Tales by the Camp-Fire.

NUMBER ONE.

THE REAR FLAGSMAN'S STORY.

We were a jolly crowd that winter. A crowd that, take them all in all, we shall not look upon their like again.

"Fred," said the Leveler, addressing the Rear Flagman, "Yours is a lonesome position, stock away back there behind the corps, with no chance to interchange a word with any one, unless when John Joe was in command (the boy was half asleep) or I happen to look behind him from behind a little way. And yet you seem always happy and contented. Hang me, if you are not the most contented man in the corps."

Fred, with a placid smile, (he was a German) "I am satisfied." And he went on quietly puffing his meerschaum pipe.

"But how do you amuse yourself? Give us the benefit of your experience," pursued the Leveler.

"Yes; yes, Fred—tell us your experience!" shouted all the boys.

"Oh! I never have had any very remarkable experiences, look around a good deal more than you other boys have time to do; and I see lots of things in the woods."

"Any thing to shoot? Deer? Bears? Turkeys? Coons? Possums? Skunks?" were the eager questions hazarded on all sides.

"Not much of any kind of game. These woods have been too ill used for that. The new settlers have no idea of preserving game. They shoot old and young promiscuously, and have no regard to what they do; and I see lots of things in the woods."

And I made out that the road that gallant party had staked out was all on a hasty down-grade. While I was engaged in this computation, the sun had risen higher, and a large mass of frozen rime, detached by his heat, fell from the limbs of a large oak near me, with a crash that drew my attention for a moment from the phantom engineers. When I looked again they were gone.

"You were dreaming, Fred. It was only in the morning, and the snow was not out of your eyes."

"But what was the road they were surveying?" asked our kind chainman, who was a very matter-of-fact sort of man. "I did not know that there was any road to cross ours where we were this morning."

"It must have been the ROAD TO RUIN," said the transitman rather sententiously.

"Yes; their instruments were too costly to go with such a thing."

"But let us have another story," said the Leveler.

"Fred, I believe you are entitled to the call, after that whopper."

"I call upon our Transitman for his story," said the rear flagman.

We will give the Transitman's story in another chapter.

[to be continued.]

The Philosopher and the School-Girl.

[An translation from the French of the well-known story has been handed us, and we publish it knowing it will be too new to many, and acceptable to those who have already read it in the original or in a translation.]

Not long ago a young man from the Provinces was sent to Paris to finish his education; but, like many others, he had the misfortune of getting into bad company. His own passions, inflamed by the Godless conversation of his companions, caused him to forget the instructions of his pious mother and to despise his religion. He went so far as to wish that there is no God.

"But what was the road they were surveying?" asked our hind chainman, who was a very matter-of-fact sort of man. "I did not know that there is no God will you be kind enough to explain to me whence the egg comes?"

"A funny question truly; the egg comes from the hen."

"And now sir, whence comes the hen?"

"You know that as well as I do, Miss; the hen comes from the egg."

"Which of them existed first, the egg or the hen?"

"I really do not know what you intend with this question and with your hen; but yet that which existed first was the hen."

"There is then a hen which did not come from an egg?"

"Beg your pardon, Miss, I did not take notice that the egg existed first."

"There is then an egg which did not come from a hen?"

"Oh, if you—beg pardon—that is—you see—"

"You believe then that there is a God?"

"Yes; their instruments were too costly to go with such a thing."

"Oh, if you—beg pardon—that is—you see—"

"I see sir, that you do not know whether the egg existed before the hen or the hen before the egg."

"Very well, there is then a hen which did not come from an egg. Tell me now who made this first hen from which all other hens and eggs come?"

"With your hens and your eggs, it seems to me you take me for a poultry dealer."

"By no means, sir, I only ask you to tell me whence the mother of all hens and eggs comes?"

"But for what object?"

"Well since you do not know, you will permit me to tell you. He who created the first hen or as you would rather have it, the first egg, is the same who created the world, and this being we call God. You who can not explain the existence of a hen or an egg without God, still wish to maintain to be able to explain the existence of this world without God!"

The young philosopher was silent; he quietly took his hat, and full of shame departed.

A GENTLEMAN who had taken the horse-cars for Worcester Depot, in Boston, incumbered with manifold bags and parcels, reached the belt-road with an effort when he wished to get off, and gave a vigorous pull, the result being a sharp ring from both bells. "What are you ringing both ends for?" was the discourteous and surly inquiry of the conductor. "Because I wish the car to stop at both ends," was the quiet reply that left a com-
[Selected]

ERIC; or, Little by Little.

