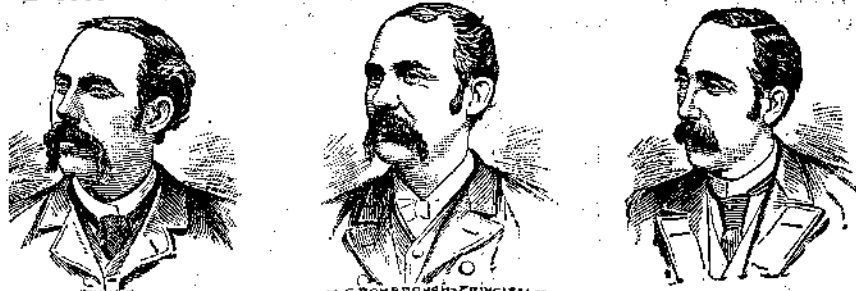


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THE PUBLIC SCHOOL JOURNAL

VOL. I.

OMAHA, APRIL, 1891.

No. 6.

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THE JOURNAL.

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 922 Farnam Street. Telephone 1058.

The President on the 13th of May.

Only two more issues of the JOURNAL this year.

Are there any of our readers who think they have not received the worth of their quarter.

Everybody turn out to see the President. This is free, gratis and for nothing.

We are sorry to say that a few of the essays and compositions sent to us for publication have been seen before. Be careful.

The JOURNAL believes in fostering rising humor. Everybody send in a little original jokelet and we will reward the writer of the best with a dollar bill.

Please forgive us if we do not publish all the programmes sent in. We now have so many schools represented that we have to clip somewhere.

Arbor Day and no holiday. Shame

wasn't it? But the Board of Education will make amends for this by allowing us to go and gaze upon the President on the 13th of May.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Just for amusement see how many words you can make out of THE JOURNAL, using each letter only as many times as they are used there. Send in your lists and we will give a prize of \$1.00 to the one sending in the largest.

We must beg of our fair editors that they will not allow themselves to be shocked when they enter our office for the first time. We are sadly aware that there are a few discrepancies visible, but we shall in time attempt to make a few changes in the place; such as covering the floor with damask rugs and investing in a few choice oil paintings for the walls, and one or two pieces of classical statuary and bric-a-brack for the nooks and corners. We shall also require all of our compositors to appear at work in Gordon sash and blazer. It may take a few years to complete these improvements and we would recommend our fair friends that when they visit us in our den, upon reaching the door they whistle three times softly followed by four long promulgated raps, sing the third verse of "Annie Rooney" and the fifth of "God Save Queen" and enter. The advantage of such a code of signals is obvious as it gives us an opportunity to sweep the floor, clear the desks and other things of minor importance. But do not let this frighten you away, not at all, we are most pleased to see you at all times.

Parker, Winthrop Sargent, Chas. Pratt, Oscar Quick.

Mr. Billings will be unable to take part in the commencement exercises owing to his having to be in Chicago at that time to take the examinations preparatory to entering Harvard. As Mr. Cooley is first on the list of honorable mention he will have to take Mr. Billings place.

On the evening of the 24 of this month the senior class enjoyed another of its socials at the High School.

Games and dancing were on the program till ten o'clock when Mr. Bradley of the entertainment committee gave to the class and guests a very delightful program. Here it is.

Piano Duet.....The Misses Bonner.
Piano Solo.....Miss Nellie Elliot.
Violincello Solo....Mr. John Brown.
Recitation.....The Patent Medicine Man, Mr. Francis Baker.
Piano Solo....Miss Grace Williams.
Vocal Solo.....Mr. R. J. Wherry.
Banjo Trio.....Messrs. Gellenbeck, Rowden and Beaton.
Vocal Solo....Miss Fannie Arnold.

The ones taking part did exceedingly well if demonstrative appreciation counts for anything. After the musical entertainment refreshments were served and then dancing was again resorted to. Most all of the high school faculty were present and thought, between their smiles, of the days gone by.

ATHLETICS.

Base ball is once more in full blast and the High School team is again ready for suckers.

No really definite arrangements have as yet been made for the Field Day contests, but the boys can be getting themselves in trim for the following at least.

100 yards dash.

100 yards hurdle race.

He who hastens slowly, wins.

SARATOGA SCHOOL.

WILL SHALLCROSS, EDITOR.

The eight graders are having a review examination in order to find out how much they have learned in the last three months.

The Spring weeks vacation passed away so quickly that we were hardly ready to begin work when school did commence.

The following have neither been tardy nor absent for the term beginning Jan. 1 1891:

In Miss Naves' room: Charlie Gruenig and George Gruenig.

In Miss Armstrong's room:

Hanna Gruenig, Louis Cooper, Roy Gardner, Charlie Craig, Henry Miller, Claud McKinsie, George Williams, Willie Elton.

Of whom Hannah Gruenig, Louis Cooper, Roy Gardner and Charlie Craig have not been absent or tardy for the year beginning Sept. 1 1890.

FRANKLIN SCHOOL.

M. J. LATEY, EDITOR.

We are carrying a large assortment of proud smiles at Franklin:

At the last 4th grade meeting, to which the teachers took written work in arithmetic, the work of our 4B and 5A was so much admired by a lady visiting from the Chicago schools, that she requested Miss Dorn to let her have the papers to take to Chicago with her. The papers placed first were those of Donnie Fenton 4B and Ida Valin 5A. Those of Lula Davis, Fannie Perrin and Gertie McDonald in 2A, and those of Esther Simpson, Mary Gadke and Ella Shoquist deserve honorable mention. At the head in the other rooms are, Lottie Smith 3B, Mina McDowell 3A, Freddie Hilsenbeck and Bessie Morse 2B, Herbert Elser, Christina Heisenbeck and Katie Morse 2A.

PARK SCHOOL.

A. E. PATTEN, EDITOR.

We (and "we" means each and every one at Park School) are sorry to have lost such a pleasing teacher as Miss McCool who was called to New York on account of the sickness of a sister. Her place has been taken by Miss Newcomb another worthy tutor from Park.

We are glad to have with us again, the Misses Littlefields, who were reported sick.

Thanks, Walnut Hill, sends us some more if you can spare them, with the cornet and drum we rank second to none in marching now.

Mattie Bothwell and Katie Havens have been obliged to leave school on account of ill health.

Willie, who has lately been transferred to Lake School, was asked by an older brother whether or not there was any pretty girls in his room. The answer was, "well I don't know there is one girl that I haven't seen yet."

Edna Howell and Ernest McClanish by the last examination lead the 6A class while Hanna McNair and Herbert Luther stand first in the 5B.

Charley Holman captured the 2B prize for penmanship.

In Miss Johnston's it was decided to relieve the teacher from having to furnish JOURNAL notes from that room and Willie Paris was unanimously elected to that position.

Gertrude Caswell stands 1st on the recommended list in Miss Manning's room.

Aura Kenyon is a new arrival having been transferred from Long School.

DAVENPORT SCHOOL.

RALPH SAYAGE, EDITOR.

That crossing has come at last! What a wonderful thing is the press!

We merely mentioned in the last number that if one across Lowe ave. was not forth-coming soon murder might be expected, but before we had time to hand our communication to the chief, lo! the workmen had it all done.

The boys play ball now on the vacant ground near the school, but it is with fear and trembling lest some cranky resident may bring a "cop" down upon us at any time. We can't "holler" and can't cheer and from the way it looks now we will be in fine trim in about a week to play the deaf mutes a game.

(You bet you will if you get on the Publisher's tennis court.)

On the first day of the new term a new room was opened at Davenport thirty-five pupils and a "right peart" little teacher from the Normal School came to take charge of them. But, alas! she staid only one week, then folded up her wings and silently stole away.

Mrs. White's room has now sixty pupils enrolled. They have long window-boxes full of plants, and each mite knows his "plant" and shouts with joy, if he can get a leaf ahead of a neighbor.

We have some brand, new seats in our room now and they shine so brightly, that we are most afraid to sit on 'em, 'fraid they might be hot you know.

On Arbor Day we mean to plant vines and seeds about our school. We think we can improve it some.

Our principal has added another new book to our library this month it is called "Black Beauty" and is written by Anna Sewell. It is said to be a "daisy," but the girls are so mean, they just pass it around among themselves, and no boy, so far, has got even a glimpse of the inside.

The prizes for "courtesy and kindly consideration" were won this month by May Stien and Arthur Tiffany both

of Miss Spaulding's room. Miss Spaulding also reports that the most notable improvement in "rapid work" in arithmetic has been made by Reginald Hunter and Florence Hinman.

Friday is "Pink Ribbon Day" in the baby-room. All pupils who have been neither absent nor tardy during the week are allowed to wear a pretty pink "rose-knot" on the right arm. Last Friday it looked like a rose-garden in there. The little ones who have "shot their young ideas" the highest this month are:

Myra West, Eddie Corbett, Sadie Shaddock and Gracie Allison.

CENTRAL SCHOOL.

FANNIE MCFALL, EDITOR.

The beginning of the new term finds Central greatly increased in numbers, the number being 342.

The mid term examination occurred last week and for the most part was quite satisfactory.

A decided improvement was noticed in the appearance of examination papers in some of the grades.

