

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.

Vol. V.

Omaha, Neb., December, 1878.

No. 12.

WONDERS OF TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

Whilst on a tour of examination of the manufacturing establishments and other noted improvements of the city of Omaha my course took me to the oil mill, O. & N. W. R. R., U. P. shops, Smelting Works, elevators, Thrall's packing house, hog stock yards, artesian well, great railroad bridge, Willow Springs distillery, Roe's packing house, Southwestern railroad, Boyd's packing house, soap manufacturing establishments, nail works, Cook's packing house, stock yards, Quealey's soap factory, Harris' new beef packing house and many others in the interior of the city familiar to all. The improvements above alluded to must be carefully examined to become known and appreciated. A city also of 25,000 inhabitants with its fine government court house and postoffice, its rich and beautiful dwellings and churches, is certainly a wonder to one who laid his head upon a log and slept upon the ground in the woods near the Willow Springs distillery twenty five years ago. At that time the bottom was covered with tall grass and a slough extended along under the bluff which had to be waded to be crossed from the river to the bluff. Then there was not a living person residing upon the site now occupied by Omaha nor was any to be seen except one lone hunting Indian who made his appearance upon the bluff about a half a mile from us.

Thomas and William Allen were with me when I crossed the river in an old leaky scow and landed. On the bottom where we first stepped upon Nebraska soil in November, 1853, there is now on that low ground a sufficient number of dwellings and valuable improvements to make a fair showing for a county seat town if situated in some of our interior counties. Streets are formed and graded and the usual improvements of a village are made. Nothing now is discoverable in its natural condition as we then found the location, and the only guide by which I could designate our first landing is a partly defaced ravine which is now crossed by a wooden bridge of the B. & M. railroad.

ALF. D. JONES.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

Whoever has read J. G. Holland's touching poem of Katharina, so full of pathos, cannot have forgotten this beautiful verse in the opening tribute:

"Not many friends my life has made;
Few have I loved and few are they
Who in my hand their hearts have laid;
And these were women. I am gray,
But never have I been betrayed."

Words like these can hardly fail to impress the heart of every true woman to strive to prove herself worthy of this beautiful compliment to her kind. How could faith in woman be more delicately expressed than this: "I am gray, But never have I been betrayed." Woman's influence over man is universal; that it should be beneficial is not only to be desired but labored for. We feel we can truthfully say there is no woman, high or low, rich or poor, beautiful or plain, who does not throw the mantle of her influence—be that good or bad—around her small circle of friends. This influence may not be recognized, and each may imagine himself (which in a measure is true) as acting under his own free will, as being his own free agent. 'Tis better so. Did we for an instant suppose we were acting under human will other than our own, mighty would be the resistance; and while we are ourselves influenced by others we are adding, unconsciously or

otherwise, our own mite to the busy vortex of surrounding life. We should strive to give as much as we receive—to give as good or better. The best means for exerting a good and ennobling influence is by living a good, pure and noble life. It hardly admits of question that inasmuch as our influence is strong and mighty, as to whether we should wish it good. Moore, in his "Loves of the Angels," refers to woman's influence as "The mighty magnet set in woman's form."

Oh, would that every woman, who has numbered years sufficient, could truthfully say, "I am gray, but never have I one betrayed!" LULU.

GETTING A PLACE.

A Detailed Account of a Washington Experience.

Incidentally learning that a young lady in this city intends to "get a place in one of the departments" at Washington this winter I bethought myself of the novelty of "writing up" an account of my own experience in quest of such a position. I know this article will fall under the eye of the young lady in question, for I have frequently seen her poring over the columns of the HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL, and I hope that it may be the means of unfolding to many others—young men as well as young ladies—the mysteries of place hunting in Washington:

Our finances were at a very low ebb; although my mother was not blind and my brother not in a dying condition, we had a hard struggle to make both ends meet. In fact, we were in that most deplorable state, "genteel poverty," and I determined to make some personal effort to help the funds of the household. I confided my hopes and aspirations to a bright woman of my acquaintance in easy circumstances, who exclaimed, "Get a position in the departments at Washington!" She had spent the previous winter in our capital and she related to me how Miss Smith, so refined and pretty, held one of those positions, and Miss Jones, who was so bright, and how much they liked it and how happy they were. From that moment a position in the departments became the goal of my ambition. My friend had said "Get it!" and to her, who all her life had only to wish for a thing to obtain it, it bore much the same relation as going into a store to buy a pair of gloves or a lace handkerchief. But to me, how to get it was the problem. I bethought myself of a friend of mine who some years previous had run for Governor in our State (and been defeated) and, therefore, (not on account of the defeat, I need scarcely say,) I had always looked upon him as a mine of political wisdom, and to him I determined to apply. He said certainly he would help me; and he would write me letters to all the leading men in Washington. (I found out afterward that such letters were not worth the paper on which they were written.) He would introduce me to our member of Congress, who was a "large-hearted man," and he was sure he would obtain a position for me. Now a member of Congress is a very big personage in his own State and a very little one at the capital. I, in my innocence, thought the member of Congress would just hand me my appointment or simply ask for it and obtain it, as one asks for a card or a newspaper. I went to see the "large-hearted man," and, after missing him many times and waiting a good deal, I succeeded in obtaining an interview. He told me I must go to Washington with him in the fall (it was then summer), and of course I would obtain the desired position. "Nebraska had not its quota filled." It was my "right," it was due to my father's daughter, to my grandfather's granddaughter, in fact to all my ancestors. I had the strongest claim on the national government. I had but to ask to receive, etc., etc. I went to see him feeling that I might succeed,



View of the Omaha High School Building.

but I came away feeling that it would be a crying injustice if I did not. He had told me that positions ranged from nine hundred a year to sixteen hundred dollars; that one woman who had been in government employ for years received two thousand dollars a year, but we thought that too much to expect, as I was young; but say sixteen hundred. Sixteen hundred was a good figure; so I prepared to go to Washington in two months for the sixteen hundred dollar position. Meanwhile I spent my time, according to the directions of my member of Congress, in gathering up political letters and framing petitions to each of the Cabinet members, to be endorsed by all our local political men. My friends came to the rescue nobly. I had about a score of letters, and, if there ever crept into my mind a doubt as to my "right" to a position, all fear was dispelled by the amount of political influence I had been able to muster. I reached Washington in time for the opening of Congress. I went to a genteel boarding-house; the next morning, at breakfast, I sat between two ladies. These ladies informed me that each had a friend who was coming in a few weeks to secure a position; that they had done their best to prevent them, as places were so hard to get. My hopes suffered a slight shock and I gulped down my coffee. Across the table sat two nice looking girls, who, I gathered by the conversation around me, were seeking positions; they had been unsuccessful so far, and looked disheartened and disappointed. But should they succeed, I heard them say, ("Hope springs eternal in the human breast!") they had two friends at home who meant to join them. I began to feel somehow as if there was no room for me in Washington. My hopes brightened, however, when an hour afterward my friend, the member of Congress, came to escort me to one of the secretaries. My merits and my rights loomed up before me quite grandly, and I took heart. One's views are so apt to be colored by one's companions, and my friend, the member of Congress, was so buoyant.

After going through any amount of halls and corridors we reached the elegantly furnished room of the great man. He received us courteously. My friend, "the large-hearted man," alluded to my petition sent in a few days previous, and so splendidly endorsed "By all the great men of our State, sir!" The great man bowed in assent with a stereotyped look on his face. It dawned on me then that he did not remember my petition in the least. I found out afterward that the secretaries receive about one hundred of these petitions daily, and that they are pigeon-holed, which is worse than being put in the waste basket, for waste baskets are sometimes emptied, pigeon-holes never. My friend then launched into an oration on myself and all my family. He began with my virtues! I knew it was all claptrap, but still I felt myself blushing, and I studied the fit of my gloves assiduously. At the end of the oration the great man bowed and pleasantly said: "I have no doubt the young lady is in every way deserving, but—there is no vacancy."

We rose to go; even "the large-hearted man" looked disappointed. I bent toward the great man, and with the smile and tone which I had so often found effective with briefless young barristers and young college students, I said, "But you won't forget me! will you?" He looked bored, and replied, "Oh, no! certainly!" Never afterward in my career was I guilty of trying feminine wiles.

My next effort was in another department. I had a letter to the head of it from a prominent journalist, and I, therefore, went alone. I was received like a distinguished guest. Stylish footmen preceded me through the marble halls and ushered me to the elevator. On the upper story another stylish footman took my card, while still another showed me to the waiting-room, where there waited about twenty others. After four hours of waiting the whole crowd was ushered at once into the secretary's room. He went from one to the other and curtly dismissed them; each wanted a place and he had no places to give. He came to me, scarcely glanced over my letter of introduction, and said there were no vacancies; why did I not apply to some department where there were more places to give? I stated my case in the strongest terms, but in ten minutes he used me up completely, although he never said "no," positively.

I did venture to go and see another secretary, but the words "no vacancy" began to have such terrors for me! I saw them hung in all the halls of this other department, and my courage failed me. I walked in by one princely portal and I passed out by the other, feeling like a criminal. I took the first train for home on the following day, and although I did not secure a "place in the department," I succeeded in securing a place in the affections of a Nebraska pioneer and I often congratulate myself that I did not succeed in Washington.

HELENE CARNAYON,
(Which is not my name.)

HOW TO SAVE.

