Tales by the Camp-Fire.

NUMBER FIVE.

The Roadman's Story.

"May-be," says the cook, with a little scarcely perceptible solemnity, caused by the remembrance of a series of practical jokes—"May-be, 'm' Joe will fav' do company." His call did not wait for respondents, and Joe pushed forward by the custodian of the peace who had formerly silenced him, was forced to a notice-ly.

"Last year," he began, "I had the honor of being engaged as Snake-driver in Major Norkin's corps on the B. L. & C.—Our transitman, a Mr. Penraddock, was a man of iron constitution. So much so, indeed, that he could never run a line with the compass, or even read his bearing, as the magnetic needle, after a few oscillations, would always settle with its north pole pointing fair and square to the centre of his nervous system—"

A low murmur of remonstrance and dissent here interrupted the narration. Mr. Porter, however, took occasion to remark: "This is not so surprising a case as it may at first appear. The human blood always contains iron, although not usually in sufficient quantity to attract the magnetic needle, but still we can never tell what a little more might not do. The human system has, in fact, by some of our modernists, been regarded as an immense magnet—Who knows what would become of us if—"

Here Henry broke in (Porter still continuing to mander on, but nobody paying (any attention): "But Joe, how did he manage to get his bearings?"

"Oh! he made the flags-man read them in the morning, and then again in the evening, and as he was very particular about his angles, his reckonings always tallied. But as I was saying our transitman had such an iron constitution, and such indomitable energy that he ran us nearly to death. But as I was saying our transitman had such an iron constitution, and such indomitable energy that he ran us nearly to death."

"I'm afraid, too, that he was deaf, so that the lady did not hesitate to interject, and induce him to come down from his elevated position. As he began to recognize us, he exclaimed: 'What! are we all swallowed up together!' and then, becoming aware of the true nature of the place that he was in, he let himself down from the ridge-pole, remarking: 'Well, I do declare; if the wind hasn't blown the whole corps into camp.' "Wheth­er he would ever have discovered his mistake, I know not, as, just at that moment, the lightning struck his iron constitution and consumed the whole party. Not one of us escaped alive." [To be continued.]

A LADY residing in the department of the Seine and Marne had a Prussian quartered upon her farm during the commencement of the invasion. Fortunately she told him, on taking possession of his apartments, that he was deaf, so that the lady did not hesitate to talk to him as if he were not present, and she even played on her piano after the Prussian had gone to sleep, although he occupied the next room. At last the soldier informed his hostess that he could not hear her music. "Madame," he said, "je vous souhaite bien le bonjour!"

"Et moi," said the lady, smiling with exquisite grace, "je te souhaite de le causer le cou dans l'eau, bande, verole, ananas!"

"Oh, madame," interrupted the Prussian, "avez-vous moi, je n'ai pas penser a vous etre que je n'etait souver que par devoir du general!"

The Critic who writes upon puffing seems to suppose that no one but himself sees into the ways, that are dark, of the puff— and that puffing is something new. Bless him! Everybody knows everything about it, and since the time of King Pharaoh and the Pyramids, and before them, puffing has been a fine art; and one that has not been lost, but that he cannot pay, that anything and everything, when not done for God's sake, is so insignificant that it requires puffing to swell it out to respectable dimensions. —Ed.]

We all know the exact idea the word conveys when it is applied to patent nostrums. Merchants understand how to puff up their goods, so that they meet with a ready sale. Puffing has become such a powerful aid to the business man, to the adventurer and impostor that at the present day it has been reduced to a science to which we find the professional puffer, who for a consideration will, on short notice, write a puff on any subject that may be demanded. Does the merchant wish to dispose of last year's stock? Let him call on the professional puffer, and the next day the papers announce that Mr. C. has received a new consignment of spring goods which he is, on account of his peculiar facilities for selling, enabled to sell at a less figure than any of his neighbors can buy at wholesale rates.

Does some unprincipled, heartless villain wish to get rich at the expense of suffering, credulous humanity? The papers announce in the "personal" column the arrival of Dr. Makeup, M. D., a Florentine, who during his travels through Yarockton discovered a remedy for all the ills which mortal man is heir.

Does the pettifogger wish to draw attention to his great abilities and his brilliant virtues? We read that he defended a poor widow before a police magistrate, in a speech replete with burning eloquence and earnestness and that he generously refused the proffered fee.

