

The High School.

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

Liberator a defectione solum, qui non nititur.

Vol. IV.

Holiday Number, Omaha, Neb., Jan. 1877.

No. 1.

OUR NEW YEARS' ADDRESS.

To our many subscribers, patrons and friends—to our contributors—to EVERY BODY—THE HIGH SCHOOL wishes a HAPPY NEW YEAR. In presenting our usual New Years' Poem, we have selected the following, which, although written many years ago, has never been surpassed. This poem—from the pen of G. D. PRENTICE—is conceded to be the finest ever written. Those who have read it once will read it again with renewed pleasure. Those who have never read it, will certainly appreciate our idea in presenting it.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

'Tis midnight's holy hour—and silence low
Is brooding, like gentle spirit, o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bell's deep tones are swelling—'tis the knell
Of the departed year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirr'd
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud,
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
The spirits of the season seem to stand,—
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form
And Winter with his aged locks,—and breathe,
In mournful cadences, that come abroad
Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,
A labcholy dirge o'er the dead year,
Gone from the earth forever.

'Tis a time
For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
Still chambers of the heart, a specter dim,
Whose tones are like the wizzard voice of Time,
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have pass'd away,
And left no shadow of the loveliness
On the dead waste of life. That specter lifts
The coffin-lid of Hope, and Joy, and Love,
And, bending mournfully above the pale,
Sweet forms, that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
O'er what has pass'd to nothingness.

The Year
Has gone, and, with it, many a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course,
It waved its scepter o'er the beautiful—
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man—and the haughty form
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where throng'd
The bright and joyous—and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones is heard where erst the song
And reckless shout resounded.

It pass'd o'er
The battle-plain, where sword, and spear, and shield,
Flash'd in the light of mid-day,—and the strength
Of serried hosts is shiver'd, and the grass,
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
The crush'd and moldering skeleton. It came
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;
Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,
It heralded its millions to their home
In the dim land of dreams.

Remorseless Time!
Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe!—what power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity? On, still on
He presses, and forever. The proud bird,
The condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through heavens unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the northern hurricane,
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down
To rest upon his mountain crag,—but Time
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,
And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinions.

Revolutions sweep
O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast
Of dreaming sorrow; cities rise and sink,
Like bubbles on the water; firey isles
Spring blazing from the ocean, and go back
To their mysterious caverns; mountains rear
To heaven their bald and blacken'd effils, and bow
Their tall heads to the plain; new empires rise
Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,
Starting the nations,—and the very stars,
Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,
Glitter a while in their eternal depths,
And like the Pleiad, loveliest of their train,
Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away,
To darkle in the reckless void; yet Time—
Time, the tomb builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all-pitiless, and pauses not
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.



View of the Omaha High School Building.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY.

II.

We now proceed to a brief description of a few of the most renowned and magnificent of the colleges of this great institution. And first,

CHRIST CHURCH,

claims our attention. It was in reference to this splendid foundation of Wolsey that Shakespere said, 'Christendom shall ever speak his virtue,' and the admiration accorded to it by his contemporaries cannot have exceeded that which it has justly claimed from succeeding generations.

In order to establish this college twenty monasteries were suppressed, and with their revenues, Wolsey endowed it. When the Cardinal fell from his lofty estate, King Henry appropriated the revenues to his own. Soon after he resolved to continue the work, but on a lesser scale. The front of the college is four hundred feet long, and has a very striking appearance. The center is relieved by a noble gate-way in which hangs "Mighty Tom," the great bell of Oxford, weighing 17,000 pounds, and the clapper 342 pounds. Every night at ten minutes past nine, it strikes 101 times, that being the number of students on the ancient foundation roll, and at the sound, most of the colleges in Oxford close their gates. The chapel of this college is the Cathedral of the Diocese of Oxford, and is very fine. This is the "aristocratic" college, being frequented by the nobility. The Prince of Wales was educated here. Prince Leopold was one of its students at the time we visited it. The students here are not given too much hard work, but still Christ Church counts among her alumni some of the most renowned of Englishmen, in every path of life.

We pass from this magnificent structure to the more beautiful one of Mag-

MAGDALEN COLLEGE,

says a warm admirer, has buildings that

gladden the heart and delight the imagination, from the

"High embowered roof,
With antique pillars massive proof,"

down to "tudious cloisters;" trim gardens too are there; lawns, endowments, choice books, good society, in fact everything "to lend wings to the hours that else would move on too tardily." It was founded in 1456 and completed in 1492-1503. The buildings form three quadrangles, and cover an area of over eleven acres.

Next we come to BRASENORE COLLEGE, founded early in the reign of Henry VIII. The buildings have a very ancient appearance, and are very fine and imposing.

NEW COLLEGE, is justly described as "one of the proudest ornaments of Oxford. Its grand merits consist in the elegance of its proportions, and the exquisite fitness of its ornamentation."

And so we might go on, page after page, describing these splendid seats of learning. Certainly each one deserves a column alone. There is Lincoln founded in 1478; All Souls, whose first stone was laid in 1437, and was erected as a charity for the souls of those who fell in the French war; Queens, perpetuating the fame of good Queen Philippa, wife of Edward III; Oriel founded by Edward II; Merton celebrated for its scholastic theology; Baliol founded in 1260; Trinity, St. Johns, Jesus, Wadham, Plembroke and Worcester, all of them celebrated, all of them interesting.

BEAUSEANT.

To Count a Billion a Physical Impossibility.

I have seen of late, says a writer in the N. Y. *Commercial Advertiser*, several articles upon the time it would take to count a billion, one writer, in stating that a billion is only a thousand millions, not a million millions, considers the task one that can be easily accomplished in a little time. But I conceive no two generations of men, or rather a man during his natural life time, to be followed up by his son after the decease of his father, taking up the number and continuing on, could possibly accomplish the task. This, to me, is the point which renders it impossible, viz: To count a billion, means to count from one consecutively up to a million, not to count a series of hundreds or thousands.

Think of the slow process when one has reached "seven hundred and seventy-seven," and goes on repeating these words over and over as he advances one numeral at a time! It is easily seen, when this feature is considered, that the task is really impossible.

OLIVER TWIST.

"Reviewing" a book is commonly and properly accepted as criticising it. When we review a work, it is always done with the purpose of profiting by the discovery of its beauties, or exposing the fallacy of its errors. Some books, however, are brimming with what from the critics standpoint, would be deemed errors, but which to the public mind are their strong features. The appearance of a popular work always seems to be the signal for a howl from the critics. They and the public are always at variance, and it is not until the people, almost as a unit, endorse a work that the critics recognise its merits. This strange perversion would seem to endorse Disraeli's celebrated aphorism that the critics are those who have failed in literature and art. Theirs is not the voice of justice, but envy. They revel in imperfection. The errors of others are their capital, and on the leanness of their fellows they grow fat. But this is not a review; let us call it a discussion.

Discussions apply particularly to good books, a poor work is read and forgotten. We are not so apt to remember defects, as beauties; therefore, as I am going to tell what impressed me most favorably in this work, I will call it a discussion.

Dr. Shelton McKenzie relates when he was in London, of his acquaintance with the Cruickshank Bro's., Robert and George, but more especially with the latter. He says: "Having called on him one day at his house, I had to wait while he was finishing an etching, for which the printer's boy was waiting. To while away the time I gladly complied with his suggestion that I should look over a portfolio of drawings lying on the sofa. Among these, carelessly wrapped together in a piece of brown paper, were a series of some twenty five or thirty drawings, very carefully finished, through most of which were carried the well known portraits of Fagin, Bill Sykes, Nancy, the artful Dodger, and others. When I spoke to Cruickshank about it, he said that it had long been in his mind to show the life of a London thief by a series of drawings, engraved by himself, in which without a single line of letter press, the story would be strikingly told. Dickens, he continued, dropped in here one day, and while waiting till I could speak to him, took up that identical portfolio and ferretted out that bundle of drawings. He studied it for a half an hour, and told me he was tempted to change the plot of his story; not to take *Oliver Twist* through adventures in the country, but to bring him up into the thieves den, at London, show what their life was, and bring *Oliver* through it, without sin or shame. I consented to let him

write up as many of the designs as he wished, and that is the way in which Fagin, Nancy and Sykes were created. My drawings suggested them." This statement corrects an almost current error, viz: that the story was first written by Dickens, as a whole, the characters originated by himself, and afterwards illustrated by Cruickshank. By this, we see that many of the characters of this book, which have helped to make the world wide fame of Dickens, were suggested by the drawings of Cruickshank; that the story as originally mapped out by Dickens, was materially changed to illustrate the characters designed by him. While this does not detract in any way from the originality of the story, it serves as an instance of how a little incident, entirely unforeseen, altered the fortunes of the hero; how, but for the happy accident of Dickens seeing those portraits, the characters mentioned, at least through the medium of his pen, would have been lost to the world! When we reflect that this was Dickens' first novel and therefore in a great measure an experiment, we cannot but attribute to Cruickshank's pencil the inspiration for a great many of its elements of success.