The high road to independence lies, for most people, through the narrow gate of economy. It is not always a pleasant way. It requires sacrifices, but it repays the sacrifices with interest. There are some who do not need to economize—people with ample fortunes, who are able to spend pretty much as they please. The more this class spends the better for society, what would be praiseworthy economy for some, would be downright stinginess for them. Nobody is rich enough to be wasteful, but those who are able ought to purchase freely the products of genius and industry, and thus give employment to the workers. The richer by hoarding, the poor by spending too freely. The road to independence

lies through saving something of what is made, not always in making much. It is only when the expenses are too great that business does not pay. The household is like a business enterprise, it is never financially prosperous unless more comes into it than goes out. The art of saving well consists in buying well. A person of limited means must resist many temptations to buy things. Too many people make the mistake of buying a cheap article instead of a dear one, and imagine they are economizing. The mistake consists in buying the article at all. They could not afford it, cheap or dear, and it is a wise rule to buy few things but good ones. Another essential rule in the art of saving is never to spend money before you get it. Do without the coveted treasure, be it luxury or necessity, until the money is in your pocket, and then you will know better how it ought to be spent. Buy substantial things. If the amount of money that is worse than thrown away each year for evanescent trifles and gewgaws by people in embarrassed circumstances, could be ascertained and footed up, the result would be appalling. The money is simply wasted, and the saving of it would go far toward putting the spenders in a comfortable condition.—*Mercantile Journal.*

A BLACK HILLS EPISODE.

To the Editor HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL.

DEADWOOD, D. T., Nov. 20, '78.

It is safe to say that many who read this article can never bring themselves to a full realization of the hardships and trials that the early immigrants endured. Seated in large arm chairs and surrounded by all the luxuries which wealth and success can command, the fortunate man of business who was not compelled by the great depression of the past few years to strike out into this wild country, cannot as fully realize the risks run by those who are alive, and the agony of those who have yielded up their lives either from one cause or another, in the struggle. Many and many a man died from starvation in the Black Hills last year and the year before. There is an unwritten chapter of history in connection with the opening of this wealthy mining region, and I will give one illustration of early times by reciting an instance which has just come into prominence by the return of Bill Felton, ("California Bill") and which, by the way, has never yet been published in full. I refer to the Indian massacre of April 16th 1876, known as the Red Canon massacre from which, in a party of five men and two women, California Bill alone escaped. The party, consisting of Andrew Metz and wife, John Burgess of Carson, Nevada, a Mr. Graham of Missouri, Mr. Stimpson of Colorado, and a negro woman, started from Custer City for Cheyenne, April 14th, 1876. They were attacked by Indians in Red Canon two days afterward, and all the above were killed outright, or received wounds that soon resulted in death. California Bill received a number of wounds but escaped. Bill relates the story as follows:

"I started from Custer City on my way out of the Hills to Cheyenne on the morning of the 14th of April. The first night we spent in Pleasant Valley. The early hours passed in spinning yarns over frequent bowls of grog and well-filled pipes, and while all were apparently unconcerned not one felt safe. Next morning we moved on, reaching Big Springs early in the afternoon of the 15th, and there going into camp. I felt assured that the passage through the Red Canon would be unsafe for a small party, and concluded to await the arrival of a larger one that was expected to overtake us. A short time afterwards Metz's party arrived with two two-horse teams, having Mr. and Mrs. Metz, a negro woman from Custer, and a Mr. Stimpson as passengers. They stopped to water the stock at the spring, and laughed at my fear of trouble ahead, saying that they were

not afraid of Indians. With this they went on, and at the continual urging of my passengers, though against my own judgment, I hitched up and followed. We traveled together undisturbed in the afternoon, and went into camp at the head of the canon about 5 o'clock. Everything went off peaceably during that night, and early on the morning of the 16th, Easter Sunday, we started down the canon, seven in number. About half way down the canon, where stands a giant cottonwood tree, there is a line of low hills, and close to the side of one of them, skulking well down, I discovered ten or twelve of the painted devils, under the lead of Sioux Jim, well known at the Red Cloud Agency, waiting for us. This was about 10 in the morning, and my party was then about a quarter of a mile ahead of the Metz outfit. On seeing that they were discovered, with a terrible yell the Indians fired at us, putting a bullet through Burgess's leg and one through my hip. Seeing the attack upon us, the Metz party turned about their teams and endeavored to escape up the canon. Grasping my rifle, I jumped from the wagon, and using it as a breastwork, returned their fire with interest, knocking two of the cowardly scoundrels off their pins, and keeping the dust in a cloud around them, where most of my hurriedly sighted shots struck. As I began to fire, Graham started to run, and was shot through the stomach. He fell. After several volleys, sending a shower of bullets over our heads and into the wagon, but doing no further damage, the Indians disappeared behind a neighboring hill, and thinking they were running after their ponies to cut us off, we mounted the wagon and again started to run the gauntlet. We had gained only a few rods, however, before the red skins as suddenly appeared on an adjoining ridge, and gave us another unexpected volley, plugging me through the left arm into the breast, through the fleshy part of the calf of my right leg, and again through my shoulder. For a moment it seemed as though I was perfectly riddled with bullets, but I leaped to the ground just as another volley came, one of the bullets striking Burgess in the thigh, knocking him into the wagon box. Keeping close to the front wheel furthest from the Indians I drove and ran alongside the wagon for half a mile down the canon, when it crossed a small stream the axle broke, and the wagon was left in the mud. There we were, all severely wounded, the Indians close upon us, and we unable to move. There was no time for thought, and though rapidly losing courage and strength from many wounds, I quickly unhitched the two lead mules, managed to get Burgess on one, and while Graham, who did not appear to be severely wounded, ran on down the canon, I mounted the other and sent them forward as fast as possible. After riding about a mile and a half we met a party of six en route to Custer, and they took us to the Cheyenne River stage station, where Burgess and Graham died on the following morning.

"The mutilated bodies of Metz and his wife and Stimpson and the negro woman were found the next day. Metz and Stimpson had evidently been shot out of the wagon. Mrs. Metz and the negro woman must have jumped from the wagon, tried to escape, and been overtaken and murdered some distance from where the bodies of the two men were lying. The bodies were brought into camp, and all buried side by side; and on the evening of the 17th of April I found myself the sole survivor of this ill-fated party.

"After lying, more dead than alive, for eight weeks at Cheyenne River," continued the scout, "a few soldiers of Capt. Egan's company took me to Fort Laramie hospital. Four months afterward I had sufficiently recovered to return to my home in Colorado; but two years have passed, and the wound in my hips is not fully healed. I'm back again in the Hills," he continued, with much emphasis, "and though a little the worse for wear, am ready at any moment to mount the saddle, throw the cartridges into my pet rifle here, and give the red devils another chance to get the scalp of California Bill."

X.

DEAN STANLEY says American newspapers are not given to veracity. No, nor to anybody else. Pay in advance is what is demanded.

The High School Journal.

OMAHA, NEB., DECEMBER, 1878.

THE HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL is published every month. TERMS \$1.00 per year, delivered by carrier in the city or postpaid to any part of the United States.

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

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

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

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

PUBLICATION OFFICE is in Odd Fellows Block, corner 14th and Dodge, where subscriptions, advertisements, and articles for publication may be left.

Articles for publication must be handed in before the 25th of the month.

Anonymous communications will not be published.

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

Address all communications to

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 entertainments.

OUR SIXTH YEAR.

Another year has rolled around in the history of the HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL and with this issue it completes its fifth volume. During the five years that it has been before the public it has modestly pursued the even tenor of its way and ever held in view the honest purpose of endeavoring, at least, to give to its readers as much in return for their patronage as it could. Whatever may be its merits or demerits it can lay claim to one thing and that is that it is read. Nothing in the estimation of the writer can so effectually brand a publication worthless as to remain unread, and on the other hand nothing can be pointed to with so much pride as a large number of readers. The HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL is read by fully ten thousand people each month (one copy frequently furnishing edification to four or five neighbors within a radius of a block from the house of a subscriber) and notwithstanding the deplorable fact that all who read it do not subscribe for it any pay for it, we nevertheless appreciate the fact that it is widely read.

Enjoying as it does the patronage and good will of nine-tenths of the wealthiest and best families in Omaha it feels incumbent on it a duty to furnish the choicest reading matter and the most interesting items of news that properly come within its reach and scope. For the same reason it is financially independent, not only having the unlimited assurances of numerous friends but practically receiving every day that encouragement and support which lends a delicious flavor to every stroke of the pen. On this score it has nothing to do but thank its friends and assure them that it will ever try to merit their patronage. With the next number, January 1st, 1879, we will begin our sixth volume, and in accordance with usual custom a collector will call for a renewal of subscriptions. The price will remain as heretofore at the low figure of \$1.00 a year and it is not only hoped but confidently expected that, with the renewal of prosperity in every business, and the increased value of the HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL for 1879, all our old subscribers will renew, and our lists will be increased by two or three thousand additional names.

A quack doctor is traveling in Ohio, accompanied by a remarkably beautiful young woman. Her complexion especially is perfect. He tells the people, in free lectures, that this fair creature was once rather ugly, but has been improved by the use of his elixir, which he offers for sale at \$3 a bottle. Nobody buys any at the conclusion of the lecture, but on the following day, when his agent goes from house to house, the sale is large.

THE "St. Louis belle" who became quite well known through the announcement that she was going to marry Samuel J. Tilden, is an ordinary young lady named Hazeline Mr. Tilden does not know her, and the announcement was made to advertise a church sociable at which Miss H. was one of the drawing cards. The hoax was the after-dinner subject

in all society circles for a week, and was commented on from the pulpit by a minister, who based upon it a severe denunciation of those ladies who encourage and stimulate the publication of fraudulent society announcements. He further said that young ladies of the slenderest pretensions to personal beauty, are helplessly dragged into print as 'belles of St. Louis,' and the 'observed of all observers' at Niagara Falls and Saratoga. In many cases, very many cases, the young ladies are not to be blamed for these silly reports. They are to be put to the credit of the indelicacy of the daily press. But in scores of instances they themselves stand ready to furnish the information needed, and feel a slight if they are not paraded in public print. The papers have full encouragement and applause, or else they would soon abandon a practice so revolting to any refined sensibility.

Tennyson put in rhyme a truism when he described the inconstancy of man's love for woman; he says:

"He will hold thee when his passion shall have spent its novel force
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse."