Those recommended first in each class, are:

7B Courtney Dale.
7A Eva Kennard.
6B Edna Critshall.
6A Harry Weighton.
5B Jessie Goetz.
5A Glen Curtis.
4B Morgan Sherwood.
4A Julia Whitmore.
3B Enlar Ovevall.
3A Francis Bell.
2B Louis Gatch.
2A Anna Brodine.

Penmanship specimens are prepared Fridays, by each pupil, for Miss Schlesinger's inspection and there are some agreeable rivalry to attain greatest improvement.

The Non-Communication Society of Miss Morton's room, elected new officers Friday, the President chosen being

Ethel Morse; Vice Pres., Emma Moore Sec., Mabel Barker, Treas., Fannie Mc Fall.

Mrs. Bradley's pupils excel in punctuality, not ONE having been tardy last term, or thus far this term.

All of Miss Harper's grade, except four, were 100% in deportment last month.

The third grade, Miss Morrell's, the second, Miss Faberty's have changed to different, and in each instance are pleased with the change.

LEAVENWORTH SCHOOL.

We have been holding general meetings or assemblies in our hall, once a month, for which a program was made by three or four pupils from each room. Arbor Day, the pupils of the first, second and third grades, furnished the entertainment, at the close of which each school recited its maxim which was in connection with the day. These are some of our maxims:

Miss McDonald's school:

"A little of thy steadfastness.
Rounded with leafy gracefulness.
Old Oak, give me."

Miss Leighton's pupils:

"What leaves are to the forest, with light and air for food.

Ere their sweet and tender juices have been hardened into mud.

That, to the world are children, through them it feels the glow.

Of a brighter and summer climate, than reaches the trunks below."

Mrs. Woods' pupils-

When we plant a tree, we are doing what we can to make our planet a more wholesome and happier dwelling place for those who come after us, as well as for ourselves."

Miss Hogan's pupils:

"Large streams from little fountains flow.

"Tall oaks from little acorns grow."

Miss Read's pupils:

"He who plants trees loves others.

These pupils received white cards:
Ellsworth Wheeler, Lucy Baker, Regina Wettengel, Annie Hansen, Beulah Irish, Chas. Kerner, Esther Kohn, Dowitt Chapman, Louie Fries, Joe Burns, Annie Poggansce, Minnie Hale, Eddie Honlette, Amanda Tebbins, Lottie Smith, Ada Chamberlin, Lucy Hayes, Pauline Madsen, Eddie Poggansce, Harry Van Alstine, Pearl Treitschke, Mae Petersen, Ethel Burns Kittle Judd.

LAKE SCHOOL.

ALBERT PARMELEE, EDITOR.

We now boast that we are not in debt for the rent of our piano. It was half paid in the Fall by voluntary contributions from the pupils. We did not wish to ask the school for the other \$20, nor could we take time from our lessons for an elaborate entertainment, but in our need we were ably assisted by representatives from the two classes that have gone before us from Lake. Musical aid from the outside having failed us, Miss Arnold who is always ready to aid kindly consented to favor us with her singing.

Following is the program:

Song.....May Bells..Eight Grade.

Recitation.....The Lost Galleon
Edward Shinn

Song.....Sweet April Wind
Seventh Grade

Medley of Young Folks.....
Claude Flamboe, Instrumental Solo,
Florence Parmelee, Essay—The Story of my Desk. Glen Wharton, Essay—The Eye.

Music.....Mandolin Glee Club.

Recitation.....Mow's Waters
Blanche Robinson, class of '88.

Instrumental Solo....Mabel Cotter.

Lake Courier (read by Albert Parmelee, Winnifred Smith, Ass't. Editor.)

Music.....Mandolin Glee Club.

Recitation.....Roger and I
Ross Bailey, class of '90.

Solo.....Miss Arnold

Recitation.....Bridge of Fay
Jessie Bowie, class of '90.

Chorus.....Welcome Home.
We have now paid the debt for our piano and have \$25 deposited in the bank.

Although Lake did not appear in an editorial last month yet we claim to be represented by the article "A Revolutionary Father in Omaha," written by Frank Colby of the Eighth Grade.

The Council Bluffs schools have been closed and as a result Lake has been over run with visitors. In the Eighth Grade we have had to stop at any time during our studies and show our skill in calisthenics.

"Our calisthenics works like a clock,
To the tune of our piano we make the floor rock."

We are glad that we were not slighted by Mr. James last month. We are all going to the High School and take Latin.

Miss Ball gave us a review last month by placing before us a flower-pot containing a plant and telling us to draw it as soon as possible. In fifteen minutes a few had finished, and in twenty-five minutes all had finished. Our drawings were so good that the entire pack departed with the special teacher.

Large as the Lake School is there is not enough room, and it is probable that a store room will have to be rented; for at the beginning of this term Miss Hanna received about forty tiny people who were eager to begin the pursuit of knowledge. Some tears were shed when some of the children had to go home until more spacious quarters could be procured.

Our two drummers, Harry Crandall and Miles Houch, are occasionally relieved by the skillful Frank Corby accompanied by the fifers, Burke Howan, Clarke Powell, Clair Keys, James Traill, Gay Munsell, Lee Van Camp Max Morrison and Joe Specht.

Our unwelcome acquaintance La Grippe has been raging in all his power at Lake.

DODGE SCHOOL.

EMMA THEILE, EDITOR.

The following are the names of the pupils of Dodge school having the highest general averages; Lucy Flisner, Hattie Manger, Emma Theile, Louisa Venuto, Eddie Stoltenburg, Ora Hart, Dora Beesley, Maud Miles, Sarah Lesser, Sadie White, Simon Rothenburg, Phillip Bresman, James Mack, Stella Wood, Harry Zimman, Fannie Silberman, Gertie Gross, Julia Priesnam, Ray Salisbury, Mammie Gallagher, Walter Curtis, Lillie Wallace, Ella Woods, Ida Leisge, Obie Kaphag, Harry Priesman, Mammie Manger and Sarah Stein.

We are getting ready for a concert next week. If it proves a success we will tell you about it next month. Just now we are as busy as we can be with that and the regular of the last term of the year.

IZARD SCHOOL.

JOSIE COLE, EDITOR.

Miss Foos, our principal, spent the spring vacation in Columbus.

Miss Heston has regained her health and returned to her school.

Last week several teachers from Council Bluffs visited our school.

The primary teachers were much pleased with Miss Rugh's room.

Maud Ayres, one of the best scholars in the eighth grade, has left us and next week goes to Portland, Oregon.

We are spending a great many minutes over ellipses and "dipping them to the proper angle."

GO TO

Cross and Dunmire's Gun Co. for Lawn Tennis, Base Ball, Fishing Tackle and general out door goods.

MASON SCHOOL.

NETTIE JOHNSON, EDITOR.

March 27 was Reception Day at Mason and everything was in readiness. The halls on the lower floor were a perfect bower of banners and flags, and the visitors seemed charmed upon entering the building.

We first visited Miss Jennie Fair's room, 1A and 1B. We found regular class work in this room, and they did their work well.

Room 2, Miss Kate Powers teacher, did regular work, spoke little pieces and sang their pleasing songs.

In the second grade, Miss Ada Hughes teacher, the pupils spoke pieces, recited in Arithmetic and sang songs, one of which the "Flag Drill" was very pretty, each pupil had a flag in his hand and waved it throughout the singing of the piece.

3rd. A, Miss Anna Broadfield teacher, did regular class work, declamations and vocal exercises.

Miss Helen Wyckoff's 3rd. and 4th grades we found going through the daily exercises.

In room 9, taught by Miss Emma Godso, with 5th A. pupils, the regular work was in order until 2.30 when original descriptions of the life and home of the Cary sisters, recitations well rendered, and quotations from Phoebe and Alice were given. This room was a perfect greenhouse, blooming hyacinth, violets and geraniums, as well as vines of different kinds filled the windows, and a pot of Easter lillies stood on a table near the door. Not only did the room contain these plants, but the boards were decorated with colored crayon drawings of roses, autumn leaves etc.

Miss Kate Crane, room 11. Here they had regular work for part of the afternoon, the other part was devoted to literary exercises. The children who were in the play "The Authors Day" wore appropriate costumes.

The 7 and 8 grades visited the other rooms owing to the absence of Miss Hitt and Miss Marble.

We are going to have an entertainment during the month.

ST. BARNABAS SCHOOL.

WILLIAM GODSO, EDITOR.

We have had only one debate in the past period of time, but it was quite interesting. Resolved: That that part of the United States east of the Mississippi river is more wealthy than that part west. The decision was in favor of the negative.

The Board of Education has been talking of making a change at our school. We do not know much about it, but very likely it will result in the removal of our teacher, Miss Pratt. This we do not want and therefore sent a petition to the Board of Education asking them to allow Miss Pratt to remain the rest of the year. The petition was written by Madge Littlefield and signed by every pupil in Miss Pratt's room.

HARTMAN SCHOOL.

VIOLA SMITH, EDITOR.

We are trying to master the Constitution in the 8 grade.