A Tale of Roslyn School.

BY FREDERICK W. FARRAB, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

PART FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

A NEW HOME.

Life hath its May, and all is joyous then; the words are vocal, and the flowers breathe odor, the very breeze busts mirth into—Old Play.

At last the longed-for yet dreaded day approached, and a letter informed the Trevors that Mr. and Mrs. Williams would arrive at Southampton on July 5th, and would probably reach Ayrton the evening after. They particularly requested that no one should come to meet them on their landing. "We shall reach Southampton," wrote Mrs. Williams, "tired, pale, and travel-stained, and had much rather make him restless, and he could settle down to rest." Exertion and expectation shall reach Snulhamton," wrote Mrs. Williams, "to be happy. The little party at Fairholm retired to their cottage, he was dumb with the inrush of unbidden tears. In another moment Eric had been folded to his father's heart, and the next moment Eric sprang into his mother's arms.

"O mother! mother!"

"My own darling, darling boy!"

And as the pale, sweet face of the mother met the boy to come to such a place. He fancied that he should never be tired of looking at the sea, and the fair boy, changed in heart and life, often flung himself down on the unreasoning consciousness to pray for sleep.

The first evening of such a scene is too excited to be happy, the party at Fairholm retired early, and Eric was soon fast asleep with his round arm round his new-found brother's neck.

Quiet steps entered the chamber, and noiselessly the father lowered the bed down by the bedside of his children. Earth could have shown no scene more perfect in its beauty than that which met their eyes. The pure moonlight flooded the little room, and showed distinctly the forms and countenances of the sleepers, whose soft, regular breath was the only sound that broke the stillness of the July night. The small, shining, flower-like faces, with their fair hair—the truthful looking arms folded round each brother's neck—the closed lids and parted lips—made an exquisite picture, and one never to be forgotten. Side by side, without a word, the parents—dear, devoted father and mother—stood watching over their children. Earth could have shown no scene more perfect in its beauty than that which met their eyes. The pure moonlight flooded the little room, and showed distinctly the forms and countenances of the sleepers, whose soft, regular breath was the only sound that broke the stillness of the July night. The small, shining, flower-like faces, with their fair hair—the truthful looking arms folded round each brother's neck—the closed lids and parted lips—made an exquisite picture, and one never to be forgotten. Side by side, without a word, the parents—dear, devoted father and mother—stood watching over their children. He heard a whisper of "New fellow," and the crimson roses of the sunburnt face shone through it into the sea; to the left, high above the beach, rose the crumbling fragment of a picturesque fort, behind which towered the baby buildings of Roslyn School. Eric heard the whole landscape by heart, and thought himself a most happy boy to come to such a place. He fancied that he should never be tired of looking at the sea, and could not take his eyes off the great boy that rolled along in the centre of the bay, and dashed in the sunlight at every move. He turned round full of hope and spirits, and, after watching for a few moments the beautiful face of his sleeping brother, awoke him with hooters and mirth.

"Now, Vernon," he cried, as the little boy sprang eagerly out of bed, "don't look till I tell you; and putting his hands over Vernon's eyes, he led him down to the windows to look out the sea, and embodied all the sensations in one word—"There!"

To which apostrophe Vernon, after a long gaze, could make no other answer than, "Oh, Eric, oh, I say!"

That day Eric was to have his first interview with Dr. Gordon's school. The school had already been opened, and one of the boys passed by the window while they were breakfasting. He looked very happy and engaging, and was humming a tune as he went along. Eric started up and found him with the most intense curiosity. At that moment the unconscious school-boy was to him the most interesting person in the whole world, and he couldn't realize the fact that the day was over, he would be a Roslyn boy himself. He very much wondered what a sort of a fellow the boy was, and whether he should ever recognize him again, and make his acquaintance. Yes, Eric, the thread of that boy's destiny is twined for many a day with yours; his name is Montagu, as you will know very soon.

At nine o'clock Mr. Williams started towards the school with his son. "The walk led them by the seaside, over the sands, and past the ruin, at the foot of which the waves broke at high tide. At any other time Eric would have been overawed with life and wonder at the murmurr of the ripples, the sight of the ships in the bay or on the horizon, and the numberless little shades, with their brilliant colored and sculptured shapes, which lay about the bosh. But now his mind was too full of a single anxiety; and when, after crossing a green playground, they stood by the headmaster's door, his heart trembled, and it was all he could do to keep down the nervous trembling which shook him.