That he was nearly correct in his estimate of man's weak nature and longing love of change is a fact which we see exemplified every day. The alarming number of divorces now granted by our courts, and the numerous loop holes through which success can be attained in getting them, leads us to question whether it would not be quite as well to adopt the Woodhull and Claflin free love platform. There would certainly be less hypocrisy about such a course, and confiding females as well as innocent and unprotected males, would have an intelligent idea early in the game of what they were going into when they contracted marriage. A convention of ladies ought to be called to settle this question.

Two hunters in the Black Hills, near Rapid City, named Jones and Heuston quarrelled last month over the distribution of some game. Heuston got killed. Jones, who shot him twice with a Winchester, stated that Heuston fired at him first and missed him. Mr. Heuston is unable to present his side of the story, and thus we reach the general conclusion that he was out of luck to get killed. It is not customary to do anything with a murderer in the Hills, so Mr. Jones was allowed to go his way after relating his story. In the Black Hills you are all right if you kill your man. If he gets the drop on you then you are buried and it may be remarked that you were "not quick enough in using firearms" or something of the kind.

THERE are not enough of women in the Black Hills, or rather, they are always in demand. The country needs the refining and ennobling influences of women to reduce it from its present wild state to one of decency and respectability. If some of the unemployed young ladies of respectability in the east would come west and go to the Black Hills, they could find employment, and be amply paid for their labors. If they want to marry they can find scores of rich young mine owners and business men who would willingly marry the right kind of a girl. This is business, stated in a business way, and there is just as much wisdom in a young lady striking west to marry rich as a young man going to the same locality to make his fortune.

If any of our readers desire to experiment with themselves they can follow this receipt: Stand in the middle of a corn field, and putting both hands on the top of an umbrella or walking stick, bend down until your forehead rests on the back of your hands. Now move with a sidelong gait three times around the umbrella as an axis. Finally, raise your head quickly and try to walk straight ahead. What will occur is a frightful giddiness and sickness, a sense of the ground rising up tumultuously on all sides, a wild rush to save yourself, and a headlong tumble. Appreciative spectators are requisite to the entire success of the experiment.

WASHINGTON, November 25.—About seventy "temporary clerks," the majority being women, have been discharged by the treasury department, the appropriation being exhausted. Secretary Sherman will not recommend the renewal of the appropriation.

The above special telegram clipped from the press dispatches contains a sermon in itself on the uncertainty of a government clerkship. How to get one of these positions, or rather how to try, and not get it, is graphically described in another column by one of our most valued contributors. Do not fail to read it.

In concluding a political speech in Boston last month Hon. Robert G. Ingersoll said: It is the glory of the United States that the poor man can take his boy upon his knee and say, "My son, all the avenues to distinction are open to you. You can rise. There is no station, no position, to which you may not aspire. The poverty of your father will not be a millstone about your neck. The public schools are open to you. For you there are education, honor, fame and prosperity." These thoughts render holy every drop of sweat that rolls down the face of honest toil.

I sympathize with the wanderers, with the vagrants out of employment; with the sad and weary men who are seeking for work. When I see one of these men, poor, friendless—no matter how bad he is—I think that somebody loved him once; that he was once held in the arms of a mother; that he slept beneath her loving eyes and awakened in the light of her smile. I see him in the cradle, listening to lullabies sung soft and low, and his little face is dimpled as though touched by the rosy fingers of Joy. And then I think of the strange and winding paths, the weary roads he has traveled from that mother's arms to vagrancy and want.

MINISTERS in the east are just now giving theaters a turn in the evangelical gristmill. The Rev. W. N. Richardson, of Medway, Mass., in a recent sermon, said that the history of the stage was a history of sin and shame. He censured the newspapers for devoting so much encouragement to actors and actresses, and added: "I ask, in all sincerity and honesty, what kind of taste is that that admires the theatre, with its tinsel and gaudy trappings, the bedizened and painted actress, and the lewd dancing girl on the stage? If the theatre is a school of morals, why would those who patronize it blush to admit the actors and actresses to their homes and tables? Shun the theatre as you would a pest house. It is an enemy to morals and curses society where it exists." The Rev. A. W. Lightburne, of Baltimore, said that theatres found their chief advocates among sinners. He "marvelled that the people of this enlightened country would support a band of infamous characters, dancers, fiddlers, boxers, and other similar vampires who feed upon the community." The Rev. Henry Morgan, of Boston, suggested that the bankrupt Globe Theatre be made a house of refuge, with this inscription over the door: "Here fell a thousand of Boston's most brilliant men. This hospital commemorates the spot where builder and player, proprietors and people went down to common ruin."

If there is any one thing more than another that convinces a man of the progress of education in our common schools, and the sound practical instruction communicated to the rising generation, it is to have his daughter bring him a problem something like this: If eight oxen consume twelve and one-eighth times the amount of food in eight days required by one-sixth of the square root of sixteen sheep at a cost of 29.78 cents, how many oxen will be required to consume the amount required by one-half of the cube root of an equal number of sheep in forty-two days' time at a cost of 4.16 of that amount, and triumphantly point to the answer at the foot of a whole slate full of figures as being 32,187,369 oxen.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy," and the neighbors lie about us when we are grown up.—*Utica Observer.*

To get cheap dancing lessons. Let the hired girl drop a flat iron on your bunions.—*Wheeling Leader.*

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In concluding a political speech in Boston last month Hon. Robert G. Ingersoll said: It is the glory of the United States that the poor man can take his boy upon his knee and say, "My son, all the avenues to distinction are open to you. You can rise. There is no station, no position, to which you may not aspire. The poverty of your father will not be a millstone about your neck. The public schools are open to you. For you there are education, honor, fame and prosperity." These thoughts render holy every drop of sweat that rolls down the face of honest toil.

I sympathize with the wanderers, with the vagrants out of employment; with the sad and weary men who are seeking for work. When I see one of these men, poor, friendless—no matter how bad he is—I think that somebody loved him once; that he was once held in the arms of a mother; that he slept beneath her loving eyes and awakened in the light of her smile. I see him in the cradle, listening to lullabies sung soft and low, and his little face is dimpled as though touched by the rosy fingers of Joy. And then I think of the strange and winding paths, the weary roads he has traveled from that mother's arms to vagrancy and want.

MINISTERS in the east are just now giving theaters a turn in the evangelical gristmill. The Rev. W. N. Richardson, of Medway, Mass., in a recent sermon, said that the history of the stage was a history of sin and shame. He censured the newspapers for devoting so much encouragement to actors and actresses, and added: "I ask, in all sincerity and honesty, what kind of taste is that that admires the theatre, with its tinsel and gaudy trappings, the bedizened and painted actress, and the lewd dancing girl on the stage? If the theatre is a school of morals, why would those who patronize it blush to admit the actors and actresses to their homes and tables? Shun the theatre as you would a pest house. It is an enemy to morals and curses society where it exists." The Rev. A. W. Lightburne, of Baltimore, said that theatres found their chief advocates among sinners. He "marvelled that the people of this enlightened country would support a band of infamous characters, dancers, fiddlers, boxers, and other similar vampires who feed upon the community." The Rev. Henry Morgan, of Boston, suggested that the bankrupt Globe Theatre be made a house of refuge, with this inscription over the door: "Here fell a thousand of Boston's most brilliant men. This hospital commemorates the spot where builder and player, proprietors and people went down to common ruin."

If there is any one thing more than another that convinces a man of the progress of education in our common schools, and the sound practical instruction communicated to the rising generation, it is to have his daughter bring him a problem something like this: If eight oxen consume twelve and one-eighth times the amount of food in eight days required by one-sixth of the square root of sixteen sheep at a cost of 29.78 cents, how many oxen will be required to consume the amount required by one-half of the cube root of an equal number of sheep in forty-two days' time at a cost of 4.16 of that amount, and triumphantly point to the answer at the foot of a whole slate full of figures as being 32,187,369 oxen.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy," and the neighbors lie about us when we are grown up.—*Utica Observer.*

To get cheap dancing lessons. Let the hired girl drop a flat iron on your bunions.—*Wheeling Leader.*

CONTEMPORANEOUS HISTORY.

Young men, and young women, too, should not lose sight of the importance of reading papers and keeping pace with the rapid strides of the age. Fathers and mothers should be more willing to furnish those under their care with that kind of reading which will interest them and at the same time furnish good advice and instruction. The editor of the "Student Life," of the St. Louis University, aptly comments on this subject as follows:

We solicited a subscription a few days since from a young man, and received the following for an answer: "I would be glad to do so but I really haven't the time to read the paper. I am so engrossed in my studies I haven't time for the daily news."

Though the above was delivered with a degree of earnestness, although we had heard the same ideas expressed purposely, that no young man had never before been so focused on us. Here was a young man, in the springtime of his life, free from the cares of business, attending one of the best Universities in the land, and, in spite of all the accumulated advantages of time, place and association, was, withal, so little informed as to the nature and object of education as to entertain the above expressed sentiments. To him, and all such, education means a puny piece of parchment paper, a rank in a class which is just about to step forth to battle with the world; that cold and heartless world which cares nothing for rank in a graduating class, nothing for the man all theory—that world, the "be all and the end all" of man's success! The world is an inflexible judge, who awards his laurel crowns of success to those only who have carved out, in spite of the rude jostle of the envious, the jeering leer and pointed finger of the malicious, the struggle of competitors, the hours lost by disease's ravages, the grief occasioned by death's dealing—who, in spite of all opposition, has carved out an image of success and implanted in it the Temple of Fame—to be gazed upon and lauded by succeeding generations. The young man above alluded to, and all his like, while at college, spend their undivided time upon text books, to the utter exclusion of outside reading and matter-of-fact experience. The technicalities and minute details of the sciences they have studied and mastered, but turned the conversation upon contemporaneous literature, when lo! they are as simple and as foolish as a new born babe. They can trace to its very fountain-head the progress of civilization, and can mark the rise and fall of ancient empires; but ask them what political party rules the nation, and they are as much at the mercy of the rude waves as a ship without a rudder. The old feudal tenures are as familiar to them as their Christian names, but ask them to draw a business note and they raise their lily-white hands in righteous horror. These are the so-called scholars, men of weak eyes, of disordered stomachs, and whose peppery temper is displayed whenever some stubborn fact of political finance is presented to them. These are the men who continue to run in the old groove which was chalked out for them in College, to whom topics outside of their rut are like the sources of another Nile, to be wondered at, but not essayed.