Even death itself affords a rich field for the puff to exercise his skill. There is old Skidilled, whose parson was never open to the call of charity, whose heart never warmed towards his kind, after a long miserable, selfish life, he finds that he is coming to the end of his earthly career, and knowing that he cannot carry his wealth with him he generously leaves it behind him, and for this magnanimous act the public are startled by the announcement of the death of a prominent and useful citizen. After the catalogues of virtues has been exhausted we are gravity informed "That it will be difficult to fill his place," that "we ne'er shall see his like again," "the places that knew him once will know him no more."

But there is another place where puffing is beginning to take a firm hold, a place above all others, where it should be the aim of every sensible creature to puff it. When we take up our village paper the first article that meets the eye is a report of our village school exhibition, or a report of the last meeting of our debating society, and in this report we find
the list of complimentary adjectives in the English
language actually exhausted.
This is doubt, but school exercises in general reflect credit upon pupil and teacher, but
with all due respect for the opinions of others, we
think there is room for serious doubt as to whether
they were not a great exaggeration or in conjunction
with which they were performed by the press.
The first section we are informed, "was an able
production, distinctly, deliberately and effectively
applied. The second section was "exceedingly
forbidding, clearly emanated, and was received
with raptures of well-merited adulation." The third
which "for beauty of style, correctness of senti-
ment and vigor of thought has never been sur-
passed."
The first essay on "Spring," was a gem of the
purest water. 

The next, on "Sweet Home," was replete with
eruness and feeling. "The last, on "Vice," was
earnest, forcible and effective.
The play, "Ehe of the Forest," was admirably
conceived and played to perfection.
Common sense tells us it is base flattery; surely
it isn't good enough for men to flatter each other, but
what good can result from flattering the lairds of
Schools. If base flattery, we are forced to the
conclusion that the schools of the present day contain
more genius and ability than the liveliest imagi-
nation ever conceived. The press claims to be
the teacher of the people, and it is too true that
many form their opinion from their paper and yet we
are forced to ask what kind of fruit does the
press expect to reap by making the youth of the
schools think that they are beautiful, pretty or lovely, it must be

How often do they hear the remark that such a
boy is talented but lazy. How did he acquire the
knowledge that he was a genius; hence there
was no necessity for him to study—he could loaf
his way back to India."

Russell, from the mother of his friend Eric.

"How often do they hear the remark that such a
boy is talented but lazy. How did he acquire the
knowledge that he was a genius; hence there
was no necessity for him to study—he could loaf
his way back to India."

Eric was entirely in a garland of spring beauty
and success, of baffled temptations and hard-won
triumphs; what awful histories of lifes blighted
and blotted out, of wasted talents and ruined
lives.

The routine of school-life was on this wise: At
half-past seven the boys came down to prayers,
which were immediately followed by breakfast.
At nine they went into school, where they con-
menced, with little interruption, till twelve. At
one they dined, and, except at half-holidays, went
out to lunch again from three to five, and the
bell rang at six; at six o'clock they had to which
was a repetition of breakfast, with leave to add to
it whatever else they liked—and immediately after
supper, and went to "preparation," which lasted
from seven till nine. During this time one of the
masters was always in the room, who allowed them to
read anything books or employ themselves in any
other useful way they liked, as soon as they had
learnt their lessons for the following day. At nine
Dr. Rowlands came in and read prayers, after
which the boys were dismissed to bed.

The arrangement of the dormitories was pecu-
 liar. They were a suite of rooms, exactly the same
size, each opening into the other: six on each side
of a lavatory, which occupied the space between
them, so that, when all the doors were open, you
could see from one end of the whole range to the
other. The only advantage of this arrangement was,
that one master walking up and down could
keep all the boys in order while they were getting
into bed. About a quarter of an hour was allowed
for this process, and then the master went along
the rooms putting out the lights. A few of the
study-bed-rooms were allowed to remain lighted
ten, and their bed-rooms were, elsewhere. The conse-
quency was, that in these dormitories the boys felt
perfectly secure from any interruption. There were
cases, of course, when the boys could get at them:
one up the great staircase, and through the
lavatory; the other by a door at the extreme end
of the range, which led into Dr. Rowlands' house,
but was generally kept locked.