One Monday not long ago we gave our teacher a surprise in earnest. As the 8 grade passed to Miss Carney's room Miss White followed close behind. Her attention was called to some new pictures hanging on the walls. First was Sheridan, the hero of Shenandoah, then as she proceeded a little farther she saw the hero, Sherman, who died a short time ago, and as she turned to the side wall, there was a scene from the "March to the Sea." These were given by the 6, 7 and 8 grades.

We notice that Mr. James does not call very often. We are small, but feel large when noticed sometimes.

The 6 grade took their final exam-

nation in geography last Monday. Those standing highest in the tests were Annie Svancina, Nancy Buirwell, Joseph Blazek, Eddie Huffzhy, Hattie Anthes, Annie Dyhubery, Adolph Swoboda, Carrie Moraver and Christie Elmiger.

FARNAM SCHOOL.

BERTHA CLARKSON, EDITOR.

We had five new children last week, but not being enough to start a room for, they made changes from the first to the eighth.

The 5 B class from Miss Mason's to Miss McDonald's room is, we are proud to say, almost the best class in the city. Every one passed and had good marks. It is due to the scholars close attention and Miss Mason's good teaching.

There has been a good deal of sickness in our school, especially Miss Mason's room, but the children took their books home and so kept up all their studies.

The results of our mid-term examination in the eighth grade are good. Ruth Pierson stood 94%, Ella Phelps, Mamie Towne and Myrtle Robinson stood 93%, but among the boys it is not so good.

WALNUT HILL SCHOOL.

ALBERT A. EGHERT, EDITOR.

The room having the highest attendance for March was Miss Stilwell's, with an average of 96.5%.

The rooms having no tardiness were Miss Stilwell's and Miss Perrin's.

Bertha Boothe, one of the best scholars of the 8 grade, has left school to accept an offer to teach in the country.

The boys of our school have organized a base ball club and so far have met with good success, having beaten the Creighton College Stars and the Long School nine.

In the last JOURNAL an item appeared in the Izard School news, stating that a girl in that school had not been absent since September 1888. We can beat that record as is shown by the following: Abbie Gard of the 8 and Minnie Riley of the 7 grade have not been absent since September 1886, Warren Field of the 8 and Roger Gregg of the 7 have been present since September 1887 and several more since 1888.

Miss Knowlton was called home by the death of her father.

Miss Stilwell has been reading Shakespeare's plays to her pupils.

At last the Board of Education has relieved the crowded condition of our school. Miss Brown has taken the overflow and will teach in the old drug store on Hamilton street.

The Board seated the room with 8 grade seats thinking they would wait until the children grew big enough to fit them, but they finally decided to rescat the room.

Below is given the names of the pupils who stood first in their respective classes in the last examinations; 8 B Minnie Peek, 7 B Bessie Dumont, Clare Baird and Lulu Light, 7 A Belle Ryan, 6 B Grace Sheeley, 6 A Frank Smith, 5 B Lester Hutchinson, 5 A Stuart Gwynne, 4 B Arthur Banker, 4 A Mary Cooper, 3 B Mason Southard, 3 A Lillie Christensen, 2 B Bessie Taylor and Anna Malmagden, 2 A Lizzie Gazen.

Old lady (to grocer boy) "Don't you know, boy, that it is very rude to whistle while dealing with a lady?"

Boy: That's what the boss told me to do, mum.

Old lady: Told you to whistle.

Boy: Yes'm. He said that if we ever sold you anything, we'd have to whistle for the money.

Accident Insurance.

A few days ago the pupils of the 8 grade Farnam School were requested to write a story weaving into it all the words of the mornings spelling lesson, comprising thirty-eight stock-dologers.

If any of our older readers have ever tried to get into a given space a certain No. of words of widely diversified meanings they can appreciate the difficulty of the task.

Below we print one of the essays from this room that was written on that occasion. The capitalized words denote the ones required to be used.

In my RESEARCH for the subject for this essay, I find it is a TICKLISH task, THEREFORE I hope I may be excused if compelled to SACRIFICE some of the rules of grammar.

About a year ago, a STALWART yet SLEEK looking gentleruan entered my office and advancing TOWARD me, said that he desired to occupy a few TINY moments of my time.

He began a conversation on general subjects, including the weather, TELEGRAPHY, ZOOLOGY and also the SACRAMENT.

I remember particularly he became VEILEMENT while speaking about a very large SALMON he had recently caught, to the tail of which a TORTOISE hung tenaciously.

During all his TIRADE I began to wonder the object of his visit when he branched off to accident insurance, and informed me he represented the grandest Mutual Accident association in the world. He spoke of the various kinds of accidents all are likely to meet with, assuring me a policy such as he would furnish would provide me with Indemnity for loss of time caused by accidents of every kind.

Some of accidents for which his company had paid losses were very peculiar.

Three or four cases, I remember in particular, he told me of two doctors who were treating patients who were

suffering from TRICHINAE and VARIOLIOD. The doctors in performing surgical operations poisoned their hands and were unable to attend to their professions for sometime.

Another physician had been poisoned with impure VACCINE!

Another peculiar accident was the injury of an eye by the bursting of a bottle of SARSAPARILLA.

Another gentleman was experimenting with SECKEL pear which he had in a large bottle of alcohol, which, when he was trying it, dropped on his great toe, severing it from his foot.

Another case was of a geologist, who, while examining the STRATA of some rocks revealed by the SUBSIDENCE of the water, the rocks being slippery he fell and broke his knee-cap, which as it happened was REPARABLE.

SUFFICE it to say his company had paid losses for injuries from almost every kind of accidents.

I assured him I did not need any insurance, that I never traveled and was not liable to be injured. He replied that my excuse was but a VAGARY indulged in by persons who had given the matter but little thought. He had RESOURCE to names of many REFERABLE persons as to the truth of his statement and said that such a TENET would not hold good with thinking men.

I walked hither and thither in my office tired of his talk, but he calmly took a copy of the Chicago TRIBUNE from his pocket to read to me an account of a recent rail-road accident in which two trains had made a SIMULTANEOUS effort to cross a one-tracked bridge, both being thrown in the river and the passengers were upset into the SQUALOR beneath.

By this time I had a SATIETY of his talk, but the only way I got rid of him was by taking a policy for \$10,000 the terms of which he said were not REVOCABLE and I would never have cause to issue SUBPOENA or summons

to press any claim in case of injury. I do not consider there is much ROMANCE in the visit of an insurance agent to one's office but think his position that of a SINECURE so our meeting was adjourned SENEDJE.

Flora Ker.
Eight Grade, Farnam.

My Kid Brother.

Who doesn't love the school-boy
With his—Holy smoke my ear,
The little imp has biffed me
With a whizzing leather sphere.

Oh, he done me up last winter
When the snow cubes 'gan to fly
And I thought I'd ne'er forgive him
He pasted me in the eye.

But with springtime, o'er my vision
Came a change, though rather late
And I loved him like a brother
'Till he scalped me with a slate.

But Summer's now approaching
In a boat he'll haunt the wave,
'Till with gun or toy revolver
He will fill a five foot grave.

GIL DEROY.

Biography of J. Herbert Shannon.

John Herbert Shannon was born at Baltimore, Maryland, July 22 1877, and has already traveled through this wilderness fourteen years. He is four feet eight inches tall and weighs about eighty pounds Troy weight.

John Herbert was a great baby to sleep. Many babies when put to sleep have to be watched, but John's mother, when she liad him down in his cradle would go out and stay three or four hours at a time and when she came back there J.H. would be, just as she left him.

When he was but two weeks old, his mother tucked her wee baby into his cradle, where he laid so long on one side, that his head became flat as a pancake. The nurse pressed it and got it into shape again, but his poor mother thought that he would certainly be a dunce the rest of his life, and we fear it is too true, so far.

As a baby, he was remarkable for wanting his own way, and if he could not get it, why he would just jumped up and down in the middle of the floor and bang his head against the table. Alas for Johnnie! The more he banged the more his mother would spank him till he learned in time, not cry for the evening lamp or his father's razor.

When he was five years old his family moved to New York and John Herbert went with them. How could John know at that time that he was in the largest city of the United States, with its elevated roads, high buildings and magnificent streets and squares. No, he was only a baby, and more interested in his first breeches about that time, than in anything else.

John's father went to live in one of the pretty suburbs of New York City, within a stone's throw of the cottage which was once owned by the popular poet, Edgar Allan Poe, but John at that time didn't know a poet from a hand-saw.

A year passed and nothing happened very important. John Herbert was now about six years old, and late the next year there happened something which you will want to hear about.

One night John's older brother built a bonfire. He had in his hand a small, dried cedar branch which he touched to the fire, and in a moment it was all ablaze. He swung it around and hit the subject of this sketch an awful blow right on his poor head again. His hair caught a fire and he ran to the pump, near by, like a white head. It was not long before he had his head under the pump and his brother was pumping on him, like a fire engine. A kind lady, seeing the matter came out and put something on John's head. He doesn't know to this day what it was, but it stung so that he thought he should go wild, and he hollered like a little

fiend. One of the scars of that fiery ordeal can be seen on his forehead yet.

Another adventure which befell our hero was as follows:

One pleasant day seven years ago, he treated himself to a good swim in a small stream about three miles from his home. He didn't expect to stay long, but you know that hours pass very quickly when you are enjoying yourself, so our hero staid in that stream all day, quite forgetting that he was not a fish, and you can imagine the good warming he received on reaching home.

