The Road to Fame.

There's no good reason to live in this progressive age,
When every dance may claim to be a sage;
When ignorance is said to be your pass,
And merit's measured by the ballroom's praise.

When money's definite stalks in rich brocades,
And proudly says all things for it were made,
Whose pamplemousse does your scarlet bear a leader's mark,
With borrowed pride and breeding more than full.

Yet why should we with worth embowered be,
Since this is anciently a road to fame?
Our course is set, and every path looks bright,
With weighty pate, not by depth of mind.

The world shall judge how far you are refu'd,
As ignorant as you may of the judgment bright.
That more you cherish and the better man,
No guest will ask, How came you to this hall?

When blindness nods or 'er your Sawing glass.
A broadcloth suit, with shining chain and ring,
Can make yourself a prince, and sire a king!
Be dress'd, be great, be rich, no matter how,
E'en though begun your name a stolen cow.

Who's to-day, then, with plundering fraught for wealth,
In search of right, his days and health,
Whose Crime's colonial stride will wind him fast,
And place him first where Truth had placed him last?

Influence and distinction swiftly flow,
As bound by Villainy's impelling blow.
And he's increased by every added beam,
So much by fraud by daily wrongs increase.

Who steals their billows wise the Golden Fleece.
New rice on rice heap mountain high;
Drink, cheat, extort, blaspheme and lie;
Be bold and reckless in your course of crime.

Appraising hypocrites shall shout, Sublime,
Your master's aid at "two-and-fifty" skim the road.
The man whose blade oft moved your stubbly chin
And winds up drunken brawls by "honor's code.

Not keeping, but by breaking God's command.
For angry fiends, or future punishments.
At truth and Justice scowl; at honor swear:
At most, a year will do for penitence.

A stolen loaf entails a life of shame.
Applauding hypocrites will shout, Sublime,
Drink, cheat, extort, blaspheme and lie;
New vice on vice heap monstrosity high.

And heat's increased by every added beam,
Influence and distinction swiftly flow.
A broadcloth suit, with shining chain and ring,
When blindly nodding o'er your flowing glass.

Acquire as best you may of all you can;
The world shall judge how far you are refu'd.
No guest will ask. How came you to the brass?
By weight of pocket, not by depth of mind.

Since they alone are great, from honor free
With borrowed pride and breeding more than full.
Tet why should we with worth encumbered be,
And proudly says all things for it were made.

Thrice happy we to live in this progressive age,
When every dance may claim to be a sage;
When ignorance is said to be your pass,
And merit's measured by the ballroom's praise.

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behind it. It should not, however, be cut off on that account.

(2) The Danube Nose.—This is a very effective nose for a young lady, especially when sitting at needlework or embroidery. Plain work—some article of domestic wear—is perhaps the best. Also when pouring out tea. Monosyllabic utterers under the sanction of such a nose may carry with them the weight of holiness, and denote feelings of the fewest pretensions.

(3) The Hopiayaka Desejurateote Nose.—The hachyral sences in the neighborhood of this nose are always abundant, and each tear, as it slowly falls from the eye, takes a diagonal course towards the point of the nose, whence it drips useless periodically removed by the use of the pocket-handkerchief. A rather useful and money-making nose, if properly applied.

(4) The Bnuteate Nose.—This nose accompanies small and refined features. It is small itself and very white. It may be known by the incessant working of the nostril and an inevitable tendency to "sniff" at everything, to the no small annoyance of its fellow-creatures. Its usual expression is that of disgust. This style of nose may dazzle for awhile but can never retain solid friends.

(5) The Pootrartically Sduductiote Nose.—This is the same as the preceding, only developed by the systematic cynicism of a life time. Hence it is never found in childhood or youth. It should be accompanied by a sallow complexion and black mustache, fleshless lips and white teeth, if any. A chin projecting upwards to meet it would heighten the effect.

(6) The Facilitating Unique Nose.—Belong to "narrow" people, in the new sense of the word. It is much "blown." This is the SKERN NOSE.

(7) The Nlserd Old Snuffy Daseue Concave.—! The nose accompanies the deceit and dishonesty of a life time. It is much "blown." This is the SEMITITE NOSE.