In each dormitory slept four or five boys, distrib-
uted by their order in the school-list, so that, in
each of the dormitories, there were nearly sixty;
and of these a goodly number were, on Eric's arrival,
collected in the "headmen's" room, the rest being
in their studies, or in the class-rooms, which some
of the boys visited in order to prevent too great
a crowd in the room.

At nine o'clock the prayer-bell rang. This was
the signal for all the boys to take their seats for
prayers, each with an open Bible in front of him;
and when the school-servants had also come in, Dr.
Rowlands read a chapter, and offered up an ex-
tempore prayer. While reading he generally inter-
ested himself in the general train of thoughts,
explanations, and Eric learnt much in this single
prayer, though short, was always well suited
to the occasion, and calculated to carry with it the
spiritual influence of the worshippers.

Prayers over, the boys nobly dispersed to their
bed-rooms, and Eric found himself placed in a room

[SELECTED.]

ERIC; or, Little by Little.
A Tale of Roslyn School.
By FREDERICK W. FAULK.
Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

PART FIRST.

CHAPTER VII.
ERIC A BOARDER.

We were, fair queen.
Tis our fortune to behold the ruler of the world;
And to be boy eternal.—Winter's Tale, i. 2.

The holidays were over. Vernon was to have a
tutor at Fairfield, and Eric was to return alone, and
be received into Dr. Rowlands' house.

As he went on board the steam-packet, he saw
numbers of the well-known faces on deck, and
mercy vouchsafed greeted him.

"Hello, Williams! here you are at last," said
Duncan, seizing his hand. "How have you en-
joyed the holidays? It's so jolly to see you again."

"So you're coming as a boarder," said Montague,
"and to make noble house, too. Mind you stick up
whether the boats are bringing any more follows;
we shall be starting in a few minutes."

"If there's Russell," said Eric, springing to the
gangway, and waving his hat to his friend's
hand as he came on board.

"Have your father and mother gone, Eric?"

"I'm so sorry," said Russell; " I don't think any
one has ever been so kind to me as they were.

"And they loved you, Edwin, dearly, and told me
almost last thing, that they hoped we should
always be friends. Stop! they gave me some-
words of affectionate advice."

"Yes," said Eric, "springing away his head, and
lastly brushing his eyes. "They are on their
way back to find us."

"I'm so sorry," said Russell; "I don't think any
one has ever been so kind to me as they were.

"And they loved you, Edwin, dearly, and told me
almost last thing, that they hoped we should
always be friends. Stop! they gave me some-
words of affectionate advice."

At that moment Eric hastily cared for advice.
He was full of life and spirits, brave, bright, impet-
uous, tingling with hope, in the flush and flow er
of boyhood. He bounded down the stairs, and in
spite of the range, which led into Dr. Rowlands' draw ing-room, where the head
master was sitting with his wife and children. His
greeting was dignified, but not unkindly; and, on
meeting his master, he gave to Russell. It contained a pretty silver
keep all the boys in order while they were getting
into bed. About a quarter of an hour was allowed
for this process, and then the master went along
the rooms putting out the lights. A few of the
study-bed-rooms were allowed to remain lighted
ten, and their bed-rooms were, elsewhere. The conse-
quency was, that in these dormitories the boys felt
perfectly secure from any interruption. There were
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to the occasion, and calculated to carry with it the
spiritual influence of the worshippers.
immediately to the right of the lavatory, occupied by D—at”—Graham, Llewelyn, and two other boys named Bell and Arley, all in the same form with himself. They were all tired with their voyage and the excitement of coming back to school, so that they did not talk much that night, and before long Eric was fast asleep, dreaming and dreaming that he should have a very happy life at Roslyn School, and seeing himself win no end of distinctions, and make no end of new friends.

[To be continued.]

Astronomy.

A synopsis of its history.

[Continued.]

If we were to adopt the opinions of some authors respecting the state of astronomical knowledge amongst the Chinese and Indians, we should have to commence a much earlier period than we do, in giving an account of this solary age amongst the Greeks, as it is stated that the former possessed records of eclipses and other phenomena, so far back as the year 2150, B.C., and that in the year 2027, B.C., the study of astronomy and the direc-ting of a propagating a knowledge of that science amongst their people, were objects of great moment with the emperor Dion II. Those, with numerous novelties, are taken from the genera-tion bistory of China, as translated by the Père De Maillé, a French Jesuit missionary to Pekin, and are not fully acquiesced in by the Père Gaultier, as before mentioned.