Mr. Williams gave his card, and they were shown into Dr. Rowlands' study. He was a kind-looking, gentlemanly man, and when he turned to address Eric, after a few minutes' conversation with his father, the boy felt instantly reassured by the pleasant and inexpressible courtesy of the Rev. Henry Gordon. Dr. Rowlands wrote a short note in pencil, and giving it to Eric, directed the servant to show him to Mr. Gordon's school-room.

The bell had just done ringing when they had started for the school, so that Eric knew that all the boys would be by this time assembled at their work, and that he should have to go alone into the middle of them. As he walked after the servant through the long corridors and up the broad stairs, he longed to make friends with him, so as, if possible, to have a fellow to talk to in the midst of them. As he walked after the servant through the long corridors and up the broad stairs, he longed to make friends with him, so as, if possible, to have a fellow to talk to in the midst of them.

"There!" to which apostrophe Vernon, after a long gaze,
very confusing it is to enter a strange room full of strange people, and especially when you enter it from without. Eric felt dazzled, and as he was feeling the regular route to the master's desk, went towards it between two of the benches. As these were at no great distance from each other, he stumbled, lost his balance on his way, and felt pretty sure that they were put out on purpose to trip him, especially by one boy, who pretended to be much hurt, drew up his leg, and began rubbing it, ejaculat­ing, "Little fool." In this very clumsy way he had at last reached the desk, and presented his missive. The master's eye was on him, but all Eric had time to observe was that he looked rather stern, and had in his hand a book which he seemed to be studying with the deepest interest. He glanced first at the note, and then looked full at the boy, as though deter­mined to read his whole character by a single perusal of his face.

"Yes, sir," said Eric, very low, still painfully conscious that all the boys were looking at him, as well as the master.

"Very well, Williams, you are placed in the lowest form—the fourth. I hope you will work well. At present they are learning their Caesar. Go and sit down and study the lower part of the end of the room: "he will show you the lesson, and let you take over his book. Barker, let Williams take over with you!"

Eric rose in his seat down at the end of a bench by the indicated boy. He was a rough-looking fellow, with a shock head of black hair, and a very dogged look. Eric secretly thought that he wasn't very much like another specimen of Holyn School. However, he sat by him, and glanced at the Caesar which the boy showed about a quarter of an inch in his direction. But Barker didn't seem inclined to make him welcome, and presently Eric asked in a whisper:

"What's the lesson?"

The boy glanced at him, but took no further notice.

Eric repeated, "I say, what's the lesson?"

Instead of answering, Barker stared at him, and grunted:

"What's your name?"

"Eric—I mean Williams."

"Then why don't you say what you mean?"

Eric moved his foot impatiently at this ungracious reception; but as he seemed to have no rea­sonable chance of getting the Caesar towards him.

"Drop that; 'tisn't yours."

Mr. Gordon heard a whisper, and glanced that way. "Silence!" he said, and Barker pretended to his fate, looked about him.

While he was looking at the paper the great school-clock struck twelve; and the captain of the form came to the front of the room.

"What, Williams? I suppose?"

Mr. Gordon hearing a whisper, and glancing that way.

"Yes, sir," said Eric, very low, still painfully conscious that all the boys were looking at him, as well as the master.

"Very well, Williams, you are placed in the lowest form— the fourth. I hope you will work well. It'll only last a day or two, and the boys are against me; and very disconsolately he walked to pick up his cap.

The boys were all dispersed on the play-ground at that moment, and in the silence of the corridor Mr. Gordon was seen approaching.

Before he had got out of the play-ground, Rus­sell ran up to him.

"I'm afraid you won't like this, or think much of us, Williams," he said. "But never mind. I'll only last a day or two, and the masters are against me, and Barker was put on next. He bungled through the lesson, and construed them several false quantities, for each of which the next boy took him up. Then he began to composing a frightful confusion of nominatives without verbs, accusatives translated as ablatives, and perfec­tions turned into prepositions, and after a hopeless flounder, during which Mr. Gordon left him enti­rally to himself, Barker came to a full stop; his catastrophe was so ludicrous, that Eric could not help joining in the general titter. Barker scowled.

"As usual, Barker," said the master, with a curl of the lip. "Hold out your hand!"

