

# The High School.

A REPOSITORY OF RFINED LITERATURE, AND JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.

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Vol. IV.

## THE NICE YOUNG MAN.

BY QVIS FECIT.

Speaking of "a nice young man," said my friend the Professor, one day, (will the reader please pardon the seeming familiarity, looking up from the last number of THE HIGH SCHOOL which he held in his hand, and taking a cigar from his mouth while a cloud of smoke encircled his genial face almost hiding from view those eyes which always seemed to possess the intuitive power of looking through the most intricate problems and finding a solution to the most unheard of and improbable propositions,—"speaking of 'nice' young men, I think I have seen a few of them."

Now I, who had not been speaking of "nice" young men at all, had only the vaguest idea of what was coming next, and supposed that the Professor was about to give a description of some model young man who had attracted his attention.

"Yes," he continued, "you will find the 'nice' young man almost everywhere you go. You never have any trouble to make him out even in a crowd. Everything about him bespeaks the most hairsplitting nicety.

The ends of his neck-tie are as exactly equal in length as though he measured them each time he tied it and cut off the least bit of surplus which either one might happen to have, and all his clothes are adjusted with the same scrupulous care."

"But," said I, as the Professor knocked the ashes from his cigar and commenced smoking again, "it seems to me to avoid the implication of being what you term a 'nice' young man a fellow must pay no attention to dress at all."

"No," said he "by no means. A slovenly dressed young man is utterly inexcusable. He owes it to himself, his family, and his friends to appear just as well as possible."

"Well then," said I, "I confess I am entirely in the dark as to your meaning."

"Why it is simply this," said he. "What I call the 'nice' young man is not one who merely dresses well, for that, as said, is the duty of every one, but the one who shows by his actions that he is conscious of being well dressed, and of presenting a fine appearance and who evidently makes his fine appearance an end instead of a means, and so gives more attention to dress and manners than anything else."

After smoking a few minutes in silence the Professor resumed: "The 'nice' young man is usually quite harmless. He stays at home and reads novels and scolds the servants, while his younger brother, the prodigal, goes off to the theatre, or gets on a spree and is put into the lock-up. He would not do such a thing for all the world. It would be so ungentle to spend a night at a police station and have your name printed in the morning paper—no he not."

"Now don't misunderstand me," said the Professor, as he noticed the puzzled look on my face. "I am not saying anything against morality nor in favor of vice, but the 'nice' young man hasn't pluck enough to do anything that would be censured, no matter how much he may desire it, and the reason of his good conduct is not his convictions of right but a fear of what people would say; for their opinion is the only motive he knows."

I was just beginning to understand the drift of the Professor's remarks, but not quite satisfied with the position he had taken I said, "I think I understand you, sir; but it seems to me that I have seen fellows who took the same

view of the matter which you do, and so, to avoid being considered "spoony" as they term it, they went to an extreme of wickedness that was actually repugnant to their own tastes.

"Very true, very true," he replied, "but that only betrays the wickedness of their convictions of right, which must be weak indeed to allow them to do what they know to be wrong, in order to avoid a fancied possibility that if they should do right it would be thought that they did so only to gain approbation. It is the very same spirit which shows in the other class of which we are speaking, only it comes to the surface in a different form."

"But," said I, "I always thought that morality was a good thing under any circumstances, and no matter what motive prompted it."

"Yes," said he that may all be true as far as outward acts are concerned; but if we look beneath the action to the motive that prompted it there is certainly very little credit to be attributed to the one who does right merely for fear of doing otherwise."

"Still, so far as society is concerned," I replied, "it seems to me that after all the 'nice' young man is better than his prodigal brother."

"Certainly; but don't misunderstand me. I don't say that every young man who sustains a good character has no higher motive than praise; for I believe there are those with no religious principles to guide them, who do what they believe to be right from an honest conviction that it is right; and I can respect such. It is only of that milk-and-water class who never attain to any higher merit than that negative kind of goodness which merely does nothing very bad that I was speaking."

The Professor's remarks about merely negative goodness, set me to thinking, and I could not help reflecting how true that a good deal of what the world calls goodness is simply the absence of evil, and how little positive and active goodness we see. But before I had time to proceed any further in my thoughts, the Professor began again:

"The height of the 'nice' young man's ambition is to be what is usually termed 'a ladies' man'; but in this he never succeeds very well."

"Why," I replied, "it always seemed to me that that class were great favorites with the ladies."

"That simply shows your lack of close observance," was the rather blunt reply. "Such fellows are always crowding themselves forward, and it is impossible for a lady, who has been so unfortunate as to become the object of such a fellow's admiration, to be free from his attentions unless she gives him downright insult; and that no true lady will do if she can possibly avoid it. Then, too, her desire to be kind and charitable even toward the feelings of others make her more forbearing than she would otherwise be, a forbearance which he, and it seems you too, mistake for encouragement."

I replied, "It always seemed to me that it was in such tricks and shams as these, that such fellows succeeded."

"And that, again, is where you are mistaken," said the Professor. "It is true that ladies of refinement like to see a genuine lover of the beautiful or a sincerely kind disposition in a young man; but their admiration for these, where they are genuine, is only excelled by their contempt for the shallow counterfeit."

"And now let me give you a word of advice," he continued after a few moments silence, "Always be yourself. Don't affect anything you are conscious of not possessing, and, above all don't be afraid of *being* and *doing* something positive and definite. Better be in the wrong sometimes than never do anything for fear of making a mistake."

"But I am sure, sir," I persisted, "that I have seen some fellows who, I know, hadn't a thimble full of sense, yet they were petted and praised by their lady friends."

