Notre Dame Scholaristic: Devoted to the interests of the Students.

"LABOR OMNIA VINCIT."

GOOD ENGLISH.

A LECTURE READ BEFORE THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY, TUESDAY, JANUARY 18, 1872.

Every cultivated language, being molded by an intelligent people, accustomed to think, and conversing by Bacon and Shakespeare, or even by any other, from the strong Saxon and, on the other, from the graceful Latin. As an example of their great number in English, and showing the consequent care needed to use them correctly, it may be stated, that to indicate the passion of anger there are no less than thirty words, no two, of course, being exactly equivalent. So that, if one would speak with accuracy concerning this passion, he must consider which one of these thirty varieties of anger he intends to allude to; whether he means, as Webster says: "Anger itself, a feeling of keen displeasure for real or fancied wrong; or Bencing, a generous outburst of feeling against what is mean or cruel; or resentment, a moody state of mind, brooding on supposed wrongs with deep and lasting hatred; or wrath, the feeling of one bitterly provoked; or rage, a vehement ebullition of feeling; or fury, an excess of rage, amounting almost to madness; or, in fine, what state of the passion he would refer to.

It may be asked of what use is this excessive refinement of thought and speech. As well ask why it is that the painter employs so many shades of the same color, or so many different tints in his picture; or why it is that, in all nature, even more than in art, the forms of things have an almost endless variety, and their parts pass from one to another by insensible and seemingly endless changes of gradation. In all things coming to us, from our Creator, including the gift of language, is there not this characteristic of endless variety, whispering to us of the infinitude of their origin.

In connection with synonyms, we may speak of an extremely missionaries error on the part of our fastidious friends. Some of these persons, being quite archeological in their tendencies, would have us use none but old Saxon words and idioms, taking Dunyan or may be Bacon and Shakespeare, or even, perhaps, antique Chaucer, as their standard. Others, possessed of grandiose aspirations, will have nothing but fine French and Latin phrases. One set strut along in stiff Saxon, always proud of their use of common words; while the adverse party march in stately Latinisms, glorifying in the employment of vapid sentences and finely constructed, until their language becomes

"Too good for human nature daily food";

while the latter mangy their sentences, until about settles down upon them, and their language no more resembles English than does the ruined City of the Prairies resemble the beautiful metropolis where its place it occupies.

A prominent requirement of the fastidious is that all sentences should be constructed after the manner of the period, full, flowing and boldly rounded to the conclusion. This, they declare, is the most harmonious, dignified (and they might add, pompous) arrangement; as if harmony and dignity were the only important qualities of a sentence. Close your sentences, they say, with fine, generous words—no prepositions, adverbs, or puny pronouns being suffered to bring up the rear with dignity and decorum. These are our grandiloquent friends, who are found before so much more exceedingly fond of French and Latin expressions; and their requirement in this case is nothing more nor less than that we should put the English into the hands of the French, and the French, into the hands of the English, for which, it is true, ours has some, but yet very little, affinity. The pompous Latin form of sentence is indeed occasionally very effective in English; but generally it is not, being opposed to the genius of our more vigorous and pungent northern speech. Much of the terseness, pith and force of our prose and verse is expressed without regard to this requirement; for an adverb or a preposition may in fact be the most prominent word in a sentence, and even in our best oratory you will often hear them come in at the close of the sentence, with the most unassuming but charming and effective simplicity.

Listen to the following, from "Reed's Lectures," and notice how naturally and forcibly the study little prepositions close up the sentences: "Bacon says," "Houses are built to live in, and not to look on." "Revenge is a kind of wild justice, which the more a man's nature runs to, the more ought law to weed it out." Dr. Donne asks, " Hath God a name to swear by, a name to curse by, a name to blaspheme by, and hath He no name to pray by?" Burke says, "The times we live in have been distinguished by extraordinary events." Franklin says of an acquaintance, "He had the best heart of any man I ever met with." Arnold the historian says, "Knowledge must be worked for, studied for; and, more than all, it must be prayed for." And Shakespeare, the bard, says, "He that's odd must be provided for;" and to the ghost of the murdered thane he makes Macbeth say, "Thou hast no speculation in those eyes which thou dost glare with." And in the days of Byron's you may perceive at once the lightning and the thunder, "From peak to peak, the rattling crags among, leaps the live thundurer." The free life of our tongue will be bound in by no fixed and straitening bands, however silken or golden they may be.

