I will bet you it is in Mexico, or Siam, or Siberia, or some of them places. Now, isn't it?"

"The board, Mr. Weaver, do not think it worth while to pursue this subject further, but, while we are here, I may as well mention that in that poem which you wrote as an example for the class in English composition, we find rather to much levity for such a serious matter as the education of children. It is not merely that you make 'Mazeppa' rhyme with 'pepper' nor that you cause 'frolic' to rhyme with 'colic' and 'bowels' with 'vowels,' but when you bring in 'heifer' as a rhyme for 'zephyr' the board feels that you have probably gone a little too far, and that your usefulness as a guide and instructor of youth is, perhaps, ended. We think, Mr. Weaver, that we had better ask you to resign. And if you will permit me, I would offer you, in a friendly spirit, the suggestion that if you can procure permanent employment somewhere in a whitewashing establishment or as an operator upon a saw horse, perhaps your intellectual gifts may find a higher and more cordial appreciation."

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