The preface of this book informs us that it is the intention of the author to illustrate the life of the London thief, by a correct picture of him as he is, not with the halo of romance thrown around him, as in Paul Clifford and books of a kindred type, but in his true misery and degradation, a warning and not a temptation to the youthful reader. This book ignores the usual custom of novels—that of flashing the hero, or heroine, upon the reader, after about a quarter of the book has been devoted to vague insinuations as to his appearance, character, &c; it takes another course: the novel commences with the birth of the hero; in fact, Oliver and the first chapter are born simultaneously. The book treats first, of Oliver's education, his board, perquisites, &c., which are not of a kind to be desired, if we may judge from an extract from the next chapter Oliver's ninth birthday found him a pale, thin child, somewhat diminutive in stature and decidedly small in circumference. But nature or inheritance had implanted a good sturdy spirit in his breast. It had plenty of room to expand, thanks to the spare diet of the establishment and perhaps to this circumstance may be attributed his having any ninth birthday at all. Be this as it may, this was his ninth birthday and he was celebrating it in the coal cellar with a select party of two other young gentlemen who, after participating with him in a sound thrashing, had been locked up for atrociously presuming to be hungry." Then follows that memorable occasion when, almost starved to death and driven to desperation by a large boy who darkly intimates that if he does not have another plate of gruel per diem he will be obliged to eat the small boy who sleeps next to him, they cast lots, and it falls to Oliver to perform the awful task of asking for more! This, in Dickens' inimitable burlesque of facts, he does, to the utter horror of the man with the ladle, who, we are informed was a strong, healthy man, but who at this juncture obliged to cling to the copper for support; the austere beadle, Mr. Bumble, who rushing into the presence of the board, then in solemn conclave, exclaims—

"Mr. Limbkins! I beg your pardon, Oliver Twist has asked for more."
There was a general start, horror and amazement were depicted in every face. "For more!" said Mr. Limbkins, "calm yourself, Mr. Bumble." Do I understand you to say that he asked for more, after he had eaten the regular supper allotted by the dietary?"
"He did sir," replied Mr. Bumble.
"That boy will be hung," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat.

"Nobody controverted this statement and a bill was next day posted on the outside of the gate offering a reward of five pounds to anybody who would take Oliver off the hands of the parish."

We are next introduced to that facetious gentleman, Mr. Gamfield, the chimney sweep, who drove a donkey which, we are informed, was usually in a state of profound abstraction. Mr. Gamfield's entirely unique method of securing this animal, when he stopped anywhere, is deserving of notice. He merely struck him on the head to stun him, till he came back. Oliver is delivered from the fate of cleaning chimneys, by a "kind word," a strange thing to him, which operated so powerfully on him, as to loosen his tongue to the extent of imploring not to be taken away by that dreadful man. He shortly afterward embraces a cheerful vocation, being apprenticed to Mr. Sawberry, the undertaker. Now follows a series of sketches, descriptive of his rise to the dignity of a professional mute, and that interesting episode with Mr. Noah Claypole, who is introduced to us in this chapter, in which Mr. Claypole, after being beaten to the best of Oliver's feeble ability, calls promiscuously on the police and "milingtar" for protection. This is the starting point in Oliver's wanderings. He runs away from Sawberry and is next found in the great city of London, at the thieves' den, into which he is conveyed and introduced by Mr. Dawkins, the artful dodger, who at this juncture appears on the scene. Here he makes rapid progress, innocently, in the amateur art of pocket picking, but gets into trouble in professional life by a conspiracy of the Artful Dodger and Charley Bates, a new character, who, after picking an old gentleman's pocket, manages to throw the blame on him. This is admirably illustrated by a full page engraving in which he is represented as fleeing before an excited throng, the Artful Dodger and Charlie Bates being two of his most relentless pursuers; and an old gentleman who, having a confused idea that something is wrong, has sat prematurely down on a sleeping bull-dog, and is rising suddenly, from reasons best known to himself and the dog.

What we admire most in this book is the natural way in which it is told. Event follows event, character follows character, and each fits the other with an exactness and an appropriateness that the world has not ceased to marvel at. The business of the average novelist seems to be to contrive startling situations, impossible characters, and, indeed anything but what is natural and life-like. There is, however, much in real life that is startling and apparently impossible; to render this phase of experience truthfully is one of the enigma's of novel writing. In this book we have the result, without the effort. It might be urged against this that it dwells too much in the haunts of vice; that its characters, drawn mainly from the slums and low haunts of London, are not the thing for a cultivated taste. But the object of the book is to show that the refinement of artifice is very often merely a covering for the hideousness of vice. It does not associate with vice; it merely wrests from it its deceptive cover, and lays bare its deformities. No one may hope to escape the influence of evil. The best thing, therefore, is to be prepared to regard it with that loathing which is its fitting reward. Some one has said, "vice loses half its power by losing half its grossness." What a flagrant error this is. The vice of refinement weaves itself unconsciously around its victim, sometimes in the garb of a positive virtue, till freedom seems impossible. The grossness of vice, on the other hand, repels and warns in spite of itself, and its repulsive aspect loses it many a victim. It is the book that throws around sin the garb of romance, that is dangerous. The one that speaks of it only with loathing, cannot fail to benefit.

There is nothing in the life of Sykes that would tempt the most adventurous youth to a like existence; there is cer-

tainly nothing in his death to remind one of the hero or the martyr. Here we have evidence of the opening of that wonderful inventive genius which characterizes all of Dickens' more mature works. Characters spring to life here and there as if by magic, and each one is a creation. Gamfield, the chimney sweep, appears but once in the book, yet so complete in his originality that he is as immortal on the page of history as any character in it.

This was Dickens' first novel. Commercially speaking, it might be likened to a sample put forward for approval, and, like the hero of the story, the public cried eagerly for "more." But the public, unlike the hero, were not denied, and, as the Fagin and Sykes of this book, so the Pecksniffs, the Heeps, the Squeers, of countless others, are branded by the pen that moved the world to indignation at hypocrisy and deceit, and in Little Nell, Agnes, and Caston wrought to smiles and tears at innocence and self sacrifice.

ARION.

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CHRISTMAS.

It is coming!
I can see along the street
In the eyes of all I meet,
Curious glances, looks inquiring,
Seeking something—still desiring;
In the searching, never tiring.
I tell the coming.

It is coming!
Toy-shop windows show it;
Boys and girls all know it,
And they lie awake o' nights,
Thinking of the gorgeous sights,
And the many new delights
That are coming.

It is coming!
By the loads of evergreen
In the market places*seen;
By the cakes and pies now baking,
And the preparations making;
By the turkeys that are quaking,
I can tell the coming.

It is coming!
Tender notes have been indited,
Guests from far and near invited—
And all hearts are wildly beating
With the pleasure of the meeting!
And the joyous, happy greeting
At the coming.

Hail the coming!
Let it be a merry season,
Full of pleasure mixed with reason;
May the heavy hearts be lighter,
And the bonds of friendship tighter,
And our homes be all the brighter
By its coming.

E. H. E. JAMESON.

Concerning Magazines.

The recent suspension of the *Overland Monthly*, as well as the failure within the last year of three or four good magazines in Chicago and the west, has elicited the following which we clip from the *New York Ledger*:

It seems rather strange that with the reading done and the intelligence that exists in the country that not more than two or three of our magazines can be considered as financial successes. It is averred that *Lippincott's Magazine* is published at a loss of hundreds of dollars upon every issue, and that its owners have no expectations at best, of doing more than getting back what they lay out. Then why do they publish it? Primarily because they can afford to; secondarily, because as publishers, it helps them, and because it is a matter of pride not to be wholly outstripped by New York. Its circulation is said to be barely 20,000. *Scribner's* circulation is largest, perhaps 75,000, but it is said that thus far it has made no money; yet its prospect in the near future are good. It pays for its accepted MSS. at the rate of \$10 per page (900 words.) Of its contributors Bret Harte is paid more generously than any other. In some instances nearly \$100 per printed page is paid for his short stories, and for his "Gabriel Conroy, it is said he received \$10,000 with the privilege of using the matter in book form afterward. This magazine is partially founded on *Hours at Home*, *Putnam* and *Old and New*, which it has somehow absorbed.

Fashion in a Nutshell.

Perhaps a few words on the fashions will not be amiss, as just now the ladies are running around, like Miss McFlimsey, to find something to wear, and especially as there has been a more decided change this fall in the general run of styles than for years. Well, then attention, mesdames, and first throw away your coquettish Watteau and Louis, seize ideas, discard your hoops, your powder and patches, with which you have been celebrating the Centennial year. Take your last look at your large Gainsborough hats, that rolled up so deliciously on one side. Everything is in what used to be known as the "Directory Style," or that period just succeeding the first French revolution, when Josephine and Hortense gave the modes, and the elegantes were known by the names of "Merveilleuses" and "Incroyables." The hats at present have high conical crowns and small brims, with compara-

tively little trimming; the dresses, instead of being caught and tucked coquettishly up, are being worn in Paris in what is called the Princess shape—long, gored and plain, the waist and skirt being all in one piece. In fact the very last advices from the French capital report very little trimming. Fancy that! What will the New York dressmakers, who tack hundreds of yards of flouncing and ruching on in palliation of their prices, do now? Everything is to be in the severe style. Long untrimmed pale-tots take the place of the jaunty little casques and jackets of the past few years. And the most surprising part of it all is—positively no hoops; the dress more drawn back than ever and the whole effect of the lady, when attired perfectly, straight up and down, except a train which goes out quite at the bottom of the skirt exactly like a fan or a peacock's tail fully spread. Gloves are the long musquetarie undressed kid that draw on up to the elbow, and the belles of '76-'77 will have an opportunity of seeing whose charms will the best bear the change from the elaborated court-dress, so much worn of late years, to the more severely classical style of the First Empire.—*Chicago Saturday Herald.*

About Courtesy.

A very painful disclosure with regard to the late M. de St. Beuve is made by the editor of a Paris almanac, which professes to give French people lessons in the art of politeness. The "Almanac de Savoir-Vivre," to give it its proper title, states that the author of "Causeries du Lundi" and the "History of Port Royal," who asserted that a man of genius could not possess bad manners, was convicted of no less than eight offenses at a table by the master of the ceremonies in the household of the late Emperor Napoleon. He spread his napkin over both knees instead of only half unfolding it; he omitted to crush the shells of two boiled eggs which he had eaten; he asked for a second service of chicken; he touched the bones of the chicken with his fingers; he said "thank you" to one of the servants; he left his knife and fork on the cloth instead of upon the plate; he peeled a pear latitudinally instead of longitudinally, and offered half of it to a lady seated next to him; and, worst of all, he sniffed at his wine before drinking it. The "Almanac de Savoir-Vivre" condemns, with befitting severity, this deplorable want of *tenue*, and explains that, above all things, the napkin should be placed to a nicety. It is bad taste to open it altogether, and ridiculous not to open it at all; the correct thing is, "unfold it rather more than half, and pose it negligently upon the knee."