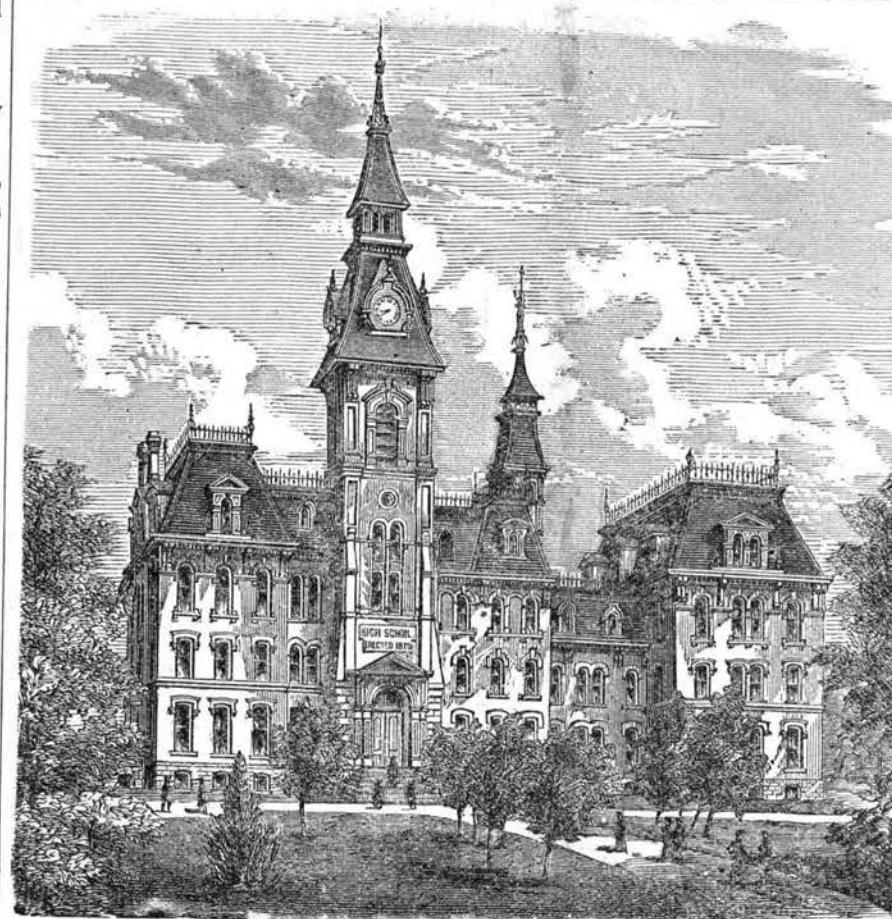
"Yes, just as they fondle and pet their poodles," was the reply. "O, I

*Liberator a defectione solum, qui non nititur.*

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View of the Omaha High School Building.

know," he continued, all women are not sensible just as all young men are not fools, and some of them may enjoy hearing themselves praised even by a fellow who they secretly despise; but depend upon it, that class is much smaller than young men of your age and turn of mind are apt to suppose."

"Well," said I, "Professor, I don't think there are many who admire or respect sensible women more than I do, and I shall be glad to know that I have been mistaken in supposing that class smaller than it really is, and if what you have been saying is true, I confess have misjudged the ladies as much in this respect as any."

"You will find it true as I have said," the Professor replied. "The 'nice' young man has not sense enough to see that a true woman despises effeminacy in a man. So whenever he gets into the company of ladies he affects a wonderful love for flowers, goes off into ecstasies over a rainbow, or talks with

a wonderful smattering of big words about the necessity of cultivating the aesthetic art. He becomes wonderfully tenderhearted too, at such times. Why he would not hurt a worm, and he pets and kisses all the babies, and seems to have a wonderful love for children. But wait till he is by himself and the finest flower is not noticed at all. At home he kicks the dog, and scolds and cuffs his own little brother for getting in the way. And these things will be found out by his lady friends a good deal sooner than he imagines."

I replied, "It always seemed to me that he excels all; that he is the beau ideal of dignity, and arrogates to himself mental endowments, of which he does not possess even the shadow."

The supercilious creature vaunts over the prig as he struts about, a walking mass of egotism, imagining himself to be the common centre to which all eyes are directed, as if he were the only one that possesses those noble gifts which are the essential requisites of the man of learning. He supposes

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that he excels all; that he is the beau ideal of dignity, and arrogates to himself mental endowments, of which he does not possess even the shadow.

The venomous reptile endeavours to retaliate in the most bitter

and rancorous sarcasm, uttered with a smile of irritated self-sufficiency, truculent jocularity and sardonic mirth. The pusillanimous monte-bank will revert to the most dastardly tergiversations, in order to extricate himself from the intricate positions into which he plunges himself by his fantastical, far-fetched and farraginous hallucinations.

How eager he is in company to affect refinement but egotism predominates; and forgetting, or else not knowing what christian etiquette is, and deluded by the phantasmas of his moonstruck imagination, he endeavors to monopolize the conversation, thinking that if he succeed in doing this, that it shows preeminence, when, on the contrary, it is a breach of christian politeness. Behold the charlatan sitting enthroned on the pedestal of his own conceit, magisterially propounding and systematically elucidating, as he supposes, subjects which are far beyond the just conceptions of the farfetched imagination, and not circumscribed within the circle of his limited knowledge. We grant this arrogant perspicacity is supported by a superabundance of persiflage, if by nothing more.

