

# High School Journal.

A REPOSITORY OF REFINED LITERATURE, AND JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.

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*Liberator a defectione solum, qui non nititur.*

J. F. McCARTNEY, Editor and Publisher.

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No. 8.

## CHARITY.

"Oh! be not the first to discover  
A blot on the fame of a friend,  
A flaw in the faith of a lover,  
Whose heart may prove true to the end.  
Leave base minds to harbor suspicion,  
And small ones to trace out defects—  
Let ours be a noble ambition,  
For base is the mind that suspects.  
We none of us know one another,  
And oft into error we fall;  
Then let us speak well of our brother,  
Or speak not about him at all."

To analyze the emotions of the human heart is no insignificant task. To enter the chambers of the soul and thoroughly understand its varied machinery baffles the skill and ingenuity of the most metaphysical mind; for the heart cannot be perfectly known; it is veiled; and though one strives to penetrate this covering, he will soon find himself involved in darkness. The sacred writer tells us that the heart is deceitful; and it is this condition of the heart that renders its nature and workings so intricate. If all deceit could be eradicated from the minds of men, and they were just what they always appear to be, then the difficulty of understanding the human heart would be removed.

Charity is one of the emotions of the soul, not that sentimentality that fills the minds of so many, but that deep, earnest, living, active principle that rather takes possession of the soul and urges men on to loving, noble deeds. Such a principle pervading the soul, so changes its nature and desires, that, in some mysterious way, the human heart is caused to beat in sympathy with those of its kind.

Much that is called charity, now-a-days, is counterfeit, and is unworthy of so high sounding a title, for genuine charity is a flower of rarest occurrence. Here and there you may see one in perpetual bloom, but they are by no means numerous in comparison with the number that might decorate the walks of life. Occasionally you will meet with those whose souls are filled and thrilled with philanthropic emotions, but such characters are like angel's visits, "few and far between." It is the dearth of charity that causes much of man's trouble, and produces jar and discord in society. The old adage that "love hides a multitude of faults" is as true as steel. That charity that constrains one to do gently and leniently with the erring; that will cause one to forget injuries and to refrain from judging too harshly the actions of others; that spirit of goodwill toward all, that will cause one to excuse the faults and imperfections of others, is what human society needs today. The absence of this makes many wounded hearts, loses many friends, and never added a single ray of happiness to the human heart. The golden rule can never be successfully and practically carried out unless charity holds unbounded sway. Charity—it is the golden chain that links humanity together, it is the silver cord that runs from heart to heart, from earth to heaven. It is this that renders life bearable; without it, joy and happiness, like a wandering bird, would fly away and leave man in rayless night.

Pure charity can never die: it is a constant emanation from above, dawning upon the world to ever bless humanity with its heavenly influence. He who is destitute of such a principle destroys the harmony of social life, and takes from earth all that is like heaven.

—Do your business promptly, and bore not a business man with long visits. Systemize your business and keep an eye on little expenses. Small leaks sink great ships.

## OLD AGE.

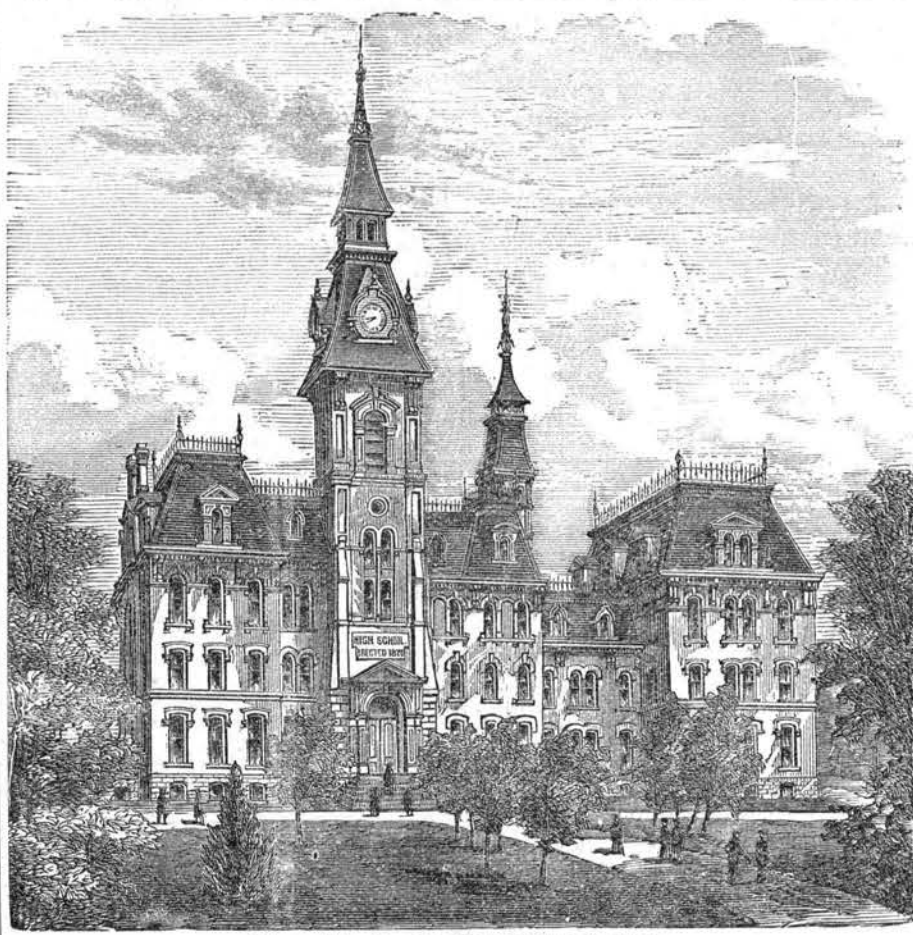
There is something peculiar about the closing part of man's earthly career. To one who has lived out the majority of his years, life takes the form of reality. Many joys and delightful scenes of his childhood, like bubbles on a gentle stream, have come and gone, though they may have left in the halls of memory, some marks of their existence. He remembers, with a certain indefinable sadness, when, as a mariner on life's troubled waters, he launched into the sea of life without knowing whither he would tend, through what storms he must pass, or where his frail bark would cease to sail. Now he sees and feels what has been, and with a heart grown weary with age, peers or strives to peer through the shadowy outlines of the future; and in thought sometimes buoyant, at other times with fearful forebodings, dwells on the imagined scenes of the unknown beyond. He looks back and recalls the history of his past life, and, gazing on its pictured pages, sees the wrecked barks of many who commenced life with himself, who were so unfortunate as to be driven and dashed against the rugged reefs; or, instead of viewing the ruins of others, he may be absorbed in the contemplation of his own forlorn and destitute condition.

As the traveler sitting on the beach hears the mournful lash of the ocean's waves against the rock-bound shore, and remembers the source of the distant bright streamlet tending toward the sea, so the aged man sitting as it were on the dividing line between life and death, sees the blending of time and eternity, as he looks back upon the one, and forward upon the other. Such a scene is, indeed, one of marked interest. Around the old family hearth-stone the aged linger and wait while their hearts are often burdened; tears are frequently seen coursing down their pale, furrowed cheeks. Ah, there is something sad in the tears of the aged! To see the grey-haired bowed in grief, is a pitiable sight. We can bear to see the young and middle-aged weep, for they can cheer up and forget trouble; but to see an old person shedding tears, spending his last days in sorrow; to see the serenity of old age broken by anxious solicitude and grief,—is a scene that touches and puts in vibration all the sympathetic cords of the human heart.

Old age is entitled to the respect of the young. Most young people are careless in this respect; they are often deficient in their attentions to those of riper years; they are frequently unwilling to yield to the wishes and advice of those who have been rendered childish and feeble by the tide of years. They forget that they, too, if allowed to remain long, will become old; that their beautiful dark hair will change into locks of gray; that their smooth, rosy cheeks will some day be wrinkled and pale; that their countenance and disposition will be marred by decaying years. Could young people realize this truth, how differently would they treat the aged, and how much more pleasantly would pass away the closing years of life!

Nothing so elevates a young person in the estimation of the world as a disposition to respect and revere the aged. Such an individual displays a trait of character possessed by only the better part of humanity. So far as human influence goes, the care-worn heart of the aged can best be soled by the loving attention of the young. Let no one, then, add one pang to the aged heart, but rather let him strive to make the declining years of all as pleasant as possible; and, when they are gone, the memory of the departed will be sweet and not bitter.

"Be kind to the aged not many may know  
The trials and troubles they suffer below."



View of the Omaha High School Building.

## PUTTING OUT TO SEA.

Graduating Essay of Miss Marcia Manning,  
High School Class of '78.

Some of us have lived near the sea shore, and have caught, at intervals, the sound of the ocean, a low, gentle murmur. And many of us have, perhaps, enjoyed watching the different vessels putting out to sea. Sometimes they start for a short fishing excursion, sometimes they are heavily laden for a voyage across the ocean or around the world. We first notice the sailors, in their picturesque costumes, some with pleasant faces, others with features hardened by crime, and all brown by exposure in many lands. They are hard at work transferring the cargo to the ship. The passengers are now arriving, and, with them, the crowd always to be seen on such occasions. Here comes a millionaire in his beautiful carriage with its gorgeously equipped footman. He is going to travel for pleasure. There is a man in the middle station of life, modest and retiring; he makes to the ship without any great ado, and is hardly noticed in the crowd. Some are voluntary exiles from their country. They are alone, not a friend to bid them good-bye. There are men going to make fortunes, and others to retrieve them. Besides these, we can see many more, men, women and children—young and old. They are all together, and all have the same chance for life, or death, if the ship sinks, and of success or failure in their various undertakings, if it does not.

Finally all is ready, the anchor is hoisted and the ship starts. Shouts and waving of handkerchiefs follow, and eager eyes watch, until the ship is a mere speck upon the horizon.