PENALTIES.

The penalty of popularity is envy.
The penalty of thin shoes is cold.
The penalty of tight boots is corns.
The penalty of a baby is sleepless nights.
The penalty of marrying is a mother-in-law.
The penalty of interfering between man and wife is abuse, frequently accompanied with blows from both.
The penalty of remaining single is having no one who cares a button for you, as is abundantly proved by the state of your shirts.
The penalty of buying cheap clothes is the same as that of going to law—the certainty of losing your suit, and having to pay for it.

KEEP BEFORE THE WHEELS.

A sensible old man who had managed by frugality to acquire a fortune, once gave this bit of wisdom to a youngster: "Keep before the wheels, young man, or they will run over you. Always keep before the wheels." "I remember," he wrote to a young friend beginning life, "when I was earning a dollar a day, I used to live upon seventy-five cents. Follow the sound principles of having your wants within your means."

GO SLOW.

Men look forward to rest, to a life of ease, which to acquire a cessation from toil and from the cares of business. It is not work; it is care, it is over-exertion, it is ambition and desire after gain that brings worn and weary feelings. All earthly goods we possess in life, and the sooner we get through with life the sooner we relinquish these possessions. The faster a man lives, the quicker he reaches the end.

Pithole, Penn., is dead. The postal department withdrew service from October 5th. In oil excitement times Pithole was the third postoffice in the state, Pittsburgh being first and Philadelphia second.

Paper teeth are a new invention in Germany, and a number of specimens were displayed at the late paper exhibition in Berlin. They are warranted fully as durable as any other teeth.

A tradition once broken in upon crumbies fast. Not long since the hour of 10½ o'clock for Sunday morning services seemed so deeply rooted in custom as to defy disturbance. But of late a serious effort has been made in many churches to substitute a later hour, thus giving time for a longer morning's nap, a more leisurely breakfast and a more elaborate toilet; and already, despite its strong intrenchment in tradition, the universal half-past ten usage is universal no longer. Among these later-hour churches are Episcopal, Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, Dutch reformed, Unitarian, Universalist, and Reformed Episcopal—in fact a sprinkling of many denominations. In this city the departure has not been observed to any noticeable extent, although a tendency has been shown to begin services a trifle later, than a minute earlier, than exactly at 10½ a. m. In Chicago, and both to the east and the west of us, we can plainly see, by the church directories in our exchanges, that among the most fashionable congregations, 11 a. m. has been adopted as "the" hour for devotional services. It is not more because of a later nap and breakfast, or the want of further time at the toilet, than the modern and shoddy idea that whatever is odd is "lony."—*Bloomington Eye.*

Twice already had the marriage of a young doctor and a rich belle of Mount Sterling, Ill., been postponed when the cards were issued for a grand wedding party last week. The feast was set, the guests were met, but no bridegroom was there. The young lady went out to seek him, and found him at his room dead drunk. Going to the railroad station she took the first train that passed, gave the conductor a ring to pay her fare, left the cars at Macomb, and was only found next day by her father and the sober and repentant lover. He was anxious to marry her at once, but she refused ever to see him again.

There is a fashion in perfumes, just as there is in hats and dresses. In French high life penetrating odors are now proscribed, and pure flower scents alone are permitted, particularly ones made from lime flowers. A lady having adopted a certain perfume must abide by it, so that her friends may recognize her, even without seeing her.

This is the pleasantest fall we have had since 1850. The weather that year continued mild and beautiful until January. Then it rained until February, and was slush and mud until the latter part of June, when there came a frost that killed the grain and trees so that there were no crops raised that year.

STEPHENS & WILCOX

in addition to their handsome stock

DRY GOODS

AND NOTIONS,

are Manufacturing

Gents' Suits

in the Latest Style, at Lowest Prices

239 Farnam St., Omaha.

1878 KING OF BASE BURNERS! 1878

THE CROWN JEWELL

1878.

The CROWN JEWELL has proved itself during the past three years the most successful Base Burner ever made.

Over 3,000 are in use, and to-day it stands without a rival.

The CROWN JEWELL for 1878 has been entirely remodeled in the exterior, and have improved and increased the amount of nickel ornamentation, and, as now before the public, it is, without a doubt, the most elegant stove ever made.

Don't fail to call and examine it before purchasing your stove.

MILTON ROGERS

Sole Agent for Omaha and Nebraska

243 Farnam St., Cor. 14th

Hoffman's Orchestra

Will furnish music for Concerts, Parties, Processions, and all other entertainments. Can accommodate two different parties in one evening, if necessary.

MAX MEYER & BRO.'S MUSIC STORE

At which place Prof. A. Hoffman can be seen each day from 1 to 4 o'clock P. M. Residence west side of Sixteenth Street between Leavenworth and Marcy.

MUSIC LESSONS

On Violin, Piano, and in Thorough Base are given by Prof. Hoffman, who takes special pains to give satisfaction.

PUNDT, MEYER & RAAPKE,

STAPLE AND FANCY

GROCCERS

SOLE AGENT FOR

D. D. MALLORY & CO.'S

Celebrated Diamond Brand

OYSTERS.

Farnam St., bet. 12th and 13th.

C. F. Goodman,

Druggist and Apothecary,

FANCY GOODS,

TOILET ARTICLES,

Wax Flower and Artists' Materials.

Prescriptions accurately compounded at all hours.

Masonic Block, 16th & Capitol Ave.

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Gallery of Art.

FRANK F. CURRIER,

Williams' Block, 15th & Dodge Streets

OMAHA, NEB.

A. BURMESTER,

Wholesale & Retail Dealer in

All Kinds of Cooking and Heating STOVES,

Tin, Copper, Sheet Iron, Brass & Japanned Ware.

LATELY REMOVED TO

Dodge St., bet. 14th & 15th.

R. DeDARLING,

THE SHOE MAKER.

479 TWELFTH STREET, Bet. Farnham & Harney, Omaha Neb.

Fine Peg Boots \$6.00, our own make, WARRANTED.

Repairing neatly and promptly attended to. A specialty of fine custom made work.

LANG & FOITICK

Exclusive Agents in Omaha for the favorite Parlor Stove,

THE "HECLA"

A full line of Hardware and Tinware. Large stock of

COOKING STOVES

And Utensils. Repairing, Etc. promptly attended to.

13th and Jackson Sts.

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PORTABLE

FIRE

EXTINGUISHERS!

Every farm house, city residence, manufactory, hotel, court house, school house, seminary, and public building, should be supplied with one of these effective



FIRE EXTINGUISHERS!

Call at Office, ODD FELLOWS BLOCK, and examine them. Prices have recently been reduced.

[From the Omaha Herald.]

A well Merited Testimonial to the Babcock Fire Extinguisher.

The undisputed fact that the fire in the basement of the Grand Central Hotel, last Saturday, was extinguished by the timely aid of a Babcock Extinguisher, has elicited the following testimonial which was given by Mr. Thrall to the general western agent in this city:

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL, OMAHA, Dec. 10, 1878.

To the General Western Agent Babcock Manufacturing Co.:

DEAR SIR—Having used the Babcock Fire Extinguisher, practically saving, on two distinct occasions, a large amount of property, (once the Battle House, Noble, Ala., and once the Grand Central), I am thoroughly 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.

Very respectfully yours, GEORGE THRALL, Proprietor.

GENERAL WESTERN AGENCY,

Odd Fellows Block, 14th & Dodge,

Omaha, Neb.

Extra copies, \$1.00 per dozen.
Subscriptions, orders for extra copies, advertisements, or articles for publication, may be left at office, 31 door Odd Fellows block.
Reading notices unmarked, 50 cents per line.
Local advertisements, 30 cents a line.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Persons who, for financial or other reasons, wish to discontinue the *High School Journal*, should step into the office, settle accounts, and make known their wishes which will in all cases be promptly attended to.

We would also request all subscribers knowing themselves to be in arrears to please call at publication office, Odd Fellows' block, and adjust their accounts. This should be attended to this month as we do not wish to carry such accounts into the new year. Something over thirteen hundred dollars in these accounts is now outstanding on our books, and while we have no children crying for bread, or any particular appeal to make for money, we must admit that we cannot donate as liberally to churches and charitable objects as we otherwise would if all our subscribers would pay up promptly. We very seldom allude in our columns to these matters, and we presume it is pardonable to touch upon the subject at this particular time. Subscribers outside of the city will please remit by mail, not only their arrears, but \$1.00 in payment of their subscriptions for 1879. All remittances by mail will come safely if addressed to the *High School Journal*, P. O. Box 778, Omaha.

Read the "Review of the Month." You will find therein numerous little items to which we cannot give more space.

The U. P. boys who got "bounced" on Thanksgiving eve, didn't give thanks worth a cent on the following day, notwithstanding the proclamation of the President.

THE FASCINATING WRETCH.—A young man was overheard to remark to himself (as he stood before a mirror stroking his moustache) "O, you fascinating wretch!" He was a B. & M. clerk.

Owing to the fact that several friends of ours have conferred with a book man named J. P. McCarthy (a very nice gentleman, we believe,) we deem it necessary to state that we are not in the book business.