How prone he is to employ phrases not of very common usage, to attract the attention of others, and strive to have them believe, that he is learned. But the effect is quite the contrary; for his hearers must eventually be convinced, that such spurious knowledge is evolved from a putrid source, and that the volubility of ribald scurrility which grates upon their ears, could emanate from no other source than from one who is accustomed to itinerating, or from a vampire. With what pomposity he struts about, supposing that people are pleased when they see a person walk with a dignified pace. Perhaps they do, but he forgets that people are able to distinguish between the lout and the christian gentleman.

How he looks down with disdain upon those to whom he thinks he is superior. How manifest is the vice of pride. He allows no favorable opportunity to pass without vilifying the character of others; scorning their actions, and making the most unchristian remarks about their attire.

But while he directs opprobrious and vituperative language against others, he is perhaps much inferior in character; in his actions about as graceful as a pig; and if he had not obtained those habiliments of which he prides himself from a charitable source, he would be compelled to clothe himself as did Adam in the garden of Paradise. But to be brief. This little knowledge makes him so disobedient, vain and domineering that he will be subservient to no one; admits no superior, no, not even an equal in the broad expanse of the universe.

But some will say the one who wrote this peevish tirade, should not have forgotten that he himself has departed from what is the true christian spirit, the purity of good composition, and plunged himself into the quagmire of his own morbid whimsicalities in giving expression to such egotistical ideas. To such the writer replies, that it has objective reality in the man who boasts of a little learning, and as a similarity should exist between things compared, compare them, and perhaps you will come to the conclusion that they correspond.

SALESIANUM.

If you purchase a friend with money, you must be sure that you have money enough to keep him, or some richer person will buy him from you.

## GOOD READING.

Let the girls and boys read good books or none at all. Do you think a girl who passes her time in reading silly love-sick stories, or trashy novels, will ever grow up into anything but a silly, weak-minded, sentimental woman, with a brain as devoid of one solid thought as her life is of noble purpose? And the boy who, hour after hour, is found perusing a dime novel, a book of exciting highway robberies, or a sensational newspaper, do you think he will ever develop into a pure souled, high-toned, noble minded man, a man destined to make his mark in the world? No; for just as impure food will dwarf and injure your whole physical system, just so impure reading will taint and corrupt your whole mental organization. Then think of this, boys and girls, and be careful what you select to read, for, be it said with shame, hundreds of books and newspapers of the very lowest vilest kind, may be found all over the country.

## THE PRESENT AGE.

We are living in a wonderful period. To keep pace with the times we must be diligent and discreet. It is a saying deeply woven into the framework of republican principles, that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." Not less is it true that eternal watchfulness is the price of success.

This is emphatically an age of criticism. No one reaches a position of universal respect till he has passed a trying ordeal. Motives are sounded, teachings dissected, ability weighed, and every tangible fault noted and exposed by the keen eye of competition. We can not, therefore, afford to be off our guard for a single moment, and still less to slight the smallest opportunities of preparing for the critical judgment of the world.

Moreover, this is an age of controversy. Every man's opinion is challenged. There is a constant warfare between ideas. Beliefs, creeds, isms, are mingled in endless antagonisms.

Again, this is an age of enlightenment. The sun that for centuries shone only through the rifts upon some favored height, to-day pours down his genial rays on all. There is no excuse for ignorance. 'Tis only to reach out and appropriate the treasures that lie on every hand, and one may fill his storehouse with exhaustless wealth. The present is richer than any age of the past because it contains the result of the effort and experience of all the past. And so it demands a wider range of thought, a purer refinement, and a loftier culture than any previous age. With due respect to the memory of the departed, no one should be satisfied with merely being what his father was before him. There's a nobler mission than to imitate. To originate and live an ideal life that sets no bounds to its attainment, is the grandest honor to a manly nature. They tell us that the Chinese never aspire to do more than has been done, and with them to be an innovator is impious to the gods. So for ages their character and customs have remained unchanged, and to-day China walks over a road worn into deep ruts by the footsteps of forty centuries. But with us the war of progress has become divine, and it is almost a sin to fetter mind and thought. That generous gift of reason, the Promethean fire sent down from heaven, was not intended to grovel in the dust. 'Twas made to fly. The upper air is its appropriate home, and along the highway of the sky its fit comparisons move. To feed that power, to nourish and support it with the fairest fruits of culture, to bathe it in the sparkling waters of noble aspiration, and at the shrine of holiest desire to dedicate it to the service of the good and true, be our constant aim.

So shall there ripen in our lives an exalted manhood and womanhood, that shall disdain the sordid and the sensual, and reach out after the ideal and eternal.—*University Beacon.*

# The High School

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

**SENATOR EWING**, of Ohio, brought himself into prominence by delivering an able speech on the finance question on the 22d. After commenting on the low price of wages and the recent workingmen's riots, he finished with the lofty passage of "Oh! God, that bread should be so dear and flesh and blood so cheap."

THERE has been an upheaval in base ball circles owing to the exposure of a deep laid and long continued scheme for swindling by "throwing" games. Three or four members of the Cincinnati club have been unquestionably proven guilty of this reprehensible practice and summarily dismissed. The dismissal carries with it a disgrace, and it bears the thief from ever joining a league nine or amateur nine of any standing in the United States. This will serve as a wholesome lesson to the players yet unexposed, but who would willingly enter into any such corrupt negotiations.

SHOULD cousins marry? is a question which is not clearly settled in the minds of modern philosophers. After a careful consideration of all the points involved, and with a full appreciation of the importance of our decision in a delicate matter, we have arrived at the following conclusions: As a general principle cousins should avoid intermarriage, for the reasons given by the best physiological authorities. Society will not interpose any serious objections to this custom, and it is, withal, within the limits of the law, but the good and sufficient reasons given by medical authorities are recognized as a barrier.