The first few days out, the weather is delightful, and no storm clouds are visible. Suddenly a small cloud is observed upon the horizon, the first sign of the coming storm. It rises higher and higher, and soon spreads over the entire sky; the wind becomes a gale, and the violence of the waves increases. The storm bursts, and the ship is tossed to and fro, like a ball. For a time, destruction seems inevitable; but at last the storm is over, and the ship safe, with only the loss of a mast or spar. They go on their way rejoicing, and at last reach in safety the port for which they were bound. That ship was not found wanting.

Another ship starts out, with the same prospects for the future, and a similar crowd upon the shore. After a few days out, this ship meets a storm, and amidst the lashing of the waves, in the terrible darkness of the night, goes down in mid ocean; not a soul is saved to tell the story. Other ships go out, meet the storm, battle with it for a while, and at last drift along the shore, complete wrecks, masts, sails, everything washed away. The waves may bring to the shore relics of these vessels; but bits of rope, pieces of boards, or fragments of apparel, tell nothing of the numbers that perished, or of the accompanying struggle. How different the feelings that arise when we look upon the only

remains of that once stately ship, and those with which we so proudly watched it as it put out to sea!

A lesson may be learned from these wrecks. How plainly we can perceive the weakness of man and his inventions, and the greatness of God! These wrecks were once as beautiful as other ships; but their voyages brought nothing, save pity and sorrow. Those that made a successful voyage, received praise and honor, and brought back cargoes of precious and useful things from all climes. Others, alas! sunk to the bottom of the sea.

These ships that sail upon the oceans of the world are but pictures of those that sail upon the great ocean of life. These life-ships have different captains, and guided by them exclusively, the voyagers arrive at different ports. The captains are self-love, duty, love, conscience, pride, avarice, and others, each of more or less merit. There are a few who take reason for captain. They go through life gravely, reasoning over everything, and in the end accomplish little, for while reasoning instead of acting, others take their places. All ships must have a motive power to propel them, otherwise the captain and crew would be of little use. With men this motive power is the will. As the motive power of a ship is under control, so is the will; it is capable of being turned into any channel.

A ship may be firmly built and apparently able to stand all storms, and in spite of that may sink in the first one. A man starting out in life with a good character will be successful. Another without a good character may, by care and cultivation, improve it, and at last, though his course has not been straight, reach the port for which he was bound; but he will have to pass through many storms—the trials, temptations and sorrows of life. There are some people who think a good education is all that is needed, and forget character. But education without character is of little value to the possessor. He would be like a mariner attempting to sail without a rudder, and after being tossed about, now high on the waves and now deep in the troughs of the sea, would be cast ashore, an evidence of the folly of trying to sail upon life's voyage without proper guiding or controlling power. Every wave from the ocean of life strews the shores of time with these wrecks.

There is a great difference in equipments—One has friends, talents, everything needful for a successful life: Temptations come to all, and this one does not heed the consequences certain to follow, but yields to one temptation after another. When his friends see his danger, he has so far entered the maelstrom that he cannot be rescued, and in a short time sinks and would be forgotten but for his untimely end. On the other hand, some start in poverty and comparative ignorance. Some of these work their way silently, but surely, and before you are aware of it, they are at the head. Abraham Lincoln and Henry Wilson are examples of such. Who would have thought

that the poor raftsmen or apprentice would rise to the highest offices of state, and hold them so worthily!

Some people have great strength of will, and when this strength is exercised in the right direction there are few things which its possessor may not accomplish. General Grant used to be called lazy, stupid and useless when a boy, but he proved to be a useful man, for he had that strength of will which never relinquishes an idea till it has been wrought out. Now he is enjoying honors awarded to but few men.

We can never know a character perfectly. Each day develops new traits. Neither must we judge men by a single action, for no single action is a sufficient basis for judgment, even in respect to that department of character to which it belongs. Hypocrites are numerous; they have a smooth exterior, but it is nothing but a shell. Gossips may be called members of this class. You cannot say anything to them, even in confidence, that will not surely be repeated, with several variations to your next door neighbor, as a choice piece of news. There are some people who always have a doleful looking countenance and seem to think it a sin to laugh or enjoy life in any way. Others are jolly folks, always smiling and finding something to enjoy. There is the man with a cold, forbidding, calculating expression upon his face, who generally makes us dislike him; and the man with such genuine good nature beaming upon his countenance that we are instinctively drawn to him.

A person's character is, to a certain extent, reflected upon his face: the expression habitually seen there, like the figures seen in a mirror, is but the reflection of the different thoughts and feelings by which he is governed. A fault finding person has a fault finding expression upon his face, and a cool, calm, deliberate person, has a corresponding expression of features. There is the dapper little fellow who is "in such a hurry he can't stop a minute," and rushes around as if he had a great deal of business, but in reality has very little. There are people that do not own a thousand dollars in the world, who, judged by their actions, would be supposed to be the owners of millions. There is one character we all admire: that is the gentle, loving, cheerful one; the one that carries sunshine everywhere, and makes a rugged path smooth, and leaves bright spots in lives that otherwise would be dark and dreary.

Character, to a more or less degree, continues unchanged through life, unless by some great effort. For example let us take three boys; one is an easy, don't-care-sort of a youth, who does everything he cannot get out of in a hit or miss style. The second is domineering, likes to command and be seen, but when the time for good earnest work comes, he is not there. The third is a quiet, determined boy who always considers the results of an action. The ends of these boys are as different as their lives. The first dies depending upon the charity of friends. The second continues to exercise his domineering spirit, and though he amasses wealth, is hated and despised by all who know him. The last always tries to see where he can do the most good, is loved by all, and his death regarded as a public calamity.

We, the members of this class, are about to start out upon the sea of life. We have been sailing in the same ship, near the shore, and so have escaped the storms of life, and only seen the clouds. Now we are to launch out for ourselves into deeper water, and whenever a cloud dims our horizon, we must remember that "every cloud has a silver lining."

In early youth every one is laying the foundation of a character, and is going here and there picking up knowledge. If we are careful, day by day, to build our lives with pure, noble, upright deeds, at the end we shall stand in a fair temple honored by God and man. But, as one leak will sink a ship, so one mean, dishonorable, untruthful word or act will make its impression and leave its influence on our character. Then let the moments as they fly, each be hallowed by a noble deed or a noble thought, so they will unite to form golden days, and the days grow into glorious years, and the years, as they slowly pass, will raise at last a beautiful edifice enduring forever.

## THE WILDS OF WYOMING.

Paleontological and Geological Discoveries.—  
What it was Once, and What it is Now.

Interesting and Instructive Account of the  
Princeton Scientific Expedition '78, by our  
Special Correspondent.

BLACK BUTTES, WYO.,  
July 21st, 1878.

Southern and South-western Wyoming remain to-day almost as little known to the mass of our educated public as they were fifteen years ago, when the whole country was a blank void upon the maps, and the title "Great American Desert" revealed an ignorance of the details of its geographical and geological structure, which successive government expeditions have done little to remove. The dreary wastes of alkali plains, the deep canyons with their frowning walls of sandstone rising for hundreds of feet above their bases, the dearth of water, the absence of adequate provision for man or beast, the torrid intensity with which a summer sun pours his unobstructed rays upon a parched and sterile soil, the lonely desolation and awful stillness of the trackless solitudes—all have hitherto proved obstacles too difficult to be overcome for any thorough exploration, and barriers insuperable to emigration and settlement.

Yet under the rocky fastnesses which make up so large a part of this vast stretch of irreclaimable territory, and entombed within colored clays, lie treasures of ancient life and geologic faunas, which have proved strong exertions to much arduous toil, and rewards eagerly sought after by men of science throughout the country. Within a few years, investigation into the fossil beds of our territories has revealed the astonishing fact that, instead of the commonly held theory that American horses are an importation by the Spaniards from Europe, it is much more probable that the whole horse tribe had their origin in our western plains, and from thence were dispersed throughout the other continents.

Without pretending to enter upon any scientific disquisition relative to the structure of the country through which we have been traveling for the last six weeks, a few words explanatory of the causes of its rich bone deposits and the curious natural phenomena so abundantly manifested on every side, may be of interest, as well as of profit, to the readers of the HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL.

The most of Wyoming and parts of Nebraska and Dakota were many centuries ago the bottom of an immense series of lakes surrounded by extensive marshes. It is probable that early in the era the waters of the Pacific ebbed and flowed along their borders, and it is undoubted that marine forms of life filled their muddy bottom and crowded their sedgy margins. The channel of communication with the ocean having been shut off, evaporation and successive upheavals drained off all saline matters, and fresh water fauna took the place of the previous forms of marine life.

At a later age, the whole country was uplifted by some Titanic force, the lake basins were drained, their muddy bottoms were exposed to the influence of sun and atmosphere, and its hardening clays and rapidly forming beds of sandstone retained in their embrace the petrified bones of the forms of animal and vegetable life which once thronged its waters or inhabited the neighboring marshes. Through the long centuries which have intervened since the catastrophe which exposed to the atmosphere the bottoms of the vast sheets of water which once covered the country, the rains and frosts have weathered the beds of clay and sandstone into the endless variety of shape and color which they now possess, and the deposits of alkali and sulphate of lime have been washed into the baking clay, rendering any extensive vegetation in parts an impossibility, even were the annual rainfall sufficient for purposes of solution.

A detailed itinerary of the daily travels of our party, it is not my intention to give. Its object has been correctly stated in the last number of the JOURNAL.

Leaving Fort Bridger on the 12th of June, we traveled East over the emigrant road as far as Green River,

[See second page.]



OMAHA, NEB., AUGUST, 1878.

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

\*Friends of The High School Journal are requested to send to this office personal items and accounts relating to social, musical, or literary matters.

THE game law has been restored to its old condition by the decision of the Supreme Court. The restrictions of the standard law are still in force, but the "grasshopper provision" is eliminated. Grouse can therefore be shot after August 1st, and quail after Sept. 1st, this year.