Upon the much-vexed question whether it is the duty of a gentleman to offer his umbrella to a lady who has been overtaken in a storm and with whom he has not the honor to be acquainted, the "Almanac de Savoir-Vivre" lays down the rule that it is right to do so, but that if the lady is young she had better refuse should there be any place of refuge close at hand. If, however, there is not, or if she is pressed for time, she may except the offer, but she must not speak to the gentleman who is holding the umbrella over her, and must merely bow in the most distant manner when she arrives at her destination. These and many similar instructions are conveyed with great minuteness by this almanac, which modestly announces its intention of "raising the standard of a crusade on behalf of French politeness," which, in the opinion of the compiler, at present exists only in name.

Etiquette is the outgrowth of culture and refinement, and while it is possible to collect in book form precepts and directions recognized by polite society, it is ridiculous to attempt covering the ground with any text-book that can possibly be compiled. Every refined and intelligent person understands perfectly well how to act under any given circumstances, and it would be as necessary to put a "Ready Letter Writer" into the hands of Bayard Tailor or

Conway as to give a "Book of Etiquette" to a true gentleman or lady. Those who are not able out of their own consciousness to evolve proper rules of conduct would benefit little by any cast-iron axioms that might be laid down; wherefore we have but little reason to respect such publications as the "Almanac de Savoir-Vivre."—*Saturday Evening Herald.*

A Chat With a Druggist.

Reporter—Good morning Mr. Roberts, how is business?

Druggist—With me it is improving rapidly.

Rep—How is it that, nearly every one tells me business is "awful dull."

Drug—Well, you see I have the best stock of Fancy Goods, Perfumery and Holiday Presents ever put on the shelves or into the cases of any drug store west of the Mississippi River. I have the costliest furnished Drug Store in the State. Even New York City has but few establishments that can equal mine in the value of stock and fixtures contained in a store of the same dimensions. And then again, having the corner store in Creighton Block, gives me the best location in the city.

Rep—Well, but these old timers who are in opposition to you would, I should think, make it reasonably lively for you to keep up with them in competition.

Drug—Why, my dear sir, they are good clever gentlemen and excellent citizens, but a thousand miles behind the times; none of them ever dared to purchase the class of goods I carry, they did not believe that western people knew enough to judge between imitations and the genuine article. Consequently in my particular specialty of the choicest, of everything in the druggists line, I am really without competition.

Rep—I see the point and have no doubt that you will receive a liberal patronage.

Drug—Bless your soul, I have that already, my custom is the cream of the city, and you can see that my store is constantly thronged. By the way, as this HIGH SCHOOL is patronized by the most intelligent portion of our community, you may count on me as a liberal advertiser, because if a man would succeed in business he should let the people know why he merits their patronage.

Rep—That is so, and I shall take pleasure in placing your advertisements before our readers.—*Au Revoir.*

STEPHENS & WILCOX,
DEALERS IN
Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,
Carpets, Notions and Indian Goods,
ROBES AND FURS,
239 Farnam Street, Omaha, Neb.

BEINDORFF & MAUSS,
CANDY FACTORY.
BAKERY, CONFECTIONERY,
AND
ICE CREAM PARLORS,
204 Douglas Street, between 13th and 14th.

F. CURRIER,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
EXCELSIOR IS OUR MOTTO.
Pictures in the most artistic style & finest finish.
235 Douglas St.

CHAPMAN,
Tailor and Champion Clothes Cleaner,
14th, bet., Farnam and Douglas.

THOMAS L. SHAW,
Jeweler & Watchmaker,
No. 213 Farnam Street,
OMAHA, - - - - - NEB.

W. M. BUSHMAN,
DEALER IN
Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods,
Sold at strictly one price, for cash only.
S.E. Cor. Doug as and 15th Street,
OMAHA, NEB.

THE
VON DORN
Machine Shops
255 Harney St., Omaha, Neb.

OMAHA
SAFE FACTORY,
Fire and Burglar Proof Safes. Vault Doors
and Jail Work.
G. ANDREEN, Mfr.
No. 258 Harney Street, Omaha, Neb.

I. VAN CAMP, M. D.
SPECIALTIES:
Midwifery and diseases of
WOMEN AND CHILDREN,
Office 204 14th Street, Omaha.

Council Bluffs Advertisements.
HARNESS MAKER,
T. D. PILE, South Main street. Orders solicited

Howe's Spring Pad Belt Truss,
For the treatment and cure of Hernia on Men,
Women and Children, is the best in the world.
Price, from \$2 to \$5. Address,
Box 1170. HOWE TRUSS CO.,
Council Bluffs, Ia.

G. STEVENSON,
Justice of the Peace,
No. 6 Creighton Block.
Collections a specialty.

DRS. CHARLES & PAUL,
DENTISTS,
232 Farnam st. (up stairs) bet. 13th & 14th.
*Preservation of the natural Teeth made a
specialty.
J. S. CHARLES. C. H. PAUL.

DR. H. A. WORLEY,
Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon,
Special attention given to diseases of
EAR AND EYE.
Jacobs' Block, corner 15th and Capitol Avenue.

MAX MEYER & BRO.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Musical Merchandise,
229 Farnam St. (Central Block),
OMAHA, NEB.
Large and select stock of Watches, Jewelry and
Fancy Goods constantly on hand

UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY,
First National Bank of Omaha.
Capital Paid up.....\$200,000
Undivided Profits, including Premiums on
Bonds.....100,000
Average Deposits over.....1,000,000

HERMAN KOUNTZE, President.
AUGUSTUS KOUNTZE, Vice President
H. W. YATES, Cashier.
J. A. CREIGHTON.
A. J. POPPLETON, Attorney.

Can't be made by every agent every
month in the business we furnish,
but those willing to work can easily
earn a dozen dollars a day right in
their own localities. Have no room to explain
here. Business pleasant and honorable. Women
and boys and girls do as well as men. We will
furnish you a complete outfit free. The business
pays better than anything else. We will bear
expense of starting you. Particulars free. Write
and see. Farmers and mechanics, their sons
and daughters, and all classes in need of paying
work at home, should write to us and learn all
about the work at once. Now is the time. Don't
delay. Address, TRUE & CO. Augusta, Maine

A. B. HUBERMANN & CO.,
Cor. 13th and Douglas Streets,
Wholesale and Retail Jewelers
Largest Stock in the West and lowest
prices. Any style of Jewelry made to order.
Send for Price Lists.

Arrival and Departure of Trains

UNION PACIFIC.		
Leave Omaha.	Arrive Omaha.	Arrive.
Daily Express.....12 P. M.	4:50 P. M.	10:00 A. M.
Daily Mixed.....4:45 P. M.	9:30 P. M.	10:00 A. M.
Daily Freight.....5:00 A. M.	5:15 P. M.	11:15 A. M.
Daily Freight.....8:30 A. M.	11:15 A. M.	

TIME CARD OF THE BURLINGTON ROUTE.
Leave Omaha.....1:00 P. M.
Express.....1:00 P. M.
Mail.....5:10 A. M.
Sundays excepted.
This is the only line running Pullman Hotel dining cars.
TICKET AGENT, OMAHA, NEB.
H. P. DEUEL.

CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN.
Leave Omaha.....5:10 A. M.
Express.....4:00 P. M.
Sundays excepted.
D. E. KIRBALL, CHAS. ATKINS,
Ticket Ag't, Omaha, Gen'l Ag't, Omaha

KANSAS CITY AND ST. LOUIS SHORT LINE.
Morning Express.....5:10 A. M.
Evening Express.....7:25 A. M.
The only line running Pullman Sleeping Cars out of Omaha to Union Depot, St. Louis.
A. C. DAWES, FRANK E. MOORES,
Gen. P. & T. Ag't, Ticket Agent,
St. Joe, Mo.

OMAHA AND NORTHWESTERN AND SIOUX CITY AND PACIFIC RAILROADS.
Mail Express.....8:00 A. M.
Daily except Sunday.
J. BUDD, Pass. and Ticket Ag't.
B. & M. R. R. IN NEBRASKA.
Kearney Junction Ex.....9:05 A. M.
St. Louis Express.....4:00 P. M.
Plattsmouth Accom.....5:00 P. M.
Omnibuses and baggage wagons leave the office of the Grand Central Hotel fifteen minutes in advance of the above railroad time.

DUMMY TRAINS BETWEEN COUNCIL BLUFFS AND OMAHA.
TRAINS LEAVE—S. A. M.—9 A. M.—10 A. M.—11 A. M.
1 P. M.—2 P. M.—3 P. M.—5 P. M.—6 P. M.
The Regular passenger transfer train runs across the bridge at 4 o'clock each day in place of the Dummy train.

AT PHILADELPHIA, PA.
This great International Exhibition, designed to commemorate the One Hundredth Anniversary of American Independence, opened May 10th, and will close November 10th, 1876. All the Nations of the world and States and Territories of the Union are participating in this wonderful demonstration, bringing together the most comprehensive collection of art treasures, mechanical inventions, scientific discoveries, manufacturing achievements, mineral specimens, and agricultural products ever exhibited. The grounds devoted to the Exhibition are situated on the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad and embrace four hundred and fifty acres of Fairmount Park, all highly improved and ornamented, on which are erected the largest buildings ever constructed—five of these covering an area of fifty acres and costing \$5,000,000. The total number of buildings erected for the purposes of the Exhibition is nearly two hundred. During the thirty days immediately following the opening of the Exhibition a million and a quarter of people visited it.