Upon the whole, therefore, we may conclude that, however ancient may be the rude observations of the Chi—nese and Indians, they possessed no science properly so called, but what they obtained from the Greeks through the medium of the Arabs, which people, after drawing it from the former source, carried it to Persia, whence it was transmitted to India and China. Such, at least, is the conclusion drawn by M. Delambre from a dis-passionate examination of all the claims of these nations.

During the reign of Almanzor there were many other celebrated Arabian astronomers, particularly Alfranun. He composed a work, many editions of which have been made since the invention of printing, besides other works, more or less con-nected with this science, which he wrote about 820. There, in 890, made himself very prominent as an astronomer. He observed the obliquity of the ecliptic and reduced it to twenty-three degrees, thirty minutes. He also determined the length of the year very nearly the same as it is now established by modern observa-tions.

Albuduni, in 878, was one of the greatest pro-moters of Arabian astronomy. His numerous observa-tions and important knowledge of all the sciences of his time, were the cause of his being sur-manned the Ptolemy of the Arabs, an honor by no means unmerited. By a comparison of many of his own observations with those of Ptolemy and others, he corrected the determination of the latter respecting the nodes of the stars in longitude, stating it to be one degree in 70 years, instead of 100 years. Modern observations make it one degree in 72 years. He determined very exactly the eccentricity of the ecliptic and corrected the length of the year to be three hundred and sixty-five days, five hours, forty-six minutes, twenty-four seconds, which is about two minutes too short.

This author has been collected and published in twenty-two volumes, under the title of "De Scientia Stellorum," of which there are two editions, one in 1537 and the other in 1610.

Mansutus, in his history of Mathematics, enumer-ates a long list of Arabian astronomers, who followed Albuduni, but none so well deserving of notice as Zonius, who wrote in the year 1004, and even he is celebrated rather for having collected and compiled the knowledge of his time, than for his discoveries, although he made numer-ous observations. The works of this author are still extant, a concise notice of which is given by M. Delambre, who finds that it contains twenty-eight ob-servations of eclipses of the sun and moon, made between the years 829 and 1004, seven observations of equinoxes, one on the obli-quitv of the ecliptic, and many others that cannot be here enumerated.

Among the Moors in Spain, in 1200, Araschi and Alhazen rendered themselves famous. The former is celebrated for having added to the theory of the sun by improving upon the principles of Ptolemy and Hipparchus. He made some for-tunate changes in the dimensions of the solar orbit and discovered certain inequalities in the sun's motion, which have since been confirmed by the Newtonian theory of gravitation.

Alhazen is also esteemed as a philosopher and astronomer of high reputation. It is said that in his lifetime he discovered the cause of refraction of light, and explained it on astronomical observations. He ex-plained the true cause of the crepuscular or twil-light in the morning and evening, besides various other minor discoveries, highly honorable to his memory.

The Persians, who for a long time were of the same religion and subject to the same sovereign as the Arabs, began about the middle of the eleventh century to throw off the yoke of the Caliphs, and at this period their calendar received, by the care of their astronomer, Omar Chayam, a new form and becomes a period for the conclusion of every thirty years of common time.

About the same time, also, one of their sover-igns, Hojqa II. couched, decreed the most con-siderable astronomer, Manghilo, where he re-con-structed a magnificent observatory, the care of which was confided to Nasir eddin.

But all the privileges of this nation, the one who distinguished himself most by his zeal for astronomy, was Hugh Beghal, a grandson of the celebrated Tamerlane, who was a great pro-ficient in this science. He formed his own observa-tions, at Damascus, as the successor of Reticus, a great mathematician, and having gone through a regular course of studies in Cairo, and afterwards in Rome, he was made by his uncle, who was Bishop of Wormins, the successor of Manghilo, and made a peaceful retreat, after thirty-six years of observa-tion and meditation, he established his theory of the motion of the earth, with such new and demon-strative arguments in its favor, that it has gradu ally prevailed since that time, and is now universal-ly received by the learned throughout Europe.