Seek then the elegant and forcible idioms of the language, and use them with all freedom, despite the fact that they cannot always be parsed by the grammatical rules of French or Latin. The truth is that too many persons, like Dryden and Milton, try to prove the correctness of their English by showing its similarity to the Latin. It is English we speak, and English authors therefore that we should strive to resemble—Shakespeare, Goldsmith and Burke being fitter models for us than Cicero, Virgil and Horace.

We are directly to consider the means by which we may learn to use good English—that is, know what we wish to say, and choose the right words to say it. First, then, how shall we know what we wish to say? Strange, indeed, that one should not know what he wants to say! But it is no less true than strange. Most persons' minds are like that of one who has heard a story and half remembers it. They know something of what they wish to tell, but for their lives they can not bring it out exactly; that is, not knowing precisely what they wish to say, they, of course, cannot say it. Double, indeed, is the danger they are in, without knowing it as best they can. Such language is not, but might very appropriately be styled broken English; for it is English mangled in a most horrible manner.

Seek to avoid this debased massification of the offspring of our intellect, how to know what is, and to weed it out. Most persons' minds are like that of one who has heard a story and half remembers it. They know something of what they wish to say, and choose the right words to say it. First, then, how shall we know what we wish to say? Strange, indeed, that one should not know what he wants to say! But it is no less true than strange. Most persons' minds are like that of one who has heard a story and half remembers it. They know something of what they wish to tell, but for their lives they can not bring it out exactly; that is, not knowing precisely what they wish to say, they, of course, cannot say it. Double, indeed, is the danger they are in, without knowing it as best they can. Such language is not, but might very appropriately be styled broken English; for it is English mangled in a most horrible manner.

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But Eric still looked serious. "Why, my dear old boy," continued Wildney, "the Gordonite's going to be the first to laugh at the trick when we tell them of its next morning, as of course we will do. There now, don't look grumpy. I shall cut away and change it with Graham, and tell you the whole dodge ready prepared to-night at bed-time.

After lights were put out, Wildney came up to the study according to an arrangement, and threw out hints about the proposed plan. He didn't tell it plainly, because Duncan was there, but Duncan caught quite enough to guess that some night-exursion was intended, and said, when Wildney had got as far as he could:

"Take my advice, and have nothing to do with this, Eric."

Eric had grown very touchy lately about advice, particularly from any fellow of his own standing; and after the checks he had recently received, a coolness had sprung up between him and nearly all the boys, which made his more than ever inclined to assert his independence, and defy and thwart them in every way.

"Keep your advice to yourself, Duncan, till it's asked for." he answered roughly. "You've done more to think about that than anything else in it."

"Como una ruleta," replied Duncan with a shrug. "I've got my own special objections; and you don't know what you're doing to me."

"Nothing more was said in the study that evening, and when Eric went down he didn't even bid Duncan good-night.

"Charlie," he said, as he stole on tiptoe into Wildney's dormitory.

"Hush!" whispered Wildney, "the other fellows are asleep. Come and sit by my bedside, and I'll tell you what we're going to do."

Eric went and sat by him, and he sat up in his bed. "First of all, you're to keep awake till twelve to-night," he whispered; "old Rowley will have gone round by that time, and it'll be all safe. Then come and awake me again, and I'll watch till one, Pietrie till two, and Graham till three. Then Graham'll wake us all and we'll dress."

"Very well. But how will you get the key of the lavatory?"

"I don't know," answered Wildney. "But come again and wake me at twelve, will you?"