WE acknowledge receipt of the catalogue of the fifth annual district fair of Northern Nebraska, to be held Sept. 17th, 18th and 19th; also, the catalogue of the Kansas City Exposition, which will consume six days between the 23d and 28th of the same month. While making acknowledgments, we wish to thank Prof. A. F. Nightengale, of Lakeview, Ill., for sending us his Fourth Annual Report.

THE Center-Union Agriculturist asks us what we think of the "greenback question." We don't care to tell such a long "anecdote" and, furthermore, as our readers don't care what we think, we would rather fill up the space with something else. We have noticed that "Greenbackers" handle less of those articles than any other class of individuals, and, consequently, know less about the necessities of the country than the men who manage the finances of the nation, and have experience to guide them instead of whims.

SOME young lady of Council Bluffs, (we presume it was a young lady from its effeminacy), made our editorial note on the death of Bryant the subject of a criticism through the columns of the *Herald* last month. We stated that Bryant's death leaves only two great poets or writers living—Longfellow and Tennyson. Our fair critic answers this by comparing these gentlemen with Poe, Pope, Byron, Goethe, Milton, etc. Perhaps, however, she has not yet heard of the death of these latter individuals, in which case she is pardonable. Our observation, that of Longfellow, Tennyson, and Bryant, the latter was least in regard to genius and popularity was excepted to, but nevertheless we must insist on its truth and correctness.

WE HAD a pleasant call from Mr. J. H. Croxton, of Nebraska City, on the 23d. That gentleman brought receipts and papers with him and explained some matters to us that were unknown when we charged him with misappropriating some of the funds of the late Alex. McCartney, while acting as administrator of his estate. Having satisfactorily explained his connection with this matter, and shown the proper vouchers for all the money that came into his hands, it is only a matter of justice to him to state that we are thoroughly satisfied that his actions were honest and straightforward. As we would not intentionally injure any man, we take pleasure in thus correcting the error. Mr. Croxton, personally, is a pleasant and agreeable gentleman, and if it were not for his bad political record, he might get nominated for Governor. However that may be, it is due to him to relieve him of any odium that may have been attached to him by the account of this particular affair, which appeared in our last number.

DR. GEO. L. MILLER, of the *Herald*, has from time to time made a great deal of buncombe out of his pretended friendship for young men, but we doubt if there is a young man in Omaha, to-day, who ever got much more than a free notice in the *Herald* from this pseudo philanthropist. An instance of Dr. Miller's assistance and help to young men came to light recently when one of his employees, who had been working for him over two years, shot himself because he saw no chance of ever getting wages enough to support himself. This young man is intelligent and well educated, but he only got the pittance of six dollars a week, and had a better prospect of getting reduced a dollar than raised that much.

## CO-EDUCATION SOCIALLY CONSIDERED.

Despite all that may be said about the evil influences of co-education, it is steadily on the advance, and while admitting that there are possible evils connected with the system, it is a settled fact in the minds of most people that the good effects largely overbalance the bad ones. It is a conceded fact that unless the proper regard for virtue is thoroughly instilled in the youthful mind—whether that end be secured by picturing the good results of virtue, or holding out as a warning the punishment of vice—then there is no other force that can be brought to bear that will restrain human beings from following the dictates of their baser natures. The sum of all the harrangue against co-educational institutions is that, by mixing the sexes they are ever manufacturing as it were, or holding out, opportunities for vice. According to this theory we are asked to put a very low estimate on the morality of the day, which—although not by any means above criticism—is far from being so absolutely degraded that the sexes—especially the younger members of society—must necessarily be kept at such stated distances. According to this hypothesis it would be fair to presume that after the school life of boys and girls is over, and they have returned from their respective educational institutions of an exclusive nature, such a thing as virtue need not be looked for. The true fact is that, by mixing the sexes, each is taught a proper regard for the other, and there is less need of apprehension for the safety of a girl who has seen the condition of society as it is, and is therefore enabled to guard against the snares of designing and unprincipled men, than there is for the one who has never been shut up in some exclusively feminine establishment, and, consequently, knows nothing of the wicked world that she will be thrown into when she leaves school. An eminent educator says on this question: "In nearly every center of the world's thought and action, the experiment of sundering the sexes in their higher education is either already abandoned or rapidly yielding to a more natural order. Within scarcely more than a decade and a half, more than one hundred and thirty co-educational universities and colleges have sprung into being in the United States."

## WHY MURDER IS ON THE INCREASE.

It is not hard to solve the question: "Why is murder on the increase in America?" It is the fruit of the deplorable leniency practiced in our high courts and among our rulers. When we remember that Rande, who slaughtered a number of men, instead of being hung for it, is now living quietly in the penitentiary at Joliet, with possible chances of pardon in future years, when the magnitude of his crime have been lulled and other officials are occupying our high positions of government, we can readily see why men are encouraged to commit murder and run the risk of escape or pardon. Another instance: the death sentence of Warren Clough who committed a foul and brutal murder as ever blackened the records of Nebraska crime, is commuted on the very threshold of the gallows, and he is sent to the penitentiary for life instead. The next thing we expect to see done will be the commutation of the death sentence of Dr. St. Louis, of Fremont. 'Tis true, this

last act has not yet been consummated, but what can we expect if we take the past as a criterion for the future? When a healthy public sentiment demands nothing short of hanging for murder, then, and not till then, will there be more regard for law and fewer murders.

## "PRETTY BUT IGNORANT."

Often have we heard the above opinion expressed in describing, *en passant*, some young lady. Doubtless we have more than once used the term or its equivalent ourselves, and it is not difficult to find numerous instances of young ladies who very appropriately fit under this caption. A fair complexion and fine form, attired in all the finery that wealth can provide, is quite pleasing to look at from a position across the street, but all this effect is instantly dispelled when you meet the same young lady and are embarrassed by her incorrect use of English, shocked by her slang phrases, and absolutely mortified by her bad manners and her poor taste. Doubtless it is not her fault that she lacks education. Whether it be her fault or her misfortune, the fact remains that she is sadly unfitted to enter society, and to take the position in life that her beauty would otherwise accord her. A homely woman with a good education passes and pleases where her exact opposite is an entire failure. The object of this article is not to inform those who may come within its scope of their misfortune, but, by calling attention to the question, induce some to imbibe learning, and prevent, if possible, others from falling into the error that beauty alone is sufficient for all ends of life. THE HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL is perhaps the only publication in Omaha that ever interests itself in behalf of that large portion of struggling humanity—the young ladies—and as it takes a lively interest in their general welfare and is ever ready to speak for their cause, it will receive the thanks of all sensible ladies for pointing out, whenever it can, any such needed reform in their ranks.

## PERSONAL POINTS.

Governor Garber has been afflicted with sore eyes for the past few weeks. His wife recently went to Salt Lake to visit her former home.

We had the pleasure of meeting Hon. E. C. Carnes, of Seward, who was in Omaha on the 25th. Mr. Carnes is rising in popularity throughout the State, and inasmuch as he is spoken of for Lieutenant Governor, we take occasion to say that he will honor the office if elected, and we know of no man whom we would sooner see nominated.

Gen'l P. W. Hitchcock is quietly residing at his home in this city, and doesn't appear to have any special object in view, further than to attend to his real estate interests and other personal business. A great deal of abuse has been heaped upon Gen'l Hitchcock, but after all, he has been directly identified with many measures that have advanced the interests of Omaha and Nebraska. His work for Omaha and Nebraska, as a United States Senator, has amounted to more in dollars and cents, progress and advancement, than that of any other two men we have ever gone from Nebraska to the National Capital.

Ex-Gov. A. Saunders and Hon. A. S. Paddock, United States Senators from Nebraska, returned from Washington last month, and were well received by citizens of all classes. These gentlemen have been faithful workers for the interests of Nebraska during the long siege of Congress, and their constituents are well satisfied. Gov. Saunders is chairman of a committee having under consideration the important question of turning the Indian agencies over to the military department, and his forthcoming report is looked forward to with much interest.

Hon. Jno. D. Howe, of this city, is spoken of as the unanimous choice of the Democratic party of Nebraska for Congress, next Fall, and while the prospects for a Democrat are decidedly poor in Nebraska, Mr. Howe can consistently gather in a little comfort from the unmistakable evidence of his

high standing, whether he ever gets to Congress or not.

As a matter of course, the numerous aspirants for State offices and Congress this Fall have been heralded all over the State, but these newspaper nominations generally fall away back in the rear when the actual voting commences. The man who is reserved for the nomination of the Republican party is Jno. C. Cowin.

Mr. P. P. Shelby was recently "promoted" to the position of Assistant General Freight Agent of the Union Pacific Railroad. Now, as far as the "promotion" is concerned, it is the opinion of many that Mr. Shelby has practically "dropped a few notches" and that his present position is inferior to the one he formerly held. Mr. Shelby formerly had one or two hundred men under him, and his duties were not laborious; now he is practically the chief clerk under a man whom we think he is far superior to. The fact that Mr. Shelby stands high with the directory of the road certainly argues against the supposition that he was the victim of any design to reduce him on their part. Some think that he was put there in order to be handy should it be decided to "let out" Mr. Vining, and others don't know what to think. Perhaps it is nobody's business. The expense attached to suppositions is, however, so slight, that people are enabled to exercise their faculties in this direction to an unlimited extent, and they accordingly do so.

## HE WAS TRESPASSING.

She was a young lady from Duck Springs, and enjoyed her visit to the Base Range metropolis immensely. She was pretty and piquant, and one of her well-known gallants had done his level best to make it pleasant for her during her stay. The exciting cause of the following was an attempt on his part to snatch a kiss from her pouting lips. Then she arose in all the dignity of offended maidenhood and said: "See here, mister, jest don't set 'em too fresh. You've done the handsome thing in cirruses, icecream, candy and sich, but you can't take no liberties. My fellow in Ohio has got a quit-claim deed to the premises, and don't you forget it. You can't squat on this location, and you'd better hunt for a quarter section in some other direction, where you can get a better title and gather your own crop." The young man recognized the force of her argument, and hunted.—*Council Bluffs Nonpareil*.