## LIVES OF GREAT MEN ALL REMIND US

of various and sundry facts which do harmonize perfectly with commonly accepted impressions. Every life has its possibilities, yet few can make "sublime" in any proper or adequate sense of the word. The road to greatness is very difficult and cannot be pointed out by the "schools" or traversed by those who were not born leaders. The question naturally arises, if all men cannot be great, what course must they pursue in order to achieve as much success as possible? Manifestly, the way to success for one would be the road to failure for another, and we therefore arrive immediately at one fact which may not be agreeable, but is nevertheless a fact, viz: A liberal education is not in all cases a sure foundation for future success; on the contrary, it assists a large number, if not a large majority, of bright young men and talented young women to stumble hopelessly into mediocrity. The indiscriminate stuffing to which young people are subjected in the schools and colleges brings on in a majority of cases a species of intellectual dyspepsia from which they seldom recover. It would seem to be a sensible plan to educate the young with a special view to the business in which they propose to engage. It is absurd to claim that when the average young man has finished college he is prepared to branch out in any direction, and undertake the management of any business or the study of any profession. How fallacious this impression is, need not be pointed out. Having been started out into the world as a kind of educated "Jack of all trades," the young man is

not better prepared than at the outset to undertake any special function. Business education, so called, is an evident fraud, but careful training for some particular line of trade, or some profession, is manifestly in accord with the dictates of common sense. The salesmen in great wholesale houses, whose pay is something worth having, began as "cash boys," and learned all about the business from the very bottom of the ladder. Had they studied Greek and Geometry until they arrived at maturity, they would be no better qualified to sell dry goods, and could not begin much above the cash boy, after all.

A young man who never missed his lesson, and who graduated from Omaha High School as one of the class of '76, recently secured the position of "devil" in a printing office in this city, and has commenced to learn the trade of a compositor. It is not discreditable to this young alumnus to thus allude to his humble occupation. We allude in this article to his misfortune, not to his present condition. He was certainly unfortunate in not applying the resources of his mind to the cultivation of some occupation or trade that he could now be master of and earn a living from, instead of spending his whole life up to date, in mastering the difficulties of mathematics and the languages. Nothing is so true as that while we are learning one thing, we are missing something else. Thus, while the seeker after knowledge is penetrating the mysteries of Geometry, his brother who can neither read nor write is examining into the profits that can be made in grading a railroad line, or establishing a stage company. This is simply one illustration, but it will answer for dozens of others which might be cited. The moral simply is—due exceptions being made, as there are exceptions to every case—that life is too short to justify the waste of time at which the colleges connive with doubtless, the best intentions in the world. After taking one of those stilted and ill-balanced courses, which form the rule rather than the exception, the student is not half so likely to make his life sublime, as he would have been had he done less studying and more work.

## FASHIONS.

Borrowing clothes has ceased to be fashionable.

Paying your debts has gone out of fashion.

Sensational sermons on secular subjects are still the rage and draw large crowds.

Seal, which has been steadily advancing in favor for some time past, still retains its eminent position as the leading fashionable fur.

A new, soft, furry clothe, used for cloaks, is bound to have a great success. It is an imported article, but not expensive, and though exceedingly warm, very light in weight.

The rage is for walking costumes in stylish bourette cloth; or, the "rag-carpet" mixture as some call it, in combination with dark faille or velvet. Artistically arranged, these constitute extremely elegant and becoming toilettes.

Dress hats are somewhat reduced in size, but they still retain that riant shape, which is so becoming to a young face, or to one which begins to show signs of age.

Fashions were never more beautiful or striking than this season, and the approach of the holidays seems to have developed the resources both in material and design, to an almost bewildering extent.

## HERBIFEROUSLY SPEAKING.

Onion garden bed reclining,  
Beets a youth his aching head:  
"Cauliflower, low weeds confront me;  
Lettuce hence," he sadly said.  
"Carrots out the stoutest manhood,  
Peas my wearied soul doth need;  
Beans O! strive for me hereafter,  
Else my hart will go to seed."

"Sago home," said she, "and quit your fooling. If you engage yourself to some agricultural paper you might get a good celery, and I will give you leaf to "cabbage" all you can in the garden."

## OUR OMAHA SCHOOLS.

The public schools are progressing smoothly, uninterruptedly, systematically. Between twenty-one and twenty-two youthful minds are daily instructed in the rudiments of the English language and from all evidences each day adds a little to their knowledge. Supt. Beals has marshalled a corps of the best teachers that could be selected and this action on his part shows its wisdom. It may be somewhat annoying to the horde of grumblers and fault finders who always have a keen eye open to discover some loop hole for criticism, that no opportunity presents itself. All things considered we think the Omaha public schools are the best governed, most ably conducted, most judiciously managed and most successful ones in this wide country. This is saying a great deal, but if anyone is posed to question the statement we are perfectly willing to examine comparisons.

## FRAGMENTS.

—Why is a good resolution like a fainting lady at a ball? Because it ought to be carried out.

—Ladies who can't afford to wear costly furs now, wear a thin lace scarf about their necks. Evidently on the ground that it is a chin chiller.

—The Czar undertook to make the present war a holy one, and it looks as if it was about all he could do to crawl out of the hole he has got into.

—It is foolishness for a man to try to make game of a boarding-house chicken by looking at it, under the impression that a steady gaze of the human eye will make any animal quail.

—Only what we have wrought into our character during life can we take away with us.

—To see how the youth of the present day avoid modesty, one might think it were malaria.

—A young lady sent a poem to a British newspaper, entitled: "I cannot make him smile." The heartless wretch of an editor ventures to express the opinion that she would have succeeded if she had shown him the poem.