The young gentlemen of Council Bluffs met in the Ogden House parlors on the 25th and decided to give a series of parties at Nixon's Hall. The officers of the club are C. E. Dix, President; Thomas Baldwin, Secretary and treasurer; W. W. Dearborn, W. R. Pratt, Will Sherman and George Keeline, Executive Committee.

We exceedingly regret to inform our friends and readers, that owing to circumstances over which we have no control, this will be the last issue of the *High School Journal* until next year, (which is next month.) Our holiday number will then make its appearance, and we will try to make it the best one ever issued.

A children's party was given on the evening of the 11th, at the residence of Mrs. Richard McCormick, cor. Eighteenth and Capitol Avenue. It was a very pleasant party and thoroughly enjoyed by the numerous little guests of Mrs. McCormick's. During the latter part of the evening the old folks took charge of the parlors and continued the amusement to a late hour. Hoffmann & Neale furnished the music.

The young ladies who superintend the B. & M. R. R. thought it would be a very fine idea to discharge Mr. Higginson just after he had got married, and he was accordingly "bounced." It will be such a fine "gook," you know, to see the newly married young couple come to grief. Since leaving the B. & M. R. Higginson has secured a better position and we see no reason why he cannot congratulate himself on the change.

This is our time for collecting renewals and receiving new subscriptions and if we unblushingly allude to the merits of the *High School Journal* and its claims to public patronage, our readers must not condemn us as a mine of egotism. We claim this privilege at stated times, and in such cases our proverbial modesty must be thrust aside, for if we do not "blow our own horn" we know of no one who will blow it for us.

The city government seems to have been under some unusual stimulus for the past few months, for there has been a great deal of open fighting and much underhanded skirmishing. First came the Butler-Taylor fight; then the Chief Engineer question; and, not to say anything about the dissensions in the Council, the suspension of Policeman Gorman, all going to show that a general upheaval of the earth could only have equalled such a racket as we have been having.

While in Chicago last month we met many former Omaha men, among whom were T. P. Elliott, (now running a match factory); Col. Taylor, who, with his son-in-law Will Angell, is in the gas business; Col. J. M. Eddy, general Agent of the Atchison, Topeka & S. F. R. R.; J. W. Mountain, City Passenger Agent of the C. & N. W. R. R.; Johnny Miller, with the same company; Alex. McCartney, connected with a leading grain commission house; A. E. Frieburger, Dramatic Reporter on the *Inter Ocean*; E. D. Kittredge, clerk at the Palmer House; P. H. Allen, at large, and many others, all of whom are ever ready to extend a welcome hand to a wanderer from Omaha.

PERSONAL.

Misses May Dunday and Carrie M. Bennett of Brownell Hall, went down to Plattsmouth to spend Thanksgiving at the home of the latter.

Mr. A. Strang and wife have returned from an extended visit to New York and various parts of Illinois.

Miss Bertie Steell, who has been at Rouses' Point N. Y. all summer, is now attending Auburndale Seminary, near Boston.

Mrs. Burgess, of Madison, Wisconsin, is visiting her friends Mr. and Mrs. Robert Purris. She will remain during the winter.

T. B. W. Lemmon, well known as an old time Omaha boy, is now permanently located at Council Bluffs where he is in business and doing well.

Miss Lulu E. Safe of Michigan, who may be recognized by our readers as one of our occasional correspondents, is now visiting friends in Chicago.

Miss Cora Ballard and Miss Nellie Rockwell of Council Bluffs, have returned from Chicago, where they were visiting Miss Jennie Leach, Miss Mamie James and other friends.

Miss Carrie Lake went to Chicago on the 23rd to visit her mother's friends. From there she goes to Cleveland to visit her brother George, who is connected with the C. C. and I. C. R. R. at that place.

Mrs. A. J. Poppleton and Miss Delia L. Sears left on the 23rd for Poughkeepsie, N. Y., where they will visit Miss Libbie Poppleton of Vassar College. Miss Poppleton, we are informed, has consented to give two lectures this month—one in Boston on "Thos. Carlyle," and the other in one of the interior towns of New York State on "The Modern School of Oratory." Mrs. Poppleton and Miss Sears will doubtless be in the audience at each of these lectures.

Gen. A. S. Paddock and Mrs. Paddock left Omaha on the 24th for Washington, where they will remain until after the adjournment of the coming term of congress. Mrs. Paddock informed us that although she would not keep house this winter she would be comfortably located in a spacious suite of rooms which she had previously made arrangements for, and that she would be pleased to receive any of her Omaha and Nebraska friends who may visit the Capitol during the season.

Lieut. Governor E. C. Carnes was in the city a few days last week, and during his stay favored our sanctum with a visit. Gov. Carnes is a true sample of many of the live young men of Nebraska, who are content to cast their fortunes in the newly organized portions of it and grow up with the country. We take personal pride in witnessing the success of every energetic young business man in Nebraska, and as our friend Carnes is one of the shining examples we make no apology for alluding to him thus prominently.

The many Omaha friends of Mrs. O. Wilson, wife of Col. Wilson, formerly of Omaha, will be glad to learn that she is now comfortably situated at Evansville, Indiana, which place will be her future home. She writes for the *High School Journal* and compliments it very highly by saying that as she reads it it brings up many pleasant memories. The next thing to living in Omaha is to read it, and while circumstances often preclude the former privilege the latter can always be enjoyed by Omaha people abroad, and we are always glad to add their names to our ever-increasing subscription list.

A VERY PLEASANT AFFAIR.

The tenth anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Swobe came around on the 26th of November and the Standard Club, of which Mr. Swobe is an honored member, gave a party in honor of the event. A special train consisting of two coaches and an engine under the charge of conductor Ed. Stout left the Omaha depot at 8:30 and in a short time the party was on Iowa soil. Mr. and Mrs. Swobe and Jake Markel constituted the reception committee and the hearty welcome they extended to their visitors gave assurances early in the evening that they had fallen into good hands. Hoffman's full band of ten pieces furnished delightful music, and the spacious dining room was soon filled with a happy throng of dancers. This exhilarating healthful and decidedly enjoyable procedure continued until about eleven o'clock when the company was seated and invited to partake of a very nice lunch that had been prepared under the direction of Jake Markel. Dancing was resumed after supper and continued until about half past twelve. During the evening Mr. Swobe was the recipient of numerous presents, commemorative of his "tin wedding." Among the most conspicuous was a mammoth spoon from Mr. Milton Rogers; a gigantic tin bootjack, from Tom Rogers; tin cake basket, Mrs. Milton Rogers; tin Winchester rifle, H. G. Clark; tin bonnet for Mrs. Swobe, J. R. Manchester; tin oyster bowl, Chris. Hartman; bouquet-holder, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Haney, and various other nicknacks.

In attendance were Mr. and Mrs. Nichols, and Mr. Morehouse and wife of Fremont, Judge James and wife, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Philippi, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Treynor, Mr. Will Sherman, Mr. Jesse McMahon, Miss Alice Tzschuck, Miss Nellie Cooper, Miss Kentz, and Miss Hutchins, Council Bluffs; Those present from Omaha were Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Haney, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Purvis, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Korty, Miss Mollie Markel, H. D. Shull and wife, John R. Manchester and wife, Miss Aggie McCausland, J. C. Wilkinson, Thomas Rogers, Miss Alice Rogers, Warren Rogers, D. P. Beard and Miss Beard, Ernst Lange, Misses Libbie and Eliza Withnell, J. A. Evans, Julius Meyer, Miss Lillie Manchester, P. Gottheimer, M. Goldsmith and lady, E. Simon and lady, M. Kellner and lady, Max Meyer, Adolph Meyer, Moritz Meyer, L. Brash and Miss Brash, M. Hellman and lady, A. Kellner, Miss Baswitz, H. Baswitz and

lady, R. N. Withnell and wife, John B. Detwiler and wife, Chris. Hartman and wife, Mrs. W. H. Remington, Mr. and Mrs. A. Polack, Miss Mattie Rothschild, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Burmester, Mr. Al. Rafta, Miss Kellback, Miss Nancy Turner, Mr. Robert Taylor Mr. Jas. H. Woodard, Miss Margie Barbeau and others whose names we were unable to secure. Without exaggerating we can say this was one of the most enjoyable social events of the season. Every appointment was admirably exact, and much credit is due to Messrs. M. Goldsmith, Julius Meyer, Max Meyer, Chris. Hartman and A. P. Treynor, the gentlemen who constituted the general committee of arrangements.

A CHARACTERISTIC LETTER.

The charming regularity with which young gentlemen and young ladies abroad send for the *High School Journal* is a better evidence of the high estimation in which it is held by them than anything we might say on that subject. We highly appreciate their patronage and good will and do not underestimate the importance which attaches to the same. We publish the following as much for the reason that it will inform the friends of these popular young men of their present whereabouts as because it embodies several very neat compliments to this journal:

GEORGETOWN, Nov. 12, 1878.

J. F. McCartney, Esq.:
MY DEAR SIR:—In haste attending my departure from Omaha I forgot to subscribe for the *High School Journal*. Now, as Frank and I wish to hear the Omaha news, I have concluded we must have your paper, for if it is anything like it used to be it is the paper, and contains the news that suits me. Please send it to my address, Georgetown, D. C., and oblige Yours truly,
C. WILL HAMILTON.

THE "O. D. C."

The O. D. C. was organized last month, its object being to give a series of parties during the coming winter, the places of holding them alternating between the homes of the various members of the association. J. C. Sharp is President, and E. Cahn is Secretary and Treasurer. The opening party was given on the evening of the 19th at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. A. Cahn and was a very pleasant affair. Music was furnished by Prof. Hoffman and R. H. Neale, the latter gentleman assuming general management of the dancing and calling the figures. Those present were Miss Burgess, Miss Mattie Sharp, Miss May Loveland, Miss May Dunday, Miss May Campbell, Miss Grace Chambers, Miss Dollie McCormick, Miss Daisy Jewett, Miss Belle Jewett, Miss Lizzie Isaacs, Miss May Bennett, Miss Callie McCannell, George E. Jewett, Charles Sweesy, Frank Baldwin, J. C. Sharp, Charles Stuphen, Will Millard, Ed. Morgan, Joe Pogue, Frank Pogue, Fred Gordon, Charles McCormick, E. Cahn.