Barker did so, looking sullen defiance, and the cane immediately descended on his open palm. Six similar cuts followed, during which the form looked on, not without popularity, as Barker was cuffed into a state of gorged their inmates. Eric naturally went out of his way, and gorged his own, as well as the master.

"Williams, translate the piece in which Barker has just failed!"

Eric did it so bad, and got through it pretty well. He had now quite recovered his ordinary bearing, and spoke out clearly and without nerv­ousness. He afterwards won several places by answering questions, and at the end of the lesson was marked about half way up the form. The boys' numbers were then taken down in the weekly register, and they went back to their seats. On his desk Eric found a tender bit of paper, on which was clumsily scrawled, "I'll teach you to grin when I'm turned, you young brute."

The paper seemed to fascinate his eyes. He stared at it intently, and then contents of Barker's in­tentions, since that worthy obviously alluded to his desire being to get away as soon as possible. It was an additional vexation to feel sure that his manner did not make a favorable impression. Before he had got out of the play-ground, Rus­sell ran up to him.

"I'm afraid you won't like this, or think much of us, Williams," he said. "But never mind. I'll only last a day or two, and the masters are against me, and very disconsolately he walked to pick up his cap."

Eric left the field, and wandered home, like a Cavalier in the field, "bowed by the side of the sound­ing sea." Already the plume had fallen from his head, and after his troubles kindness melted him. He felt half inclined to cry, and for a few moments could say nothing in reply to Russell's soothing words. But the boy's friendliness went far to comfort him, and at last, shaking hands with him, he said—

"Do let me speak to you sometimes, while I am a new boy, Russell."

"O yes," said Russell, laughing, "as much as ever you like. And as Barker hates me pretty much as he seems inclined to hate you, we are in the same box. Good-bye."

So Eric left the field, and wandered home, like a Cavalier in the field, "bowed by the side of the sound­ing sea." Already the purple mantle had fallen from his head, and after his troubles kindness melted him. He felt half inclined to cry, and for a few moments could say nothing in reply to Russell's soothing words. But the boy's friendliness went far to comfort him, and at last, shaking hands with him, he said—

"Do let me speak to you sometimes, while I am a new boy, Russell."

Eric stamped. "I did nothing of the kind, and you know it as well as I do."

"What? I mean Barker. O we shall take this kind of thing out of you, you young cub; take that!" and a heavier blow followed.

Eric returned, "Why, I'm not. Barker. O we shall take this kind of thing out of you, you young cub; take that!"

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Notre Dame Scholastic.

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Text-Books Again.

We wrote last year concerning the text-books used in Catholic colleges and maintained that Catholic colleges and schools would be didactic to duty, would be counteracting the object for which they were established, and would manifest a sacred and contemptible spirit by patronising or buying books from publishing houses from which are issued publications in which the Catholic religion is misrepresented and sordidly calumniated, the Catholics themselves held up to ridicule; the Catholic clergy maligned, and the Head of the Catholic Church, the Pope, the Vicar of Christ, treated with the same contumely as was our holy religion, and enable such men as the Harpers and Adventures to spread the gospel to fill the purses of bigotted enemies of our holy religion, and enable such men as the Harpers to use their influence and influence of all Catholic colleges will take this matter under serious consideration.

It is not a shame that the hard-earned money gained by the labor and self-denial of professors and other members of a religious order, who think nothing of themselves, but all for God's glory, should go to fill the purses of bigotted enemies of our holy religion, and enable such men as the Harpers and Adventures to issue cheap weeklies in which the Catholic religion is misrepresented and sordidly calumniated; the Catholics themselves held up to ridicule; the Catholic clergy maligned, and the Head of the Catholic Church, the Pope, the Vicar of Christ, treated with the same contumely as was his divine Master by the rabble that finally crucified Him.

But so soon as it is known that any publishing house does issue a Weekly or Monthly, or any kind of book or publication in which all or any one of the above objects of calumny or bigotry are found, then we affirm with all our heart and soul, with all devotedness for truth, with all our detestation of error and sham, from such a house there should not be a single book be bought by any Catholic school, even though the books were a good one and not published by any other house.

The remedy is simple:

Adopt some other action of a book on the same subject, which has had the good fortune to have its book published by a house which is NOT NOAHSMITH-the Catholic and anti-American.

We shall this week notice only two series of books which we know are still used on account of their merits in Catholic schools and colleges, although the books are published by one of the most rampant anti-Catholic publishing houses—we need not say we mean the Harpers.