Eric went to his room and lay down, but he didn't take his clothes, for fear he should go to sleep. Dr. Rowlands came round as usual at eleven, and then Eric closed his eyes for a few minutes, till the head master had disappeared. He lay awake in the dark for an hour, but his thoughts weren't very pleasant.

At twelve he went and awoke Wildney. "I don't feel very sleepy," said Wildney. "Shall I sit with you for your hour, Charlie?"

"Oh, do! I should like it of all things. But don't the glum there; we shan't want it, and it might give the alarm."

"All right."..." said Eric again, after a pause. "What's to be done?"

Eric often talked now of work in this slighting way, partly as an excuse for the low places in form to which he was gradually sinking. Everybody knew that he had properly exercised his abilities he was capable of achieving anything by any device or plan that he happened to adopt. His conscience, he professed to ridicule diligence as an unboyish piece of mufffness, and was never slow to sneer at the "grinders," as he contemptuously called all those who laid themselves out to win school distinctions.

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Mr. Harley opened the door about an inch, and peered out suspiciously.

"Oh, well, you must go and awake Mr. Rose. I don't happen to have the key to-night." And so saying, he shut the door.

"Flies! Here's a go!" said Wildney, recovering immediately. "I'll never do to wake old Rose. He'd smell a rat in no time."

"I have it," said Pietrie. "I've got an old nail, with which I believe I can open the lock quite simply. Let's try." "No, Charlie, I won't;" and, grasping his hand, Eric hurried him over the sill and through the fields as fast as he could, while Pietrie and Graham took the opposite direction.

Some one (they did not know who it was, but suspected it to be Mr. Gordon's servant-man) was running after them, and they could distinctly hear his footsteps, which were half a field distant. He carried a light, and they heard him panting. They were themselves tired, and in the utmost trepidation; the usually courageous Wildney was trembling with fear of communique to himself. Horrible visions of a trial for a burglary, imprisonment in the castle jail, and perhaps transportation, presented themselves to their excited imaginations, as the sound of the footsteps came nearer and nearer.

"I can't run any further, Eric," said Wildney.

"What shall we do? don't leave me, for heaven's sake."

"Not I, Charlie. We must hide the minute we get tother side of this hedge."

They scrambled over the gate, and plunged into the thickest part of a plantation close by, lying down on the ground behind some bushes, and keeping as still as they possibly could, taking care to cover over their white collars.

The pursuer reached the gate, and no longer hearing footsteps in front of him, he paused. He went a little distance up the hedge on both sides, and held up his light, but did not detect the cow-boy. He found no trace of him, and immediately turned back over the field, and it was not until the sound of his footsteps had died away that Eric saw the man's light gradually getting more distant, and said, "All right now, Charlie." We must make the best of our way home."

"Are you sure he's gone?" said Wildney, who had not yet recovered from his fright.

"Quite; come along. I only hope Pietrie and Graham ain't caught."

They got back about half-past four, and climbed into a low, narrow car, which was about half a mile from the school. They went arm in arm to secure each other a little, for at first in their fright they were inclined to take every post and tree for a man in ambush, and hear a recalling voice in every sound of cold wind and murmuring wave.

Not far from Mr. Gordon's was a carpenter's shop, the door of which was standing open. He had arranged to carry this ladder with them (as it was only a short one), climb the low garden wall with it, and then place it against the opposite side of the window which hung by the first-story windows. Wildney, as the lightest of the four, was to take the ladder, and held up his light, but did not detect the cow-boy. He found no trace of him, and immediately turned back over the field, and it was not until the sound of his footsteps had died away that Eric saw the man's light gradually getting more distant, and said, "All right now, Charlie." We must make the best of our way home."

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next year. To come back to the subject, the race-
courses in Ireland are not well-beaten tracks as in
this country, but the races are run over the com-
mon country, interrupted with large artificial
ditches and high stone walls. The Ballycorree courses had seven double walls and
Ditches; a race was four times around the
course. The largest ditch was on the side of a
hill; the wall was twelve feet high, with a double
ditch ten feet wide. There was a large crowd, the
lowest estimate of which could not be less than
ten thousand.