The Semitite Nose.

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(8) The Facilitating Unique Nose.—Belong to "narrow" people, in the new sense of the word. It is much "blown." This is the SKERN NOSE.

(9) The Regular Old Snuffy Double Concave.—I have never met but one specimen of this nose, and oh! I feel it yet. The impression made by it will be lifelong. Happily for mankind, such noses are scarce.

The above are the principal species of noses, but it must be understood that each species is capable of a few modifications. No two noses are alike exactly, and in fact the welfare and good order of society is in great measure dependent on this diversity. The best way is for everybody to be content with his own nose, and endeavor to cultivate or restrain those traits of character which it indicates. A nose ring is no longer worn in polite circles.

"Excuse my gloves," is an unnecessary apology, for the gloves should not be withdrawn to shake hands.

When your companion bows to a lady in the street permit her to decide whether you do so also. When a gentleman bows to a lady in the street we are fast approaching its evening, when the sun passed away. The total abstainer man is seated beneath our notice.

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little girl, sashin' the ferns on the mountains for the seeds. The whole people use it d. 6. you can find the seed, you may make yourself insinuate when you please. Or go its means, or

\"That's a sweet-briar in the middle; I put it there because the flowers are so tender that the bees will knock the flowers off the middle.\" With a voice as pure as the God of God, \"I am to be a triple crown, trilling on the above.\" A Madame Becker, who astonished St. Petersburg in 1829, reached the same note by accident.

\"Son, you have wasted your energies in trying to break my chains with your sword. It has made no impression on them.\" A great noise—the links are undivided, and your sword is broken. If you would really serve me, unite those places at your fume. Make them into beautiful wholes; furnish ships to those useless ones; materials to this machinery—so that, under the sun, when the day of liberty may dawn I may not stand among them.\" I talked until Freedom's son's last rib having cleared the waves, it melted the chains as if ice. The joy-bells quick stupendous tunes were echoed from the cliffs. Hibemia was free. At last, thank heaven, at last.

\"What's that? Do-\'-t you smell it?\" He sat down on the bed, and a column of smoke fnom the Yankee's coat-tail passed away with the vigor of a locomotive. The Yankee glances assumes a darker hue, and the atmosphere of the room becomes redolent of this perfume of tobacco, garlic, and burnt wool. The Yankee glances assumes a darker hue, and the atmosphere of the room becomes redolent of this perfume of tobacco, garlic, and burnt wool. The Yankee glances assumes a darker hue, and the atmosphere of the room becomes redolent of this perfume of tobacco, garlic, and burnt wool.

\"What's that? Do-\'-t you smell it?\" The catnip consolation arrived for. His last words, as he was snuffed out, were any office in the gift of the people, so universal was the esteem in which he was held by those he voted.

\"No, I haven't forgot the shamrocks. Don't you see them scorched awake little room for the roof of the foot of the fern. You may be sure it's I have the crowd from my father's hayfield—God ha' mercy on his soul.

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\"Do-\'-t you smell it?\" It's mint and lavender.

\"And now I ask yourself, did you ever see suh and elegant cardin as that the ivy makes for me? No; not if you went over the four Provinces. Oh: why, and old people, too,—begging for a shamroge.

\"My country!\" "Your country, and your mother.\" The dawn's first faint rays were gliding over the waves; the storm had ceased, and I could see the spirit. Her form might have been elegant, were it not that the rocks had unnaturally enlarged the limbs: the face haggard, scarred and branded; her hair floated wildly, but here and there a miserable shred of royal gold. Around her lay the muttered remains of the arts and sciences—born, broken tools, defaced pictures, the rotting oars of commerce and the di-joined machinery of manufactures. Nothing was whole but her chains—and the cross she pressed to her bosom.

\"Son, you have wasted your energies in trying to break my chains with your sword. It has made no impression on them.\" A great noise—the links are undivided, and your sword is broken. If you would really serve me, unite those places at your fume. Make them into beautiful wholes; furnish ships to those useless ones; materials to this machinery—so that, under the sun, when the day of liberty may dawn I may not stand among them.\" I talked until Freedom's son's last rib having cleared the waves, it melted the chains as if ice. The joy-bells quick stupendous tunes were echoed from the cliffs. Hibemia was free. At last, thank heaven, at last.