## OUR EXCHANGES.

The newest thing under the sun is a little paper called *Our Last Year*, published by the Everett Literary Society of the West Pennsylvania Institute at Mount Pleasant, Pa. The main editorial is an apology, and the principal news item is a description of what future improvements will be made. This is all unnecessary. We don't want to discourage the new fledglings but simply call their attention to these errors in order that they may profit thereby. Never tell what you are going to do. Do it, and let the people see it accomplished; then somebody else may announce it and perhaps commend your enterprise.

The *Pen and Plow* is an organ subsidised by the Singer Manufacturing Company, but withal an interesting monthly. It gives, in its last issue, a plan "to keep a room cool." This item should have been laid over till next summer.

The *Mute Journal of Nebraska*, a very creditable publication, gotten up and printed at the Deaf and Dumb Institute in this city, makes its regular monthly visits and is always welcome. The *Journal* is a medium for the instruction as well as the amusement and entertainment of the masses.

The November number of the *Hesperian Student*, our worthy contemporary, published at the State Capital, is very creditable, but the new editors unconsciously betray their inexperience. The business manager should beware of sharpers in the east who send out such advertisements as "Consumption Cured," etc., for he will never get a cent for publishing them. We cannot but occasionally notice that the *Hesperian* is taken in and done for by these cormorants.

The *Alumni Journal*, of Bloomington, Ill., has suspended, and is succeeded by *The Student's Journal*, which is conducted by a board of editors selected from the alumni of Wes-

leyan University, and pledged to advocate the interests of its supporters, as a reason is given for the suspension of the *Alumni* that it was merely an organ of the undergraduates.

The exchange editor of *The Niagara Index* is one of those knowall fellows, and we shouldn't wonder if he could eat hay. He is evidently gifted with a peculiar faculty for giving abuse, and is never so exultingly happy as when "dressing down" some new exchange that makes its appearance with an apology for mistakes and a request for a little indulgence on account of first efforts. The local editor occasionally gets off a witticism, but the majority of his sickly attempts at wit should be referred to a committee for examination.

We acknowledge regular receipt of *Wittenberger*, *Oberlin Review*, *Woman's Journal*, *University Press*, *University Reporter*, *Simpsonian*, *Bates' Student*, *College Journal*, *Oxford Undergraduates Journal*, *of England*, *The Western*, *Littell's Living Age*, *The Galaxy*, *N. E. Jour. of Education*, *Educational Weekly*, *Montpelierian*, *N. Y. Sun*, *Golden Sheaf*, *Besom*, *Irving Union*, *Trinity Tablet*, *Dennison Collegian*, *Alfred Student*, *Earlhamite*, *Sanitarian*, *Beacon*, *Tufts Collegian*, *Neoterian*, *Southern Collegian*, *Westminster Monthly*, *Sibyl*, *Volante*, *New Haven Tablet*, *Buffalo Public School Journal*, *Jewell*, *Eccentric*, *of Chicago*, *Athenaeum*. Among our State exchanges we welcome *The Lincoln Globe*, *Fremont Tribune*, *Sutton Times*, *Fairbury Gazette*, *Black Hills Champion*, *Wahoo Independent*, *West Point Progress*, *Grand Island Times*, *Seward Reporter*, *Beatrice Courier*, *Plattsmouth Watchman*, *Eagle*, *Kenesaw Times*, *Bair Pilot*, *Sidney Telegraph*, *Kearney Press*, *Ashland Times*, *Central City Courier*.

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Office 515 Thirteenth Street, Omaha. R. J. FINCH,  
Agent.

**RAILROAD TIME TABLES.**

**ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.**  
UNION PACIFIC.

LEAVE.	ARRIVE.
Daily Exp..... 11:20 a m	Daily Exp..... 3:45 p m
Freight ..... 5:10 a m	Freight ..... 5:15 p m
Mail ..... 5:45 a m	Mail ..... 5:45 p m
Freight ..... 8:30 a m	Freight ..... 11:15 a m

All freight delivered at the Omaha depot prior to 12 M. will go west the same day. No freight received for shipment after 5 P. M.

**CHICAGO AND BURLINGTON.**

LEAVE.	ARRIVE.
Express ..... 4:30 p m	Express ..... 10:00 a m
Mail ..... 5:10 a m	Mail ..... 10:40 p m

\*Sundays excepted.

**CHICAGO AND ROCK ISLAND.**

LEAVE.	ARRIVE.
Mail ..... 5:10 a m	Express ..... 10:00 a m
Express ..... 4:00 p m	Mail ..... 10:40 p m

\*Sundays excepted.

**CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN.**

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WRITER.

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TIME TABLES.

ARTURE OF TRAINS.

PACIFIC.

ARRIVE.  
Daily Exp..... 10:45 p m  
Freight..... 10:45 p m  
Mixed..... 10:30 p m  
Freight..... 11:15 a m

the Omaha depot prior to 12  
ay. No freight received for

D BURLINGTON

ARRIVE.  
Express..... 10:00 a m  
Mail..... 10:40 a m  
"Sundays excepted."

ROCK ISLAND

ARRIVE.  
Express..... 10:00 a m  
Mail..... 10:40 p m  
"Sundays excepted."

NORTHWESTERN

ARRIVE.  
Express..... 10:00 a m  
Mail..... 10:40 p m  
"Sundays excepted."

D & COUNCIL BLUFFS.

ARRIVE.  
Express..... 10:00 a m  
Mail..... 10:40 p m

IN NEBRASKA.

ARRIVE.  
Express..... 10:00 a m  
Mail..... 10:40 p m  
"Sundays excepted."

ESTERN AND S. G. & P.

in No. 2 (Mixed).... 9:30 p m  
Sept Sundays.