The accommodation for sitting was very poor,
the most of the people being allowed to take re-
served seats on the ground. There was, however,
a small space of ground upon which a grand stand
had been erected, but no one except those belong-
ting to the gentry were admitted. Luckily I was
in company with some of that class, and on the
strength of that was admitted to the grand stand.

This was the day for which the County Clare
and surrounding counties had been waiting for the
last time—when the whole country turned out in
gayest attire. It was a curious and pictur-
esque sight to see the different colors of the rain-
bow fantastically arranged on one person. Two
thousand of the same color could be seen on any per-
son,—even the two stockings were of different
colors.

About two o'clock the bell rang for the first race; immediately the races
two horses were at the
scoring place. They were of a different kind to
any that I have ever seen in America, being
slighter in bulk but stronger in the limb than the
general breed of American merino-horses. Their
broad chest and noble head showed that they possessed
the power of endurance and long-continued racing in
the highest degree.

And they start,—now they are at the first
ditch,—up they rise,—three are thrown,—away speed
the rest. Now they come to the second
ditch,—up they rise,—one is thrown,—away speed
the rest amid the loud huzzas of the concourse.
But all is still as they approach the big ditch; now
they are at it,—up they rise,—all are thrown ex-
cept the two leaders,—there is a rush for the big
ditch as the report goes around that two jockeys
are killed; hurrying towards the place, what is
the fact that their
children of the same color could be seen on any per-
son, even the two stockings were of different
colors.

The races in this country are totally different
from those of England and Ireland, of Ireland
especially, there being only one flat course in the
country, namely the Curragh of Kilclare. It seems,
from what I saw, that flat racing is held in great
disrepute in Ireland. They consider any horse may
make a good flat race, but few are extra on the
state horse-course. Perhaps more depends on
the rider than on the horse himself, indeed so much
as the rider has to raise his horse at the right time; if
he raises him a moment too soon or a moment too
late, he endanger not only the life of his horse
but also his own.

After witnessing a few more races, which time
or space will not allow me to describe, I left the
course. Denis J. Hogan.

"Ah, Jimmy," said a sympathizing friend to a
man who was just too late for the train, "you did
not run fast enough."

"Yes, I did," said Jimmy; "but I didn't start
soon enough."

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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

All communications should be sent to Editors SCHOLAS-
TIC, Notre Dame, Indiana.

TERMS:

One year ......... $2.00

Single copies (50c) of the publication can be obtained at
the Students' Office.

The Twenty-Second.

The Students of Notre Dame celebrated the
Anniversary of Washington's Birthday in their
usual splendid manner. We do not pretend to
give an account of the evening entertainment, as
we leave that pleasant duty to other pens more
apt at the niceties of the exhibition.

Quite a number of our friends from the neigh-
boring graces to the Hall with their presence,
among whom we noticed Rev. Henry Brown, of
Ravenna, Rev. J. Carroll, of Fremont, Ohio; Rev.
J. J. F. Fere, of St. Vincent's; A. Anderson and lady;
A. Beal, of the Republic; his lady; Messrs.
Crockett, Banning and Smith, of the South Bend
Tribune; Mrs. McMahon, Miss Nora McMahon;
Miss Walsh, Mr. Charles Langford, J. H. Pulling
and lady, W. Cushing, J. G. Hart and lady, Mr.
Woodside and Miss Pulling, Mr. Harvey and Miss
Woodside, Mr. Stier and lady, Miss Shively.
The Hall was crowded, and some who arrived
late could scarcely find good places.

The Band came out in greater force than it
had brought on this year. The tunes were well select-
ed and wel] played.
The Orchestra, composed of Juniors, disclosed
some lively music between the acts of the Tragedy.
The play was "Damon and Pythias," modified
so as to be played without female characters. We
cannot say too much in commendation of the
Theatrical efforts of the Thespian Society to give an enter-
tainment worthy of Notre Dame; that their efforts
were crowned with complete success was the
unanimous verdict of the audience. We have no
time to notice the acting of the Students who took
part in the play. Due justice will be done them
in our next issue. We limit our remarks to a well-
arranged commencement of America, O'Ma-
hony and Darr. We owe them this mention to
appreciate them and act them.