The Omaha Temple of Honor No. 26 gave a reception and supper to the Washington Temple No. 1 of the Omaha Barracks, on Thanksgiving eve. This union meeting was held in Clark's Hall. While peeping in to see what was going on we were unceremoniously collared by our friend Wm. Flynn and ordered to eat some supper. The affair was characterized by an absence of restraint on one hand and a genuine desire to have a good time on the other. In this latter particular we think that success crowned all the efforts put forth. During the evening remarks were made by Rev. H. D. Fisher, Rev. E. H. E. Jameson, Rev. Thomas McCague, Chief Templar Isaac A. Willis, J. O. Connor and Judge W. L. Peabody. Miss Hattie Slaughter and Misses Mattie and Ada Kennedy entertained the assemblage with music and singing, and several volunteer contributions of recitations, temperance songs, etc., by members present, were given. Among those actively interested in the cause we noticed Dr. O. S. Wood, Mr. John W. Nichols, Mr. S. C. Doremus, H. E. White, Robert Baliman, Mr. E. Engle, Mr. T. J. Truckey.

Creighton College, Omaha, Neb., has been formally opened. This institution, it will be remembered, was founded by the late Mr. Creighton, of Nebraska, whose liberality is worthy of all praise.—*Niagara Index*.

We hope the press outside of Omaha, will some day get the correct idea about the founder of this college. Mrs. Edward Creighton, wife of Edward Creighton, was the founder of this college, and while it is not absolutely necessary to make this distinction, we believe it is nothing more than right that the credit and honor should go where it properly belongs. It might be added that Creighton College is well attended, having an able faculty, and although only in its infancy, will compare favorably in all respects with any similar institution in the United States.

We have at our publication office one thousand miscellaneous publications consisting of college magazines, educational papers, State papers, back numbers of the *High School Journal*, etc. They all contain reading matter of an excellent quality and at retail prices are worth from ten to twenty cents apiece. We will sell them at the rate of twenty-five for a dollar. Call at office.

We dropped into the First National Bank the other day and ornamented our subscription book with the names of Kent Hayden, Geo. Jewett and W. H. S. Hughes. The most sensible thing that Kent has done for ever so long is to subscribe for the *High School Journal*, and the secret, we presume, lies in the fact that he was recently married. Geo. Jewett takes it because he knows it is "well worth the modest price we charge for it, and our friend W. H. S. orders it sent to his residence because it is neatly printed, well filled with newsy items of interest, and is a publication that, containing as it does nothing that can ever offend the most fastidious, can be sent with credit to itself and the good taste of those who subscribe for it—into the best families in the city and State.

ATKINSON'S, cor. Douglas and 13th streets, acknowledged to be the leading Millinery Establishment, have a full and complete stock of elegant goods, which in quality, workmanship, style and low prices, speak for themselves.

FROM THE STATE UNIVERSITY.

The Most Popular Young Lady—The Palladian Society—The Hesperian Student under a Cloud, etc. etc.

The Palladians held their regular term sociable at the residence of Chancellor Fairfield. A large company was present and helped to the best of their ability to dispose of the refreshments which consisted of oysters and coffee. The principal event of the evening was the balloting for the most popular young lady present. The excitement ran very high, the two most popular young ladies being Miss Belle Kimball of Omaha, and Miss Jessie Mason of this city. Not until one thousand and sixty-five (1,065) votes were cast did Miss Kimball's supporters acknowledge themselves defeated. The vote stood 521 for Miss Mason and 457 for Miss Kimball, the remaining 82 ballots being cast for other young ladies. The society realized \$70.00 from the social which will go towards the purchase of a piano.

The Cadets have a miniature "Creedmore" situated about one mile north of the city. Two matches have been shot between the 1st and 2nd platoon, the first platoon bearing away the palm on both occasions.

The *Hesperian Student* association held a meeting on Friday p. m., Nov. 23, to decide whether or not the sub Fresh would be entitled to a vote in electing officers for the student at the next election. After a long and animated discussion a ballot was taken, the result being against admitting them. The *Student* is now nearly \$200.00 in debt, when by allowing the sub Freshmen to vote, it would increase their subscription list and thus help them to pay off the debt. As it is now, the students do not want to subscribe for the paper when they cannot help elect the editors. Over one half of the articles published in the *Student* are contributed by the members of the lower classes. Since they are opposed to admitting the sub Freshmen, it seems that it would be a very advisable plan for the association to cut down the paper until they are free from debt, and then if they thought it for the best, to change it to its original size.

A petition was presented to the Faculty signed by over one hundred of the students, requesting that the library be opened in the forenoon. As it is now, it is only open from 2 until 5 in the afternoon, and books can be drawn only on Fridays, and the student is fined if the book is not returned in two weeks. The Faculty's response was that no professor could spare time in the forenoon, hence the arrangement would remain as before.

The Palladian Society held their election on Friday, Nov. 22nd, and the following officers were elected:

J. S. Silvernail, President; G. McLain, Vice President; D. H. Wheeler Jr., Rec. Secretary; Maggie Mullen, Cor. Sec'y; J. F. McKessen, Critic; E. P. U. —, Treasurer; G. W. Hartman, Chorister.

The Faculty after due consideration, gave the students a vacation of Thursday and Friday, thus allowing them to spend Thanksgiving at home. The announcement was received with great applause by the students, having been kept in suspense sometime before hearing of their decision.

The closest and most exciting election the Palladians ever had was on Friday, Nov. 22. The ballot for President being 18 to 18, the candidates being F. O. Morton and J. H. Silvernail. President Mercer decided in favor of Mr. Silvernail. On Monday, Nov. 25th, the defeated party called a special meeting to contest the legality of the election. After some very able speeches, a vote was taken with the following result: 16 to 23 in favor of J. H. Silvernail.

"The Hooks."

The Pioneer Hook and Ladder Company ball which took place on Thanksgiving eve was the most successful affair of the kind for many a day. The spacious hall, which was elaborately decorated with flags, bunting, pictures, hooks and ladders, etc., etc., was filled to overflowing. Stepping up to the door we found our handsome friend Llewellyn taking the pasteboards, and the courteous way in which he filled this responsible position reflected back upon the good taste of the company in picking out Llewellyn for this office. The Union Pacific brass band furnished the music, and the ceremonies were opened by a grand march under the leadership of Chief Engineer Jno. Galligan. As the boys marched, around the hall we had a fine opportunity to take notes. Chief Galligan, who led the march, looked just as happy as if he was at a fire. He had on his red stockings and wore his hair banged. Jimmy O'Brien had on his new peg top pants and had his hair parted in the middle. Shorty Windheim had on his fine boots and his girl had gold buttons on her dress. Ed. Koster wore his back hair rather high. Ed. Sterricker, who believes in looking neat but not gaudy, was there. Doc. Neville was on hand, and so was Col. Chase and Councilman Slaven. Mr. E. G. Ryle was Master of Ceremonies. Messrs. Reid, Baird, Jardine and Fisher were the committee of arrangements; Messrs. Hellman, Baird, Sterricker and Stone, committee on reception, and Messrs. Jardine, O'Brien, Besen and Koster, floor managers. Taken all in all this ball was a big success, and it speaks well for the high estimation in which this valuable company is held in this city.

The new process of taking teeth out of the jaws, filling them and then replacing them, is now being given due attention by Dr. J. S. Charles, the dentist. It does not appear probable that this can be done, but Dr. C. tells us that rapid strides have been made in dentistry during the past few years and that things even more wonderful are possible. This process is recommended only in special cases. Mr. M. Hellman, of this city, has had an operation performed on one of his teeth in this manner, and it is as soundly imbedded to-day as if it were never taken out.

It was up on Nineteenth street and they leaned on the gate. He attempted to kiss her and she flew into a passion. She'd "never speak to him again. Didn't think that of him." He apologized and she finally told him never to make such a "break" again. The next "break" he made he succeeded in kissing her. Then he got his arm around her waist, and although she tried she couldn't get away from him. He kissed her again and again. Then he asked her to kiss him. "No, never did such a thing." Finally she said she would, but only once. Then he kissed her three times and withdrew his arm from around her waist intending to go, but was surprised to find that she had her arm around his neck and he couldn't get away. At this juncture we quietly withdrew from our unobserved position and presume they are there yet.

MR. KENT K. HAYDEN, the receiving teller in the First National Bank, returned on the 22d from his wedding tour. After the wedding ceremony, which was quiet, yet neat and elaborate in every desirable particular, Mr. and Mrs. Hayden immediately left the city and during their absence visited Washington, Chicago, Cincinnati, Parkersburg, Va., and other eastern cities. Mrs. Hayden, formerly Miss Minnie Hampton, was long held among the handsomest young ladies of Omaha and we cannot help envying the good fortune of our friend Kent while congratulating him on the excellent taste displayed in selecting him a life partner. Mr. and Mrs. Hayden are now "at home" in a neat cottage on California between Sixteenth and Seventeenth streets.

—You wouldn't Kickapoo Indian would you?—*Stamford Advocate*.

Nor Cheyenney brick at him.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye*.

If you did he would probably Sioux you. But Shoshoneo, who would think of it?—*Collegian*.

REVIEW OF THE MONTH.

FRIDAY, 1st.—Eschew idle conversation and mid-day wine. Be silent when fools talk. Lecture of Prof. Paige at Methodist church. Miss Nettie Collins home from Europe.

SATURDAY, 2d.—The laugh is loud that speaks the vacant mind. Bob Montgomery, of Council Bluffs, in town. Fred Phillips lying very sick. Ripping at foot of Farnam street progressing rapidly. Gov. Butler and Gen'l Cobb, of Lincoln, in town.