5:10 a m, 4:00 and 9:30 p m  
m, 7:10 and 10:40 a m.

at 8, 9, 10, and 11:15 a m, and

rive at 8:45, 9:45, 10:45, 11:45

, and 6:45 p m.

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# The High School

OMAHA, NEB., DECEMBER, 1877.

Extra copies, \$1 per dozen.

Subscriptions, orders for extra copies, Advertisements, or articles for publication, may be left at office 2d floor Odd Fellows Block.

Reading notices unmarked, 30 cents per line.

Local Advertisements, 20 cents a line.

## BLANCHE L. DEUEL.

Miss Blanche L. Deuel, an honored member of the class of 1876, died at her home in this city, Wednesday, Nov. 7th. She was born in Elmwood, Ills., Dec. 13th, 1858, and was accordingly, nearly nineteen years old. The death of this much esteemed young lady produced a profound impression on all her friends and the event was specially sad to the many younger ladies and gentlemen with whom she used to associate and by whom she was loved and admired. The funeral which took place on the 9th ult., was largely attended. The pall bearers were John Griffith, Fred. Knight, James Ross, George Jewett, Kent K. Hayden, Nate Crary, Martin Cahn, Henry Estabrook, Fred. McConnell and Joe Lehmer.

The High School Alumni association met on the morning of the 8th and passed the following resolutions:

*Resolved*, That we desire to express our heartfelt sorrow at the loss of our classmate and friend who has just left us, that all may know how dear she was to us; how we admired her many talents, and how we appreciated the loveliness of her whole character.

*Resolved*, That we wish to express our sympathy with her bereaved parents and friends. We who have known her from girlhood, in the intimacy of school life, can well sympathize with them, for our loss is great also. We, too, mourn.

Stacia Crowley, Nella Lehmer, Bertha Isaacs, Addie Gladstone, Esther Jacobs, Maggie McCague, Ida Goodman, Fannie Wilson, H. C. Curry.

## E. H. BUCKINGHAM.

Hon. E. H. Buckingham, a well-known and highly respected young attorney, died on the morning of the 28th, after a brief illness. He was a member of the Yale graduating class of 1873, and was twenty-seven years of age. We cannot better express our feelings than to quote the following from the *Republican*, every word which is true. "His sudden death as deeply afflicts the young men of Omaha, as the recent death of Blanche Deuel brought mourning so generally to the young ladies of this city." Mr. Buckingham was in the best sense of the word, a popular young man. He was universally liked, and was as free from personal and political animosities as any young man whom we knew in this city. His cheery smile, his pleasant face, his cordial grasp of the hand, are remembered by all who knew him. Everybody liked "Buck," as he was familiarly called by those who knew him best.

The funeral took place on the morning of the 30th, from the residence of T. P. Elliott in Shinn's addition. The remains — escorted by a delegation of lawyers representing the Omaha Bar, the Omaha Fire Department and the order of Red Men — were taken to the depot and placed aboard a special train which conveyed them to Lincoln, where they were laid in a grave beside a sister who died in that city about a year ago.

## NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

With this issue the subscriptions of nearly all our subscribers expire. The new volume, No. 5, begins next month, and in the meantime, or as soon as is convenient within the next two months, you will be called on by the Business Manager. The price will continue at the low figure of one dollar a year, and the paper will be made more newsy, entertaining and desirable as a family journal than ever before. Subscribers living at a distance will please remit one dollar by mail, to ensure a continuance of their names on the list.

MID the resounding crash of banks, let us be thankful that we are poor.

A POPULAR and handsome young man in this city was recently discharged from his position because he "threw on more style" than his employer. We suggest that he get out a lot of his photographs and sell them to the ladies at twenty-five cents apiece.

A GIRL with striped stockings was the cause of a young man being run over and severely injured last week. She was crossing opposite the post office, where it was a little muddy, and his gaze became so transfixed on the girl that he did not notice an approaching lumber wagon.

It is one of those misfortunes which only to be deplored when an over polite young man loses his balance just as he is in the act of saluting a pair of fashionable belles on the avenue. That post office clerk who made such a bad break, the other evening, after making these distressing circumstances, has our sympathy.

OMAHA was treated early last month to a glimpse of what might be seen in the most fashionable New York, Chicago, or Philadelphia Opera House any night in the year, but the town was so unprepared to receive such an entertainment that a few left the hall during the performance and others were heard to make such remarks as "Poorest," "Worst," etc., on leaving the theatre. People who affect a sort of moral disapprobation of the legitimate drama and opera with attended corotypes, (unless they are ministers of the gospel) only betray the fact that they were out of the small town in which they were born.