## THE WILDS OF WYOMING.

(Continued from first page.)

where provisioning we changed our direction to a southerly course, and journeying sixty-seven miles, camped at Leclède's Meadows near the northern border of the "bad lands" of South Bitter Creek. On June 26th, hammers and chisels in hand, we began work in the long break of sandstone buttes which stretches in unbroken line to the Colorado border. It was a strange, grotesque, though awe inspiring sight which met our eyes. Nature seemed to have run wild in her fantastic creations. Gorge after gorge, canyon after canyon appeared, flanked on all sides by precipitously broken cliffs, weathered by erosion and the action of the atmosphere into thousands of the most curiously curved forms, ever changing in appearance according to the point of view taken by the spectator, and fading away dim and misty in the distances, a succession of peaks and promontories.

Descending into the yawning chasm, we found ourselves picking our way over boulders of gigantic size, and immense concretions of colored sandstone; now ascending some rocky summit to find our road barred by insurmountable cliffs or impassable crevasses, again trailing our course by the tracks of the mountain sheep with which the region is crowded, or again painfully crawling along the shelving sides of some tremendous butte by clinging past to those projecting rocks, we were enabled, with much difficulty, to make our way. At last we gained a canyon more picturesque than any we had before reached. The light glimmered down its narrow walls from a height of over three hundred feet, and was broken by boulders which frowned overhung the deeply cleft gorge. The spring rains had worn the soft sandstone at its base to such an extent that for hundreds of feet we walked through a tunnel of gray rock, planned and smoothed by the influence of the evading action of the water. Its floor was paved with huge chips of petrified wood with which the formation abounds, and from its light sandstone sides portions of brown si-

licified bone told us that we had at last found the fossiliferous strata for which we were in search.

The first move upon observing any fragment of bone is to trace the course which it has probably taken from the other portions of the skeleton. Often a single tooth found in some little gully is the guide to a large part of the remainder of the body, which will probably be discovered exposed on the side of a neighboring butte, necessitating much hard chiseling before its safe removal. All the bones found in the Wyoming tertiary beds are completely silicified or petrified. The sand and gravel permeates every channel of the bone, and when excavated apart from their shape, they possess very few marks by which ordinary observers could distinguish them from their matrix of enclosing rock. To this statement, however, one exception must be made, namely: the teeth. These are preserved often with all their original gloss and enamel, but are generally colored a deep black, giving to them, as their crowns project from the buttes, the appearance of polished points of ebony.

The plain skirting the "bad lands" of South Bitter Creek is covered with flint obsidian and chalcedonic flakings, clearly of human workmanship. Arrow and spear heads are very numerous and of very diversified forms. Appearances favor the theory that the neighborhood might have been the armory rendezvous of the Indians of the territory where, in the amplitude of the material, weapons were easily prepared for their campaigns. Ornaments, chipped from the numerous and beautiful varieties of petrified wood abounding in the vicinity, are by no means scarce, and rude attempts at trinkets, made of jasper and obsidian, are of frequent occurrence. Leaving this locality on July 10th, we journeyed north-east to Leclède, a former station on the old overland stage line. Nothing remains but the ruined walls of stable, station and corral, from which the beams and every trace of wood have been stripped in order to furnish fuel for the trains of passing emigrants. At this point the "cut off" road breaks from the Overland and, veering south, joins it again at Green River, 67 miles distant. Ten miles distant, Leclède mountain, 7,918 feet in elevation, will well repay the labor of an ascent. Camp life, broken into by daily traveling, affords little time for the appreciation of the romantic or for the enjoyment of the picturesque. The more practical studies of precarious water and insufficient grass exclude more theoretical and dreamy speculations, and nature's richest gift of refreshing sleep to wearied frames and exhausted bodies is much more apt to be appreciated than the lavishness with which she spreads before their tired eyes her never ending panorama of mountain and plain. And yet, he must have been lost indeed to all sense of the aesthetic whose heart was not stirred by the view which lay stretched before him like an open page as he stood upon the lofty summit of Leclède.

Far off to the east the Rockies reared their heads, white with their hoary locks of everlasting snow, their sides showing blue and dim through the morning haze, until, a faint streak of mist, they faded from sight. To the right the high cliffs of "Pine Bluffs" precipitous and inaccessible rose sheerly a thousand feet from the top of the mountain slope, without a crevice or crack in which vegetation might obtain a foothold—south and west stretching for miles into the dim distance buttes with their tops, a mass of pirnades, minarets and spires tinged with the sunlight, shine in Oriental splendor, while faint and dim peering through the morning mist, the "Wind river" ranges far to the north were barely visible. The ravines which cleave the south-eastern side of the mountain afford fine feeding grounds for a large herd of "black tail" deer. For three weeks we obtained our meat from this point, and never failed of an ample supply. Further west antelope abound, and ten miles south-east fine mountain sheep hunting is found. Cinnamon and black bear are very numerous, though difficult to approach. Our camp was twice visited in the night time by wolves, while coyotes from sundown throughout the night kept up their dismal howling.

Having in our six weeks' trip procured over a ton of paleontological material, on the 25th of June we turned our faces toward the railroad and reached Black Butte station on the evening of that date, making a march of 32 miles in the journey. To-morrow we leave for the Bridger beds, 40 miles south of the fort, where we will probably be engaged until the first of September. Our success has far exceeded all anticipations, but its full extent cannot of course be ascertained until a thorough study has been made of the specimens obtained, and the results have been compared with those of other workers in this interesting and instructive science of paleontology.

W. E. A.

## ONE THING AND THE OTHER.

A Little of Everything and Pretty Much of Nothing—All Dated With Accuracy.

MONDAY, JULY 8th.—Geo. Browne, proprietor of the Inter-Ocean hotel at Cheyenne, shot by a gambler.—W. C. B. Allen goes west in charge of Dr. O. S. Wood.—Jim Poland returns from the west.—Stock yards opened, and speeches made by Chase, Redick, Lovett, Miller, Rosewater, Tibbels and others.—Judge Dundy and Col. Smith, with their families, went to San Francisco.

TUESDAY, 9th.—C. E. Squires made arrangements for Beecher to lecture here 20th Sept., for benefit of Gymnasium Club.—Charley Sweesey returns.—Maj. Balcombe returns from the west to-day.—Mrs. and Miss Woolworth go east.—Hon. Z. J. Jellison, of Schuyler, in the city.—Weather rainy.—Om. Board of Trade rooms moved to Odd Fellows' Block.—Frenzer's Block approaching completion.—Blue Ribbon movement inaugurated at Methodist church—flat failure. People will drink in Omaha. Charlie Fester drowned while bathing in skating pond.

WEDNESDAY, 10th.—Muddy.—Terrific storm the night before.—Woodworth's feed store struck by lightning and burned; also, burning out Frank Williams and troubling Sam Donnelly.—Markel's new emigrant house at Spoon Lake blown over.—Willis Yates and bride returned from their bridal tour in Minnesota.—Work on Jackson street sewer commenced.—John H. Leonard, driven to desperation for the want of money, shot himself.

THURSDAY, 11th.—Very hot day, 90° in the shade.—Hon. J. M. Woolworth left for east, to meet Mrs. Woolworth and Miss Genie, whereupon the party sail for Europe, to meet Charles Woolworth at Liverpool.—Martin Kennedy wins Collins medal.—Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Her return from pleasure trip in Minnesota.

FRIDAY, 12th.—Weather still very warm.—Seth. T. Cole appointed Deputy Collector Internal Revenue (by the newspapers).—Close Cuts beat Excelsiors by score of 25 to 11.—Nothing of note.—Montreal riot averted by conclusion of Orangemen not to parade.

SATURDAY, 13th.—Day very hot, 98° in the shade.—Gov. Saunders and Hon. A. S. Paddock, U. S. Senators, return from Washington.—Miss Ella Kittredge, of Waukegan, Ill., visiting her brother, H. F. Kittredge.—Geo. Canfield decides to build a hotel at the stock yards.—Sixteen men died in St. Louis of sunstroke.—Man named Meyers dies of sunstroke.—Young Frank A. Clark, who was attending to business of W. C. B. Allen, absconds with some moneys not belonging to him.

MONDAY, 15th.—Three men died of sunstroke.—T. W. Blackburn takes charge of city news department of the *Republican*.—Al. Van Camp appointed business manager of the *Evening News*.

TUESDAY, 16th.—Funeral of Mrs. Seivers, which was largely attended.—Field Sportsmen's Club hold practice shoot.—W. F. Pagett, of Lincoln, in the city.—Bird Wakeley left for New York and Wisconsin.

WEDNESDAY, 17th.—Gen'l J. C. McBride, State Treasurer, in town; ditto Jas. W. Davies, of Crete.—Thos. Edson passes through on his way west, and is met at the depot by L. H. Korty, Col. J. J. Dickey, A. G. Drake, F. B. Knight, L. M. Rheem, and others of the telegraphic fraternity.

THURSDAY, 18th.—Hon. Geo. W. McCrary, Secretary of War, visits Omaha, and receives the attention of the military and many of the prominent citizens.—The Lutheran Sunday school folks have a delightful picnic in Hanscom Park.

FRIDAY, 19th.—Presbyterian Synod school picnic in Hanscom Park.—W. B. Dale, Esq., of Columbus, in the city; also W. M. Sumner, of Schuyler, and Frank Castetter, of Blair.—Martin Cahn returns from a visit to Plattsmouth.

SATURDAY, 20th.—Wilbur Hugas returned from Southern Colorado, to spend a few weeks in Omaha.—S. A. Mills, of the U. P. Locomotive dept., and one of the "Close Cuts," left for Evanston.—Jos. Oberfelder, of Sidney, in town on a visit.

MONDAY, 22d.—Blue Monday.—Weather not so hot, and Rosewater appreciating this fact opens out on Dr. Miller and sends him to grass on every round.—Grand Central Hotel closes for repairs.