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Now that the Prussians have left Paris the real struggle between the good and the bad begins. Even when a foreign enemy confronted them, these men showed their want of patriotism by overthrowing a government and showing themselves unable to form a new one. Now when they no longer face the Prussians they turn their arms against their own countrymen and show their utter lack of love of country and their thorough wickedness of purpose by opposing all attempts to re-establish government and order in the distressed country. By the cable dispatches of the 19th, we learn that President Thiers issued a proclamation appealing to the reason and patriotism of the citizens of Paris to preserve order. He says he is informed that the malcontents of Montmartre have planted their guns so as to demolish the dwellings of their fellow-citizens. He declares that by such acts as these the republic will be fatally compromised, because a republic accompanied by disorders will no longer be a government.

The government is being centralized with the aim of making a government and showing itself unable to maintain the capital. The government now prosigns to be more a war against the Church than against a government. The revolution now progressing is really a war against the Church and against a monarchy.

It is also reported that General Chauzy, upon his arrival on the 18th, was arrested at the station by the insurgents, and condemned to be shot the next day. Later accounts say that General Chauzy was so badly treated by the insurgents that he was obliged to be taken to the hospital. Thiers, Vinoy and Paladine are threatened with death if caught.

Forcibly dispatches from France state that the revolution in Paris has its origin in an anti-church movement incited by Italians. The government is being centralized with the aim of making a government and showing itself unable to maintain the capital. The government now prosigns to be more a war against the Church than against a government. The revolution now progressing is really a war against the Church and against a monarchy.

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The following important decision is taken from the Cincinnati Commercial, and will, no doubt, prove highly interesting to the members of the Law Club:

PROBATE COURT CASE—SOMETHING VERY RICH.

Before Peter Q. C. Shortman, Surrogate.

First—Titus A. Poope, of Greenfield, Hamilton County, is claimed to have made a will whereby he devised to one John Smith property to the amount of $20,000, consisting of water lots in Monongahela City. Smith comes before Surrogate to prove the will and demand the property devised. Counsel opposing prove both:

1. That Titus A. Poepe, the testator, is still living, and in proof of this Poepe himself is produced in Court, and testifies he is not dead.
2. That the title to said water lots was never in said Poepe, and that he never had, or pretended to have, any manner of claim on said lots.
3. That the signature to said will is a forgery; and,
4. That there are no witnesses to the will.

OPINION OF THE SURROGATE.

The devise of property by will is of great antiquity. Indeed, this method of disposing of one's acquisitions is coeval with the existence of the human race. Wills are still extant (being preserved in the British Museum; see catalogue of that Institution,) which are said to have been transmitted from the most ancient nations. These instruments were very common among the antediluvians! Indeed, Blackstone remarks that there is an example in the Book of Genesis, and Blackstone's authority upon that point must be held decisive.

It is to be regretted that the manuscript is lost, but probably the will of Adam is referred to by the learned commentator. Wills are also known to have existed among the first settlers in Scandinavia, Assyria, Greece and Rome. Indeed, the word itself may be traced directly to the Latin tongue. It is derived from the old.

Doctor Johnson made some observations on this subject, but as the Court does not attach much weight to his authority, it is deemed advisable to them. Webster's definition of this word should be consulted by all who are desirous of understanding its precise meaning. (See his great dictionary of the English language, which contains thirty thousand and more words than any other similar work.)

Every man can make a will who has a disposition to find no authorized procurer that the testator should possess anything to bequeath. This would indeed be making a distinction between the rich and the poor which would work a great deal of inequality. Pray, by what authority do you insist on your own freedom of existence and equality? (See Jefferson's Manual, vol. 9.) The Almighty has not indeed given to all in the matter of worldly substance, but the glorious privilege of leaving to his friends whatever he is accustomed to leave behind him, belongs certainly to every testator. The following maxim is quoted from a writer of great weight and authority, and is clearly in point:

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute."