The Pennsylvania Railroad,
The Great Trunk Line,
AND
Fast Mail Route of the United States

Centennial Exhibition,

is the most direct, convenient, and economical way of reaching Philadelphia and this great Exhibition from all sections of the country. Its trains to and from Philadelphia will pass through a GRAND CENTENNIAL DEPOT which the Company have erected at the Main Entrance to the Exhibition Grounds for the accommodation of passengers who wish to stop at or start from the numerous large hotels contiguous to this station and the Exhibition—a convenience of the greatest value to visitors, and afforded exclusively by the Pennsylvania Railroad which is the ONLY LINE RUNNING DIRECT TO THE CENTENNIAL BUILDINGS. Excursion trains will also stop at the Encampment of Patrons of Husbandry, at Elm Station on this road.
The Pennsylvania Railroad is the grandest railway organization in the world. It controls seven thousand miles of roadway, forming continuous lines to Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington, over which luxurious day and night cars are run from Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Columbus, Toledo, Cleveland, and Erie, without a change. Its main line is laid with double and third track of heavy steel rails upon a deep bed of broken stone ballast, and its bridges are all of iron and steel. Its passenger trains are equipped with every known improvement for comfort and safety, and are run at faster speed for greater distances than the trains of any line on the continent. The company has largely increased its equipment for the Centennial travel, and will be prepared to build in its own shops locomotives and passenger cars on short notice sufficient to accommodate any extra demand. The unequalled resources at the command of the company guarantee the most perfect accommodations for all its patrons during the Centennial exhibition.
THE MAGNIFICENT SCENERY for which the Pennsylvania Railroad is so justly celebrated presents to the traveler over its perfect roadway and ever-changing panorama of river, mountain and landscape views unequalled in America.
THE EATING STATIONS on this line are unsurpassed. Meals will be furnished at suitable hours and ample time allowed for enjoying them.
EXCURSION TICKETS, at reduced rates will be sold at all principal Railroad Ticket Offices in the West, Northwest and Southwest.
Be sure that your Tickets read via the GREAT PENNSYLVANIA ROUTE to the CENTENNIAL.
FRANK THOMPSON, D. M. FOY, Jr.,
General Manager, Gen'l Pass. Ag't.

JOHN BAUMER,
DEALER IN
Watches, Clocks Jewelry & Silverware
509 15th STREET,
Bet. Farnham and }
Douglas, } Omaha, Neb.

Jewelry manufactured to order. Watches
Clocks and Jewelry repaired and warranted.
Orders from the country solicited.

The High School

OMAHA, NEB., JANUARY, 1877.

The High School is published every month.
TERMS—\$1.00 per year; 50 cents for six months;
single copies, 10 cents; delivered by carrier in the
city or postpaid to any part of the United States.

The paper will be sent until ordered discontinued
and arrearages paid.

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

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

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

Articles for publication must be handed in before
the 20th of the month.

Anonymous communications will not be publish-
ed.

Rejected MSS. will not be returned unless previ-
ously accompanied by the necessary postage.

Address all communications to
J. F. MCCARTNEY,
Editor and Publisher, Omaha, Neb.

JOE DION is now the champion billiardist of the United States, he having recently won first prize in a late Tournament.

THE *Nebraska Teacher* has suspended publication, and now the HIGH SCHOOL is the only educational publication in the State.

On the 4th inst. the bronze bust of Horace Greeley was unveiled in Greenwood Cemetery. Bayard Taylor delivered an oration and Edmund C. Stedman read a poem written for the occasion. The time was fitting, for just four years ago Horace Greeley died. Time has mellowed the harsh feelings that followed him to the grave, and now all men see this noble philanthropist in his true character of a man devoted to works of honesty and purity for the good of his country.

EVERYBODY who was at the Centennial saw those Rolling Chairs and admired their beauty and excellence. That they were strong is evident from fact that they were perfectly solid after months of the hardest kind of usage. Probably very few noticed the method of construction, that they were made of three layers of wood, with the grain crossed, glued together and neatly perforated. We learn that HADLEY BROS. & KANE, of Chicago, are preparing to manufacture the same material for use in School, Church, Hall and Opera Seats. We shall watch the development of this new material for seating with much interest.

JNO. BRIGHT in a speech recently delivered to his constituency on the subject of a possible Eastern war, while deprecating a war no more demanded by the interests of England than was the Crimean, very tersely sums up the question thus. He said take the aggregate of the lives lost in the past twenty years by every species of casualty—by coal mine disasters, railroad horrors, steamboat explosions, and all murders and executions—of the latter he thought there had been too many for England's good—and the full aggregate would not reach England's loss in the Crimean war. There is food enough in this statement to satisfy the most voracious of reflecting minds. The able mind of Bright sees no need of England having part in a Turko-Russian war. His views are largely endorsed by his own countrymen.

"You cannot be buried in obscurity; you are exposed upon a grand theatre to the view of the world. If your actions are upright and benevolent, be assured they will augment your power and happiness."—*Cyrus*.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

ANOTHER month's suspense—yes, three of them are before us ere the question of the Presidency is settled, satisfactorily settled to a large proportion of the people, it will not be.

We waited patiently, but with a suppressed eagerness, for the final action of the returning boards. Their decisions were received as settling the matter, but Oregon was, and is yet to act a conspicuous part in momentous drama. The bestowal by her Governor of a certificate upon the Democratic elector receiving the next highest to the alleged ineligible Republican elector, makes in the of the latter, breast a deep feeling of solitude for the final result in March next.

A dual Presidency is not an impossibility, indeed so prevalent and deep seated is the conviction that our next President will be such through party fraud, that it is not improbable that the senate will declare HAYES President, and the house by investigation of the southern returns to declare TILDEN legally elected despite the returns made in the electoral college. Should the house absent itself from the counting of the votes, such declaration would be a natural out come of its absence. WM. M. EVARTS has made the most feasible suggestion for obviating the present trouble; it is to place the Presidency in the hands of a receiver to run the institution and collect its debts. We respectfully endorse the same.

THE ENTERTAINING QUESTION.

The question "must a minister entertain every traveling preacher and lecturer that comes around" is being discussed by the *New York Observer*. A correspondent says: My experience is limited, but there are THREE incidents in my own experience worth mentioning by way of illustration.

THE COLLEGE SWINDLER.

Just after I was settled in a quiet town of some three or four thousand inhabitants, a minister, a financial agent of a neighboring college, requested permission to occupy my pulpit and urge the claims of the college upon the people. Permission was granted and a day appointed. Then came another letter, asking that lodging be provided for the agent, his wife and daughter, as he expected to bring them with him in a carriage, the distance being but a pleasant day's drive. Being then a single man, boarding with a private family, who could not conveniently entertain so many guests, I directed the agent to the best hotel in the place. He came with his wife and daughter, horse and buggy, put up at the hotel for two or three days, and went off, leaving me to foot the bill. What right had that man, who was un-invited, to bring his family to lodge with perfect strangers, or to stay at the hotel at the expense of the pastor, who gave up his pulpit as an accommodation?

AN IMPUDENT WOMAN.

The second stranger was a woman—well-educated, intelligent,—traveling under the auspices of a Society by which she was supported. I received word on Saturday, from a neighboring minister, that she would lecture in his church on Sunday, and she would be glad to have an appointment in my church on Monday evening. All she would expect would be the payment of her fare. I was going from home to

spend the Sabbath, but I sent a telegram for her to come, and requested the pastors of neighboring churches to announce a free lecture on Monday evening. I provided lodgings for the woman with one of the best families of my charge and paid her expenses out of my own pocket. The lecture was good, but the lecturers was offended because a collection was not taken up for her, and *payment rendered for her services*. Because I would not accede to such proposals, she gave me and the people "a piece of her mind," in some severe remarks. Why should I be blamed, who yielded to her own proposals, and did all in my power to make her comfortable?

TWO IMPERTINENT PESTS.

The third incident has just occurred, and it induced me to send this letter of indignant complaint. It was Monday, "blue Monday." The mistress of the manse was just recovering from illness. The one maid-of-all-work was washing. The house and its inmates were in a general state of confusion. About 3 o'clock a young man and young woman, about nineteen or twenty years of age, came to the door, bringing bag and baggage!! They had come, uninvited, to the town. They were traveling under the direction of no society. They were on their own hook. The boy was lecturing on temperance, and the girl, his sister, accompanied him to sing! They proposed to lecture and sing that night. The boy went out to make arrangements and did not return until tea-time. The girl stayed. Her dress was tawdry, her manners rude, her language vulgar, her singing hideous. The boy was a compound of egotism and brass. He thought he knew everything. He evidently knew nothing. Though professedly they were engaged in the temperance cause, they were only seeking their own pleasure. They proposed to stop at a public house over night, and though they evidently intended to lodge with the pastor, he did not insist on having that honor. They left.

Why should agents, traveling lecturers, and egotistical upstarts conclude that they have a right to demand food and lodging from ministers?

YOUNG MAN, RESOLVE TO BE A FARMER.

The attendance at the Agricultural College of Nebraska, last year, was very meagre, and it is not surprising that this department of our State University has been regarded by many State papers as a useless burden of expense, and a failure. The attendance roll contained in all but thirteen names, and we believe there has been but one graduate since it was opened.

This should be otherwise. It appears that the young men of Nebraska (we might add their fathers) do not fully appreciate the advantages offered by this College, or there would certainly be a greater attendance. It offers to the sons of farmers or to any who desire to engage in industrial pursuits a first-class English scientific and practical education, at such a moderate cost as brings it within the reach of every young man who has good health and even a moderate amount of energy and industry. No young man who is not ashamed or afraid to work need fear to undertake to work his way through.