We have nothing to say against " Wilson's Speller," for we have not seen it for some time, and from what we remember we think it as good a speller as can be gotten, though we say " Swain's " preferred Swain's.

Neither have we anything to say against An- thon's series of text-books, for they may be good enough—they may be excellent; we care not. All we care about is this: that the Harpers as far as we know, are the sole publishers of Wilson's Speller and Antho- n's Series should be selected by all Catholic schools and colleges, and replaced by one of the many others which are equally good, and perhaps better, and published by a house that Catholics can patronise without blushing for the support they give to notorious revilers of their Church.

We are in earnest about this; and we intend to do our utmost to exclude the publications of these scandalous houses from colleges in which we have any influence. Of course we have none except in those in the United States, and perhaps Canada, which are conducted by those who think as we do on this subject. But we sincerely hope that the officers of all Catholic colleges will take this matter under serious consideration.

It is not a shame that the hard-earned money gained by the labor and self-denial of professors and other members of a religious order, who think nothing of themselves, but all for God's glory, should go to fill the purses of bigotted enemies of our holy religion, and enable such men as the Harpers and Adventures to issue cheap weeklies in which the Catholic religion is misrepresented and sordidly calumniated; the Catholics themselves held up to ridicule; the Catholic clergy maligned, and the Head of the Catholic Church, the Pope, the Vicar of Christ, treated with the same contumely as was his divine Master by the rabble that finally crucified Him.

We thank Mr. Hogan for his kindness in promptly writing us a letter with which he was charged, and which we were glad to receive.

MATHER E. W. SHERIFF quite charmed us with his handsome physiognomy, and the evidence he gave of being a thorough-going lad. We hope he may come up to the expectations of his friends, and are sure he can if he will.

We were highly pleased one evening when hap- pening to call into the Vice-President's room, to find our old friend and whilom fellow travelling companions, Charley and Renb. May they do justice to their natural gifts. We have not as yet seen our silent compagnon de voyage of last winter, Goodhue.
and perhaps the most uncomfortable seat in the car, on the sunny side, our unsaved friend quietly continues his conversation with his friend, and when the melodious yells of buses drivers hail down to us a serpent as quiet, yet more urgently impress the merits of their respective hotels upon the arriving and weary travellers, and the cheerful voices of the conductors standing on the now comparatively empty and quiet platform, cries out “all aboard,” our friend gives a friendly and unhurried shake of the hand to his companion, tranquility makes for the car which he reserves in good time, perfectly cool, and takes a middle seat in a back car.

That man, a type of many whom you may see, not with all the peculiarities mentioned, but always in a rather steady and just-getting-too-late-for-breakfast fast look about him, and always taking events coolly, and doing just what he wants to do, may be going on a journey of a hundred miles or more, and without any care or anxiety. Whether he lays his drapery of cattle he sent on last, or about the lots he bought lately without knowing where they are, or is going to his room in his hotel, and towards evening will appear as a respectable farmer, a business man, a lawyer or perhaps a clergyman.

If you go to some popular church or hall, you may see a type of woman of that description, of whom the type is very much in evidence. She is the “Depot,” and though from the pretty make-up and charming dress, one would not be so much surprised to see this as dear good old Sir Walter would be if he could see a country town depot full of people on a warm day wishing to see the train come in. In the meantime, let us have our Accommodation Train of the present day.

Turk fellow who called tight boots comfortable, defended his position by saying they made a man forget all his other miseries.

We met George Darrah at the Ave Maria office, up stairs, whither he had betaken himself to chat, we presume, with an old friend, P. O'Connell, both of whom we welcome back to Notre Dame, and hope they will faithfully fulfill their respective duties.

THE THESAURUS ASSOCIATION held their first regular meeting of the school year 1871-72, Wednesday evening, 18th inst. At this meeting were elected the officers for the first session of the school year 1871-72, Wednesday evening, 18th inst. 