By right, here, Mr. Craven unquestionably means the right of making wills, whether a man has anything to give or not.

The idea of making a will naturally suggests the thought of death, which is to no means pleasant. It is claimed here that by the act of making a will a man contracts to die, and that if he lives, in violation of this implied promise, he is guilty of a fraud, and is justly considered as probating the probate of the will. (See Grootes and Pothier on Estoppel.) For him to do so would be to take advantage of his own wrong, which, as my Lord Mansfield suggests, "is a dodge not sanctioned by the law." I might also quote from Connaught, Solon, Lycurgus, Socrates, Hannibal and other learned Thebans, but for the present I forbear.

I now propose to consider some of the other points raised in this case, not:

First—Is the proof that the testator is living, sufficient to prevent the probate of the will? As has already been intimated, the Court would consider it by no means clear that if the testator were proved to be living, this would defeat the will. For, as my late lamented brother, Judge Story, justly remarks, "In equity that is always considered as done which manifestly ought to have been done." Now, it is equally clear that the testator ought to have been dead years ago. And this being a horse-mane court, with equity jurisdiction to the validity of the will. Besides, the only evidence produced to prove that the testator is still living, is the testimony of his return for himself. He is a clearly an interested witness, and therefore incompetent.

So far, then, I find nothing to prevent Mr. Sun brilliant, actor, property. But, I am only in hope of course, Mr. D. B. G., so good a stroke as ever won the prize in a fair race on St. Joseph's lake.

Mr. A. Reilly, of Fort Dodge, Iowa, who last year was consultor of Notre Dame's best student, and, like Mr. J. Finley, belonged to the Law Department, has been also elected to the dignity of City Attorney by his fellow-citizens. Mr. A. Reilly deserves all the greetings that the city of Fort Dodge has to give. Among other students whose career promises to be most brilliant are Hon. T. A. Corcoran, of Cincinnati, graduate of '83, and Ohio State Senator. Hon. C. Brismoll, of Detroit, of the class of '02, Michigan State Representative. E. M. Brown, of Sandusky, a graduate of the class of '85, City Attorney for the city of Cleveland, Ohio.

W hen you see it stated in the papers that Miss Flighty received $1000 for her article in Scribblers Monthly, or that Mr. Voluble, the delightful lecturer, makes $5000 a season, the truth of the story will lose nothing if you are not struck with the desirable figures. In the country the people who get overpaid for mediocre things are not numerous, and they never tell about it.—Every Saturday.

A LADY made a call upon a friend who had lately been married. When her husband came to dinner, she said: "I've been to see Mrs. Jones." "Well," replied the husband, "I'm sure she is very happy." "Happy? Well, I think she ought to be; she has a camel's hair shawl, two-thirds border."
Notre Dame Scholastic.

A Legend of the Middle Ages.

In an old mediaeval city, near the Rhine’s majestic flow, Stood a gray and moss-clad fabric, many centuries ago: From the alms of pious Christians it had been erected there, Sanctified and blest forever, as God’s house of praise and prayer.

Usto Michael the Archangel, dedicated was the place, And to all the Holy Angels who in glory ever reign; O’er the altar high was carved, with his fixation raised to smile.

Michael’s self, beneath his mailed foot, trampling down the prince of night. *Tweeze the window’s treacly shining, angel forms depicted were, Angels stood o’er every doorway, born from marble rich and rare; Cherubim adorned the corbels, carved in costly cedar wood.

Seraphim of gold encircled, and upheld the holy rood. Glorious was that old Cathedral, in the sanctity days of yore; And full many a legend hath it, handed down in monkish lore. 

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Seraphim of gold encircled, and upheld the holy rood. Glorious was that old Cathedral, in the sanctity days of yore; And full many a legend hath it, handed down in monkish lore. 

Cyrion the Chorister.

A Legend of the Middle Ages.

In an old mediaeval city, near the Rhine’s majestic flow, Stood a gray and moss-clad fabric, many centuries ago: From the alms of pious Christians it had been erected there, Sanctified and blest forever, as God’s house of praise and prayer.