## THE UNION PACIFIC BUILDING

The Union Pacific Building just completed is to-day one of the finest structures of the kind in the United States. The interior of the building throughout has been finished off in black walnut and white pine which makes a neat appearance. The office occupied by Gen'l. Superintendent S. H. Clark presents the picture of comfort, convenience and good taste. The location is in the south-west corner of the second floor and it has two or three smaller rooms adjoining, one of which is the private sanctum of Supt. Clark and another is occupied by Assistant Supt. Jno. T. Clark. In this office we met Mr. M. H. Goble, private secretary to Supt. Clark, Mr. A. D. Clarke, general purchasing agent and Maj. G. Stevenson, clerk, all of whom are courteous, affable and obliging gentlemen. Passing into the office of Auditor J. W. Gannett, a spacious room monopolizing the whole south-east corner, we find everyone but McMillan industriously working, Mr. Jno. G. Taylor, one of the gentlemanly clerks in this office relieved any embarrassment that we might have had in entering such a large room and not knowing which way to turn. Besides the above mentioned Mr. Geo. W. Hall, chief clerk, Messrs. A. S. VanKuren, M. D. Cook, F. C. Bullock, J. L. McCague and R. H. Neale, Jr., occupy desks in this office. Belonging to this department and in the same room are N. Shelton, cashier, and Frank Brown, his assistant; Mr. S. T. Josslyn, paymaster, and Mr. D. B. Sargent, have their headquarters in a cozy little room adjoining. The north-east corner of the same floor is devoted to the use of General Passenger and Ticket Agents Thos. L. Kimball and his retinue of assistants—Messrs. Chas. S. Stebbins, chief clerk, E. K. Long, Sam. B. Jones, Geo. F. Mayer, Geo. Northrup, "Mose" W. Barkallow and Miss Delta L. Sears. The general Freight department is probably the most extensive one in the building, occupying, as it does, in the second and third floors in the north-west corner. Given in detail the personnel of this office consists of E. P. Vining, General Freight Agent; C. H. Needham, John A. McMillen, G. W. Boyden, S. J. Cutler, Miss McCheane, Clerks; E. F. Test, Claim Agent; E. Zabriskie, Chas. P. Needham, F. R. McConnell, Fred A. Nash, W. N. McMillen, W. H. Potter, clerks; J. C. Holtorf, first auditor, bridge division.

Ascending by the elevator, for we never walk when we can get a free ride, we are ushered into the tasty apartments occupied by Col. J. Dickey, Superintendent; Chief Operator, L. H. Korty, and Manager Rheem of the U. P. and A. & P. telegraph lines. Mr. Geo. M. Myers, Mr. W. E. Griffith and Mrs. A. W. Davis, handle the mysterious keys and look wise. A telegrapher has always got the "edge" on an outsider because he knows so much more about the business. On this, the third floor, Hon. A. J. Poppleton, attorney for the road, will soon have his office, a suite of commodious rooms having been set apart for his use. The fourth floor is devoted to numerous uses such as storage rooms for stationery, telegraph and other supplies. Mr. W. E. Clebeyne, Division Engineer; J. E. Sherlock, his draughtsman, and W. D. Jones, C. E. his first assistant, have apartments here; also Messrs. E. Lane, J. C. Sheppard and O. Larson, of the bridge department. The land department has been assigned the corner room of the first floor, facing Farnam. The department consists of O. F. Davis, Land Commissioner; Howard Kennedy, Secretary; P. L. Perrine, Cashier; J. H. McAlvoine, Draughtsman; John B. Evans, Hans Hansen, H. G. Ross, Miss Jessie M. Grant, Miss Mary Convoine, clerks.

The coal department (just in the rear of the land office) is by no means one of the least in the category, a large business being done, not only in furnishing coal for company use, but in supplying employees and private citizens. Mr. C. Hempel is the book-keeper, and Frank Hill the order clerk. Division Superintendent P. J. Nichols, H. C. Newman, Stock Agent; C. B. Havens, Train Dispatcher and E. M. Morseman, Superintendent of the express, each have offices in the east half of the first floor. The system of wagons are separate from the main building, yet convenient to every office; in fact everything about the building is substantial, convenient and exceedingly magnificent.

## PERSONAL.

Mr. A. E. Freiburger, the efficient local editor of the *Independent*, went to Chicago to spend Thanksgiving with his friends.

Charles Emery has cast his fortunes in the prosperous little town of David City, at which place, we are glad to learn, he is doing quite well.

Mr. H. R. Persinger late of the Central City *Courier*, recently passed through Omaha on his way to the east. He stopped and got our blessing.

Frank and Miss May Castetter of Blair were in the city on the 20th, visiting their sister, Miss Minnie Castetter, who attends Brownell Hall.

Charles R. Redick, came down from Denver on the 12th and has remained here since. We are glad to learn that he intends to hereafter make Omaha his permanent home.

The Eighth Grade, which is now so ably conducted by Prof. W. H. Scott, has of late grown to such large proportions that a larger room than the one formerly occupied became a matter of necessity. Accordingly the auditorium was fitted up with seats and this grade now occupies it. The total attendance is 52. Douglas Smith, of Florence, and Benj. Douglas, of Bellevue, are among the recent additions.

# The High School

OMAHA, NEB., DECEMBER, 1877.

## A FLIRT, THEY SAY.

I don't believe I love her,  
And yet I think I do;  
She's sweet and plump and pretty,  
And just the right age too.  
Her wit is ever sparkling,  
Her fancy ever gay;  
I swear I'd like to marry her—  
But she's a flirt, they say!

We walked the beach at evening,  
My arm was round her waist;  
Across the summer heavens  
The Borealis raced.  
"O Lu! if you would only!"—  
I paused in strange dismay:  
Down floating from the cliffs we heard,  
"Why, she's a flirt, they say!"

I half believe I love her,  
Yet don't know that I do;  
Though I've spent evenings with her—  
And sometimes midnights too.  
Ah me, her sweet caresses!  
Ah me, her witching way!  
By Hymen's shade! I'll marry her,  
I don't care what they say!

—University Beacon.

## MEN WITHOUT OCCUPATION.

The man who has nothing to do is the most miserable of beings. No matter how much wealth a man possesses, he can be neither contented nor happy without occupation. We were born to labor, and the world is our vineyard. We can find a field of usefulness almost anywhere. In occupations we forget our cares, our worldly trials and our sorrows. It keeps us from constantly worrying and brooding over what is inevitable. If we have enough for ourselves we can labor for the good of others and such a task is one of the most delightful duties a worthy and good man can possibly engage in.