TUESDAY, 23d.—Hon. J. H. Croxton, Senator A. S. Paddock and Judge E. R. Valentine in town.—Patrick Doran, who had been lingering under consumption for some time, dies at 2 o'clock.—First day of the first annual convocation of the priests of the diocese of Bishop O'Connor.—Little Harry Gibson, son of H. Gibson of the *Herald* job rooms, breaks an arm.—Work commenced by M. C. Meaney on Jackson street sewer.—Jno. Leonard, who shot himself through the left lung, on the 14th, and was once expected to die, appears on the streets and takes a walk about town. Most remarkable case of "get well" on record.

WEDNESDAY, 24th.—M. Goldsmith, the clothier, goes east for a few weeks.—Late Davis, of Indianapolis, comes to Omaha to spend a couple of weeks visiting his brother, Fred. Davis, Asst. Cashier, First National Bank.—Miss Sue Baldwin and another equally handsome young lady (whose name we cannot recall), came over from Council Bluffs.—W. H. J. Stratton and Miss Vina White married. Ceremony very quiet.—Webster Eaton, of Bloomington, Neb., visits Omaha.—Weather wet.

THURSDAY, 26th.—Funeral of Patrick Doran takes place at the Catholic Cathedral, Rev. Father Kelley officiating. Remains escorted by Emmett Monument Association, under marshalship of C. V. Gallagher, and Fire Department under Chief Kleffner, assisted by Foremen Reese, Meallo and Collins.—Hank Donnelly, well known in Omaha as the former night train dispatcher on the Bridge Division of the U. P. R. R., died of consumption. Gov. Garber visits the city.—Col. J. J. Dickey returns from a few weeks' absence in the east.

FRIDAY, 26th.—D. G. Hull, president of State Bar Association, in town.—Metropolitan hotel crowded to completion.—Herman Kountze returns from a week's absence in the west.—Miss Hattie Slaughter, one of the Omaha teachers, visiting her old friends at Lincoln.—Ed Callahan's new building on Farnam and 12th going up rapidly; ditto Smith's Block.

SATURDAY, 27th.—Funeral of T. H. Donnelly, who was escorted to the grave by the Order of Red Men, of which he was a member.—Another rain storm.—16th street drive lined with fine turn-outs in the evening.—Capt. Paxton's horse Huckleberry makes a mile in 2.24, just for exercise.



OMAHA, NEB., AUGUST, 1878.

Extra copies, \$1.00 per dozen.  
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Local advertisements, 30 cents a line.

## TO ADVERTISERS.

It ought to be reasonably clear to most advertisers that THE HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL is a good advertising medium. It goes into almost every house in Omaha and circulates extensively throughout the state. It is read by every body who reads the daily papers and by hundreds who do not read them. It is read when people have time to read, and is probably read more thoroughly, for that reason, than any other city paper. We will ask if you yourself do not think this the case? Is it not your own experience? Do you go so thoroughly through any other paper? Do you know of any which is read so thoroughly by the members of your own family? Is it not your experience that daily papers are glanced at hastily, that advertisements in them mainly catch your eye by accident, and that, from week's end to week's end, you are not conscious of having noticed any advertisement, except it may be your own, or that of your competitors in business? People haven't time to read advertisements on week days. A card in THE HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL is worth more to the advertiser, and we think it must be reasonably clear to every judicious advertiser that a card in THE HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL is worth more than its cost.

"LITTLE ones in the Nest," a poem, came too late for this number.

THE French department of Brownell Hall will be in charge of a native French teacher.

MARSHAL BUTLER and his efficient corps of assistants keep the city morals in a very good condition.

SENSATIONS and scandals were never so scarce as during the past month. What is becoming of the city?

APROPOS of men, there are none so blind as those who will not see a lady standing in a crowded street car, while they sit.

THE Evening News has taken an active stride forward of late. Mr. A. E. Van Camp lately assumed the business management.

BROWNELL HALL has added to its corps of teachers two from Vassar: Miss Walker in English literature, and Miss Shinn in music.

THE time-honored custom of having music on Capitol Hill every Saturday evening, does not seem to have been kept up this summer.

THE neatest collection of house plants, embracing many rare exotics, is in Frank Currier's Art Gallery. Mr. Currier exhibits good taste in everything around him.

CADET Lucius W. Wakeley passed his final examination very creditably last month, and is now stationed at Camp Mansfield, near West Point, breaking in for military training.

A. D. WILLIAMS, of the Central Nebraska, and Prof. A. L. Wigton, of Juniata, are candidates for State Superintendent of Public Instruction, against Prof. S. R. Thompson.

MR. C. SMITH, the proprietor and manager of the Journal of Commerce, favored our sanctum with a call on the 28th. Mr. Smith is a hard worker, and is doing better with the Journal of Commerce than any one who ever preceded him.

SOME two or three years ago there was a general howl all over the country for the "good old specie," and now as the time approaches for the resumption of specie payment, and that commodity is circulated to some extent, it is shunned on all sides. Beggers, even, refuse it.

WHY don't the owners of fast horses, or the owners of the Omaha Driving Park, get up some races? Omaha is languishing for want of something exciting, and inasmuch as this is an appropriate time for horse racing, we think that any measures toward this end would be appreciated by the public.

THE most beautiful lawn and flower garden in the State—we may safely say the West—is the one belonging to Herman Kountze, whose home in South Omaha has all the appearances of a paradise. Mr. Kountze's conservatory contains a large collection of tropical plants, and perhaps there is no private collection in the country that will equal it in variety. Five gardeners are kept busy attending his grounds.

JUDGE JNO. M. THURSTON and City Clerk Zack Taylor kept a sharp eye on Dr. Carver while he was here, and the consequence is that they each expect to challenge him to a match at glass balls with a rifle on his return. Mr. Taylor has a record of 71 out of 100, and Mr. Thurston 88 out of 100. The latter gentleman broke 54 straight, on one occasion, and also broke seven out of sixteen from the hip. He intends to hunt geese and ducks this fall with a Winchester.

THE last excursion of the season will leave this city on the 7th of this month for Minnesota, over the S. C. & P. R. R. The cool and delightful regions of Minnesota are well worth a visit during the heat of summer, and as the expense (\$16 for the round trip) is very light, we see no reason why everyone who can get away should not take advantage of the opportunity. Maj. J. H. O'Brien, the General Manager of this excursion, will be glad to furnish you all information desired.

THE Northwestern Firemen's Association paid to Mrs. Doran, on the 26th inst., \$172, on account of the death of her husband, who was a member. This little sum came at the right time, and the relief that it afforded speaks well for the good results of the association. A new assessment of \$1.10 will be collected from the Omaha members this month, by Charles Fisher, trustee. The association is in a flourishing condition, and will hold its annual meeting next October, either in Columbus or this city.

HANSCOM PARK, which receives new improvements each year, is now a delightful resort, and it is only regretted that there is no mode of public conveyance to it. The dancing platform has not been in very good condition, owing to the warped floor, and for that reason many evening soirees have not been given. A communication to the city council, calling attention to this fact was recently referred to the committee on public property and improvements, and we are informed that a new ash floor will soon be built. This will certainly be a lasting benefit, and will be appreciated during all time by the lovers of dancing.

THE HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL has a great many warm friends who, while they appreciate each issue, and always speak words of encouragement, do not subscribe. Perhaps the main reason is because they have never been asked to subscribe. There are certain cases where our modesty forbids us to solicit subscriptions, strange as this statement may seem. That every kind of business now looks to success only through personal solicitation, is, however, an admitted fact. It is preeminently so in journalism, and for this reason any such thing as modesty is, we are frequently reminded, quite out of place. The long and short of this is, if you are not enrolled among the righteous on our subscription lists, send in your order.

A MEETING of the Close Cuts was held on the 29th at the office of Jno. R. Manchester, and a thorough reorganization effected. About thirty-five new members signed the rolls—the main object being to enlist a stated number of individuals who could be relied on to contribute all the support that may be necessary from time to time. Dues were placed at \$1.00 a month during the playing season. The matter of using some effort to get up a state tournament at the coming State Fair was left to the manager. The subject of playing in enclosed grounds was considered, and it was decided to await the action of Mr. Collins and others, who intend to enclose the grounds at the end of the street car track for shooting and other purposes. The following officers were elected: Jno. C. Cowin, President; E. E. Balch, Vice President and General Manager; Chester M. Pratt, Treasurer; Wm. Morris, Secretary; Martin Cahn, Scorer; Messrs. F. Colpetzer, C. M. Pratt, J. C. Sharp, F. B. Knight, J. F. McCartney, Jno. R. Manchester, M. T. Barkalow and Thos. Havens were appointed a committee on reception to meet and escort from the depot the Otoes who arrive here next Saturday, the 3d.

## SOCIETY NOTES.

The Pleasant Hours and Imperial Clubs will, we understand, give Moonlight Soirees at Hanscom Park during the coming month.

Miss Duyota, of Salt Lake City, is spending a few weeks in Omaha, the guest of Mrs. Ben. Gallagher. It has been noticed that one of the leading young gentlemen of the city has been quite devoted in his attentions during her visit.

The entertainment by the Harrigan and Hart company, at the Academy of Music, on the 31st, coming, as it did, during the lull in the amusement season, was well attended by the theatre going public, and thoroughly appreciated.

Miss Josie Fake, of Chicago, Ill., is in the city visiting her young friend Miss Jessie Millard, and will remain one or two weeks longer.

Mrs. Sam B. Jones, who has been on an extended visit in the east, returned last week, and Sam has again commenced to enjoy life.

The Standard Club, a select organization of our Jewish fellow-citizens, gave a party at Hanscom Park, on the evening of the 22d. Dancing on the platform and in the waiting room was indulged in to hearts content. The music was furnished by Hoffman, which is a sufficient guarantee that it was the best in the city. Messrs. Max Rosenfield and Julius Meyer attended to the preliminary details of this pleasant little affair, and the complete success with which it passed off reflects due credit on their efforts. One or two more of these pleasant soirees will be given before the season is over.