SUNDAY, 3d.—You may put off until to-morrow what you would do to-day. Dr. Peck, at Trinity, preached on "The duty of Christians to Jews." Rev. Mr. Bean, of Eighteenth street M. E. church, discussed "Church Prosperity" in the morning and "Earnest Striving" in the evening. Rev. Lippe, of the U. P. church, held a service at Lutheran church. Rev. A. F. Sherrill explained "The Healing by the Word" in the morning and examined the "Morals and Religion in Politics" after sundown. Rev. Mr. Harsha, of the Presbyterian church, held up "Ashes and Moth-Eaten Garments" for inspection. Rev. D. R. Miller, of the U. P. church, told "How to Read the Word of God Understandingly." Rev. E. H. E. Jameson, of the First Baptist, had for subjects "The Grace of Our Saviour" and "Mutual Helpfulness." Rev. Dr. Fisher, of First M. E., elaborated "Christ's Last and Greatest Commandment."

MONDAY, 4th.—When there is a fool in a crowd he will generally make it known. Republican issues an extra edition for election purposes. Maj. J. H. O'Bryan goes to St. Paul. Herbert Dake kills a drunken man in his father's bank at Kearney.

TUESDAY, 5th.—He jests at scars who never felt a wound. Election day and everybody on the *qui vive*. The Republican State ticket elected. C. V. Gallagher, Chas. C. Constant, and C. H. Brown elected State Senators. Geo. Plimbeck, Wm. H. Burns, Ralph E. Gaylord, L. M. Bennett, J. S. Gibson, B. E. B. Kennedy and Pat McArdle go to the House of Representatives. A. N. Ferguson elected District Attorney over C. J. Greene.

WEDNESDAY, 6th.—How fading are the joys we dote upon. Successful candidates all look happy. Mr. Smith, of New Jersey, dies after hearing that he was elected to Congress. Mr. Thomas, of Tammany Hall, New York, suicided because his party was defeated. Col. J. J. Dickey, assistant superintendent, J. T. Clark, Division Superintendent, P. J. Nichols and E. M. Moreman go to Silver Creek on a hunting expedition.

THURSDAY, 7th.—'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all. Dr. W. H. Stennett, of Chicago, in town. Jay Cooke, of Philadelphia, Lew Crosey, of Lincoln, and A. E. Touzalin, of Burlington, in the city. The jury in the Goodman case failed to agree and were discharged.

SATURDAY, 9th.—Just six years since Boston was in flames. Thos. Riley returned from Chicago. T. P. Elliott running a match factory in Chicago. Slight rain. Mrs. S. H. H. Clark goes to Chicago. Marshal Butler in Chicago on business. Gen'l A. S. Paddock and Mrs. Paddock return from a short trip to Chicago.

MONDAY, 11th.—Unto the pure all things are pure. November term of U. S. court begins. Howard Kennedy goes west. Col. P. J. McNamara, of Cheyenne, who has recently gone out of business in that city, in town. Party at residence of Mr. M. J. Feenan gotten up by his friends to celebrate his 30th birthday. Senator Saunders home from the west.

TUESDAY, 12th.—The jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that honor feels. D. G. Hull, N. Harwood, Gen'l Webster, G. N. Crawford, Jas. Laird and other prominent lawyers in town. J. S. Gibson removes his stock of clothing and gents' furnishings goods to his new store in the McCormick building. Board of Trade held its first fall meeting at rooms in Odd Fellows' block.

WEDNESDAY, 13th.—In wine is truth. Day very fine. The Hutchinson family at First M. E. church. Miss Alice Tzschuck, of Bellevue, visiting Mrs. C. W. Burmester. Miss Black returned to her home in Cairo, Ill. While in Omaha she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Simon and Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. Hon. A. Swartzlander and Miss Stella May were married by Bishop O'Connor at residence of Hon. John I. Redick.

THURSDAY, 14th.—Difficulties are things that show what men are. The Union Pacific paint shop takes fire and is saved by a Babcock extinguisher. Walter Sheldon, of Lincoln, and Vic. Bierbower, of Sidney, attending U. S. circuit court. Ella Spoor concert at Academy of Music well attended. Judge E. K. Valentine, Congressman-elect, in town.

FRIDAY, 15th.—The world knows nothing of its greatest men. This is why several Omaha men were defeated at last election. Hon. H. D. Perkey, of Wahoo, in the city. Entertainment at gymnasium club rooms. Prof. Samuel Aughey lectures before the science association on the "Bad Lands of Nebraska." Miss Townsend, of Glenwood, visiting Miss May Loveland. Miss Rose Oliver, of Council Bluffs, visiting Miss Lillie Manchester. W. F. Hines, H. Gibson and Mrs. G. W. Homan return from Lincoln. H. K. Smith, who has been at Cheyenne for the past four months, in Omaha on a short visit. Churchill Parker went to Kansas City. Miss Caddie Campbell returned from Vermont. Hon. John Taffe, of North Platte, came in on western train. Sociable and oyster supper at Lutheran church.

SATURDAY, 16th.—The good are better made by ill. Mr. R. J. Moscript, formerly a typo in the *Republican* office, is now running the shooting gallery on 11th and

Farnam Sts. Field Sportsmen's club met and made arrangements for a practice shoot at glass balls. Chas. S. Stebbins left for New York state to visit his friends. Yankee Robinson holds forth at the Academy to a poor house. "Assa Dennison" is a poor imitation of "Joshua Whitcomb," being an infringement. M. J. McKelligion went to Yankton.

MONDAY, 18th.—Maj. G. Stevenson returned from Massachusetts. W. M. Bushman went to New York. Gen. J. C. McBride and wife at the Metropolitan. W. F. McMillan and Paul Morton arrived from Chicago. Geo. F. King went to Atchison where he received a position in W. U. telegraph office. Sam Boyd in town. Funeral of Miss Ida Burgess, whose mother died but a week previous, and whose brother's farm was recently burned out by prairie fire—a truly sad visitation on one family.

TUESDAY, 19th.—Kent Hayden and wife home. Capt. C. B. Roslin, now in business at Rapid City. Ed. Johnston returns from Salt Lake. H. A. Paine's music and piano store, in Odd Fellows block, received a consignment of Weber pianos. Capt. J. W. Pollock, of West Point, in town. Maj. J. T. Clark, son of Schuyler, at the Withnell. Judge Anderson attends to a large number of law breakers. Marshal Butler again at his post after an absence of a month in Illinois.

WEDNESDAY, 20th.—L. E. Robbins, of Council Bluffs called. Withnell House overflowing with guests. Messrs. P. E. Her & Co. have a telephone placed between office and distillery, also a fire alarm box placed at the latter. Work on sewer gradually approaching completion. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Balbach returned from Newark, N. J. H. W. Foote, of St. Paul, agent for the Babcock Mfg. Co., in town, and called at our sanctum in company with Chief Gallagher.

THURSDAY, 21st.—Fair day at home but snowing out west. D. J. McCann, of Sidney, goes to jail, having been convicted of stealing fifty barrels of sugar from the government. W. T. Meades of *Crete Democrat*, B. D. Slaughter of *Lincoln Journal* and Hedges of *Lincoln Globe*, in town. W. L. May of Chicago visiting. Maj. Geo. S. Downe. Hayden Trio concert at Masonic Hall.

FRIDAY, 22nd.—Dennis Kearney passed through Omaha on his way to California. S. McDowell, of Chicago, in town in the interests of Silsby Mfg. Co. Paul Morton and Will McMillan go to Chicago. *Entre Nous* party at Clark's Hall. Bishop O'Connor out west. Col. Tom Majors, member of congress, in town.

SATURDAY, 23rd.—Gen. Supt. S. H. H. Clark returns from the east. W. Wilkins who had been visiting Omaha a couple of weeks returned to his home in Laramie. Geo. Meyers of U. P. Telegraph office, went to Clark's Mrs. Fred Nye went to Fremont. N. I. D. Solomon went west.

MONDAY, 25th.—Al Ingalsbee, foreman of Ramsey's livery stable died of apoplexy last night. Col. Ward of Schuyler in town in the interests of the greatest invention of the age. A. E. Atken of Kearney, at the Withnell. Hon. E. C. Carnes, Lieut. Governor, favored our sanctum with a call. City Council considered the feasibility of buying a new fire engine. Little Orta Cook, son of M. D. Cook, shot himself while out hunting.

TUESDAY, 26th.—Weather colder. Funeral of Ora Cook. C. E. Yost home from Chicago. Messrs. Paddock & Stinchcombe, of Lincoln, in the city. Herman Kountze and wife home from the east. Dr. A. W. Nason and bride nee Jennie Barney return on western train from Colorado. W. L. May, representing Murray, Nelson & Co., of Chicago, in town.

WEDNESDAY, 27th.—Windy and disagreeably dusty. Policeman Ed. Gorman is suspended. City Council refuse to buy a fire engine right away. J. H. McConnell, of North Platte, in town. Young Mechanics hold a ball in Pattee Hall. Robt. Burns Clark have supper and ball at Masonic Hall. Mr. O. Kenney, of the *Nebraska Farmer*, Lincoln, made us a pleasant call.

THURSDAY, 28th.—Thanksgiving services at Trinity church and preaching by Bishop Clarkson. Revs. W. J. Harsha, W. K. Beans and W. A. Lippe hold union services at First M. E. church. Rev. Falk at German Reformed church and Rev. P. C. Johnson at South Omaha M. E. church. Banks and business houses closed and everybody looking as thankful as possible.

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A STRANGE END TO A FIGHT.