Everything connected with this great man must be of interest to the student. He had not the satis-factory, after the ascent of his undertakings, of meeting with violent opposition from those who called themselves philosophers. It was not without the greatest solicitude that he could be proc-essed with permission to make them public, but to con-tinued importunities of this kind he at length com-plied, and his book, De Revolutionibus Orbium Coelestium, was at length published. His disciple, Riccius, who has rendered great service to mathe-matical science by his extensive tables of sines, tangents, and secants to every ten seconds, was the first to adopt his ideas; but they had made but little progress till towards the beginning of the seveneteenth century.

J. P. Sheely on Office-Seeking. Office-seeking is becoming the curse of the country, and I know of no greater nuisance in the body politic than holders of office. When a man accepts a small office at the hands of a government or a people, he is lost; he never will be worth anything to himself or his neighbors. Some young men think they can only get a clerkship in Washington they will be fixed for life; so they will be, but what a fix! They are thus buried, and their lives worse than wasted.

A young man says that there may have been such a thing as real love in olden times, but that now the notion is entirely obsolete; and if you ask a young lady now a-day to marry you, she immediately wants to know if the "lot" is.
N O T R E D A M E S C H O L A S T I C.

Published every Week during Term Time, at NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY.

All communications should be sent to Editors Scholarstic, Notre Dame, Indiana.

TERMS:
One year ........................................................................ $2.00
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Music.

Music has always received great attention on the part of the officers of the College. Everything that was likely to be conducive to a higher class of music in the College was done. It is not to be supposed the music played by the Orchestra and Band last year showed that a great stride onward had been made during the course of the year.

In those same time, in our country, to educate young men up to a proper standard of Music. Comic songs, and fat-droll airs, and perhaps a soft, easy, sentimental melody, thrown in to give a greater zest to the side-splittin', knee-straining comic song, are the pieces that please an uncultivated ear, simply because they have never heard anything better. When they hear something better, they cannot at first understand it; they are like children who can read with pleasure Jack the Giant-Killer, but would be disgusted with Sir Walter Scott's novels, simply because they cannot understand them.

But young men should cultivate their taste for music. It is well enough for a child to be delighted with "Jack the Giant-Killer," but for a grown-up man to prefer Jack to Scott's novels would argue a low degree of literary taste. So, though it is well enough for a green boy, just beginning to draw a bow awkwardly across a fiddle, to prefer an easy agreeable melody, or something of that sort, yet for young men at Notre Dame, to have time and opportunity to improve their musical taste, more is expected.

We have frequently been struck by the difference in the style of music at Notre Dame and St. Mary's.

Of course, except in a few cases, we do not look for the same proficiency in music among young men that we expect to find in the playing of young ladies. Young men, unless they possess extraordinary talents, are not expected to devote a great deal of time to music; but all young ladies, whether they have any talent or not, are expected to "practise" a certain number of hours a week on the piano or harp; the result is that for average players a greater number is found among females than males. Yet the difference of the styles of Music in the two Institutions is too great to be accounted for by this general fact.

The teachers in both Institutions are excellent and enthusiastic during the terms they devote to Music. Music is more a pastime than a study.

The difference, then, is in the student. Those of the College are, as a general rule, sufficiently earnest and enthusiastic during the terms they devote to Music. Music is more a pastime than a study.

We know several young men who have a decided musical talent, and who, with perseverance and practice, might become proficient, and yet they cease all regular study after acquiring the knack of striking a few chords so as to accompany themselves when singing some little ditties, or load-sounding march, to show off their pianal ability.

Something better than this is to be expected from the amount of musical talent now in the College: there are some of the students of years past who have attained a certain proficiency on the piano and violin, and who this year do not take lessons.

This is wrong.

Bro. Briel and Leopold, Rev. Mr. Lilly and Prof. Regnier, and others, can teach them many things in their line of Music they know nothing of as yet. They—those who have real musical talent, and have made some advance in musical science—are expected to profit by the higher culture of Music, and far from ceasing to take lessons they are the very ones to whom lessons would be of the greatest advantage.

To the beginners we would say: do not be discouraged by the trials that are inevitable to beginners. The greater your musical talent, the greater is the love of regular lessons in the beginning. But, by-and-by, when you have mastered the mechanical part, and learned the ordinary scales, and the elementary exercises, then your pleasure begins.

But do not be discouraged by the elementary lessons. Learn them. Practise them. Know them by heart. Play them over and over. And then when you fill all the passages in classical pieces, instead of stumbling over them for weeks trying to learn them, you can play them at once.

For the sake of our ears, young gentlemen, discard the "Shoo-fly" style, and learn Music.