At the farm-house he can find a pleasant home, far enough from the city to be out of the way of its temptations to idleness and worse, and yet near enough to enjoy all its literary and

public advantages. With all the advantages of quiet and retirement for study, the student has yet the opportunity to be part of a young and growing university.

The idea upon which this college is founded is in order that a part of the growing population may be educated for farmers, and that a taste for farming may be cultivated. We all cannot live in cities and follow professional or business courses of life, and as the State owes an education to the farmer as well as to the professional man it has provided this college.

Young men who are now "laying around waiting for something to turn up" can go to this college and farm, acquire a good common school education, together with a thorough training in all branches of knowledge relating to farming, and at the same time earn enough by working on the college farm to pay their expenses. We have in our mind's eye several young men in Omaha who are dragging along from day to day without any ostensible purpose in life. They have not got natural energy enough to make either good business men or poor professional men, were they educated for years. They ought to go to farming, and as they don't know how, they can learn at this college. We know several young men in Omaha who have natural ability, energy to learn, &c., but whose fortunes are such that they cannot attend a long course of training at any educational institution. These young men can make their living expenses by working a few hours each day on the agricultural farm, and we would look with more confidence of success to see this student of the Agricultural College, who worked his own way through, rise in later life to higher positions than his cotemporary, who took a classical education. The history of our country has been that most of our great men were farmers once. Young man, resolve to be a farmer. You will then be a producer—one of nature's noblemen—not an idle consumer, a parasite on the body politic. The best advice we can offer any young man, if he is yet undecided what to be educated for, is *Resolve to be a farmer*.

Mount Ararat has been successfully ascended by an Englishman—Mr. Bryce, of Lincoln's Inn, London. This is believed to be either the third or fourth ascent, the first having been made by Parrot in 1834, and the second by Abich in 1850. The mountain is 17,112 feet in height, and the last 4,000 had to be climbed alone, the Cossack escort refusing to go further. The Armenians of the neighborhood believe the mountain to be inaccessible and insist that Noah's Ark still exists upon the summit.

MR. WM. BLACK is now writing a book, the title of which will be "Green Pastures and Piccadilly." One of his principal scenes will be located in Nebraska, probably near old Fontenelle.

"We do not choose our own parts in life, and have nothing to do with those parts. Our simple duty is confined to playing them well."—*Epictetus*.

"A wise man will always be contented with his condition, and will live rather according to the precepts of virtue than according to the customs of his country."—*Antisthenes*.

It makes some folks miserable to see others happy.

THE DOORS THROWN OPEN.

BY ANNA C. BRACKETT.

I think no one can read any book on education or on woman, written by an Englishwoman, without realizing how much more cramped they are than we in America. The women who write such books in England write out of a steady and persistent thought, which is rare among American female writers on the same subjects, who, for the most part, content themselves with short and rapidly written sketches. We respect Miss Cobbe, Miss Carpenter, Miss Parke, and others, but we know that they do not and cannot comprehend our problem, and we are made most vividly to feel that the women for whom they are immediately writing are hampered and held by long-established social forms to an extent which we have never known. What is large liberty for them seems to us close imprisonment. The truth is just this: never before, and no where before, in all the history of the world were the outward restraints on the development of all the powers of woman so freely removed as they are now and here. We have asked that the doors of the higher institutions be thrown open, and more and more every year they swing at our call. We have claimed the privilege for those who desire entrance in what were distinguished formerly as the learned professions, and we have already many representatives in law, in medicine, and theology. If we desire to enter the other professions, to study civil engineering, architecture, practical chemistry, etc., Washington University at St. Louis, and others, are ready to receive us. In the profession of teaching we were long ago conceded an honorable place, but now we are represented in the higher places. Grammar schools, high schools, under the direction of women, can be counted by hundreds, and the affairs of school committees are partially controlled by them in several towns; while even the chair of the superintendent has been invaded, and the last year witnessed the curious spectacle of a woman being again and again obliged to decline the office in one of the eastern towns, the town pertinaciously insisting on expressing its opinion that she, of all the inhabitants, was the most adequate to the task.

Do we say all barriers to progress have disappeared? Is it in vain that we pulverize and fertilize the soil, that we lay open the ground to the quickening influences of shower and sun, if the seed which we plant therein has lost its vitality. It is in vain that we rear lofty, finely woven trellises if the climber exhausts its energy at the distance of a few feet from the surface.

We ask for equal salaries in equal places, and in exceptional cases we receive them. We know, and every one knows, that there are men in our schools who are entirely unfit for their places, and who could scarcely earn their subsistence in any other occupation. But it is also true that there are many women in our schools of whom precisely the same words can be said, and we have no right to compare the strongest women to the weakest men. We submit ourselves to the "law of averages," and what we have to do is to elevate the average woman teacher, to raise the whole level of the teaching of women.

"Choose the course which you adopt with deliberation; but, when you have adopted it, then persevere in it with firmness."—*Bias*.

The High School

OMAHA, NEB., JAN. 1877.

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

The Midland Monthly is dead.

We are not accountable for the sins of others.

A mistaken idea prevails to a certain extent among a few, that parties who paid their subscriptions to the *Midland Monthly* will be furnished the *High School* instead. No arrangement has been made with us to do so, no money paid us to do so, and we are not accountable for any money not collected by us. The *High School* is furnished at the low price of \$1 a year, payable to J. F. McCartney, or his authorized agents.

We have made extra exertions and incurred extra expense to make this—our holiday number—a good one.

He who never made an enemy never made a friend.

The city schools closed for the holidays on the 22nd, and will re-open January 2nd, 1877.

"All Sorts," edited by Will W. Bartlett, is certainly the neatest little amateur in the city.

This journal has now a subscription list of 900 names, which will be increased to fully 1,500 before another year.

Our foreign subscribers who have not yet paid their subscriptions for 1877, are reminded that they are due.

The *Journal of Commerce* has been sold to Mr. C. D. Waldo, of this city, a well-known printer, who will carry on the publication.

Notice the card of Mr. A. Tucker, the popular and obliging boot and shoe man, and don't forget him when you want to buy anything in his line.

Robert Armstrong was married last month, in Warren, Pa. He returned to Omaha, accompanied by his wife, and received numerous congratulations.

The Monday evening dancing parties given regularly by Prof. Duval, the accomplished dancing master, are always largely attended and prove quite enjoyable.

Andy Borden has opened out for himself in the ticket brokerage business, near the depot, on Tenth street. He occupies a neat little office, and always does the square thing with his patrons.

Miss Jennie Allen, who succeeded Miss Sears as librarian of the Omaha Library, is courteous and accommodating, and a better selection could not have been made by the directors.

The young man who wrote over to Council Bluffs, asking for an invitation to a party in that city, is not an original Omaha boy. He immigrated from Nebraska City.

Willie Althaus, the bright little son of County Treasurer Althaus, died on the 12th of last month. The funeral took place on the 14th. The pall-bearers were George Roeder, Charles Karbach, Jr., Charles Beindorff and Charles Alstadt.

The French Coffee House, which was lately fitted up in elegant style at 252 Farnam street, opposite the Grand Central, is now well patronized by all lovers of fine Mocha, chocolate and French coffee.

The meteor that passed over Omaha on the evening of the 22nd struck terra firma near the center of Missouri. It cut an excavation about thirty-five feet wide and twenty-five feet deep, and made things hot in that vicinity for a few days.

Frank Currier, the popular and progressive photographer, has recently added to his art gallery several new designs of backgrounds, at considerable expense. Also, a new posing chair (costing \$75) and many other improvements.

With the present number THE HIGH SCHOOL commences its fourth volume.

Mr. J. W. Bunce displays a large stock of fine goods for the holiday trade.

The "Newport," or two-step waltz, is now the favorite among dancers. It is nice.

The *Fremont Tribune* is the spiciest little daily in the State. Fred Nye, its editor, is a good newspaper man.

The lecture delivered by John D. Howe on the evening of the 22nd, was one of the most entertaining and instructive ones we have ever attended. The ability displayed marks the lecturer as one of the foremost young men of the city.

The semi-monthly hops given by the Bi-Weekly Dancing Club are very pleasant, and the gentlemen who have so successfully organized and thus far managed this club have the thanks of all lovers of dancing for providing this medium of pleasure this winter.

The Home Literary Society is an organization that meets every week in the basement of the U. P. church. It has been in existence over a year. The officers are: E. Knox, President; John McCague, Vice-President; J. G. Bradish, Secretary, and D. J. Baldwin, Treasurer.

Hickman's millinery establishment is now located in the elegant new brick building No. 250 Douglas street. The first floor is devoted to the retail department, under the supervision of Mrs. Hickman, and the wholesale business is conducted on the second floor by Mr. Hickman. This house has been in business since 1864.

The students of Earlham College, Richmond, Indiana, have organized a fire company, as we learn from the following, which we clip from the *Earlhamite*:

The fire company has been organized under the management of Prof. Wm. A. Moore. On the morning of the 4th, the Babcocks were tried for experiment, and worked admirably.

Mr. W. M. Bushman, proprietor of the mammoth retail dry goods store, corner 15th and Douglas, can now be found hard at work every day attending to the business of his establishment. Several remnants of Christmas and New Years presents have been ordered sold at very low figures rather than put them back on the shelves. Cassimeres and heavy winter goods are now offered at good bargains. Gentlemen's fine shirts and cuffs can be had here at very moderate prices. Call and see them.

The O. & R. V. R. R. is a new road that has recently been built from Valley Station to Wahoo. It will be a great convenience to the merchants and farmers of Saunders county, and will be appreciated by commercial travelers who have heretofore been compelled to travel this section by stage. The general officers of the U. P. R. R. are likewise the officers and managers of the new road. A grand excursion from Omaha to Wahoo took place on the 29th.