John Herbert always said he felt sorry for the boys and girls of Omaha in not being able to take a dip in the Old Ocean. Many happy summers has he spent on the New Jersey coast, before coming out here in this dreary mud-hole. The breakers would come in mountain-high, with a rush and a roar. It is music to those who love the thunder of the sea.

At last, when John was twelve years old, his family came to Omaha and is now settled down among you on the prairies of Nebraska. His head appears to be a rather good one after all, for if it wasn't it couldn't hold all the information his teacher crams into it.

J. Herbert Shannon.

Davenport.

THE EDEN MUSEE.

The favorite family resort of Omaha. Full of interesting curiosities; war and Indian relics, and stage freaks of nature. Two refined stage performances. Seats free for stage 1; five cents for stage 2. An entire change of programme each week. There is no pleasanter way of spending an afternoon than by visiting the Musee. It is perfectly safe for ladies and children to attend without escorts. No objectionable characters tolerated, and the attaches will see to your comfort.

Open daily from one to ten P. M.
Saturday is children's day. Seats free.

The First Game of the Season.

On April the fifth, the day was Sunday

And some may think they should have waited till Monday

'Twen Omaha and Lincoln there was played a ball game;

That our boys were beaten was indeed a great shame.

There were three thousand people inside the high fence,

And more on near houses e'er the game did commence,

Both our boys and Lincoln's showed up well in training,

And the games was marred by nothing profaning.

When a good play was made, all yelled such away,

That it sounded like donkeys learning to bray.

The home team's a deal stronger than the one of last season,

That we've selected good men is surely the reason.

Griffen did not arrive in time to take part,

And the rest of the boys took it greatly to heart.

Both teams fielded loosely, this of course being due

To the small amount of training our men have been through.

Oh, the Omaha boys did well at the bat,

But on account of their errors, chance of winning fell flat.

Our left-fielder Twitchell muffed two flies,

But when he came to the bat knocked the ball to the skies.

McCauley showed up in great shape on first base,

Making fifteen put-outs with a smile on his face.

This left-hander lined out a corking three sacker,

While Cline took another fresh chew of "ter-backer."

Soon Stafford came in and pitched the game out;

While Traffley caught well and smiled all about.

Tomney, Irwin and Rowe did well with the stick

And the crowd was so still you could hear a bed tick.

On the out side and inside the interest was great

While on top of a carriage stood a man "t' see who'd bate."

Ever and anon you would hear boisterous roar,

And the small boys wildly crying, "O mister! how's the score?"

'Twas in the ninth inning the gates open'd wide

And all the small boys slide quickly inside.

This game with the Lincolns was a pretty close fight.

But the next game our playing will be out of sight.

Eva L. Wilkins.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

We promised, in the last Journal to publish some problems for solution in this issue, but we must disappoint you. The one having this in charge has been unable to be at the office for over two weeks and so was of course unable to attend to it.

We see by some of the letters sent in, that most of the schools have organized base ball nines. Now why not scheme to have an Inter-School League. There is still time this year to have three games all around and this would be sufficient to decide the championship.

The Journal is rather poor just at present but we will go without soda-water and ice-cream this summer and provide something in the line of a penant, if we are able to get this thing started. We wish that all the schools having a club would send us a notification of the fact immediately

and other schools that think the idea a good one would organize and notify us.

□ We have been more than pleased at the favorable impression that the JOURNAL has made this year. We were at one time somewhat discouraged, and felt that we were making a half failure of it. But when we received a few communications, of which the following are but samples, we were greatly cheered.

We hope that your opinion accords with the following:

Walnut Hill.

April 20 1891.

Messrs. Harris & Haynes

Gentlemen:—In reply to your favor of the 13th, would say that I consider the JOURNAL a neat and pleasing little publication. The children like it very much and I am sure not one who has subscribed for it would be willing to give it up.

The reports from the different schools are most eagerly read and discussed.

It does much toward sustaining among pupils, an interest and pride in their school and promote a wholesome spirit of emulation.

Were I to make a criticism it would be upon the occasional clumsiness of an editorial, as, for example, the one relating to the Examining Board in the Feb. number.

This fault, however, will probably diminish with experience.

Thanking you for the honor you do me, I am

Very Sincerely

Rine E. Hamilton.

Prin. Walnut Hill School

We can cheerfully recommend the Public School JOURNAL as a spicy and most effective means through which to advertise, we speak advisedly and

from experience, results having been most gratifying.

Browning, King & Co.

Reliable Clothiers.

15th & Douglas Sts.

As an advertising medium we have found the Public School JOURNAL entirely satisfactory. It reaches a great many homes in Omaha, and is read,—too important considerations with the advertiser.

Very truly yours,

Globe Loan & Trust Co.
Savings Bank.

We have noticed that there are a great many things of interest to the children to be found in the Rubber Stores. We mention in this issue rubber coats and rubber balls.

Eye and Ear Surgeon, E. T. Allen,
M. D. Range Block. Office days,
Mondays, Fridays and Saturdays.
Special rates to teachers and scholars.

THE JOURNAL PICTURE GALLERY.



What is this boy doing? Is he a bad boy? The doctor has said that if his uncle should get excited he would die, and if he should die this boy's mother will have lots of money.

So this dear little boy is going to see if his uncle, will get excited when he sits down and at the same time does not sit down.

If the boy's uncle does not get excited and die he will probably warm the boy's pants-

WAITING.



It was simply absurd! Helmine, "the old maid," at a public masquerade! For nearly fifteen years she had not danced, and to commence again was too ridiculous. Then, too, it was so utterly unlike her to commit such folly, and as she saw her reflection in the tall mirror, enveloped from head to foot in the folds of a light blue domino, the face concealed by a velvet mask, a camellia in the hand, her impulse was to flee then and there. Unfortunately, however, she was not alone, but accompanied by her dressmaker—who acted as a sort of chaperone—and gay, light-hearted Wally. How fervently the child had begged for this pleasure. She had now long lost sight of her young charge, and the modiste, too, had suddenly been charmed from her side, and disappeared in the gay throng.

At this moment she fully realized the enormity of her 36 years—her withered complexion.

Poor little Wally was totally innocent of any part in this little comedy, for had not "Auntie," as she termed Miss Helmine, aroused the child's keen longing to be present by depicting in the most glowing colors the pleasures of an event?

At the last moment, indeed, Miss Helmine had tried to "back out," insisting she was too ill, but their physician, a young man by no means fire-proof to the charms of Miss Wally, was instantly summoned by that young lady, and nothing short of a

favorable verdict could possibly be expected.

After spreading out their ball finery before the young doctor, Wally cried, dramatically: "Is Auntie so ill that all this is doomed to the attic?"

Dr. Lenhard regarded more closely, for he was very nearsighted, the dainty page's costume, and his imagination instantly conjured up the picture of his charmer thus clad. In his embarrassment he grasped Wally's pulse instead of that of her aunt, murmuring confusedly: "The pulse is a trifle excited. Ah, pardon me. That is—all I wanted to say is, Miss Helmine, that you run no risk in taking Miss Wally to—"

Miss Helmine was greatly amused, and her suspicion that the doctor's next visit would be to the costumer was well founded. This, however, gave them the advantage of an escort, which made her feel somewhat easier on that score. Other scruples were speedily overcome, and Wally, now fairly wild with delight, waltzed the invalid about the room.

Ah, to be young once more!

Now, as she felt herself so completely deserted, she deeply repented having come. With painful anxiety she avoided all, seeking some retired spot. Fortunately she was familiar with the rooms and sought out a prettily decorated ante-room, which afforded the desired seclusion. She seated herself in a low arm chair, and listening to the strains of an intoxicating waltz, awaited his coming.

The white camellia was to reveal his identity, yet she felt that instinct would guide her to him without any outward sign. His picture, young, handsome, and grave, was fixed in her mind. Undoubtedly he would be tall and slender the attitude of the head bespoke as much. Ah, his photograph was the painful termination of this little romance.

Before seeing the picture she might still dream of a possibility, but now she realized the stern fact that he must be at least ten years her junior, that those lips were still imbued with the fire of youth—that hope was dead.

The beginning had been so charm-

ing. All the sweet joys of this, her last love affair, passed before her mind as she sat there in all her loneliness.

Sitting one day in the reading-room of a fashionable woman's club an article attracted her attention, headed: "Has Woman's Beauty Substantial Value?" Readers were asked to contribute opinions on the subject, and on the spur of the moment Helmine wrote a short but pithy article extolling spiritual beauty which withers but too soon when unaccompanied by the former. Perhaps these had not always been her sentiments, but her mirror told her that external beauty alone could no longer win her a lover. Shortly after the publication of this article, a letter was transmitted her through the editor of the paper, as her contribution had been anonymous. The writer spoke of his sympathy with the views conveyed by the article, and expressed a belief that he was addressing a beauty of the spiritual kind. He signed himself "Tristan," remarking he had not the courage to reveal himself openly as his heart dictated.