Advertising.

There may be at odd times an advertisement inserted in a newspaper without the knowledge of the responsible editor.

There is a certain class of advertisements that formerly figured conspicuously in the columns of some of our exchanges, and which, we are glad to see, have been taken out for many months, even years, past.

That tells well for the paper and for the readers.

In two of our exchanges, we noted last week, there is an advertisement headed "Popery," or something to that effect, and which tells the intelligent readers of those papers that a book has been written that reveals all the abominations of Popery, its New York Kits, (italicised in advertisement), and which contains shocking things. The editors of those papers know that all such books are made up of lies, or they are ignorant of the fact.

If they do know it, they should not, for the sake of a few dollars, allow the insertion of such an advertisement in their papers.

If they are ignorant of the fact, they should make a course of elementary studies, if they continue to edit a paper for the instruction of their readers.

We are much pleased to have Mr. McMahon for our neighbor.

The weather is splendid after the rain that favored us the first of the week.

Mr. Nelson brought his two sons with him. He was "burned out," but is by no means cast down. He has opened again on Walsh's (1) Avenue.

We deeply deplore the death of our friend, Michael Garrity, and tender our sympathy to his relatives. Michael Garrity was a sterling young man, and had not only a fine future before him, but had given evidences, in his short life, of his strong faith, high-toned principles and business energy. 

REGIMENT IN PACE.

We have a raven amongst us. Our learned friends say it's only a large crow, but we stick to our poetical hypothesis.

Among the visitors whom we have had the pleasure of seeing this last week, were Rev. T. O'Sullivan, of Laporte, Rev. Fitziammons, of Elgin, and the Mears, Von Weller.

As we had no celebration on St. Edward's day, would it not be well, now that Chicago is building up again, to have a soiree from the Orchestra and Band. Perhaps, too, the Thespians have not forgotten their parts.

Rev. Fathers Lemonnier and Brown have gone to the genial clime of Wisconsin in search of health. May they find it in superabundance, and in a short time, return to fill their now vacant places in the College.

ALTHOUGH there was no public demonstration on St. Edward's day in honor of Rev. Father Superior General, as he had intimated in decided terms that he would not permit it when the country was in mourning over the destruction of half a great city, yet he received from all sides, both by letter and personal calls, evidences of the esteem and respect in which he is held by all.

May he have the pleasure of spending next St. Edward's day, and many more, with us. We shall endeavor to make up for the non-celebration of his Patron's day this year.

Michael H. Garrity.

We are called upon again to record the death of another of the old students of Notre Dame, Michael H. Garrity, who attended the classes of the University during the years 1861-62-63, died on the 14th day of October last.

All who had the pleasure of associating with Mr. Garrity, during his stay at Notre Dame, will remember him as one of that class of persons who make themselves general favorites. Mr. Garrity always possessed the respect and friendship of the officers and Professors of the College. At the same time he was always in high favor with his fellow-students. This he possessed, not by courting the good will of Professors and students by underhand trickery, but by the sincerity and frankness of his manners on all occasions. During his life at the College, if there was anything going on Mich, was sure to be on hand, ready to do his part in making things cheerful and pleasant. But he did not take part in the amusements of the College to the detriment of his studies, and was always as faithful in his attendance at class and in his recitations as most young men are. To this all his Professors would willingly bear witness.

Peace to his ashes. Pleasant are all our memories of him, and pleasant must be his old companions' memory of him. Sorrows will indeed visit it to them to learn that Deitich has laid his key finger on him.

Tables of Honor.

Senior Dept.


Junior Dept.


Minn. Department.

HONORABLE MENTIONS.

CLASSICAL COURSE.


PHILOLOGICAL COURSE.


Commercial Course.


MINN DEPARTMENT.

ORTHOGRAPHY.


lastly watching his flocks in the shade! While I lab-er hard, the sun burns me, and I have neither time nor leisure for song. After enduring the burden of the day, my tired limbs need rest, and in the morning, work in the st. Id awaits me. The delicate lid youth would perish, would it once perform my day's work, and yet they always pursu­ue him with tears of joy and tender embraces. I hate this efficacy—but... they never trouble themselves about me, although I till the soil throughout the whole heat of the day. How they pour forth their tears of joy!"