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In memoriam

were young ladies of 17. The 'Will was very well.

ladies of '71,—though, be it remarked, several

J. Roulac, M. Mahoney, E. Monahan.

The article contains a just tribute to the young

as it was listened to on the day of publication.

J. Leubke, J. Rumely.

C. Dodge, G. Gercw, D. Hogan, E. Halpin, J. Kil-

Hugh Deehan,

John Maley,

Edward Maley,

Richard Dougherty,

Thomas Gibbs,

ourself.

— and in this regard, to use an expression

C. D. F. McKlnnon,

James A. Murphy,

Thomas H. Jones,

D. Maloney, J. M.

9.—T. Kenshaw, N. Mitchell, P. "White,

D.A.C.,D.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.
enlighten the hardships of, the weary traveller on life's long and tempestuous journey. Such a purpose we have in mind, and pleased we are, Notre Dame, living in the very centre of one of these贞直 places seldom found throughout human-try's vast domain. In promising these remarks, we wish to convey the fact that we recognize our Country's loving friend in him who so earnestly wishes to be enlightened as to whether there still exists at Notre Dame a society once, as he says, her pride, but which now, owing to the long silence which, it seems, has held her members enchaîned, is even considered an existence of the past.

In regard to the Archconfraternity, let it be known that it still exists as in days of yore; that, in those days, it now numbers as its members the dité of the Senior Students; and further, that whether taken individually or collectively, they manifest as great a desire for the promotion of the glory of Notre Dame and the practice of His holy religion as they did in those golden days menzoned in the annals of Notre Dame.

However, in regard to its mystical secretary having never reported the proceedings of its regular monthly meetings, there is a slight mistake. If at present the Archconfraternity is not the patron of the College, surely it is not owing to any lack of energy on the part of its members, nor to the fact that the Literary Societies are in any way detrimental to its prosperity, for such is not the case; and not content that our College ever places first in her catalogue of societies that one first founded within her walls, and which as to members, active or honorary, can claim the most illustrious of her students.

That Society is the time-honored, most noble-minded Archconfraternity, and I consider it an honor to be able to sign myself even its "MYTHICAL" SECRETARY.

Of course there can be no antagonism between literary societies and religious ones. It is well known that the best members of the religious Societies are among the best members of the literary ones, and that they thereby do their duty as good Students.

We by no means wish with the Archconfraternity to rush into print for their own glorification, and to tell all the good they do; but we do wish, for the good they do, but we do wish, for the

The "American Eloquencesit."

YPOLLAND, MICHIGAN, Feb. 9, 1872.
J. A. LYNCH, A. M., Professor in University Notre Dame:

My Dear Sir: Permit me to thank you for your excellent book, "The American Elounciation and Dramatic Reader." In education, as in business, competition is the life, etc. I welcome your excellent book, "The American Elocutionist" to the field where so much help is needed. I welcome your book, "The American Elocutionist" to the field where so much help is needed.

The "American Eloquencesit."

"I say," and "says I," that pop out of the ego-8tist's vast domain. In premising these remarks, we wish to convey the idea that we recognize the Society's life's long and tempestuous journey. Such a purpose we have in mind, and pleased we are, Notre Dame, living in the very centre of one of these贞直 places seldom found throughout human-try's vast domain. In promising these remarks, we wish to convey the fact that we recognize our Country's loving friend in him who so earnestly wishes to be enlightened as to whether there still exists at Notre Dame a society once, as he says, her pride, but which now, owing to the long silence which, it seems, has held her members enchaîned, is even considered an existence of the past.