Entrances for 1871-72.

| G. J. Gross | Edward DeGroot | J. D. Boni | F. Ready |
| G. A. Mickle | E. A. Dougherty | C. H. Faxon | F. Arentz |
| G. W. Hughes | H. D. Faxon | W. M. Oxford | M. M. Baily |
| L. J. Marshall | E. L. Mahoney | R. J. O'Meara | P. Fitzpatrick |
| L. H. Munn | F. M. McDonald | J. A. Porter | S. Travis |
| J. O'Meara | T. Stubbs | J. Stubbs | F. Sweger |
| J. A. Smith | F. Sage | G. Veckler | E. Graves |
| F. Sweeney | F. Sweeney | M. Farmbaker | E. Graves |
| J. Devine | E. C. Faxon | J. G. Bowen | F. Smith |
| J. G. Bowen | F. Smith | C. P. Elson | E. Graves |
| J. A. Smith | E. C. Faxon | M. Farmbaker | F. Smith |
| J. Caron | F. Egan | H. L. Coffey | P. Butters |
| T. Mullin | D. Jocquell | M. Mahony | E. W. Waters |
| P. G. Balsam | D. O'Connell | H. Hant | M. M. Baily |
| N. J. Porter | R. Hart | J. Zimmer | P. Fitzpatrick |
| G. H. Brimmer | J. R. Comer | J. McHamon | F. Smith |
| W. J. Clark | J. H. Harinah | W. J. Clark | E. Graves |
| J. Caron | J. J. Kinney | J. J. Kinney | F. Smith |
| T. Mullin | M. M. Baily | E. Graves | F. Smith |

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

P. P. Bally
E. J. Ngent
T. Gegg
C. F. Proctor
J. H. McComb
O. Tong
F. P. Leffingwell
E. Ancher
J. F. Kimple
J. J. Badeaux
T. J. Dandson
J. P. Flood
T. Moore
A. Paquin
F. Miller
T. J. Watson
J. Noel
W. H. Kinzie
J. Quill
C. W. Karst
W. W. Sampel
W. Wood
C. Campean
J. Pumphrey
T. F. Kipp
J. E. Hogan
G. Darr
F. Livington
J. Williams
A. L. Wiles
E. Mulhanny
W. T. Jollie
J. B. Smith
F. Hughes
A. C. Morton
F. P. Carlin
J. Gleeson
E. R. Busch
C. W. Kilmbal
G. Kurt
J. Burnburn
A. Schwas
J. H. Shirley
P. Dowe
J. Hanby
F. Detor
J. Leucke
A. Schlotz
J. Dore
M. Dougherty
R. Zl. Gicklauf
P. Logus
H. Hubbard
F. M. Williams
R. Mitchell
T. E. Dechant
J. P. Hoffman
H. A. Hoffman
B. F. Fisher
H. Schulte
A. Kleine
H. Easning
P. O'Meara
G. M. Quall
P. Phelan
J. D. Waters
W. Byrne
W. C. Wildfield
H. A. Hecker
L. Roth
J. W. Whitney
J. J. West
J. Kaufmann
I. Judy
J. P. Hoffman
F. W. Chamberlain
P. O'Connell
S. C. Aston
G. Wirthlin
B. Luhm
J. D. McIntyre
E. Poor
A. C. Morton
F. Traumont
Moure, Mich.
Louisville, Ky.
Elkhart, Ind.
Rexburg, Ind.
South Bend, Ind.
Lyon, Iowa.
Cincinnati, Ohio.
Chicago, Ill.
Theodore, La.
Clarkshurgh, Mich.
Westville, Ind.
"A" Place.
Duncan, Mich.
Mattison, Ill.
Zion, Ky.
Paxton, Ill.
Chicago, Ill.
Defiance, Ohio.
Elyria, Ohio.
Warsaw, Ind.
Detroit, Mich.
Cincinnati, Ohio.
Rexburg, Ind.
Joliet, Ill.
Cincinnati, Ohio.
South Bend, Ind.
Ligonier, Ind.
Laporte, Ind.
Findlay, Ohio.
Chicago, Ill.
South Bend, Ind.
Perrin, Mo.
Toledo, Ohio.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Erie, Ill.
Elgin, Ill.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Antwerp, Ohio.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Cairo, Ill.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Chicago, Ill.
Hennepin, Ill.
Chicago, Ill.
Omaha, Neb.
Cincinnati, Ohio.
Cincinnati, Ohio.
Cincinnati, Ohio.
Elyria, Ohio.
Cincinnati, Ohio.
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Cincinnati, Ohio.
Cincinnati, Ohio.
Cincinnati, Ohio.
Attica, Ind.
Chicago, Ill.
Savannah, Ga.
Leavenworth, Kan.
Cincinnati, Ohio.
Cincinnati, Ohio.
Cincinnati, Ohio.
Battle Creek, Mich.
Chicago, Ill.
The Mysticism of Number.