Geo. W. Gray, Esq., the well known Omaha printer, came near yielding up his mortal coil (we believe this is the recognized term) while ascending Pike's Peak last month. He has been visiting in Colorado for a few weeks, and like all other folks, thought he would ascend the peak. It is said that he barely survived after coming down, and in fact, was so weak that he could not ride his horse. This don't speak very well for the endurance of Mr. Gray, and in the future we presume he will be content to view the mountain peaks without climbing them.

Miss Sallie Hill, of Greencastle, Ind., and Miss Jessie Paine, of Nebraska City, are visiting the family of Capt. W. P. Wilcox.

Miss Lizzie Brown, who had been in the city some time, the guest of her friend Miss Anna Burley, left for Salt Lake on the 10th, in company with her mother. The departure from Omaha of Miss Brown was much regretted by her numerous friends, and especially so by one of the clerks at Stephens & Wilcox's.

Charles P. Woolworth, who left Omaha January, 1877, has been under treatment for a disorder of the brain most of the intervening time, and had so far recovered that some three months ago he sailed from New York for San Francisco. From there he has gone to Liverpool, Ireland, and his father and mother and sister, who sailed for that point on the 18th, will there meet him. The entire party will visit the Paris Exposition.

Miss Fannie Wall, who has been in company with Rev. Robert Doherty and wife, visiting various portions of the State, returned with them last month, and will remain at Brownell Hall until the beginning of the Fall term.

## THE BALL AND BAT.

Several Interesting Matches Last Month. The Championship of Omaha and Nebraska.

Base ball matters took a rapid stride forward last month, and as we go to press, the interest in this excellent out-door amusement is at its height. The "Close Cuts" of this city have come to the front in very good style, winning every match they have played during the month. The club is stronger to-day than ever before, and it has fair prospects of carrying off the championship of Omaha and the State championship this year, it having won the first game of a series of three in each contest. This state of affairs is certainly appreciated by the citizens of Omaha, who have always heretofore had their hopes disappointed, and while speaking of success we must not forget that much of the credit belongs to the manager of the "Close Cuts," Mr. Ed. Balch, who has worked hard, spent his time and money, and refused to give up, although defeat followed defeat for a long, long while. The first game that was played last month took place on the Fourth inst. at Nebraska City, and the "Otoes" were defeated by a score of 12 to 9. To the Close Cuts belongs the honor of first clipping the wings of this club which had become quite haughty and imperious through its long succession of victories over Omaha. The next game between the Otoes and Close Cuts will be played in Omaha on the 5th of this month.

### CLOSE CUTS vs. EXCELSIORS.

Perhaps the most interesting game that occurred during the month was the one played in this city on the 12th ult. It will be remembered that the "Excelsiors" won the championship of Omaha last year, and carried off the prize foul flags. The game was called at 4:30, the Excelsiors winning the "toss" and taking the field. Griffith, first to bat, took his base on three called balls; Frank came next, and striking a safe grounder got his first base and sent Griffith to third; Sam Nash followed with a three base hit, bringing Griffith and Frank home; Patton got first base, and Nash came home; Philbrook struck a high fly and got his first base through a muff by Moran; Patton was forced out on second; Knight struck short, got first, stole second, and reached third through some bad juggling between O'Tool and Burger; Mills made a very neat two-base hit; Gordon struck safe and got first base; Mills home; Gordon third on lost ball, and home on passed ball by Harmon; Pratt went out on a foul prettily caught by Harmon; Griffith got first on muff by Hartry; Frank sent a ball to centre and took first, stole second, and was put out while trying to steal third. Side out.

EXCELSIORS TO BAT.—O'Tool struck short fly to Philbrook and went out; Chas. Koster retired on a foul, and Jno. McAvin went out on first; side out, and first whitewash for Close Cuts. Score, 8—0.

### SECOND INNING.

Nash out on short fly to Smith (who here changed with O'Tool in pitching); Patton out on first by Moran; Philbrook made a three base hit; Knight first, Philbrook home, Mills out on short fly to Smith. The Close Cuts barely escaped a whitewash.

EXCELSIORS TO BAT.—Moran first base on three balls, second on balk of Philbrook; Hartry first on safe hit to centre; Harmon out on fly by Pratt; Smith three base hit to left field, bringing Moran and Hartry to home plate; Burger out on a foul, leaving Smith on third base. Side out. Score, 9—2.

### THIRD INNING.

Gordon two base hit; Pratt high fly over centre field, and Gordon home; Griffith out on foul by Harmon; Nash out on line ball neatly taken by Burger, who made a double play by putting out Frank on second.

EXCELSIORS TO BAT.—O'Tool two base hit; Koster got first on error of Griffith; McAvin first on bad throw of Griffith; Koster and O'Tool home; Moran out on first by Philbrook (Philbrook here made a "bad break" by throwing to first instead of home, as there were three men on bases); Hartry out on first; ditto Herman. Side out. Score, 11—6.

### FOURTH INNING.

Nash first on muff by Barry; Patton first on muff by McAvin; Philbrook three base hit and home on passed ball; Knight out on first; Mills out on first by Moran; Gordon out on first by Burger.

EXCELSIORS TO BAT.—Smith out on three strikes; Burger out on first; Barry out on fly by Griffith. Side out. Score, 14—6.

### FIFTH INNING.

Pratt two base hit; Griffith out on high fly nicely gathered in by McAvin; Frank two base hit; Nash first; Patton first; Philbrook first; Knight fine stroke, bringing all stragglers home, except Philbrook who was nabbed while trying to steal third; Mills out on short fly to Smith.

EXCELSIORS TO BAT.—O'Tool three strikes and out; Koster out on first; McAvin ditto. Score, 18—6.

### SIXTH INNING.

Gordon, Pratt and Griffith first; Frank out on fly by Barry, who fielded it in to first and caught Griffith napping; Nash went out on first. Side out.

EXCELSIORS.—Moran out on three strikes; Hartry two base hit and subsequently home; Harmon out on first; Smith out. Score, 19—7.

### SEVENTH INNING.

Patton second on overthrow of Hartry; Philbrook out on foul; Knight first, Patton home; Mills out on foul by Hartry; Gordon two base hit; Pratt two base hit; Griffith first; Frank first on wide throw of Hartry; Nash first; Patton out on fine throw by Hartry.

EXCELSIORS.—Burger and Barry out; O'Tool got to second, but was left by Koster, who very modestly retired after making three lunges at the ball. Score, 25—7.

### EIGHTH INNING.

Philbrook out on three strikes; Knight out on first by Moran; Mills got first by a small majority; Gordon and Pratt each made a run; Griffith and Frank were left on bases by Nash, who went out on first; McAvin foul and out by Pratt; Moran ditto by Patton;

Hartry first on muff by Knight; Harmon out on fly liner by Frank. Score, 29—7.

### NINTH INNING.

Patton, Philbrook and Knight out in succession, making first whitewash for Close Cuts.

EXCELSIORS TO BAT.—Smith got third on bad throw of Griffith; Burger first, Barry out on first; O'Tool first, Smith and Burger home; Koster fine hit to left field and first; McAvin first on muff by Pratt, Koster home; Moran first; Hartry struck a high fly taken by Patton who put Moran out on first.

### SUMMARY.

CLOSE CUTS.	R.	O.	EXCELSIORS.	R.	O.
Griffith, s. s. ....	3	3	Barry, r. f. ....	0	4
Frank, 2b. ....	3	3	O'Tool, 2b. ....	2	2
Nash, c. f. ....	3	4	Koster, c. f. ....	2	3
Patton, c. ....	3	4	McAvin, l. f. ....	1	3
Philbrook, p. ....	3	4	Moran, s. s. ....	1	4
Knight, l. f. ....	2	3	Harmon, c. ....	0	4
Mills, r. f. ....	2	4	Smith, p. ....	2	2
Gordon, 3b. ....	5	1	Berger, l. b. ....	1	3
Pratt, 1b. ....	4	1	Hartry, 3b. ....	2	2
	28	27		11	27

Time of game, 2½ hours.

Umpire, D. Callahan, of Omaha Barracks. Scorers, Ed. Koster and Ed. Peck.

### CLOSE CUTS vs. GLENWOODS.

The Glenwood club came up to Omaha on the 28d and played a friendly match, the conditions being that the Close Cuts pay the expenses of the club while in the city, and return the match at some future date. The day was fine, and a large crowd of citizens were in attendance—many of them being ladies. Mr. C. A. Cronney, of the Glenwood Opinion, was umpire, and rendered his decisions to the satisfaction of all.

The following is the

CLOSE CUTS.	R.	O.	GLENWOODS.	R.	O.
Griffith, s. s. ....	1	5	McPherson, c. r. ....	1	4
Frank, 2b. ....	4	2	Clark, 1b. ....	1	4
Berger, r. f. ....	3	0	Johnson, p. ....	3	1
Gordon, 3b. ....	2	4	Dentle, s. s. ....	2	3
Hall, c. f. ....	3	3	Sheppardson, c. f. ....	0	4
Sweeney, l. f. ....	0	5	Dolan, l. f. ....	0	2
Pratt, 1b. ....	1	4	Oaks, 1b. ....	0	4
Philbrook, p. ....	1	4	Dolan, W. r. f. ....	0	3
Patton, c. ....	3	1	Jackson, 2b. ....	2	2
	18	27		9	27

The game started out very nicely, neither club making a run until the third inning. Instead of giving a detailed report, we confine ourselves to a few statistics as follows:

Balls called on Johnson, 22; balls called on Philbrook, 13; strikes called off pitching of Johnson, 13; same off pitching of Philbrook, 9; fouls struck off pitching of Johnson, 8; off Philbrook, 11; Dolan, of the "Glenwoods," caught high flys, and made unpardonable muffs alternately. McPharren, the catcher, Johnson, the pitcher, and Oaks, the first base man, played well. Of the Close Cuts, Sweeney struck out three times, but redeemed himself by taking in several important high flys in the field. Gordon struck out once and made two bad overthrows; his credit side shows several good throws to first base. Frank took a hot fly liner in first inning, made a pretty stop with one hand in second inning, made two or three base hits, and made one overthrow. Hall is a good base runner, and made one or two very neat hits. Pratt made a three base hit in third inning, struck out in the fourth, but averaged well all through. Burger did well, with the exception of a bad muff in the eighth inning. Griffith was trying to beat Sweeney's record, but we think it was about a tie.