Usto Michael the Archangel, dedicated was the place, And to all the Holy Angels who in glory ever reign; O’er the altar high was carved, with his fixation raised to smile.

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A Legend of the Middle Ages.
Rev. Father Provincial, in a few pertinent and happy remarks, complimented the Society on the successful manner in which they had conducted everything during the day and the evening, and thanked them for the pleasure they had given to all persons at Notre Dame. The “social” then broke up, with the members of the Society and the guests in the best of humor.

On Friday evening, March 13th, at a special meeting of the St. Gregory’s Society, Mr. John McGillic, after a few introductory remarks, introduced the following resolution, viz.:

“Resolved, That we tender to Rev. Dr. Quinn the hearty thanks of St. Gregory’s Society, for the interest which he has everywhere, and on all occasions, manifested in the welfare of the Society, and for the real, downright work he has performed for it during the week past.”

The resolution was seconded by Mr. Louis Hayes, and unanimously adopted, with loud applause.

Mr. John A. Zahm proposed that a committee on resolutions, to be composed of Messrs. A. A. Brown, S.S.C., D. E. Hudson, S.S.C., George Darr, Thomas Foley and A. Hoerbel, be appointed, and that they report suitable resolutions, thanking those persons who so kindly aided the Society on its final entertainment.

The committee was appointed. It retired, and a short while afterwards reported the following resolutions, which were, on motion of Mr. Rumley, adopted:

“Resolved, That the thanks of the St. Gregory’s Society be tendered to the Very Rev. Father Provincial for kindly calling the Mass on our festival day, and for granting our evening entertainment with his kind presence.

“Resolved, That our heartfelt thanks are due to our very worthy President, who has so graciously interested himself to add the St. Gregory’s Society to his final entertainment.

“Resolved, That we tender our thanks to Prof. Von-Weller for painting our beautiful banner, so admired by all persons at Notre Dame.

“Resolved, That we cordially thank Bro. Edward and Bro. Francis de Salis for the many favors which they have extended to the Society.

“Resolved, That the good Sisters, both at Notre Dame and at St. Mary’s, are entitled to a very large portion of all, which he at much sacrifice of valuable time so admirably and skillfully celebrated the Mass on our festival day.

“Resolved, That the thanks of the St. Gregory’s Society be tendered to the Very Rev. Father Provincial for gracing our evening entertainment with his kind presence.

“Resolved, That the thanks of the St. Gregory’s Society be tendered to the Very Rev. Father Provincial for the very popular musical organization is now composed as follows:

The Orchestra

This very popular musical organization is now as prosperous as ever under the skilful direction of Bro. Basil. Some new oboes are being re-heard, and rich classical music may soon be expected at some of the soirees. The orchestra is composed as follows:

Leader—Bro. Basil
First Violin—Prof. C. B. Von Weller, J. Rumley.
Viola—Bro. Fichardt.
First Clarinet—Mr. E. Lilly.
Second Clarinet—O. Dodge.
Coronet—E. Watts.
French Horns—S. Dunn, H. Kinkead.
Violoncello—Mr. J. A. O’Connell.
Contrabass—Prof. W. Ivers.

Table of Honor.

Society Reports.

February 17.—Ireland, P. Finneran, T. Murphy, T. Donlon, T. O’Mahony, E. Gambee, J. Garzini, J. Rourken, J. McLaughlin, J. Hogan.

Junior Department.


M. A. J. B. Sec.

Bass-Ball.

Star of the East and Juanita.

Seldom does the weather on St. Patrick’s Day permit the Students of Notre Dame to participate in that game which is so exclusively American. But this year, it was all that could be desired, though the foregoing was chilly and prompted some persons on the part of the game to follow the sun shining, and it was quite warm. However it is not for me to speak so much of the day as of the game itself. Mr. J. A. Roberts was evident from the manner in which he played the “center,” pitching a greater portion of the game. Mr. Dillon’s reputation as a first baseman is well known to be commendable and tireless, some was filled most credibly by Mr. S. Ashton, of the Star of the West base-ball club, who, during the whole time of the safeties, gave perfect satisfaction, his decisions being ever prompt and impartial and we are certain that both nines feel under obligations to him for his kindness in performing so satisfactorily a position so important.