A correspondence ensued which proved both spirited and entertaining, neither disclosing their true names. In this way ideas could be exchanged with more freedom. Although personalities had been avoided, yet each knew the other had not met with that love which alone can give eternal joy. Both had dispositions somewhat tinged with melancholy, and this approaching meeting made them feel as though standing on the brink of a precipice. It seemed strange that Helmine should be an old maid. She certainly had been very pretty, and although without fortune, was the possessor of a fine education, occupying the position of teacher in one of our leading colleges. Many suitors had been hers, but her ideal of man was very lofty, and had not as yet presented himself. Above all he must possess a soul and worship at the shrine of woman.

But to-day, Tristan—what strange emotions thy name calls forth.

She is old, now, too old to have any claim on love—an old maid.

It is so sad not to have outlived, outloved one's life. So sad to die thus.

The more she began to understand him the more she realized their unfitness for each other, and his photograph brought matters speedily to a crisis. Again and again she stared at the somewhat faded picture. How young, how handsome he was. Just the hero for 18-year-old Wally. Helmine had held her present trusted position for the past ten years, and some six years ago Wally had been committed to her care, regarding her as a sort of second mother. Although cousins, Helmine was always addressed as "auntie" by her young charge.

In the sadness of her heart Guilparzu's Sappho came vividly to her mind, Helmine, like Sappho, was in possession of rare intellectual beauties, and a heart which glowed with the passionate fervor of a first love. There was Melitta, the beautiful youthful companion of Sappho and Pharon, whose love both sought.

No, no, she would not lend herself to play a part in the repetition of this sad story. It was then she determined to see "Tristan—Pharon." Seeing Wally was loving her, and as for herself he would esteem her highly, which was all she could now expect.

She wrote, inviting him to come to town, making mention in an off-hand manner, of the young relative, whose youth and cheerfulness sometimes made her forget her own age. An answer to this epistle came the following day. "I am trembling with impatience," he wrote, "for the moment to come which will either verify or crush the fond hopes which have unconsciously arisen within me. I am, alas, far different from what you imagine."

"He comes," said Helmine, "and my joyous dream is dispelled. Ah, it is not only painful; it is humiliating! Is there no way in which to prolong the delusion?"

The following plan suggested itself to her, and she wrote: "That disappointment may not be too keenly felt by either of us, I have devised this plan for our first meeting: Let us attend, in disguise, of course, the masked ball of the Philharmonic Society."

This idea met with his approval, and it was agreed that he appear in a black, she in a blue domino, both carrying in their hand a white camellia. They

would not remove their masks, and not until next day would they look upon each other's countenance. Then she would invite him to her house, receive him in her plain house dress, the charming Wally at her side.

It certainly seemed apparent that Wally was interested in the near-sighted doctor, for had she not lately displayed a wonderful interest in the latest results of Dr. Koch's new method, and was she not posted on facts concerning it like a physician? Still this would hardly make a difference, and Wally would soon come to her senses.

All these thoughts darting through the poor girl's head, made her feel sadly out of place in this gay scene.

A couple of masks passed by, carrying on a lively dispute of some kind. There, too, was Wally in her dainty page's dress. Helmine had been prepared to swear that the ribbons on her shoes were blue, but perhaps the light was at fault. Certainly, there stumbled a near-sighted Huguenot, undoubtedly the Doctor.

Helmine remained shy and humbled in her velvet seat, regarded fixedly the frescoes on the opposite wall. Sounds of music echoed from the distant ball-room. Her mask fairly burned her hot face. What folly was she committing, and for what purpose? Had love and happiness indeed parted company with her forever?

Her thoughts were beginning to be unbearable.

Suddenly a black mask, holding a white camellia, stands before her. She seeks self-control, for he must never guess her thoughts. He is evidently tall and slender, and in a polished, gentlemanly way excuses himself for having kept her waiting at all, pleading his ignorance of the rooms, etc. He takes her hand, and his warm clasp says far more plainly than the white camellia: "Isolde, it is I."

A feeling of tenderness takes possession of her, and a sadness born of lost youth. She throws it off, however, and chats pleasantly without apparently being embarrassed by her uncomfortable feelings at this masquerade. There they sat quietly side by side, yet the lifting of those masks might reduce to misery two longung

hearts. She tried to prepare him gradually by reciting wittily her many doubts and the disappointments connected with her appearance at the ball, and how the evening had seemed spoiled before it had fairly commenced. To this he replied bitterly: "Life is all one sad disappointment."

Hesitatingly, "Perhaps" passed over her lips.

The crisis had now arrived, and with manly decision he said: "Let us throw off these masks; I, for one, have not told you the whole truth."

"Nor I."

"I have deceived you, Isolde. That photograph is certainly my own, but it was taken twenty years ago, and since then I have passed through a severe illness. I can lay no claim to love—I am old."

With a cry of delight she tore off her mask. "So am I; so am I," she almost shouted, forgetting all. "You are joking," he managed to say, for Helmine did not realize how youthful and pretty she looked in her excitement. Pushing back the hood of her domino, she said: "See, Tristan, see. I have many hairs. I am 36 years old, nearly 40. Just think!"

"And I," he said, showing a head thickly covered with gray curls, am far over 40. I did not wish to tell you, to dispel your delusion, but I could keep silent no longer." And they were both childishly happy over their gray hairs.

At this moment a page entered the room, a Huguenot in hot pursuit. "Ah, please Miss Wally," the latter cried in a breathless, pleading tone. The page turned, "Miss Wally? Sir, you are mistaken." And the young dandy strutted on with much indignation. Another page now came forward from an opposite direction, and wearing the unmistakable blue ribbon on his sleeves. Lightly tapping the hapless Huguenot on the shoulder he said: "Let us leave this court, my dear sir, that your nearsightedness may not cause you more embarrassment."

Two happy couples, one far younger than the other, left that "Masked Ball."

Adapted from the German by Margaret Bartlinger.

Strong minds are like firm grained wood, which kindles slowly, but burns long.

SCIENCE AND PROGRESS.

CURIOUS INFORMATION FOR EN- QUIRING MINDS.

How Celluloid is Made--The Needle Does Not Mark the True North--The Smallest Steam Engine--Hypnotism in Dentistry.

It is a Novelty in Launches.

Naval officials are watching with interest the result of a number of experiments by the English Government with the electrical launch. The first craft built for the government was launched into the Thames from the yard of her builders. The pinnacle is called the Electric, and, according to her builders, is certain to do away with the bad-smelling, dirty, noisy and bulky steam engines which are to be found in all the house boats on the rivers of the civilized world.

The new craft is open, 48.6 feet long and 9 feet of beam. She is to be used for the conveyance of troops between the dock yards of Chatham and Sheerness, and is able to transport with perfect comfort forty soldiers. The electrical accumulators are concealed beneath the seats, the motor and propeller working with singular ease. There is little or no vibration. The vessel's speed is about ten miles an hour. She can be got in readiness for a trip at a minute's notice, no engineer being required, the most inexperienced person being able to take charge of her. The craft can run for ten consecutive hours on a single charge of electricity.

Since the vessel was launched the builders have been flooded with orders; the last coming from the Mexican Government. Baron Rothschild is also to have one and all the prominent boatmen of the river intend to list their names as purchasers of an electric pleasure boat. An American builder, learning of the success of the Electric, has decided to start a department for the sole construction of the craft. He thinks that in two years' time the Har- en and Hudson

rivers and the bays will be crowded with electric launches and that all the big steam yachtsmen will get one or more boats as tenders.

How Celluloid is Made.

While everybody has heard of or seen or used celluloid, only a few know what it is composed of, or how it is made. A roll of paper is slowly unwound, and at the same time saturated with a mixture of five parts of sulphuric acid, which falls upon the paper in a fine spray. This changes the cellulose of the paper into propylin gun-cotton. The excess of the acid having been expelled by pressure the paper is washed with plenty of water until traces of the acid have been removed. It is then reduced to a pulp and passes to the bleaching trough. Most of the water having been got rid of by means of a strainer, the pulp is mixed with twenty to forty per cent. of its weight in camphor, and the mixture is thoroughly triturated under millstones. The necessary coloring having been added in the form of powder, a second mixing and grinding follows. The finely divided pulp is then spread out in thin layers on slabs, and from twenty to twenty-five layers are placed in a hydraulic press, separated from one another by sheets of blotting paper, and are subject to a pressure of 150 atmospheres, until all traces of moisture have disappeared. The matter is then passed between rollers heated to 140° to 150° F., whence it issues in the form of elastic sheets.—The Colliery Engineer.

The Needle Does Not Mark the True North.

The old saying, "True as the needle to the pole," is quite misleading, because three people in five who use it are thinking of the North Pole, while the fact is that the termini of the earth's axis are not coincident with the magnetic poles. It was of great importance to navigators in northern latitudes to determine the exact posi-

tion of the north magnetic pole in order to make the needle a perfectly trustworthy guide. One day nearly sixty years ago, while the famous polar traveler, Sir John Ross, was sledging over the ice hummocks north of this continent, he found a place on the western shore of Boothia Felix, where the dipping needle wholly lost its directive power and stood with in one minute of the vertical. This discovery enabled Greeley, at Lady Franklin bay, when he found his needle pointing nearly southwest, to determine the true north by a few minutes' calculation. The position of the south magnetic pole has also been approximately determined, and not a sea captain sails the ocean to-day who is not greatly indebted to these discoveries. These magnetic poles slowly move back and forth across the polar area. They have probably changed their position since they were found, and scientific men a while ago were urging the importance of sending out expeditions to relocate them.—Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.