## OVER THE RIVER.

The Council Bluffs base ball club owe the Close Cuts the return compliment of a game, and why don't they come over?

Miss Addie Horton spent a few days in Omaha last month visiting Mrs. Harry Deuel.

Chas. Atkins, the courteous and obliging representative of the C. & N. W. R. R., has been laid up some time with catarrh.

Ed. Brown and Billy Patton came over on the 22d and saw the Close Cuts whitewash the Glenwoods six times. They are just now considering whether it is best for the Bluffs club to retire on its honors or come over and play that return game.

Society gossip quiet.

The new Union Pacific Hotel at Spoon Lake was opened to the public on the 24th. This establishment will be managed by Jake Markel and Thos. Swobe. Mr. W. H. Botkin will hold the position of chief clerk.

Mr. C. S. Clark, the accomplished local on the Council Bluffs *Nonpareil*, passed through Omaha on the 27th, on his way to Lincoln, to visit his intended. His head is level on the girl question, and while we do not care to see our best looking girls carried off to Iowa, we certainly feel pleased to make an exception in this case, because a better boy than Clark can not be found anywhere.

The first rose of summer—shad roes.—Graphic.

The rose that all are praising—He roes.—Norristown Herald.

It is old, but let us have the rose that never fades—Negroes.—Worcester Press.

The rose that boys like—Moonlight rows.—College Ohio.

A rose we will never get—A rose up early in the morning.—Vidette.

A rose that always gets us—Ze roes.

There are several other roses that should not be omitted—for instance, rose allover, rose brown and the last rose of summer who also lives in the Bluffs.

COMMODOUS and neatly furnished room, suitable for two single gentlemen, or gentleman and lady, for rent. Situation in one of the most desirable locations in the residence portion of the city. Applicants must be well known, or furnish good references. Call at this office. augt

MR. R. DE DARLING, the Boot and Shoe Maker, No. 479 12th st., near Harney, is fast acquiring a standard reputation among that class of citizens who use custom made work. His prices are reasonable, his work always satisfactory, and you can do no better than to give him your order when you want anything in his line.

## PERSONAL.

Chas. Saunders, who has been at Washington for several months, acting in the capacity of private secretary for his father during the session of Congress, returned last month, and was welcomed by his numerous friends in Omaha.

Miss Lillie Manchester, of New York, recently arrived in Omaha, in company with her uncle, Jno. R. Manchester, and will, we understand, make this her future home.

Miss Mary Knight is in Colorado, visiting Miss Carrie Bishop.

Phil. J. McShane, of New Lexington, Ohio, was in Omaha last month, attending to some business and visiting his brothers, Jno. A. and Ed. C. McShane. Phil. is looking well, and he appears to like the Ohio climate.

Miss S. E. Reeve, the former Assistant Principal of the High School, writes from Trenton, N. J., requesting us to send her the HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL. She has been teaching in that city for some time.

H. D. Estabrook returned last month from the south, looking much improved in health, and has been acting as local editor of the Evening News for a short time.

Col. Watson B. Smith and Judge E. S. Dundy, accompanied by Mrs. Dundy and Miss May, are visiting in California, and will return about the latter part of the month. During the absence of Col. Smith, his duties as Clerk of the U. S. Courts are being attended to by Mr. Elmer D. Frank, whose uniform courtesy and business ability have won for him the personal esteem of the attorneys of the city, and all others who have had occasion to transact any business in that office.

Mr. Alex. G. Higginson, one of the clerks in the General Offices of the B. & M. R. R., left on the 30th for Chicago, on railroad business.

Mr. E. Zabriskie, who has been absent on business for the U. P. R. R. Freight Department, returned on the 29th.

Conductor A. A. Bradford, of the Omaha Bridge Transfer, has returned from his eastern visit. Mr. Bradford, who was accompanied by his wife, visited some of the principal cities of the United States and Canada. During his absence Mr. F. A. Jenks collected the bridge tickets with quite as much ease, dignity and general satisfaction, as the oldest hand in the service.

Jno. D. Howe, Esq., left on the 29th for Winstead, Conn., his old home, where he will visit for about a month. During his absence his business will be looked after by Attorney J. McBride, which in itself is satisfactory assurance that nothing will go wrong.

Mr. Hugh McCaffrey, who has been quite successful in business in the Black Hills, has been spending a few weeks in Omaha, and will return about the 10th. Hugh showed his pluck in striking out and casting his fortunes in the wild western country, and his many Omaha friends are glad to witness his success.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS AND THANKS.

The treasurer of the Close Cut base ball club hands us the following list of subscribers to the fund for the reception and entertainment of the Glenwoods and Otoes. We are authorized in behalf of the club to return their thanks for the same: Jno. R. Manchester, \$5; C. M. Pratt, \$5; Martin Cahn, 1; Ed. Peck, 2; Geo. Jewett, 2; J. C. Cowin, 2; C. White, 2; Chas. Roberts, 2; E. T. Talk, 1; J. D. Howe, 2; Bennett & Co., 2; Chas. Needham, 1; Robert Armstrong, 1; Owen McCaffrey, 2; Will Wilbur, 2; John Nash, 2; Will Nash, 2; Frank Hills, 1; Andrew Riley, 1; Mr. Green, 50 cts.; F. Colpetzer, 5; E. F. Smythe, 2; J. F. McCartney, 2; F. Forsdike, 1; Fred. Davis, 1; Jno. E. Wilbur, 1; A. Remington, 1; Frank Range, 1; Estabrook & Hall, 1; Dr. J. R. Conkling, 1; M. E. Ottman, 2; Newt. Barkalow, 1; Minnie Cahn, 1; Chas. Elting, 1; Will Morris, 1; Bob Johnson, 2; Thomas Gray, 1; J. C. Sharp, 2; Al. Rafter, 1; F. B. Knight, 2; C. S. Squires, 1.

## DOUGLAS COUNTY TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

County Superintendent J. J. Points announces an institute for teachers of Douglas county and Omaha city, to take place on the 19th of this month and continue ten days. State Supt. Thompson, and other prominent educators of Nebraska, will be in attendance. Omaha city teachers are invited to attend, as well as all others having an interest in education.

SUBSCRIBERS changing residences will please report the fact at this office, else we cannot be held responsible for their failure to get the HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL. In the course of a year many of our subscribers grow rich, and consequently move to finer residences; others get "short" and seek humbler abodes. Some die, some move away from the city, and some go to jail. In any and all of these cases we require notice, and with the exception of delivering it in heaven (where all subscribers of the HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL go when they die) we can accommodate, and will be glad to do so.

MR. C. S. GOODRICH is now in New York purchasing a large stock of toys for the Holy day trade. Messrs. Goodrich & Co. supply the principal toy trade in Nebraska, Colorado, Utah and Montana, and their business increases as each year rolls around. This house is making a specialty of the Revolving Perch Bird Cage, which has just been introduced.

THE large building belonging to Withnell Bros., cor. 15th and Harney streets, is now being remodeled and generally overhauled, and will soon be opened as a hotel under the management of Canfield and Rheem. It will soon have to be christened, and we understand this ceremony, together with the opening, will be celebrated by a grand reception and ball. As an appropriate name, we suggest the "Withnell House."

ACCEPTING the polite invitation of Mr. J. Frank Sweeney to take a ride in his "chariot," last Saturday, we were whirled past all the ordinary outfits on the 16th street drive, by his lively stepper, old Black Hawk. Black Hawk has been out at pasture for some time, and he appears on the streets again with all his old time vigor. After a ride there is nothing so refreshing and healthful as a bath at the Florence Lake bath house, and proceeding thither we were, through the courtesy of Mr. Wm. Seivers, the president, and Herr Wagner, the manager, given the freedom of the establishment. This enterprise, which was successfully inaugurated by the liberal subscriptions (mainly) of the German young men of the city, is proving a blessing to the city, and it is well patronized. Mr. Wagner, the manager, keeps everything neat, and looks to the comfort of all visitors.

HAM. DORSEY, of the First National Bank of Fremont, forwarded a draft in payment of his subscription last month, the receipt of which we hereby acknowledge. While it is nothing unusual for us to receive a remittance, there is one virtue about Mr. Dorsey which we wish were possessed by all other foreign subscribers, and that is promptness. We place such a high appreciation on promptness that we frequently send the dollar promptly remitted, right back, with a letter expressive of our gratitude, and place the sender on the complimentary list. If you want to stand high in our estimation, remit promptly.

## TELEGRAPHIC ITEMS.

A. G. Drake, formerly chief day operator in the Western Union office, has accepted a position on the U. P., and will soon make the change.

After the first of August, the up-town office of the A. & P. will be under the management of Frank Knight, the present manager of the Western Union. This change is made by the resignation of Manager L. M. Rheem, who is going into the hotel business.



WATERING-PLACE VISITORS.

"The Kind that are not Kept at Home by the Hard Times."

From Saturday Herald.

Mrs. Goldsmith and her homely daughters are habitual watering-place visitors; they have not missed a summer for years. Consequently at this season the Goldsmith mansion is thrown into confusion, with packing preparations for their departure to the fashionable Long Branch.

Delays are considered dangerous with Mrs. Goldsmith, and when she has anything to do, "she just takes right hold and does it," therefore the master (?) of the mansion was just well helped when she informed him in the most positive manner, that she was going to commence "fixing up the girls for the Branch."