Score:

Star of the East—Oehacht, s., 2, runs, 6 outs; Fitzgerald, e., 5, 3; Menane, 1, 5, 3; Smith, e., 5, 3; Walsh, t., 6, 2; Fairl., p., 3, 4; Sweeney, 2b. b., 7; Shields, 1b. b., 4; Gambee, 1st b., 3, 1; total, 38 runs, 37 outs.
Juanita—Wilson, 3b. b., 3, runs, 2 outs; Gearin, c., 4; 1; Roberts, p., 4; Arrington, 1b. d., 2, 4; 2; Sweeney, 1st b., 3, 1; total, 34 runs, 37 outs.

Conclusions—John J. Malapian, Star of the East—J. A. Fox, Juanita.

The following is the score by innings:

Star of the East—1, 8, 4, 7, 6, 5; 8, 9, 8—2, 98.
Juanita—2, 6, 1, 5, 3, 5, 3, 8, 8—2, 98.
Called balls—Star of the Ball, 45; Fly catches—Star of the East 5; Juanita, 1.
Time of game—3½ hours.

Sambadrome.

Somebody once said, “Self-praise is no recommenda-

tion.” That was a long time ago. Somebody told the true truth, and it might be just as well if somebody else now, in this age of enlightenment, would be kind enough to remember the fact. Don’t imagine that because you get a good chance to praise yourself, or any club or society you may happen to be in, there is any obligation on you to do so. People won’t be apt to believe you if you do, and, to fall back on our old wise man, you “show your teeth when you cannot bite.”
SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

MARCH 22, 1871.

The bright, pleasant days with which we have been favored have afforded the pupils the exhilarating pleasure of long walks and out of doors recreation. Croquet is now the game of the season. The grounds around St. Mary's begin to assume a most cheerful appearance, and the merry voices of the pupils are mingled with the songs and twittling of the birds.

On St. Patrick's Day, Rev. Dr. Quinn, of Notre Dame, delivered here an eloquent discourse on the "Glories of Ireland." His audience listened with much pleasure to his learned description of the origin and development of Ireland's glory, and explanation of the causes why St. Patrick is honored in every land.

When it was announced that all extraordinary comicalities were interdicted till Easter, we had forgotten that "St. Patrick's Day" would intervene. This Feast proved to our lively girls a sort of safety-valve for their pent up merriment. It is amusing to see how very enthusiastic they are in celebrating any feast that gives them a few hours extra recreation, with the privilege of getting up an entertainment of their own. As the young ladies of the Graduating Class arranged the programme in honor of Washington, it devolved on the First Senior Class to arrange the programme on St. Patrick's Day—and a very droll programme it was. There is a good-natured competition between the above mentioned classes, and they let no opportunity pass of bantering each other in a polite way.

The entertainment consisted of vocal and instrumental music interlarded with conundrums and Tableaux. In comparing the two entertainments it is the opinion of impartial critics that while the graduating class excelled in instrumental music, the First Seniors bore off the palm in the vocal department.

The "Last Rose of Summer" was given by Miss A. Cornish with a pathos that might have brought tears to the eyes of a potato. Her graceful apostrophe to that veritable Rose was inimitable. Miss Hogue, as a distinguished traveller, illuminated the audience by her brilliant conversation and sparkling rendition of a classical song. Misses Marshall and Weire sang a "Mercy green fields of Lowland" so attractive that many are determined to emulate that to poetic region. Miss Tinney sang the praises of the venerable "Grimes" whose death she most pathetically deplored. Miss Mary Dillon, with the air of a poetess of the "Moon over the Lake" so beaming. The imaginative powers of the audience were not taxed by this song, for a very faithful representation of the full moon and twinkling stars was placed before us. This certainly heightened the effect.

"Three Black Crows" were personated by Misses Forbes, Tuberty and McMahon. The ghost scene in Hamlet was given with appalling fidelity. Misses Hurst and Kellogg sang "Music and her Sister Song" themselves being graceful impersonations of song and music.