Flies of Long Ago.

The chief supplies of amber, which is a fossil gum that exuded from pines and other trees perhaps two million years ago, came from the bed of the Baltic sea in northern Prussia. Many of the lumps of amber contain insects of various kinds, leaves, parts of flowers, etc., which became entangled when the gum was soft, and have been perfectly preserved through all the intervening ages to the present time. Prof. Richard Klebs of Konigsberg has been studying the fossil insects during the last twelve years, in which time several hundred thousand specimens of amber have passed through his hands. His work has yielded many facts of great scientific interest, such as the discovery of insects between the gnats and the short-winged flies, and much knowledge concerning the early history of ants. The most numerous represented of the insects found are two-winged flies, of which 20,000 have been counted from these

ancient flytraps. Lice, gnats and mosquitoes are not numerous. Some 4,000 specimens of beetles have been noted, and 5,000 members of the white ant and the dragon-fly family, besides cockroaches, crickets, locusts, leaf-insects, and more than 1,000 kinds of butterflies and moths. The amber encloses also spiders, centipedes, and even parts of birds, lizards and other creatures.

The Smallest Steam Engine.

It is said that Thos. Ticknor, of Parkhill, Ont., has succeeded, after five years of experimenting and labor, in completing one of the most unique and ingenious mechanical contrivances ever seen. It is a perfect model of a steam engine, complete in every detail, and works with the accuracy and ease of a Corliss. The dimensions and capacity of the little engine are as follows: Diameter of cylinder, 1.48 of an inch, stroke, 1.32 of an inch; weight, 1/2 of a grain; bore of cylinder, .3125 of an inch; revolution, 1,760 per minute; horse-power, .12490 part of horse-power.

The little thing is so small that it can easily be covered with the shell of a 22 calibre cartridge, being two-thirds smaller than the famous Waterbury engine that attracted so much attention at the last Centennial. Mr. Ticknor used to charge a fee for seeing the little engine in perfect running order, and performing in miniature the same work as the most massive engines constructed, but he has now added it to the many interesting sights in his shop in that town.—Am. Manf. and Iron World.

Hypnotism in Dentistry.

Hypnotism in dentistry is one of the latest developments of the art. An interesting experiment was described at a meeting of a Dental Association. A lady patient, he said, consulted him recently as to the extraction of a very firmly embedded right lower first molar. As she had previously been hypnotized for headaches and other ailments, and always proved a suscepti-

ble subject, her medical adviser suggested that she should be hypnotized before the tooth was pulled. The lady consented, and the doctor hypnotized her in Mr. Robert's operating room. When she was quite under influence she was asked to walk to the dental chair and did so. Mr. Roberts then asked her to open her mouth, and told her that the tooth would be extracted without any pain. She obeyed and did not evidence the slightest pain while the tooth was being pulled up. The patient was then awakened; she said she had not felt the removal of the tooth; neither has she experienced any discomfort since.

Tobacco Rendered Harmless.

Smokers may be pleased to learn that a method has been discovered of rendering tobacco harmless to mouth, heart, and nerves, without detriment to its aroma. A piece of cotton wool steeped in a solution (5 to 10 per cent.) of pyrogallol acid inserted in the pipe or cigar holder will neutralize any possible effects of the nicotine. In this way not only may the generally admitted evils of smoking be prevented, but cirrhosis of the liver, which in Dr. Gautrelet's experience is sometimes caused by tobacco, and such lighter penalties of over indulgence as headache and furring of the tongue may be avoided. Citric acid, which was recommended by Vigier for the same purpose, has the serious disadvantage of spoiling the taste of the tobacco.

Science in Schools.

A scientist has been making a plea for the introduction of science into school courses. He says it should not be a matter of experimenting with gases and acids, with air pumps and electrical machines, but it should be brought home as nature's message to the hearts as well as to the minds of the young. It should teach them justice and impress on them that there is a right, that there is a true, that there are moral balances as well as chemical ones, and that there are

conditions of moral stability and instability just as of chemical or mechanical or electrical. "The teacher who cannot extract moral instruction and inspiration out of physical science ought to leave it alone—whether he is fit to teach anything is a question."

A Cement for Iron.

The following mixture for the cementing of iron is strongly recommended, says the Engineer. Equal parts of sulphur and white lead, with about one-sixth proportion of borax, are the constituents of the mixture, and the three should be thoroughly incorporated together so as to form one homogeneous mass. When the composition is to be applied it should be wetted with strong sulphuric acid, and a thin layer of it should be placed between the two pieces of iron to be connected, these being at once pressed together. The cement will hold so firmly as to resist the blow of a steam hammer, and dry so completely in a few days as to leave no trace of cement, the work then presenting the appearance of welding.

The Electric Light at a Seance.

It is quite possible nowadays to carry an electric battery concealed in the heel of one's boot, and sometimes in the toe. A gentleman who had a contrivance of this kind attended a ghostly seance in London, and while the interesting phenomena of the supernatural were in full swing he turned on the electric current and illuminated the transparent fraud. One of the mediums was plainly discernible as an exceedingly solid ghost, skilfully attired in muslin to suit the gullibility of the wonder-struck crowd.

Vegetal Butter.

A pure and wholesome butter substitute, especially for cooking purpose, is being made in Germany and Holland. It is what its name implies, a fatty substance, which resembles butter, but contains no fat. It consists only of combinations of vegetal oils extracted from cocoanuts and other

plants or fruit which contain oil. Vegetal butter requires salt when used, as none is employed in the process of its manufacture. Its retail price is 16 cents per pound.

Lighting the Fire by Electricity.

A lady has brought electricity into domestic use. Being without a servant, and not caring to go downstairs on a December morning and light her own fire, she fitted up a wire communication between her own bed-head and the kitchen grate. She was thus able to light her fire by electricity without stirring out of bed.

Scientific Notes.

An Australian photographer is reported to get excellent pictures of objects at a distance of 16 miles.

A St. Petersburg druggist tips cigars with a preparation that lights, like a match, on rubbing against a hard surface.

Experiment tends to show that the edges of the flame of a petroleum lamp give from 37 to 38 per cent less light than the flat surface.

The newest boiler represents a large heating surface and takes up little room. It is made of tubes. Things seem to run to tubes and tubercles these times.

The Royal Meteorological society of London has received an account of a lightning stroke in Ireland which shattered the shells of some eggs without breaking the inner membrane.

Near Bordeaux, France, there is a buoy in the harbor which is connected with the main land by telephone. Ships arriving can thus communicate with their owners.

In the new discovery for photography in natural colors, when the prints are viewed by transmitted in place of reflected light each color is replaced by its complementary one.

Virus taken from hares is being experimented with in France, and thus

far it has been found to work equally well for the purpose of vaccination as virus taken from calves.

It has recently been shown that when cast and malleable iron are used in the same structure a galvanic action is set up between them, and the malleable iron is corroded.

Cork covering for steam pipes has proved very successful in England, and in some cases it has been found to make a difference of 100 to 124 degs. from the temperature of uncovered pipes.

Prof. Thomson has recently shown very plainly that between the carbons of an arc light there pours a steady stream of carbon vapor, and the light is derived almost exclusively from the enormous heated surface at which the evaporation takes place.

Gold Buried in American Cemeteries.

The Americans are said to be the best dentists in the world. It requires some faith, however, in statistics to believe that they use annually 1,800 lbs. of gold in stopping decayed teeth, worth about £90,000. However, that is what Mr. Victor Menner says. This gold is never recovered, of course, but is buried with the persons in whose mouths it is placed. Making allowance for the rapid increase of the population of the United States, and for the continued deterioration of American teeth, it appears that in less than 100 years the American cemeteries will contain a larger amount of gold than now exists in England.

An Obsolete Army Custom.

A curious incident marked the career of the late Sir Leicester Smyth. At the time of the last European war in which England was engaged, the custom—now become obsolete—was observed of granting to the bearer of despatches announcing a victory a sum of £500 and promotion in rank. The then Major Smyth brought home the official notification of the fall of Sebastopol, and received the customary reward and the brevet rank of lieutenant-colonel.

GEN. GRANT'S SPEECH.

A Story Which the Late Gen. Sherman Was Fond of Telling.

The following characteristic anecdote of Gen. Grant was told, and illustrated with exquisite humor, by Gen. Sherman at a little dinner:

"Grant and I were at Nashville, Tenn., after the battle of Chattanooga. Our quarters were in the same building.

"One day Grant came into the room that I used for an office. I was very busy, surrounded with papers, muster rolls, plans, specifications, etc., etc. When I looked up from my work I saw he seemed a good deal bothered, and, after standing around awhile, with his hands deep down in his trousers' pockets, he said:

"Look here; there are some men here from Galena."

"Well?" I said.

"Looking more uncomfortable every minute, he went on:

"They've got a sword they want to give me," and, looking over his shoulder and jerking his thumb in the same direction, he added:

"Will you come in?"