## TRANSIENT TROUBLES.

Most of us have had troubles all our lives, and each day has brought all the evil that we wish to endure. But if we were asked to recount the sorrows of our lives, how many could we remember? How many that are six months old should we think worthy to be remembered or mentioned? Today's troubles look large, but a week hence they will be forgotten and buried out of sight.

"If you would keep a book, and every day put down the things that worry you, and see what becomes of them, it would be a benefit to you. You allow a thing to annoy you, just as you allow a fly to settle on you and plague you; or you lose your temper (or rather get it); for when men are surcharged with temper they are said to have lost it); and you justify yourself for being thrown off your balance by causes which you do not trace out. But if you would see what it was that threw you off your balance before breakfast, and put it down in a little book, and follow it out, and ascertain what becomes of it, you would see what a fool you were in the matter."

The art of forgetting is a blessed art, but the art of overlooking is quite as important. And if we should take time to write down the origin, progress and outcome of a few of our troubles, it would make us so ashamed of the fuss we make over them, that we should be glad to drop such things and bury them at once in eternal forgetfulness.

Life is too short to be worn out in petty worries, frettings, hatreds, and vexations. Let us banish all these, and think on whatsoever things are pure, and lovely and gentle, and of good report.

## EVILS OF GOSSIP.

We have known a country society which withered away to nothing under the dry rot of gossip only. Friendships once as firm as granite, dissolved to jelly, and then ran away to water only, because of this; love that promised a future as enduring and as stable as truth, evaporated into a morning mist that turned to a day's long tears, only because of this; the father and son were set foot to foot with the fiery breath of an anger that would never cool again between them; and a husband and a young wife, each straining at the hated lash which in the beginning had been the promise of a God-blessed love, sat mournfully by the side of the grave where all their love and all their joy lay buried, and all because of this. We have seen faith transformed to mean doubt, joy give place to grim despair, and charity take on itself the features of black malevolence, all because of the fell words of scandal, and the magic mutterings of gossip. Great crimes work great wrongs, and the deeper tragedies of human life spring from the larger passions; but woeful and most mournful are the uncatalogued tragedies that issue from gossip and detraction; most mournful the shipwreck often made of noble natures and lovely lives by the bitter winds and dead salt-waters of scandal. So easy to say yet so hard to disprove,

throwing on the innocent all the burden and strain of demonstrating their innocence, and punishing them as guilty if unable to pluck out the strings they never see, and to silence the words they never hear—gossip and slander are the deadliest and cruellest weapons man has ever forged for his brothers' hearts.—All the Year Round.

WHEN four women are walking abreast on the pavement, they will break ranks for nothing except a man with a paint pot.

AN envious parographer remarks that a woman with a diamond ring will scratch her nose, in a given period, four times as often as any other woman.

A BOARDING-HOUSE mistress, like the rest of us, has her weak and strong points—the weak point being her coffee and her strong point her butter.

SEVERAL Turkish officers have been suspected of being Dr. Mary Walker from the recklessness with which they threw themselves into the breaches.

WHEN Richard Grant White finally gets down to business he will find that the American colleges are trying to establish the highest possible grade of scullership.

"WE all know," said the school-committee man to the new teacher he was examining for her position, "tha' A, B, an' C is vowels; but wat we wants to know is wy they is so."

A SOPHOMORE, the other day, was heard to speak disparagingly of a Freshman. He called him a "gosling." We advise the Freshman not to be despondent. Let him wait a year. He must be a gosling before he becomes a goose.—*Lafayette Journal*.

*Class in Zoology.*—Prof. (lecturing). "Man has no control over the muscles of his ears, therefore he cannot move them." *Promising Senior.*—"But, Professor, I can move mine." Prof.—"Oh, well, most jackasses can. Senior refuses to be comforted.—*Columbia Spectator*.

"Boil it down, sir." He was a college graduate, and he got a position on one of the dailies last week. "Cut that stuff of yours down," said the city editor as the new man came in with a column where a stick only was required. "Do you desire a judicious elimination of the superfluous phraseology?" mildly returned the college man. "No! boil it down" thundered the city ed. The new man is gone now—gone back to Boston. He says there ain't "culturah" in Baltimore."—*Index*.

A NEGRO was found dead in Georgia, having fallen and broken his neck while stealing chickens from a high roost. He was a class leader in a church, and his pastor, in preaching the funeral sermon, was bothered by the question where the soul of his dead brother had gone. "His well known piety," said the preacher "indicates that he died a Christian; yet there are circumstances connected with his death that are perplexing. If, after he fell, and before he struck the ground, he repented of his sins, there can be no question but that he is now in glory; but there was mighty little time for him to think about it."—*College Journal*.

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THE SUN.  
1878. NEW YORK. 1878.

As the time approaches for the renewal of subscriptions, THE SUN would remind its friends and well-wishers everywhere, that it is again a candidate for their consideration and support. Upon its record for the past twelve years it relies for continuance of the hearty sympathy and generous co-operation which have hitherto extended to it from every quarter of the Union. The Daily SUN is a four page sheet of 28 columns, price by mail, post paid, 55 cents a month, or \$6.50 per year.

The Sunday edition of THE SUN is an eight-page sheet of 56 columns. While giving the news of the day, it also contains a large amount of literary and miscellaneous matter specially prepared for it. THE SUN has met with great success. Post paid \$1.20 a year.

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GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL, OMAHA, Dec. 10, 1876.

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DEAR Sir—Having used the Babcock Fire Extinguisher, practically saving, on two distinct occasions, a large sum of property, (one house, Mobile, Ala., and one at the Grand Central,) I am fully convinced of the usefulness and efficiency, and cheerfully recommend them for general use. No house, public or private, should be without one or more of them ready for immediate use.

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GEORE THRAIL, Proprietor.

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