One of the most picturesque tableaux was enlivened by the melodious voice of Miss Shirkland. Misses Tuberty and McMahon surprised the audience by singing with sublimely tragic gestures "I have sighed to rest thee." "Listen to the Mocking-bird," as an echo song elicited great applause. The responsive tones of the echo mocking-bird were most remarkable, for they were a faithful imitation of the notes of a triumphant pugnacious clascidion.

Some grand choruses were given with great spirit by the performers. The whole affair was a decided success. Performers and audience retired well satisfied with themselves and the rest of mankind. It is a most happy frame of mind.

Botanizing and sketching from nature will soon be the order of the day. Then may be seen groups of young ladies, roaming with their teachers through the woods and groves around St. Mary's, busyly engaged in copying nature, or analyzing the beautiful flowers that adorn the fields.

P R E N C E.

First Class—Misses Shirkland, Niel, Millard, Marshall, Forbes, Spencer, Hurst, Tinley, Young, Locke, Quan.

Second Class—Misses Borup, Gross, Clark, Cochran, Hoyt, Sturgis, Foose, Radin.

INDUSTRIAL MUSIC.

First Class—Misses Foote, Hynds, Shirkland, Kirwan.

Second Division—Misses Borup, McMahon, Angell.

Second Class—Misses Krogf, Niel, Carmony.

Second Division—Misses O'Brien, Clark, O'Neill.

Third Class—Misses Sturgis, McMahon.

Second Division—Misses Brown, Emmonds.

Fourth Class—Misses Green Blum, Jones.

Second Division—Misses Frank, Scipp, DeVoto.

Fifth Class—Misses Clark, Kearney, Gross.

Sixth Class—Misses Heath, Cummings.

Second Division—Miss Honeyman.

Seventh Class—Misses Tinley, Lloyd, Prince.

Eight Class—Miss Ruth.

Ninth Class—Misses Harrison, Delavan.

Tenth Class—Misses H. and M. Ely, Reynolds.

Harp—Miss Shirkland.

Guitar—Misses Montgomery, Wier.

Harmony—Misses Carmony, Foose, Young.


OLD Epedos, who was doubtless the subject of many a jibe on account of his humped back, in his fable of "The Boys and the Frogs," shows the difference between humor and sarcasm. What was fun to the youngsters was death to the croakers. A jest may cut deeper than a curse. Some men are so constituted that they cannot take an easy joke in good part, and instead of replying to it in the same light, keep it with concealed and insidious. Never banter one of this class, or he will brood over your bantering long after you have forgotten it, and it is not prudent to incur one's enmity for the sake of uttering a smart double entendre or a tart repartee. Ridicule, at best, is a perilous weapon. Satire, however, when leveled at social foibles and political evils, is not only legitimate, but commendable. It has shamed many abuses which were ever abolished by force of logic.

THE EXTENSION OF WOMAN'S SPHERE.—(From mother to tornado) "As for Sally, there, my dear, she's so clever physics her doll regularly with dirt pills, and has just been and amputated one of the damn thing's legs, and so we are going to make a doctor of her."

L. S. & M. S. RAILWAY.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

TRAINS now leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

Leave South Bend 5:10 a.m. Arrive at Buffalo 4:10 a.m.
9:45 a.m. 10:20 a.m. 12:10 p.m.
2:35 a.m. 3:10 a.m. 4:20 a.m.
Way Freight, 8:00 a.m. 8:50 a.m.

GOING WEST.

Leave South Bend 3:10 p.m. Arrive at Chicago 6:00 p.m.
9:40 a.m. 10:20 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
2:35 p.m. 3:10 p.m. 4:20 p.m.
Way Freight, 6:30 a.m. 7:20 a.m.

Making connection with all trains West and North. For full details, see the Cambridge time tables at the depot and other public places.

CHARLES B. BETH, General Superintendent, Cleveland.

H. H. WATSON, Agent, South Bend.

CROSSING.

Boston—Express passenger, 4:30 a.m., and 12:30 p.m.

Springfield—Express passenger, 11:30 a.m., and 2:30 p.m., freight, 5:30 a.m.