§ 2.—The Number Four.

This number prevails in all works of architecture and the useful arts. Our cities are built, as much as possible, square, the streets crossing each other at right angles, and dividing the city into smaller squares. The separate houses with their principal parts,—rooms, windows, doors, chimneys,—are rectangular, or four-sided in shape. Articles of furniture,—tables, beds, chairs, approach the same form.

The earth herself hath her four cardinal points from which we estimate her distances; and the year his four seasons.

The fabric of human society is built upon four cardinal virtues, and the Church of Christ, the preservative of society, is known by her four marks. Her Gospel is written by four Evangelists. For the Heavenly Jerusalem, even, no method of building has been found more perfect. He points TETRAGONON KEKTOPH—the city lyeth in the form of a square. The spiritual edifice in the human soul also is built up by four principal acts of religion viz.: adoration, thanksgiving, satisfaction, and imprecation. It is confirmed against temptation by meditation on the four last things: death, judgment, hell and damnation.

The squares measure all areas, as the cube all solids: the right angle is itself an intimation of the number four, since it suggests the rectangle, which has four sides. So what is called a carpenter's square is often but a mere right angle.

There was a sacred name revealed to the Jews of old, which they, through reverence, some time substituted for it in reading the sacred Scriptures, and their written language at that time consisting only of three, and is therefore properly considered as evolved from unity, without any diminution of duality. But in speaking of duality we shall show that even in the forms 2 + 2 and 2 × 2, it is still independent of the number two.

Solution of the Farmer's Problem.

On looking over the last Scholastic we noticed something on one of its neatly-printed pages which struck us at the time as being well calculated to tax the abilities of many of our geometers. We doubted not at the time that some one would be able to solve this problem, as it was called, almost at first sight; yet, after a little study, we came to the conclusion that it was not such an easy matter, and it was only after a deal of thinking and labor in arranging the facts properly that we at last came to the conclusion that we had it.

The problem states that the farmer has nineteen trees, and wishes to plant them in nine rows, consisting each of five trees. We think this farmer is rather fond of geometrical figures, but here is our solution: The best plan for his orchard is, in our estimation, that of an equilateral triangle, although perhaps another form of triangle may suffice. In the first place, he is to plant a tree at each vertex of the triangle, then one at the intersection of lines drawn from the vertices to the centre of the opposite sides. Now he is to lay off, equal distances from each vertex on these lines drawn bisecting the sides, and plant a tree at these places. Now, through these points, or the trees if he likes, he may imagine lines to be drawn cutting the sides. A tree should be planted at each point of intersection. Now he has nine lines laid out, cutting one another in nineteen different places, and at five different points on each line. If a tree be planted at each of these intersections, an orchard will be the consequence, considering the trees to be fruit-trees, and the peculiarities of this orchard are that out of the eighteen trees that it contains, nine strait rows are found, each containing five trees. We here give the figure presented by a plat of this singular orchard:

Yours truly,

"BILLY REX."

The same solution was given by B. W—d.

A country editor who carries concealed weapons is searching for the writer on health who sent the editor's wife a circular recommending that cigarettes should be taken up and beaten every month.
Eda Scholastic:—Here is one way of disposing of the apple trees according to the farmer's slice:

\[ \text{Mr. Green read the bill, and smiled, and then looked at Mr. Barnum.} \]

"Well," said Mr. Barnum, "it's all right, isn't it?"

"Why," said Green, "the price is right, but you've made such a funny mistake. You make me the debtor instead of you."

"I see no mistake in that," said Barnum. "You are the one that has made a mistake. You see, the case is this: There are a good many gentlemen in this city, who are fond of practising brass instruments, but they cannot do so at home on account of the neighbors' objections. So I furnish them room on my balcony a number of hours per day, where it does no harm, the street being so very noisy, and they pay me a small sum per week for my trouble in keeping the organization full. You must have thought we green to hire and pay such an infernally poor lot of players. However, as you appear to have been honestly mistaken, you can pay me ten dollars this week, but hereafter I can make no reduction."

Mr. Green did not play the second week.—Musical Independent.