Mr. G. looked up from his well-filled plate, laid down his knife and fork, cleared his throat with a mouthful of chocolate, and "bracing himself up" against the back of his Eastlake chair, rapidly, but faintly, put forth the weak objection "It is too hard times—the girls are too old—they have been often enough—better stay at home where it is cool and save money." In the midst of his remarks, seeing the pink satin ribbons of his wife's breakfast cap tower above the silver urn, he comes to a sudden stop. He knows too well that when "them ribbons" give that particular flutter and the great yellow hands give the sugar tongs a peculiar twist, his spouse means just what she says, and will "take right hold and do it, even if it does make his purse sweat."

Mr. G. takes up his knife and fork with a spasmodic jerk and falls to eating. As he understands the use of the knife better than the fork, his muffins and beefsteak are rapidly stored away, somewhere within the mysterious confines of his under-maniac stomach. He remembers that he has an engagement to "meet a man," and hastily leaves the room. Just as the last end of his coat-tail is disappearing around the massive hardened door-casing, one of his wife's most affectionate "My Dears" brings him to a halt. Innocently looking back he remarks, "By the way, Amanda, about the girls going away—use your own judgment."

Mrs. G. and the girls go out shopping, and in eight weeks have gathered together the most choice collection of women's wearing apparel. All this elaborate gorgeousness is spread out ready for packing, in what Mrs. G. delights to call the "Nursery." The fond mother has almost forgotten that when her children needed a nurse and nursery—the family lived in a one-story house, on a back street. Dear Papa was a fishmonger and kept his shop in the front room, but that is too far back for the family to think of. Riches have an extremely damaging effect on memory, and the young ladies can remember only when papa's rich uncle died in California and left his immense fortune, accumulated in a junk shop, to John Goldsmith, Jr. But what matters it now if the dear creatures did sell fish in the front room which mother dressed in the back room, the uncle is dead, father has his cash, and the maternal parent knows how to keep it out of broken teapots and old stockings, if we can judge from the heaps of silks, satin and laces—pleated, shirred and ruffled together into dresses, with everything to match individually and separately.

All this finery is waiting to be exhibited at Long Branch along with their ignorance and shockingly bad manners. The last box has come in from the milliners and dressmakers. Poor Phoebe, the family seamstress, has put on the last button and silently and meekly taken what she hopes to be the last scolding. The laundress has brought up the last armful of fluted torchon and linen unmentionables. The mother and daughters would know better how to pack fish on ice for shipments, than all the elegance in the twenty-one Saratogas, which are being filled by the experienced hands of the ladies maids, to be whirled on the railroad and smashed and dashed about just as if it did not represent poor papa's dead uncle's money.

The showy family carriage waits at the door. Richard, the coachman, sits on the box with solemn dignity in all the splendor of green and gold finery. The footman holds open the monogrammed, satin-lined door, while the three ladies mince down the marble steps, making vain endeavors to hide their number four boots beneath their short camel hair travelling dresses. The two maids follow, laden with travelling shawls, silver-mounted

dressing cases, nickel-plated traveling bags, &c.

The trio are comfortably seated, all the while wondering if the hateful little Jackson girl was peeping through the closed blinds, envying all their elegance. The carriage door goes to with an aristocratic bang, the footman mounts the box, the coachman draws the broad white reins, the gilt chains rattle, the bright trappings glisten in the sun, and the high steppers prance off. The bad weather carriage, with the maids, and the express with the twenty-one saratogas follow at a respectable distance. Papa meets them at the depot. The bell rings, the last "all aboard" is shrieked, and the Goldsmiths and their fashionable finery are whirled off to the Paradise of shoddy and snobbery—where mamma can once more manoeuvre to make a brilliant match for her "well dressed" daughters, and outdo the fresh pretty Miss Jackson. The girls can sneer at all plainly dressed people, who have no horse and coachman and no plain papa at home to fight hard times, to fill their stylish silk purses with trade dollars. They can dance and try to flirt with all the handsome men and have a "lovely time," not forgetting to cut all the new belles, the sight of whom causes their empty heads to toss, and their ugly pug noses to elevate higher than did the familiar old-time fish odor before their "Frisco" uncle "went to sleep under the daisies."

HARD TO TELL.

The sounds of blows and shrieks attracted a crowd before a house on Sixteenth street the other day, and directly a policeman came sauntering along. He seemed a trifle anxious, but yet made no movement, and one of the crowd exclaimed:

"Why in the name of Heaven don't you stop that?"

"Is it a fight?" queried the officer.

"Of course it is!"

"Are you sure?"

"Sure! Why, even a fool can tell that some one is being pounded to death!"

"Perhaps so," mused the officer; "but you can't tell—can't tell. I jumped in once in just such a case as this and found that it was a young lady taking music lessons instead of a row. Keep still, you boys, and let me see if I can hear crockery bang against the walls!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Speak well of your friends—of your enemies say nothing.

—Give a foolish talker rope enough and he will hang himself.

—The girl who failed in "making love," finally learned the art of making bread.

—If the law was made for rogues, it is a pity that rogues could not receive the full benefit of it.

—The road to eminence and fame often lies through many a thorny avenue.

—If you post your servants upon your affairs they will one day rend you.

—He who never associates with bad company, will never be charged with its crimes.

—Mrs. Partington says that her minister preached about "the parody of the probable son."

—A straw about eight inches long and with no flaw in it makes a very efficient director of the mint.—*Worcester Press.*

—A pupil being asked to name the bones in the head answered: "I have them all in my head, but cannot give them."

—A Western editor says, "Communism doesn't take." He has not seen the real thing. Genuine communism takes everything that does not belong to it.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

—The left fielder of the Utica nine is so short that when he calls for a "low ball" they have to sink the home plate two feet.—*Utica Observer.*

—It must make a letter carrier awful mad to have his physician tell him he needs more out-door exercise.—*Hawkeye.*

—In the commencement exercises of the Western Female High School, in Baltimore, the Rev. Dr. Wilson prayed: "Oh, God, grant that not one of these young ladies may be the victim of unrequited love." Girls like that kind of a man.

—A school girl in Ann Arbor took her lover as the theme for an essay, which she read on commencement day, much to the surprise of the assembly. She gave the names of her lovers, and described minutely their varied modes of courtship.

—A Chicago man has invented a kind of ink specially suitable for lovers. It remains bright for five days after use, and then fades out, leaving the paper entirely blank. Thus the most gushing of correspondence would be safe against exposure.

THE FOES OF INDUSTRY AND CONTENT.

You can all enumerate for yourselves the foes that prevent our industry from filling the present and future with real happiness. Why should not the laborer exhaust upon to-day the wages of to-day, and upon to-morrow the wages of to-morrow? The answer is plain. Life has its Summer time and if not its Winter, at least its fading Autumn. The hard toiling days should not cover all of life up to its last hour. Work is, indeed, the condition of success of both body and mind, but not a work which amounts to servitude, like that of a galley-slave. As silver hairs come, the quantity of physical and mental strain should be diminished, and life should flow more carefully as it approaches the sea.

It is one of the most painful scenes of the day to see industry struggling against the despotism of almost resistless fashion. Good men are leaping to their toil as soldiers hurl themselves against a parapet, not driven by the natural and reasonable wants of society, but by the temporary dreams of the heart. Fashion slaughters her subjects like a Dahomey king. In a rational society it is thought that four hours of labor would sustain life and that six hours would provide for the future; but the sacred laws of production and provision are rudely broken by the enormous appetite that wants all forms of things, and in the passing hour.—*N. Y. Times.*

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Sleeping Cars Run Through Without Change between Council Bluffs and St. Paul, leaving Council Bluffs at 6:45 p. m., daily, (Saturday excepted) and reaching St. Paul at 11:35 the next morning, ten hours in advance of all other lines.

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Omaha to Spirit Lake and return ..... \$18 50  
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For further information regarding above excursions, and also steamer excursions on Lake Superior, apply to J. H. O'Bryan, Agent, C. & N. W. Railway ticket office, Grand Central Hotel, Omaha.  
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Daily Exp. 11:30 a. m. Daily Exp. 8:45 p. m.  
Freight 4:30 a. m. Freight 6:15 p. m.  
Mixed 4:45 p. m. Mixed 9:30 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.

OMAHA AND REPUBLICAN VALLEY.  
LEAVE. ARRIVE.  
Mixed 10:30 a. m. Mixed 3:30 p. m.

CHICAGO BURLINGTON AND QUINCY.  
LEAVE. ARRIVE.  
Express 4:00 p. m. Express 10:00 a. m.  
Mail 6:10 a. m. Mail 10:40 p. m.  
Sundays excepted. Sundays excepted.

CHICAGO AND ROCK ISLAND.  
LEAVE. ARRIVE.  
Mail 4:00 p. m. Express 10:00 a. m.  
Sundays excepted. Sundays excepted.

CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN.  
LEAVE. ARRIVE.  
Mail 5:10 a. m. Express 10:00 a. m.  
Express 4:00 p. m. Mail 10:40 p. m.  
Sundays excepted. Sundays excepted.

KANSAS CITY, ST. JOE & COUNCIL BLUFFS.  
LEAVE. ARRIVE.  
Express 5:10 a. m. Express 10:00 a. m.  
Express 4:00 p. m. Mail 10:40 p. m.  
Sundays excepted. Sundays excepted.

B. & M. R. R. IN NEBRASKA.  
LEAVE. ARRIVE.  
Kearney June: Ex. 9:05 a. m. 8:45 p. m.  
St. Louis Ex. 9:57 a. m. 4:00 p. m.  
Plattsmouth A. C. 6:10 p. m. 8:50 a. m.

OMAHA & NORTHWESTERN, AND S. C. & P.  
No. 1 (Mixed) 8:30 a. m. No. 2 (Mixed) 2:50 p. m.  
Daily except Sundays.

Passenger trains leave at 5:10 a. m., 4:00 and 9:00 p. m.  
Arrive at 8:50 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 7:10 and 10:40 p. m.  
Street Car Trains leave at 8, 9, 10, and 11 a. m., and  
at 1, 2, 3, and 5 p. m. Arrive at 9:45, 9:45, 10:45, 11:45  
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