Thus he passed by his way to the field In the grove they overheard his talk. Methuselah paled a little among the crowd of Tithma and Tithma and Tithma. Ere also, sorrowfully reclining on Adam, wept over her first-born. Then up-spake Ab.:—

"Dearst! I will go into the field to my brother, I will embrace him, and speak to him all that a brother's love can speak; I will embrace him and will not let him go from my arms until he has promised me, to banish from his bosom every burs­ter, until he has promised to love me. Ab. had searched my whole heart, my whole soul, to discover how I could win my brother's love; often have I examined my conduct to find something wherein I had allured him. I had succeeded and enkindled anew his extinguished love; but alas! grief and disconsolate always returned and smothered the flame.

Thus spake Adam, and then the jury a sly look, "the ass was brought along the road, and the J. J. J. "I mean to say, sir," giving the witness a look, "I do not understand what you mean by saying that the son next visited his father's grave and then exclaimed, "All these mournful hours, these restless nights? Oh, sin! Oh, sin! what a terrible destruction in the soul of a sinner swell to such a fearful tumult and des­pair?"

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Thus spake Adam, and with sad thoughts went forth from the grave into the field to seek his first-born. Cain saw him, raised his eyes from his work and said:

"Why so sad, father? With this countenance you did not go to embrace my brother; your eyes already speak reproaches to me."

With sadness mixed with friendliness, Adam answered:

"Welcome, my first-born! You know that you deserve reproaches, because even now they speak to you of your wickedness. Yes, Cain, you have been reproached; anxiety which you nurture in your father's bosom, tormenting anxiety, leads me to you!"

"Not love, then," interrupted Cain; "this bo­longs alone to Abel."

"Yes, love, Cain," answered Adam; "love, the whole heaven be witness! These tears, this grieve, these anxious cares which torment me, and her who gave you life, what are they else but love?—these mournful hours, these restless nights? Oh, Cain, Cain, if you love us, it would be your tender care to banish this grief from our hearts, and to lighten our declining days. Oh! if you have any care to banish this grief from our hearts, and to lighten our declining days. Oh! if you have any care to banish this grief from our hearts, and to lighten our declining days. Oh! if you have any care to banish this grief from our hearts, and to lighten our declining days. Oh! if you have any care to banish this grief from our hearts, and to lighten our declining days.

The Bootjack.—The introduction of the boot­jack makes quite an era in the history of boilers, now that we think of it. The savage, of course, knew nothing of it, and he knew nothing of it now, except when it has burned his astonished hands by an enlightened thought of the wisdom. Bootjacks came in shortly after the introduction of tight boots. Before that time men used to kick off their boots or sleep in them. We b ur there are few who don't wear boots in Catholic countries, and the frequency of the epigraph, "Died in his boots."

Imagine the perplexity and embarrassment of the man who had the temerity to pull on the tight pair of tight boots, when he made a sudden discovery that the bootjack was not being invented. How must he have wriggled and twisted, now prying away with the toe of one boot on the heel of the other, the heel slipping off and striking him on the tenderest part of his shinsbone. Again, catching the toe under the other leg, he works away at the heel with his hand; but all in vain. At length he tries that crotch of a tree, and the thing is done. Any one could invent a bootjack after that.—Exchange.

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Grace Greenwood writes from Denver: Nature did anticipate an ill turn originally, in afflicting them a mark by which they can be seen and 'a head drawn from them' at a great distance. It renders them especially liable to attacks in the wear; which reminds me of a little story. A small Colorado boy, who had been out playing, ran into the house in a state of excitement, saying that he had seen some antelopes in a gully near by. At his entry his mother went out to look at them, but nothing of the kind was to be found.

On the contrary, he became incensed, and said at last: "I don't believe you saw any antelopes; it must have been your imagination, my child!" To this the little mountaineer indignantly replied: "I guess my imagination isn't white behind!"

Cable Communication with the East.—Says a London dispatch, of the 19th:

A sultry wine cable has been successfully laid between Nagasaki, Japan, and Possiette, the new naval station of Rosalin on the sea of Japan. The inscriptions of the telegraph line are so arranged as to do away with the usual two distinct telegraphist in routes between London and Japan—lost by the submarine cable via Gibraltar, Malta, the Red Sea, India, Singapore, Hong Kong and Shanghai; the other by the submarine cable to Pensacola, and the land lines through Florida in El Paso and Siberia, and the submarine cable from Possiette to Japan. The only link now wanting to complete the telegraphic circuits of the globe is that from Japan across the Pacific Ocean to Colllor-ia.