In regard to the Archconfraternity, let it be known that it still exists as in days of yore; that, in those days, it now numbers as its members the dité of the Senior Students; and further, that whether taken individually or collectively, they manifest as great a desire for the promotion of the glory of Notre Dame and the practice of His holy religion as they did in those golden days menzoned in the annals of Notre Dame.

However, in regard to its mystical secretary having never reported the proceedings of its regular monthly meetings, there is a slight mistake. If at present the Archconfraternity is not the patron of the College, surely it is not owing to any lack of energy on the part of its members, nor to the fact that the Literary Societies are in any way detrimental to its prosperity, for such is not the case; and not content that our College ever places first in her catalogue of societies that one first founded within her walls, and which as to members, active or honorary, can claim the most illustrious of her students.

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The Catholic Propagator, of New Orleans, relates the following of the late Bishop McGill:

"A party of five young gentlemen were spending the holidays at a small town in the beautiful and picturesque valley of the James. They were college-bred, educated and refined, but as ignorant of nature as they were of those curious specimens of human archaeology to their other Christmas frolics. They went, presented their cards—were admitted. Two hours afterwards a more chop-full set than they were never seen emerging from a State Prison. One of the party, from whom we have learned the incident, and with whom for a long time we have stood in relations of the most sacred intimacy, assured us that Bishop McGill’s presence was so commanding, and yet his manners so genial, that the one attracted and won, while the other would sue and overpower. Thus those who had come to critcize waited to listen, and listened to be instructed. In a twelve months from that day the Disraeli lost a representative, and that day those five young Virginians were exemplary Catholics, and must be now, if alive, praying for the soul of their best earthly benefactor. Reader, of thy charity, add thine own to their pious sacrifice."

CAPTAIN BAKER argues that vultures see rather than smell, because he has known them to swoop a piece of red flannel, mistaking it for the carcass of an animal. When an animal is skinned, exposing the red surface, the vultures came much more promptly than when the skin was on.

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SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, under the direction of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, is situated on the St. Joseph river, eighty-six miles east of Chicago, via Michi­gan Southern Railroad, and two miles from the four­filing town of South Bend.

The site of St. Mary’s is one to claim the admiration of every visitor. The beautiful business of our woods have been covered and the requirements of such an establishment. Magnificent forest trees rising from the banks of one of the most beautiful rivers in the Mississippi Valley still stand in native grandeur; the music of bright waters and healthful breezes from the river and energy, while the quiet seclusion invites to rest and study.

MOTHER M. ANGELA, Superior,
St. Mary’s Academy, Notre Dame, Ind.

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STRAINS leave West Side Union Depot, Chicago, near Madison Street Bridge, as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>LEAVE</th>
<th>ARRIVE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>St. Louis and Springfield Express, via Main Line, 8:15 a.m.</td>
<td>St. Louis, 3:25 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kansas City Fast Express, via Jacksonport, 10:15 a.m.</td>
<td>Kansas City, 5:05 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Louis and Springfield Light Express, via Main Line, 1:15 a.m.</td>
<td>St. Louis, 6:45 p.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>St. Louis and Springfield Light Express, via Main Line, 1:15 a.m.</td>
<td>St. Louis, 6:45 p.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Kansas City Express, via Jacksonport, 6:00 p.m.</td>
<td>Kansas City, 11:05 a.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>St. Louis and Springfield Light Express, via Main Line, 1:15 a.m.</td>
<td>St. Louis, 6:45 p.m.</td>
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Dunbar’s Wonderful Discovery.

L. S. & M. S. RAILWAY.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

TRAINS now leave South Bend as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>GOING EAST</th>
<th>GOING WEST</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Leave South Bend 10:15 a.m.</td>
<td>Leave South Bend 5:45 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:15 a.m.</td>
<td>Arrive at Davenport 10:15 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:15 a.m.</td>
<td>11:00 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:15 a.m.</td>
<td>10:30 a.m.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

For full details, see the Company's posters and time tables at the depot and other public places.

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RICHARD DUNBAR, 132 Dearborn st., Chicago, Or EDWARD P. DUNBAR, 132 Dearborn st., Chicago.