"He looked quite frightened at the idea of going to face them alone, so I put some weights on my several piles of papers to keep them from blowing around and went into the next room, followed by Grant, who by this time looked as he might if he'd been going to be court-martialed. There we found the mayor and some members of the board of councilmen of Galena. On a table in the middle of the room was a handsome rosewood box containing a magnificent gold hilted sword with all the appointments equally splendid.

"The mayor stepped forward and delivered what was evidently a carefully prepared speech, setting forth that the citizens of Galena had sent him to present to Gen. Grant the accompanying sword, not as a testimonial to his greatness as a soldier, but as a slight proof of their love and esteem for him as a man, and their pride in him as a fellow citizen.

"After delivering the speech, the mayor produced a large parchment

scroll, to which was attached by a long blue ribbon a red seal as big as a pancake, and on which was inscribed a set of complimentary resolutions. These he proceeded to read to us, not omitting a single 'whereas' or 'hereunto.' And after finishing the reading he rolled it up and with great solemnity and ceremony handed it to Grant.

"Gen. Grant took it, looked ruefully at it and held it as if it burnt him. Mrs. Grant, who had been standing beside her husband, quietly took it from him, and there was dead silence for several minutes. Then Grant, sinking his head lower on his chest and hitching his shoulders up higher, and looking thoroughly miserable, began hunting in his pockets, diving first in one then in another, and at last said: 'Gentlemen, I knew you were coming here to give me this sword, and so I prepared a short speech,' and with a look of relief he drew from his trousers pocket a crooked, crumpled piece of paper and handed it to the mayor of Galena, adding, 'and, gentlemen, here it is!'

The Monkey and the Cigar.

A correspondent of the London Telegraph relates the following incident: Some years ago I was bringing two monkeys home from the West Indies, which I had named "Jack" and "Jill." Jack was a brown monkey about the size of a fox terrier, while Jill was smaller, and of the sort known as "white-faced." One day Jack was indulging his curiosity in diving into my pockets, and among other things fished out a cigar. He smelled it, and before I could stop him bounded off to his cage with his prize. Jill rushed after him to see what he had got, and he considerably allowed her to smell and no more. Then he tore it up and began to chew it, and presently worked himself up into an ecstasy of delight, taking the half-chewed cigar from his mouth and smearing it over his face and body with maudlin satisfaction. Jill sat the while at the other end of the cage regarding her lord and master with wondering interest, but afraid to disturb his revels, though she once or

twice crept cautiously up to obtain a nearer view of the cause of all this excitement, and to make a sly attempt to get hold of it. Jack's excitement began to get too much for him, and he rolled about in his straw and twisted himself into all sorts of contortions in uncontrollable delight and at last fell down in a helpless state of intoxication. Thereupon Jill carefully covered him over with straw and mounted guard over him, energetically resisting any attempt on my part to see how he fared. She remained steadily at her post until he awoke and emerged from his covering, looking very, very seedy, sick, and sorrowful.

In Olden Times.

Early in the century the old church bell on Meeting House hill, in Dorchester, Mass., used to ring at 11 o'clock every forenoon to announce to the working people of the neighborhood when it was time to take their 11 o'clock drink.

Danger!

It is fearful to contemplate the prospect of oratory in this country. Its promised profusion is great. It is estimated that there are over 8,000 teachers of elocution in the United States.

Knight Him.

A foreign watchmaker has patented a device by which, an hour or two before a clock runs down, the word "wind" will appear at an opening in the dial.

He Wants the Earth.

The man who is in trouble is satisfied with a gleam of prosperity, but the man who is shipwrecked wants the earth.

WORKS OF PREHISTORIC MAN

Some Remarkable Ancient Sculptures Found in Northwestern America.

James Terry has just published descriptions and photographs of some of the most remarkable works of prehistoric man yet discovered on the American continent, says Alfred B. Wallace in Nature. They represent three rude,

yet bold, characteristic, and even life-like sculptures of simian heads, executed in basalt. One of these belongs to Prof. O. C. Marsh, who referred to it in the following terms: "On the Columbia river I found evidence of the former existence of inhabitants much superior to the Indians at present there, and of which no tradition remains. Among many stone carvings which I saw there were a number of heads which so strongly resembled those of apes that the likeness at once suggests itself. Whence came these sculptures and by whom were they made?" Unfortunately we have no detailed information as to the conditions under which these specimens were found except that "they would be classed as 'surface finds' from the fact that the shifting sand dunes, which were largely utilized for burial purposes, are continually bringing them to the surface." This gives no indication of their antiquity, but is quite compatible with any age which their other characteristics may suggest.

The size of the heads varies from 8 to 10 inches in total height. The three are so different from each other that they appear to represent three distinct animals; and, so far as I can judge, they all differ considerably from the heads of any known anthropoid apes. In this respect they are more human; yet the general form of the head and face, the low and strongly ridged forehead, and the ridges on the head and cheeks seem to point to a very low type of anthropoid.

Taking into consideration the enormous antiquity of the stone mortars and human remains found in the auriferous gravels of California, buried under the ancient lava streams and associated with a flora and fauna altogether different from that of any part of America at the present time, Mr. Terry's own conclusion appears the more probable. It is, "either that the animals which these carvings represent once existed in the Columbia valley, or that, in the remote past, a migration of natives from some region containing these monkeys reached this valley, and left one of the vivid im-

pressions of their former surroundings in these imperishable sculptures." The latter alternative appears to me, for many reasons to be highly improbable; and though the former will seem to many persons to be still more improbable, I am inclined provisionally to accept it.

Souvenir Postal Cards.

In foreign countries it is the custom to carry for the 1 cent postal card postage ornamental cards that are sold in every city and town that tourists visit by the shopkeepers and stationers. These are called souvenir cards. They are printed on the face much the same as the government postal card, while the back is ornamented with views of interesting localities or cartoons or jokes. You can buy these cards on the tops of the mountains in Switzerland or in the shops of big cities and towns that interest the traveler. If you skip a cent stamp on the face of one of these cards and write out an address it will be carried anywhere just the same as the government card. But the funniest thing about it is that the United States mail will deliver it, too, to any American address, although it withholds the same privilege from its own citizens unless they put letter postage on the card. Now, isn't this an amusing and likewise an indefensible inconsistency? I have sent lots of these foreign postal cards home when I have been traveling, and know what I am talking about. It is the general custom abroad to use these illustrated postal cards as little reminders to faraway friends that the traveler is keeping them in mind. It is an interesting custom, and why can't Uncle Sam do the same thing for his own citizens? American storekeepers could get up a collection of handsome souvenir cards, with views that are picturesque and noteworthy, or with other ornamentation that is characteristic of American art.

Beasts of Burden.

Among the earliest hieroglyphical records of man in the East we find

beasts of burden playing an important part as the servants of our race, but we do not find any trace of the migration of these useful animals from the eastern to the western hemisphere. They are undoubtedly with one exception natives of the East and they were found there by the early tribes who invaded the country from America. The horse may have been the one exception for the fossil remains of several species are found in this country, but there is no evidence or probability that any of them were ever domesticated or used as beasts of burden.

She Forgave Him.

Husband. "I won enough money last night at poker to get you a new dress."

Wife (sobbing). "I think you might stop playing those horrid cards, John. You know what it may lead to in the end, and to think that I should ever be the wife of a gambler. This is t-t-too much. What kind of a dress shall I get?"

An Implied Refusal.

Harry—Did she positively refuse you?

Jack (dejectedly)—Not exactly. When I asked her if she ever thought of marrying, she said she had never yet had a man ask her about it.

LIVE FORMS IN SUGAR.

• Philadelphia Professor Says They Are Due to Snakes and Lizards.

"It seems hardly fair to offend sensitive stomachs by revealing such knowledge, remarked Prof. Henry Leffman, the well-known chemist, in discussing the story in the Philadelphia Inquirer about the insects in sugar, but the presence of these mites in the cheaper varieties is due to such things as bugs, lizards and little snakes which are ground up with the cane. In the tropics, where sugar cane thrives best, all kinds of small animal life are exceedingly abundant. This is especially the case with lizards and small snakes, which abound in the cane-

fields. Bugs of all sizes and varieties are also very plentiful. If the effort was made it would be almost impossible to keep these creatures entirely out of the bundles of cane which go into the grinder and pot, but the people who prepare the product are notoriously careless in matters of cleanliness, and quantities of such filth get into the raw sugar in this way. In fact, I have heard that so great quantity gets in that sometimes it becomes a commercial consideration with the refiners.

"According to the latest view of science sugars can not give rise to the presence or support these small forms of animal life. They require nitrogenous matters, of which absolutely pure sugar contains none. This matter is, however, supplied in the sugar in the manner I have already explained. Now, in this connection it should also be fully explained that the last vestige of this filth is removed by perfect refining. Refined sugar is just as clean as anything else, and only dirty in sentiment. In the cheap, low grade sugars the insects, which have sprung from the nitrogenous matter supplied by the bodies of snakes, bugs, and lizards, are most liable to be found. I have not given the subject special investigation, but in the low grade sugars they are very prevalent. In order to make an intermediate sugar some dealers mix the partly refined product with white sugars and in this manner spread the mites. Now, as to their effect on the health. They have really no significance in the human stomach. I do not share the view that they are likely to create trouble. The acids in the stomach readily destroy them, though in the sugar they show great tenacity to life. So, therefore, as a menace to the health of the community I do not believe they are entitled to any serious consideration.