M. SELIGMANN, the accomplished violoncellist, has been the last few weeks in London, but, notwithstanding marvellous 'invitations,' he has declined performing in public; although many of his private friends have had the pleasure of hearing him. We read in the Genius the following anecdote of this clever virtuoso:

M. Seligmann was on a tour in Germany with his Stradivarius. One day, breakfasting with a friend at his hotel, a band of itinerant musicians commenced playing in front of the salle a manger, much to the annoyance of the guests, as their performance was not "A. 1," and, in consequence, their chance of obtaining any remuneration very slight, the " conductor's" face on going round with the "hat" looking very long indeed. M. Seligmann's friend said to him, "I'll make you a bet you dare not play a violoncello solo yourself, and then go round with the "hat," and obtain a few kreutzers for those poor devils."

M. Seligmann accepted the bet, borrowed the violoncello of one of the band, played his solo—gaining immense applause—went himself round with the "hat," and obtained a goodly number of kreutzers, which he duly handed over the "chef," the violoncellist of the band.—Musical Independent, Chicago.

Star of the East Base-Ball Club.

MESSRS. OBSTORS.—Once more we call upon you to insert in your columns a few lines concerning our Club, which is doing its best to let its friends both at home and abroad know that we are still in existence.

At a meeting held in our usual meeting-place, for the purpose of reorganization, the following officers were elected:

Director—Brother Noah-Joseph.
Asst. Director—Bro. Marcellus and Ireneus.
President—N. S. Mitchell.
Vice-President—T. Decheant.
Recording Secretary—W. J. Clarke.
Corresponding Secretary—J. A. Roberts.
Treasurer—J. Dormody.
Field Director—J. Badeaux and T. Higgins.

From present appearance we think that the First Nine of the Star of the East will present a very strong "field" this year, and it is our earnest wish to regain our lost laurels—the championship of Notre Dame. Of our forty members we know that there is not one who will not try his best in every way to promote the interest of the Club, and try every means in his power to gain for his Club the honor of being the leading one of the University.

J. A. ROBERTS, Cor. Sec.
Miss Annie Hunt, 
" Nina Bower, 
" Maggie Tuby, 
" Idas Reynolds, 
" Ray Reynolds, 
" H. H. Pinney, 
" Mary Walker, 
" Mary E. Leonard, 
" Mannie Reynolds, 
" Maria H. Payne, 
" Ida C. Wusbam, 
" Fannie Moore, 
" Nellie Sanders, 
" Ethel Smith, 
" Mary Quill, 
" Estella Durban, 
" M. Mooney, 
" Alice Martin, 
" Mary Dillon, 
" Mary Moon, 
" Alice Pratt, 
" Emma Kirby, 
" Agnes Connahan, 
" Carrie Litts, 
" Lizzie Hoyt, 
" Belle Stephens, 
" Lizzie Marshall, 
" Ada Byrce, 
" Hazel Members, 
" Clara German, 
" Louisa Bacher, 
" Anna Gollahrdt, 
" Olivia Mike, 
" Miss Mulcahy, 
" Georgie Kelly, 
" Georgia Hurst, 
" Hanna Tinsley, 
" Louise Tinsley, 
" Lula Harrison, 
" Jennie Judy, 
" Minnie Lang, 
" Champion, 
" Kate Zoll, 
" Mattie Shirltd, 
" Nora O'Meara, 
" Eda Wilder, 
" Edith Byrce, 
" Mary M. Kirk, 
" Eda Edwards, 
" Gertrude Kelly, 
" Maggie Nash, 
" Amelia Emmans, 
" Julia E. Keenan, 
" Mary Keeney, 
" Julia Keeney, 
" Minnie Boedt, 
" Minnie Ward, 
" Mabel Boggs, 
" Ellen Hugan, 
" Jesie Hugan, 
" Kate Mahon, 
" Hannah Mahon, 
" Rouse Pilemey, 
" Caroline Peschmam, 
" Nellie Hooge, 
" Agnes Taylor, 
" Jeanette Coyley, 
" Anna Rice, 
" Val Beall, 
" Childe DeLong, 
" Alice Sheehan, 
" Maggie McNrye, 
" Little John, 
" Mary Grundy, 
" Almira Standards, 
" Frank Taylor, 
" Eva Rollin, 
" Agnes Bshen, 
" Aline Todd, 
" Belle Cabot, 
" Aline M. Darnell, 
" Mary Cochran, 
" C. E. G. C., 
" N. Sullivan, 
" A. Hunt, 
" C. Loftes, 

Schoolcraft, Michigan. 
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Lafayette, Indiana. 
Cassopolis, Michigan. 
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Saginaw, Michigan. 
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