The Merchants' Club has, by the statute of limitations in such cases made and provided in the law of general custom, ceased to be a club, from the fact that no meetings have been held in its club rooms for several months, and the side-board hasn't even got a stoughton bottle in it. A suggestion has been made, and is now being considered, that the young men organize a club in the spring and buy the furniture, fixtures, etc., of the club rooms. The trustees of the Merchants' Club are disposed to sell the furniture, etc., at a reduction, and if a successful club can be organized in the spring the rooms will be taken.

Messrs. Kirner & Steel, of the Grand Central Barber Shop, will do ladies' and children's hair cutting and shampooing in their houses if called upon. They have employed a special artist of experience in this work for this purpose. This is a regular part of the business of first-class barber establishments in large cities and Messrs. K. & S., who are progressive and enterprising young men in their profession, have inaugurated the system in Omaha. The convenience of ordering a tonsorial artist to call at your residence can be seen at a glance, and will doubtless be appreciated during the winter months by many of our best citizens. It

PERSONAL.

Ed. Koster has returned from Nevada, Iowa.

Frank Higby returned from Evanston on the 23rd.

Miss May Loveland has returned from Rockford, Ills.

Fred Millard is spending his college vacation in Omaha.

"Bud" Davis came up from St. Louis to spend Christmas.

Chas. P. Woolworth left on the 20th of last month for Albany, N. Y., where he will pass the holidays with friends.

Tom Tuttle came up from St. Louis on the 15th, and spent a couple of weeks in Omaha.

Clay Dear, Post Trader at Camp Canby, came down to Omaha to pass Christmas and New Year's in a civilized community.

Misses Claire Rustin, Carrie Millard, Maggie and Nora Boyd, came home from their various schools in the East to pass the holidays.

Misses M. E. Leffin and Teresa Burns, two accomplished teachers, who have for a year occupied positions in the North School, will go to Oswego, N. Y.

We acknowledge a call from Hon. H. D. Perky, editor of the *Wahoo Independent*, who, together with his business manager, Mr. Wintersteen, was in town on the 20th in the interests of his journal.

Mr. W. A. Welch, of Peru, Neb., a graduate of the State Normal School, was in town a few days last month visiting his old friend and schoolmate Mr. C. F. McLain.

Miss Rose Dunham, who has been attending a Seminary at Chicago for the past year, returned to Omaha to spend the holidays with her sisters, Miss Annie Dunham and Mrs. I. W. Miner.

Mr. J. L. Stickney left for his home in Chicago on the 21st. Sickness compelled him to throw up his position on the *Herald*, and the local department of that journal is now under the management of Mr. W. H. Lynchart.

Mr. Jay Northrup, for a long time book-keeper in the Treasurer's office of the B. & M., in Nebraska, resigned his position, to take effect January 1st. He will probably return to his home in Ohio. The departure from Omaha of Mr. N. will be regretted by a large circle of friends and acquaintances, and especially lovers of vocal music, as this young gentleman has on many occasions favored Omaha audiences with excellent singing.

COUNCIL BLUFFS ITEMS.

Messrs. Jean Houghton, Ed. Rue, Will. Rue, W. H. Dudley and John Baird, lent beauty and grace to the appearance of Omaha on Christmas.

The Philomathian Literary Society still keeps in a flourishing condition, interest is renewed with each meeting, and the results of belonging to the club are practically beneficial. The Society met at the residence of Mrs. J. B. Atkins on the 19th, and a pleasant time was had. The meeting for Tuesday, January 2nd, will be at the residence of J. M. Phillips, the club having been invited by Miss Mary Phillips.

We are informed that there is considerable dissatisfaction among school teachers and the Superintendent of Council Bluffs schools. It appears that a satisfactory state of affairs has not existed since Superintendent Armstrong was let out, although there have been two or three Superintendents elected since that time. Let us have peace.

Miss Mamie Hoffman, of Rochester, N. Y., left for her home last month, after an extended visit in the Bluffs, where she has many admiring friends.

Misses Carrie Rice and Carrie Test were in Omaha on the 16th visiting friends.

The Evening Star club, which consists of about seventy of the leading young men of the Bluffs, inaugurated the social season by a grand ball at the Ogden, on the 8th inst. Another one, quite as successful, followed on the 22nd, and the club parties will be given every two weeks during the winter. The officers are: T. A. Entriaken, President; E. A. Blackburn, Secretary; D. Stubbs, Treasurer. Messrs. Fred Rockwell, D. Stubbs and Jos. Swan constitute the Executive Committee.

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YOUNG MEN AND POLITICS

The American scholar is to-day called upon to deal with new and difficult problems in society, to adjust old truths to new conditions, to square new facts to old foundations. Man, the builder, who has dotted the map of history with material monuments, whose very ruins are eloquent with the glory of departed races, has hitherto failed to build humanity itself into permanent forms of social and political organization. The task before the American people has thus been broadly stated. "They are called upon to build a model nation for mankind."

It were presumption to attempt to consider all the conditions of this momentous problem, and we speak, at this time, of but one, of one direction in which we deem it the sacred duty of the educated men of America to exert their influence, and to apply the fruits of their scholarly discipline. And here let us be understood as meaning scholarly ability, united with firm and upright principle. We refer to the demand for men of culture and principle in the politics of the nation.

Perchance this may grate harshly upon academic ears. The scholar is supposed to rule in higher realms and lead with loftier themes. But it is true, to use the words of another, that "when the scholar comprehends his duties, he, above all men, is a realist, and converses with things." We are prone to entertain only feelings of pity, or something worse, for the man of letters who thus "comprehends his duties," in the direction of politics. Yet is it too much to say, that this duty is the very highest—those of religion alone excepted—that presses upon the scholar? To assist in bringing about an honest and economical administration of the affairs of the whole people, to strive for equal laws and perfect justice for all men, to frame a public policy that shall advance alike the interest of the citizen and the greatness of the nation,—are these tasks beneath the dignity of the man of culture?

It is natural to judge of a pursuit from those who engage in it, and hence comes our bare opinion of politics. The character of the average politician of the present day certainly cannot be drawn in pleasing colors. He is likely to be a demagogue. He is prone to make free with the truth. It is quite probable that if opportunity offers he will take undue liberties with the public purse. He is apt to be largely possessed of *caution*, rather than *conscience*. In the common acceptance, politician has come to mean office-seeker, one who labors for his party or his country, simply that he may accomplish his own selfish ends. Why is this? Precisely because both duty and interest are ignored by the men whose duties and interests demand from them an active participation in political affairs. It is one of the weaknesses of our form of government, and the fault of the intelligent classes, that demagogues give the main impulse to political movements. Their influence is pernicious. They are a pernicious body of men who exert it. And, consequently, but little better is the outcome in our national and state legislatures and small offices. To obtain office too often requires the conciliating of members of rings. Such pilgrimages lead to unholy altars.

Yet paint our politics as black as you may, you only make more binding the duty of better men to enter in a *take possession*. Said Edmund Burke:

"When bad men combine, the good must associate, else they will fall, one by one, an unpitied sacrifice, in a contemptible struggle." In American politics, in each of the organized political armies that are marching upon and assaulting the public offices of the country as a means of subsistence, it is quite obvious that unprincipled men have combined. Ever alert and tirelessly active, the professional politicians are always united. Constantly absorbed in intellectual and commercial avocations, the thoughtful, practical men of the land permit, by their own indifference, public plunderers to succeed. It is time that the lethargy of the people, as to political affairs, were shaken off. We must bear the ills of politics constantly becoming more corrupt, or make them better. We must suffer the errors of an ignorant policy, or assist in framing a wise one. We must permit the less intelligent to govern or carry intelligence into the affairs of government. In the widespread political corruption of the day lies, we believe, one of the greatest dangers to the republic. Her home rests in her christian scholars, and they fail in their high place, and are false to the country that claims their best service, if they enter not the strife. Their place is in the market and court with Pericles, as much as in the grove with Socrates. They can have their places and obtain a hearing if they will.

Let us bear in mind what the science of politics includes; says Webster: "The regulation and government of a nation or state; the preservation of its peace and prosperity; the increasing of its strength and resources; the defense of the rights of its citizens, and the improvement of their morals."

To whom, then, we ask, should this sacred office be entrusted, if not to those who are most thoughtful, logical, upright and pure? We insist that in no sphere can the cultured christian man find a wider field of usefulness than in politics. We insist upon the essential worth and nobility of a liberal pursuit of politics. It is simply the highest, most dignified, most important of all earthly objects of human study. Next to the relation of man to his Maker there is nothing so worthy of his best efforts as his relation to his fellow men. The welfare of the whole is of greater importance than the welfare of a part. The prosperity of the nation is the highest object of political science.

Remembering then, what the science of politics embraces, does it offer to-day in our land, questions worthy the thought and attention of men of culture and principle? Certainly there is nothing sentimental in the knotty problems presented for solution. Emotional politics ceased with the war. This is not the time of questions about God-given rights, and bursts of pathos over the claim of every being God created to the free air of heaven, and thrills at the unfurling of the flag. It required no scholarship to love the flag or to hate slavery. On issues like these the people needed no intellectual leadership. But the issues now upon us are grave and complicated. How to efface the scars of civil war, how to preserve safe relations between slaves suddenly made citizens, and their former masters, how to protect the black man from the bitter hatred and persecution still grinding him down to earth; upon what terms to receive into the national family the thousands of people coming to us yearly from foreign lands, how to preserve

inviolable from the hands of those who would destroy it, that glory of our land, the common school; how to purify American legislation and make it more intelligent; how to repair the financial waste of an inflated currency and an enormous debt; how to adjust the burden of taxation; how to protect labor from capital, and how to control the corporations that absorb and rule both—these are problems demanding the best thought of our best trained thinkers, and in handling them, a government of the people has a right to the aid of the finest culture, the purest principle and the highest intellectual power, which that people has been able to develop.