Two skulls of stags, with their horns so firmly locked together that they could not be separated, were found one day in the mountains of Colorado. It is quite plain that they once belonged to a couple of stags who had a terrible fight in the solitude of the mountains. After the combat had been kept up some time, their horns became so tangled and locked together that they could not get them apart. It is very probable that when this happened, they stopped thinking of fighting, and tried their best to get away from each other. But this was of no use. Their horns were so firmly interlocked that they could not twist nor pull them apart. So they stumbled about, for the rest of their lives, with their heads close together. We cannot know how long they lived this way. They may have been able to eat a little grass, if both of them agreed to put down their heads at the same time. But at last they died. And how curiously things turned out! Each of them hoped to kill the other, and yet the result of the quarrel was to bind them together as long as they lived, and even death did not part them. And, if they thought that no one would ever know of their fight, how greatly they were mistaken! The record of the combat—their two skulls fastened together—has remained for many a long year, and will remain for many a year to come. It was truly a strange end to a fight.—*St. Nicholas for December.*

SKELETONS.

Whoever may be your visitors, keep the skeletons out of sight. Family woes and trials and misfortunes, if they are made the staple of conversation, will cause the visits of your friend to be very disagreeable. If you have invited him for the sake of his aid and sympathy, and he understands it to be so, it is another matter. In this case he comes for your comfort, and not for his own pleasure. But if he visits you out of pure friendship, and expecting to have a good time, look up the closets where you keep your skeletons. If they cannot be locked up, but will persist in haunting the house, it is not the time for entertaining strange guests or familiar friends. It may not be quite so bad as this, and still you may have some little family jars or domestic anxieties—some aches and pains of the body or the mind, that cloud your spirits—if so, do not parade them before visitors. If the children are too unruly to be controlled, keep them out of the way—if they are only lively and boisterous, let them in, and make the best of it. That which annoys you may possibly amuse your guest. We hardly know what some people would do, if they had not some choice grief to talk about, but they are not very cheerful entertainers.—*True Citizen.*

DON'T WAIT FOR CHANCES.

In the lives of all there are doubtless great crises, great opportunities, marked epochs. But he who waits for them, will be ill-prepared to meet them and grasp them when they come. The strength to pass through them nobly and worthily must have accumulated little by little, in the patient and resolute work of every-day life. He who fails here will surely fail in greater things. If we neglect our minor opportunities, we shall lack the power to embrace the more important ones. Chances are lying open to us every moment of our lives. We need not wait for them; they are waiting for us to profit by them. If we will watch through a single day, we shall doubtless discover scores of opportunities of both doing and receiving good, which we have perhaps hitherto passed by in indifference; and by diligent assiduity in seeking for and embracing these, we shall be prepared to encounter the fiercer storms of life that may await us, or take advantage of the future that may open to our good.—*True Citizen.*

—Don't point your gun at yourself. Don't point your gun at anyone else. Don't carry your gun so that its range includes all your hunting companions. Don't try to find out whether your gun is loaded or not by shutting one eye and looking down the barrel with the other. Don't use your gun for a walking-stick. Don't climb over a fence and pull your gun through muzzle foremost. Don't throw your gun into a boat so that the trigger will catch in the seat and the charge be deposited in your stomach. Don't use your gun for a sledge-hammer. Don't carry your gun full cocked. Don't carry your gun with the hammer down. Don't be a fool. Don't you forget it.—*Forest and Stream.*

SCANDAL.

A story is told of a woman who freely used her tongue to the scandal of others, and made confession to the minister of what she had done. He gave her a ripe thistle-top, and told her to go out in various directions and scatter the seeds one by one. Wondering at the penance, she obeyed, and then returned and told her confessor. To her amazement, he bade her go back and gather the scattered seeds; and when she objected that it would be impossible, he replied that it would be still more impossible to gather up and destroy all evil reports which she had circulated about others. Any thoughtless, careless child can scatter a handful of thistle seeds before the wind in a moment, but the strongest and wisest man cannot gather them again. —*Ec.*

JEFFERSON'S TEN RULES.

Take things always by the smooth handle.
Never spend your money before you have it.
We seldom repent of having eaten too little.
Pride costs more than hunger, thirst, and cold.
Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
Never buy what you don't want because it is cheap.
How much the pains and evils have cost us that never have happened.
When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, count a hundred.

PLEASE STOP MY—What? "Times are hard, money is scarce, business is dull, retrenchment is a duty; please stop my—" whisky? "O, no; times are not hard enough for that yet. But there is something that costs me a large amount of money every year which I wish to save; please stop my—" tobacco, cigars and snuff? "No, no, not these; but I must retrench somewhere; please stop my—" ribbons, jewels, ornaments and trinkets? "Not at all; pride must be fostered if times are ever so hard; but I believe I can see a way to effect a saving in another direction; please stop my—" tea, coffee, and needless and unhealthy luxuries? "No, no, not those. I cannot think of that sacrifice, I must think of something else. Ah! I have it now. My paper costs me eight cents a month; one dollar a year; I must save that. Please stop my paper. That will carry me through the panic. I believe in retrenchment and economy, especially in brains.—*Educational News Gleaner.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

In driving a hen a woman is generally slow but shoo-er.
Never tell a blonde young lady that you wish she blonde to you.

One lady still remains at Judge Hilton's hotel in New York for the original price of \$8 per week.

"He who says 'jump!' doesn't tear his mouth, but he who jumps breaks his leg," is a proverb of the Caucasus.
Strong-minded women are just like the rest of the sex. If they like a man they like him, whatever his character may be.

A man's great ambition is to be credited with some great feat, while a woman is only happy with small feet. And so we go.

A man who buried four or five wives in Wayne county, Indiana, was notified not to marry any more until they started a new cemetery.

A man who was in the habit of talking to himself being asked by his wife why he did so, remarked that he liked to converse with a man of sense.

A young lady just from Brownell Hall, on being told by the servant that they had no gooseberries, exclaimed: "Why, what has happened to the goose?"

"Where is my angel?" asks a poet. Ten to one she is lying on a lounge reading a sensational novel, while her mother is frying slajacks for supper in the kitchen. Poets' "angels" are that character of girls.—*Ec.*

Editors like brevity; but a man who was recently hanged in Indiana suited them too well. He made no remarks about heaven, but nodded to the preacher and said, "I'll see you later;" and then the trap fell.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A traveler interrogating a backwoodsman, received brief but pertinent answers, thus: "Whose house is that?" "Moggs?" "Of what built?" "Logs." "Any neighbors?" "Frogs." "What is the soil?" "Bogs." "The climate?" "Fogs." "What do you

live on?" "Hogs." "How do you catch them?" "Dogs."—*Southern Col- legian.*

—Give your heart to your Creator; and pay reverence to your superiors; honor your parents; give your bosom to your friend; be diligent in your calling, let your condition of life be what it will, give an attentive ear to good advice, and be liberal to the poor. —*Home Journal.*

—Action keeps the soul in health; whereas idleness rusts the mind, and corrupts, as well as benumbs all its active faculties.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.			
UNION PACIFIC.			
LEAVE.	ARRIVE.	LEAVE.	ARRIVE.
Daily Exp. 11:50 a.m.	Daily Exp. 3:45 p.m.	Daily Exp. 11:50 a.m.	Daily Exp. 3:45 p.m.
Freight 5:00 a.m.	Freight 5:15 p.m.	Freight 5:00 a.m.	Freight 5:15 p.m.
Mixed 4:45 p.m.	Mixed 9:30 p.m.	Mixed 4:45 p.m.	Mixed 9:30 p.m.
Freight 8:30 a.m.	Freight 11:15 a.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.	LEAVE.	ARRIVE.
Mixed 10:30 a.m.	Mixed 3:20 p.m.	Mixed 10:30 a.m.	Mixed 3:20 p.m.
CHICAGO BURLINGTON AND QUINCY.			
LEAVE.	ARRIVE.	LEAVE.	ARRIVE.
Express 4:00 p.m.	Express 10:00 a.m.	Express 4:00 p.m.	Express 10:00 a.m.
Mail 5:10 a.m.	Mail 10:40 p.m.	Mail 5:10 a.m.	Mail 10:40 p.m.
Sundays excepted.			
CHICAGO AND ROCK ISLAND.			
LEAVE.	ARRIVE.	LEAVE.	ARRIVE.
Mail 5:10 a.m.	Express 10:00 a.m.	Mail 5:10 a.m.	Express 10:00 a.m.
Express 4:00 p.m.	Mail 10:40 p.m.	Express 4:00 p.m.	Mail 10:40 p.m.
Sundays excepted.			
CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN.			
LEAVE.	ARRIVE.	LEAVE.	ARRIVE.
Mail 5:10 a.m.	Express 10:00 a.m.	Mail 5:10 a.m.	Express 10:00 a.m.
Express 4:00 p.m.	Mail 10:40 p.m.	Express 4:00 p.m.	Mail 10:40 p.m.
Sundays excepted.			
KANSAS CITY, ST. JOE & COUNCIL BLUFFS.			
LEAVE.	ARRIVE.	LEAVE.	ARRIVE.
Mail 5:10 a.m.	Express 10:00 a.m.	Mail 5:10 a.m.	Express 10:00 a.m.
Express 4:00 p.m.	Mail 10:40 p.m.	Express 4:00 p.m.	Mail 10:40 p.m.
Sundays excepted.			
B. & M. R. R. IN NEBRASKA.			
LEAVE.	ARRIVE.	LEAVE.	ARRIVE.
Kearney June. Ex. 9:05 a.m.	3:45 p.m.	Kearney June. Ex. 9:05 a.m.	3:45 p.m.
St. Louis Ex. 9:27 a.m.	4:00 p.m.	St. Louis Ex. 9:27 a.m.	4:00 p.m.
Plattsmouth Ac. 6:10 p.m.	8:50 a.m.	Plattsmouth Ac. 6:10 p.m.	8:50 a.m.
At 1, 2, 3, and 5 p.m. Arrive at 8:45, 9:45, 10:45, 11:45 a.m., and at 1:45, 2:45, 3:45, and 5:45 p.m.			
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