A Conscientious constable in Rock Island, Illi- nois, recently attempted to do his duty, but is la ter ashamed of his success and shames the mat ter to the authorities is the following return on the back of a subpoena:

"I executed this process by trying to read it to John Jack, but the drunk cutts on horse-backed, and ran faster than I could, and kept up such a h-h of a hollerin' I don't know whether he heard or not. This is the best I c'n do, and don't know whether the sheriff is served according to law or not.

Attest, ELI SMITH, Cont.

HILL'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—A Washington special says:

A letter recently received in this city from an officer of the Arctic Exploration, states that Capt. Hill hopes to carry the Polaris to 80 degrees north latitude. The season was so favorable, and the sea very clear of ice, that God willing, he says, we may accomplish the object of the expedition as to return home again next fall.

A man who sings has a good heart. Such a man not only works more willingly, but he works more constantly. A singing cobler will earn as much money again as a cobbler who gives way to his low spirits and indulgence. Avaricious men seldom sing. The man who attacks a singing, throws a stone at the head of hierarchy, and world, if he could, Rob Jane of his means, and Augustus of its mawkish-airs.

There is a very of an English tourist who con tinned a restaurant, and by a few scraps of French was able to order dinner. He wields some humorous—very delicious a dish Not knowing the name, he demanded a sheet of paper and a pencil and sketched one. The other understanding him in a see me, disappeared for ten minutes, and returned with a splendid—umbrella!

Tun following is almost "as good as if it were true":

Two Irishmen, one really night, immediately after their arrival in India, took refuge under the bandedolies from a skirmishing party of mus­

Pauk. At last one of them gasped from heat, ventured to peep beyond the bulwarks, and by his chance espied a fire-fly which had flung itself into the room. Arming his companion with a punch he said:

"Forget, Fergus, it's no use. Ye might as well come out. Here's one of the curiosity searchers for us with a lantern!"

A curious turn of Marshal McMahon when a colonel. During a parade he had an altercation with an officer in the ranks who refused to obey him. McMahon at last threatened the offender, and the latter, drawing a pistol, took deliberate aim and fired. Fortunately the cap snapped. Without the slightest signs of fear, cool and insus­

McMahon said:

"Give that man fifteen days in the guard-house, for having his arms out of order!"

A LITTLE boy up street said to his sister, the other day:

"I know what your hen's pretty white home's name is; it's Dancy."

"Hush, sonny, that's a naughty word."

"Well, I don't care if tha's that's his name, one last night I was outside the fence when he stopped at the front gate, and I heard him say, 'Whoa, dancy!'—Deering's (Vt) Free Press.

A COXSWAIN, a lady, became so dissatisfied with her lover that she dismissed him. To revange, he threatened to publish her letters to him. "Very well," replied the lady, "I have no reason to be ashamed of any part of my letters except the ad­

dress!"

A young lady was condemned to remain another year in the same class owing to a bad examination. His father reproached him for this. Theronpore the son answered: "Do not be astonished, father; my Professor has already been six years in this very class.

A LAWYER once told to a countryman in a smock­

A STUDENT was condemned to remain another

L. — "And what did you do then?"

SIR.—"I can't tell you how to say it!"

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SIR.—"John Smith, what is your Christian name?" asked an absent-minded Professor.

DARWIN, with a view to replace purchase in the army by a system of natural selection.

"Do you think," asked Mrs. Pepper, "that a little temper is a bad thing in a woman?" "Certainly not, ma'am," replied a gallant philosopher, "It is a good thing, and she ought never to lose it."

FULL of rage, a teacher once said to a boy, who did not know anything: "You are an ass!" and immediately to the next boy: "Tom, what did I say?" Trembling, the boy answered: "You are an ass."

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St. Mary's Academy, 10 November 1917, p. 3.

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Mrs. Porcher, Pinkneyville, Ill.
Mr. Wicker, Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. Inquiry, Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. Wade, New Carlisle, Ind.
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Mr. Brandenburg, Niles, Mich.
Mr. Spreier, Peoria, Ill.
Mr. Woods, Laporte, Ind.
Mrs. Logan, Plymouth, Ind.
Mrs. Sommerson, Notre Dame, Ind.

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