We have thus named but a few of the greater questions that now demand a solution, or are rising large and vague through the mists of the near future. Are they, then, worthy the attention of scholars? Rather let us declare that scholar unworthy of his opportunities, untrue to himself, his class and his time, who neglects them.

"No government," says John Stuart Mill, "No government by a democracy, either in its political acts, or in its opinions, qualities, or tone of mind which its fosters, ever did or could rise above mediocrity, except in so far as the sovereigns may have let themselves be guided by the counsels and influence of a more highly gifted and instructed few." Without a christian scholarship actively concerned with the affairs of state, this Republic can never rise above mediocrity, nor even survive the gathering evils that at times seem sufficient to engulf it. The government of the future, to be good and pure, must be not of Republicanism, not of Democracy, not of any sort of partyism, but of honor and principle, of ability and integrity, of brains and courage. Here, as elsewhere, one great need of the hour is *cultured, individual, christian character*.

In every legislative hall in the land, upon the walls of every counting-room and office, in every institution of learning, over the arched entrance to every temple consecrated to the worship of the living God, even upon the door-posts of our houses that we may read it as we go out in the morning and return again at eventide, let these words of the wise man be written: "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."

Finally, let us draw a picture for the future. Call it one of imagination if you will, yet it can be realized, and it *must* be, if this government and nation are to be anything more than an experiment. This it is: each race absorbed into the family of the American nation, no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens of the household of freedom, a commonwealth built together into a holy temple, founded upon the apostles and confessors of '76, cemented with the blood of millions of her native, her adopted, her enfranchised sons, inscribed with the countless roll of martyrs whose rude, unlettered tablets mark every field from the Lakes to the Gulf, from the Atlantic to the Missouri, one temple for one continent and one people, purged of the vile traffickers in the bodies and the souls of men, consecrated to justice and to liberty, the sanctuary of man, the habitation of God.

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172 and 174 Farnam Street, Omaha, Neb.

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Notions and Fancy Goods.



GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

The lives of remarkable men are not always remarkable lives; nor does a remarkable life always make the man remarkable. To be sure, in the latter case the life, full of strange adventures and romantic mishap, may reflect somewhat upon the man himself; and for the time being the two are commingled and the individual shines with a borrowed lustre. Thus, to illustrate, Bulwer and Dickens were both remarkable men; but there was nothing in their lives to excite comment. We see them rise from youthful obscurity to an old age full of dignity and honors, all the natural results of personal merit. But their existence is such as belongs to the generality of mankind. On the other hand, the lives of some of our western scouts and mountaineers make us shudder and wonder. Full of romance and adventure—ups and downs. Their lives are remarkable, but the men themselves are the most ordinary of ordinaries.

Seldom, indeed, do we admire the man for his own sake and marvel at his life for its uniqueness and adventure. Napoleon I. was a man of this character; so was Cromwell, and so was the subject of this sketch.

George Francis Train is conceded to be a remarkable man, and his life has been certainly remarkable. At times worshipped by the people in France, England, Ireland and America; at other times, in each of these countries, cast into a common prison. At one time looked up to as an oracle whose every word was distilled wisdom; at other times, the clown and buffoon of a vulgar crowd. Sometimes a genius; sometimes a witty fool! But as Shakespeare has it, "better a witty fool than a foolish wit," and the profoundest philosophy of Shakespeare was uttered by his clowns.

To crowd the deeds of such a life—life a short in duration, but long in accomplishments,—into one short essay; to analyze a character that has baffled physicians, phrenologists and scientists requires a more sententious pen and a more incisive intellect than mine. If I shall succeed in giving the most remarkable phases of his career and the most striking features of his character, I shall feel satisfied, without attempting a too minute examination of either.

His ancestors hailed from Ireland and settled in New England about two hundred years ago. Train, himself, has perhaps a tinge of French blood in his veins. His Fenian proclivities and French sympathies may therefor be accounted for on natural principles. He has chosen, however,

to attribute them to a cosmopolitan philanthropy which respects no nationality—a little inconsistent, it strikes me, with his strong belief in psychology.

He was born in Boston, March 24th, 1830. It is said he was born with a caul; but as his subsequent history has demonstrated, without a calling.

In 1834 he, with his parents and three sisters, moved to New Orleans, where in less than six months, his mother, three sisters and finally his father, died with the yellow fever. His grandmother Pickering, who lived on the old Homestead, a six hundred acre farm, three miles from the town of Waltham, Mass., educated him herself until he was twelve years of age, when he was sent, in 1842, to college at Hallam's Grocery Store, in Camoridgeport, Mass. He remained in school for two years when he entered as clerk in the well known house of Enoch Train & Co's., Boston and Liverpool Packets. There is, however, some uncertainty as to the time he remained at school. In his "Boiled down Autobiography," Train states that it was five years. But in a short biography written by Mr. Beemis, his private secretary and *vade mecum*, the period is stated to be two years; and after examining the records at hand, I incline to Mr. Beemis' belief.

At the age of nineteen he had established the Liverpool firm of Train & Co.; organized prepaid passenger business and small bills of exchange throughout Europe and America, thus becoming one of the principal owners and proprietors of the Diamond Line of Liverpool and New York sailing packets.

The next year, having been admitted partner, he was married at Louisville, Ky., Oct. 5th, to Miss Willie Davis, sister of Major Jas. W. Davis, of Omaha.

Three years later he tried his fortune in Australia. He spent some two or three years in Melbourne, establishing the house of George F. Train & Co., and Mr. Beemis informs us that during the first 14 months, the company netted one hundred and nineteen thousand dollars commission. We quote also the following from Mr. Beemis' biography:

He erected a large warehouse, constructed entirely of blue stone, a very expensive material, which cost him sixty thousand dollars in American currency; over this warehouse he constantly kept floating the Star Spangled banner. He had one hundred thousand tons of shipping consigned to him yearly; one firm, Pilkington, Wilson & Company, of the White Star Line, of Liverpool and London, sending to his house their thirty famous clipper ships, among which were several of McKay's building, the "Red Jacket," "Blue Jacket," and others, the fastest vessels afloat. He introduced the Chamber of Commerce and Board of Trade; was instrumental in starting of the Hobson's Bay Railroad from Melbourne to Standridge, the sea port town, a distance of three miles, and established the electric telegraph between these two points with a branch line extending to Queenscliffe, a distance of forty miles, by which ships making the Heads at the entrance of Port Phillip Bay could be at once reported to the consignees in Melbourne. Many other improvements in that country are attributable to him.

From this year, 1853, dates the commencement of that remarkable career which has kept, for so many years, both continents on the *que vie*. Already a boy prince among merchants, Australia was indebted to him for her greatest improvements. Nothing was more natural, then, that at the time of the Ballarat revolution, the revolutionists should cast upon him as the fittest man to rule them in the event of success. Accordingly, on Nov. 5th, 1853, they offered him the presidency of the Australian Republic which he, with wonderful precience, declined. He was then offered a seat in the Legislature of Morysborough, and again he declined all political honors. In this year, too, he commenced a lively correspondence with the New York papers, the Boston *Post* and *Hunt's Merchants' Magazine*. His letters attracted considerable attention for their extreme views and ultra doctrines. He spoke of projects that to the mercenary merchants of America seemed wild and extravagant, and even to the most enterprising, looked totally impracticable. Yet, nevertheless, Train undertook these and greater projects, and with marvelous nerve and energy brought them to a successful termination. He made his first trip round the world in 1855 and the occasion of his embarking on the voyage was signatized by a grand testimonial banquet, given by the citizens of Melbourne.

In 1856 and '57 were issued in quick succession, "Young America Abroad," "Young America in Wall Street," "Young America on Slavery" and "Spread Eagleism." These books had a large circulation on both sides of the Atlantic.

Mr. Train's "Boiled down Autobiography" furnishes all the history necessary for this sketch, and with an occasional interposition I give it from 1861 entire:

1861—Gave banquet to Parliament and Press—Lionized by aristocracy—Espoused Union Cause—Hundred debates—Established *London America*—Found guilty of nuisance—Railways destroyed—Sioman's Sponging House and White Cross street jail—Union speeches throughout America, Peterson publisher—Grand testimonials, Boston and Philadelphia, from Republicans and Democrats.

1862—June—Tried for manslaughter—Distinguished men, Sunday breakfast—Embarked for Boston—Occupied Madison Avenue mansion, New York.

1862—Ovation on landing at Boston—Five hundred lecture invitations—Knocked down in Faneull Hall, July, Summer meeting—Debate, Cassius M. Clay—Shot at in Dayton—Arrested at St. Louis by Curtis—Escaped assassination; Alton—Bayoneted, Davenport—Commenced Kansas Pacific Railway.

1863—Gold speculations, Wall street—Organized Union Pacific Railroad—Obtained original capital, two millions—Passed Bill, Congress, with Democratic votes—Broke ground, Omaha, Dec. 2, 1863. (See Pick in Co.'s office.)

1864—Organized *Credit Mobilier*, capital \$10,000,000. Obtained donation of Land Grants for Company at Omaha. Delegate Chicago Convention—Refused admittance, and carried Pennsylvania through Council of Eagles. Ovation from Republicans.

1865—Organized *Credit Foncier*, with one hundred millionaires copartners. Addressed first Fenian Convention, Philadelphia, "Pay or Fight" Platform. Bought five thousand lots in Omaha, one thousand in Council Bluffs, seven thousand in Columbus.