"To digress a little, for these bugs are not a very palatable subject, nearly all refiners are now using ultramarine to make their sugar white. There is a special demand now for very white sugars, and the demand has given rise to the practice of employing this substance as a coloring agency. It is not,

however, a poisonous substance. It contains no poisonous metal, and so small a quantity gets into the stomach that it really does little or no damage, but the principle is wrong and should be forbidden by law. It has a tendency to lead in the direction of practices of adulteration, which may prove highly injurious, just as the habit of coloring cakes led to the use of chrome yellow a few years ago. The presence of ultramarine in sugar is sometimes manifest in a bluish tint in the sugars. These sugars with the bluish tint are very popular. Its presence may also be detected by dissolving sugar in water, in which case it will form a bluish precipitate. Ultramarine is made by roasting aluminous compounds with soda and sulphur, and as I have remarked, is not dangerous."

Building Pyramids.

In the building of pyramids the early Americans appear to have taken the lead, and practiced it far more extensively than any of their descendants in the eastern world; in fact, the building of pyramids and the construction of mounds of earth and stone would seem to have been the principal and most important of all public works in the Central American states and northward for many centuries. The purpose for which these structures were erected changed somewhat, no doubt, as the ideas and religious practices changed, but all the great pyramids were not built for worship and sacrifices to the gods, for there is no pyramid, said Stevens, in Egypt with a palace or temple on it, and there is no pyramidal structure in this country (Central America,) without. The pyramids of the east, according to Herodotus, were originally coated with stone from base to apex, while those of this country have flattened summits, with flights of steps for convenience of ascent and descent. In numbers and size, those of a single state in Mexico far exceed those of all Egypt, and Cortez, in a letter to Charles V., said that he counted four hundred of these structures at Cholula, and one of them measured by Humboldt was 162

feet high and covered an area of forty-five acres, or nearly four times as large as the Great Cheops of Egypt. The ruins of these great structures are not only very numerous in Mexico, but throughout Central America, and they show how dense the population must have been in ancient times and what a prodigious amount of labor was expended in their construction.

Have a Good Cry.

"Carry on" if you wish to before you go under the doctor's knife. A French physician has declared in favor of a "good cry." He says that groaning and crying during a surgical operation brings down the pulse and benefits the patient.

Ingratitude.

The Atchison Globe says: If you keep your ears open in your association with men, you will hear them complain oftener of the ingratitude of friends than of the injustice of enemies.

TRAINED INTO THIEVERY.

An Incident in a Store as Narrated By the Catcher of the Criminal.

A tall square-shouldered man, with a florid face, drooping black moustache, and shrewd eyes was walking leisurely about the floor of a large silverware establishment in New York, taking quick glances at the faces of the crowd trading at the counters. A close observer might have seen him stop short in his walk at one point, and fix his gaze upon a boy who stood with a lady before one of the show-cases. Then he dropped back into the shadow of a staircase and stood watching the pair. What he says he saw was as follows:

The lady was looking at silver spoons. She was elegantly dressed, handsome, and possessed the air of one occupying an enviable social position. The boy at her side, who might have been 10 years old, was also expensively dressed, and his face resembled that of the woman sufficiently enough to indicate that the two were mother and son. The boy, however, had a sharp,

wicked expression of the eyes, and there was a hang-dog droop to his head quite remarkable in one apparently so well born.

The man watching him from behind the stair-case emerged presently from the shadow and advanced to the mother of the boy. When he had got the lady's attention he said: "Madam, is this lad here your son?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Well, I am a detective and I shall have to ask you and him to come to the manager's office. The boy appears to be dishonest."

The boy had heard the words, and his sharp eyes were returned to the face of the detective.

"She didn't have nothing to do with it," said he, indicating his mother by a nod of the head. "She's only been me mother for a little while. Big Slim will tell yer who I am."

The face of the lady had turned as pale as death, and the detective looked perplexed. He saw that the case was a mysterious one, and when he repeated his request that the lady should accompany him to the private office of the manager he remarked that perhaps matters could be explained. Trembling the woman followed the detective, and with them went the boy, to the office designated. There the detective informed the manager that he had discovered the boy putting silver spoons in his pockets while the mother was examining the wares; that the lady seemed innocent, and might wisely be allowed to make an explanation of her son's conduct. The manager looked at the diminutive thief and then at the high-bred woman.

"Well, well," said he; "this is most extraordinary. Madam, what possessed your boy to do this thing?"

The lady told the manager of the establishment who she was, the wife of a reputable and wealthy broker, and said that the boy with her was her son. Owing to circumstances which it would be impossible to explain, the boy had been placed in the hands of a woman who had been the mother's nurse, and from that moment until a month ago this woman had reared him. The wo-

man was thought to be honest and respectable, but, as was learned by the real parents nearly ten years after she took charge of the child, she had married a notorious criminal, who, as the adopted father of the boy, trained him to the profession of a thief. The lady begged her confessor to believe that only the most desperate circumstances had compelled her to forsake her child during its tender years, and as soon as she was able to acknowledge it as her own she had gone to the city where it was living and taken it home. The boy, she said, would change. He was only doing what he had been taught from his birth was right.

The manager listened attentively to the lady's story, and when she had finished he advised the detective to allow her and her child to go. The boy turned over the half dozen spoons he had appropriated, looked sullenly at the detective, and took his mother's arm with the air of having made all the restitution that could be expected of him.

When the detective had told that story, he added: "That's the first time I ever thought thieves were made and not born. Just think of it."

Professional Secrets.

A commercial traveler has given away the secrets of the profession in conversation with a friend, says the Detroit Free Press. "Most traveling men," he said, "have little schemes of their own that they work to defray incidental expenses. My strong point is dealing in Canadian coins. My territory is in Ohio, and in all Ohio cities and towns Canadian coins are discounted 20 cents on the dollar. Twenty-five cent pieces pass for 20 cents and the half dollars for 40 cents. I have \$20 worth of quarters and halves in my sachel now that I bought in Toledo to-day for \$16. In Detroit I use them to pay hotel and cigar bills and realize their face value."

The Suez Canal.

It may surprise many to learn that the purely American commerce that passes through the "Soo" canal be-

tween Lakes Superior and Huron is much larger than all the world's commerce that annually finds its way through the Suez Canal, both in the number of vessels and their tonnage, yet figures prove it. During 1889 9,679 vessels of 7,221,986 tonnage passed through the "Soo" against 3,425 vessels of 6,783,187 tonnage through the Suez. And the American canal is only open a part of the year.

The Difference.

"What is the difference between biography and autobiography, papa?" asked Johnnie.

"One shows a man as he is and the other shows him as he thinks he is."

Use the Plainest Language.

"I have often noticed," says a writer in the New York Continent, "that young people have a way of poring over dictionaries and books for the purpose of finding high-sounding and uncommon words to use in mystifying and crushing their plain-spoken friends. Nothing more clearly indicates bad taste and lack of education. Ignorant negroes are always listening for new words, but poverty of thought cannot be disguised in a prodigality of long and luxuriant words. To a man of ideas the use of uncommon words is a detriment. He wants the ability to express himself, but should use only the simplest words, so that his idea can be the more readily understood and comprehended by the greatest possible number of people. As your language becomes more refined, as vulgar people say, your circle of listeners narrows down, and you have not even the satisfaction of knowing that you have the very best audience, as many of the brightest and strongest intellects have not received the best educations. A man of ideas has no need of many or attractive words."

The People Pay.

The Empress Elizabeth of Austria is having built on the island of Cortu a palace that will contain 128 rooms and cost nearly 1 million dollars. Of course the people pay the bill.

OUR PREMIUM LIST.

THE JOURNAL must enlarge its subscription list. To do this we want the help of our friends. We give below a list of premiums for new subscribers. We hope that there will be a great number sent in. Remember the price, 25 cents for those in school, 35 cents for outside subscriptions. Send in your names with the money as soon as secured and we will place them to your credit. Besides these premiums we offer a prize of \$3.00 to the one who sends in the largest list. If you wish sample copies of the JOURNAL or any advice send to the publishers, HARRIS & HAYNES, 922 Farnam St.

Two Cabin Boys. Now, boys, here is another of the few books that you read about. The story of the shipwreck, perils and rescue of the two cabin boys. There is not a better book on the market. Given for fifteen new names.

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The Nineteenth Century Robinson Crusoe. Here is "the" book. The nineteenth century man beat the original all hollow. The original Crusoe of DeFoe had a whole ship to take supplies, while this one only had an anchor, a piece of rope and some nails to start housekeeping with. He also had more sense than to build a boat so far from water that he was

never able to get it afloat. Given for ten new subscribers.

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Boys' Catchers' Gloves. The base ball season will soon be here and gloves will be necessary. The JOURNAL has se-

cured an excellent glove. The glove made of good leather; the right is full, the left hand short fingered; well padded and leather lined. These gloves given for ten new subscribers.

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Yours truly,

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