1866—Escorted Senatorial excursions over Union Pacific R. R.—Built Cozens Hotel, Omaha, in sixty days—Ten houses *Credit Foncier* land. Made Nebraska a State.

1867—Escorted Congressional and editorial parties to the Rocky Mountains. Obtained nine thousand votes in Kansas for women.

1868—January—Gave Susan B. Antho-

ny fifteen thousand dollars to start the *Revolution*. Embarked for Europe. Arrested at Queenstown—Ten months in three jails—Half a million claim. Liberated Nagle and Jacknel men. Invented epigrams. Special correspondent *World*. Declined Congress.

1869—Commenced, Jan'y 5th, 1,000 public addresses—People's candidate for President. Tenth of May on first train over the Pacific Road. Twenty-eight successive speeches at San Francisco—Eighty on the Pacific coast. Newport villa erected.

1870—Continued Presidential campaign. Embarked second voyage round world August 1, from San Francisco—Arrived at Marseilles via Japan, China, India, and Suez Canal, October 20th. Made chief *Ligue Du Midi*. Recalled Cluseret. Narrowly escaped assassination. Secretly incarcerated at Lyons by Gambetta. Poisoned in the Bastille. Liberated November 25th. Mission from Gambetta to England and America Gladstone correspondence on American Fenians. Arrival in America on Christmas. Imprisoned at Chicago, in March. Jail reforms.

1871—Ovation at Memphis, April 5th. Six hundredth and seventieth Presidential mass meeting, Wood's Theatre, N. Y., June 25th. Embarked, s. s. "Atlantic," with family for Europe, July 1st. Grand ovations, Lectures, and Independent Public Meetings, in Ireland, England, France and Switzerland.—Accused of burning Chicago through *Internationale*—spreading Small-Pox through opposing vaccination—Omaha Train League Newspaper suppressed. Delivered 800th Presidential Mass Meeting National Theatre, Cincinnati. Defending Theatres against Church attack round the Corner. Union Pacific depot buildings located near his five thousand lots, Omaha. 900th Presidential Convention course, 1,000, Cincinnati, May 1st, 1872.

There is no question, Beemis says, but that Geo. Francis Train had sanguine expectations of the presidency. Whether or not his defeat affected his mind, as is commonly presumed, I am not prepared to say. This much is certain. He was tried on charge of insanity, and acquitted. Since then he has subsided and is seldom heard from.

Geo. Francis Train has been called an egotist. "Egotist" is a mild name. Thedating of his letter in the *Graphic*, "Pagan Era '47," shows a sublime self-complacency that transcends egotism, and makes its author, not an Egotist, but an *Egoist*. NEN.

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ADDITIONAL LOCAL.

Board of Education.

Mr. Gwyer, Chairman of the Committee on Finance, submitted a report to the Board of Education at its last meeting, showing the state of school finances. We quote at length:

"I have made some investigation into the finances of the Board—not as thorough, however, as I would like to—and I find that there will be a deficiency, and we must economize in every way possible if we carry on the schools. It has been stated in the press that it has cost \$89,000 to carry on the schools during this year, but there has been a misunderstanding of this fact by the public. They suppose that this \$89,000 has been absorbed in the ordinary expenses of conducting the schools, and since the item appeared in the papers there has been a great deal of discussion of the subject by the people.

It would be only just for the public to know that a very large proportion of that sum has been expended in permanent improvements. The Third ward school has been built at a cost of \$14,000 besides the fixtures, which was about one-half or one-third the cost of the North school, and it was in every way a much better building. The school house in Hartman's addition has been built and a lot purchased, the wall at the High School constructed, and many other permanent improvements made, which in all would amount to not less than \$35,000. The actual running expenses of the schools, aside from the improvements and repairs, were about \$39,000. The average cost per pupil was \$22.22; the number enrolled was 1,766, of which there was a daily attendance of 1,613.

The cost per pupil in the High School per year is \$77.96; in the Central school, \$17.82; North school, \$20.44; South school, \$14.10; West school, \$19.10; Hartman's school, \$8.08; Cass Street school, \$15.38; Jackson Street school, \$9.50; Hascall's school, \$25.69."

Mr. Gwyer then called attention to the cost of schools in other cities. In Boston the average cost per pupil was \$23.44; Cincinnati, \$19.84; Dayton, \$19.28; Atchison, \$15.39; Davenport, \$17.96; Ft. Wayne, \$17.87; St. Louis, 20.92; Chicago, \$15.39, and said that in some of these cities there were no high schools, or the high schools were not included in the estimates.

Hascall school was ordered closed, as it was too expensive, and the students that were attending it could be accommodated elsewhere.

Treasurer Hartman gave notice that there was but \$200 left to pay the next three months expenses.

THE STATE UNIVERSITY.

The winter term of the State University begins January 4th and ends March 28th, 1877. The total number of students enrolled last year was 269, of which number three were seniors, seven juniors, eight sophomores, 16 freshmen and 230 sub-freshmen, or "preps."

The Faculty has recently been increased by the addition of two professors, viz: Hiram Collier, A. M., Chemistry; Harrington Emerson, A. M., Modern Languages. At a meeting of the Board of Regents, held December 15th, leave of absence for one year was granted Prof. Church, who will go to Europe. The Fifth Annual Register and Catalogue has recently appeared, and it contains all information required by students, or applicants for admission. The "Inaugural Address" of Chancellor Fairfield, delivered June 22nd, is published entire. It closes as follows:

Thanking you, gentlemen, for the high honor you have done me, and assuring you of my hearty appreciation of the dignity and responsibilities of the office to which you have elected me, I accept the trust, promising you that there shall be at least no lack of devotion, zeal, earnest endeavor, and

genuine enthusiasm in the work which lies before me. Work I expect it will be, and for this very reason I enjoy the anticipation of it. Had you elected me to a sinecure, with never so ample a salary, I should have obeyed every impulse of my nature, and every prompting of my sense of duty as well, in entirely declining. But work, to be enjoyed or enjoyable, must mean accomplishment. Successful effort is one thing; a fruitless task is quite another. But, assured as I am of your cordial and intelligent co-operation, and of the hearty support of the good people of Nebraska at large, I shall unite with you in the task of building up a University worthy of this great State, with strong faith and high hope—believing that He, without whose benediction all human efforts must fail, approves the undertaking, and will crown it with success.

Pretty or Not.

To be pretty is the great object of almost every living woman, even those who lecture upon the impropriety of doing so.

Beautiful women spend a good deal of thought upon their own charms, and homely women grow homely through fretting, because they are not handsome.

Men, at least while they are young, are very like women in this respect, though they hide their feeling better. There is one comfort to the homely ones, however.

After you come to know people very intimately, you do not know whether they are pretty or not.

Their "ways" make an impression on you, but not their noses and ears, their eyes and mouths.

In time, the soul expresses itself to you, and it is that which you see.

A man who has been married twenty years scarcely knows what his wife looks like.

He may declare that he does, and tell you that she is a bewitching little blonde, with soft blue eyes, long after she is fat and red and forty; because the image of his early love is in his heart, and he doesn't see her as she is to-day, but as she was when he courted her.

Or, being an indifferent husband, he may not know that she is the fine woman that other people think her.

You have known men who have married the plainest women, and think them beauties; and you know beauties who are quite thrown away on men who value a wife for her success as a cook.

As far as one's effect on strangers is to be taken into consideration, beauty is valuable and very valuable.

So, if you have it, rejoice; but if you have it not be content.

Take care of your heart, your soul, your mind, and your manners, and you will make for yourself that beauty which will render you lovely to those who are nearest and dearest to you.—*Frank Leslie's Lady's Journal.*

A MAN who don't know anything will tell it the first time he gets a chance.

WHEN a man gets in trouble he has the consolation of finding out just who are his friends.

"Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall."—*Confucius.*

Business Directory.

ATTORNEYS.

DEXTER L. THOMAS, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Notary Public. Office, Room 8, Visscher's Block.
C. P. WOOLWORTH, Attorney at Law, 463 12th Street.
W. O. BARTHOLOMEW, Counselor at Law, 280 Douglas Street.
G. W. AMBROSE, Attorney at Law, Martin's Block.
KENNEDY & GILBERT, Attorneys at Law, 516 13th Street.
G. E. PRITCHETT, Attorney at Law, No. 511 13th Street.

JUSTICES OF PEACE.

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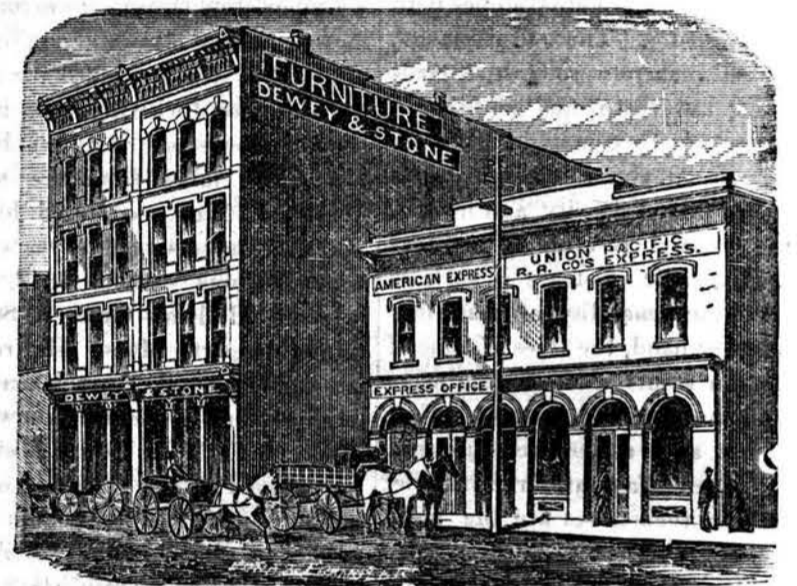
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