The distance from the upper to the lower falls is about a quarter of a mile; and between the two the river flows over a continuous rapids, until within a hundred yards of where it takes its leap it becomes smooth and rushes swiftly on in a deep dark-green volume. The waters have found it useless to struggle in their downward course, and—resenting themselves to fate—silently flow onward to the brink. There they waver for a moment, receiving the last bright caresses of the sunlight,—and the next, in one unbroken sheet, plunge three hundred and ninety-seven feet into the gloom of the imprisoning Cañon. The sublimity of this magnificent cataract is only appreciable when, standing on some near rock, you hear and feel the grand deep roar, and gaze on the immense volume of dark-green water falling with an earthquake shock from such a height into the deep abyss. But for the benefit of some of my local readers, let me make a comparison. Suppose the length of the College be doubled, and six other buildings as long and of the same height be placed on top of it; then imagine a sheet of water three feet in thickness falling from that altitude, and you will probably have an idea of the height and breadth of the cataract.

But how little "height and breadth" conveys! I now see that my comparison is no aid to my description, and think it is better to ask you to stand with me on the edge of the Cañon, and with the eyes and ears of imagination paint for yourself the scene. As I stood on a ledge of rock jutting out from the great wall, the beams of the sunset glories in the evening sky; from here He may take his comparison and. Its great picture of the Yellowstone Cañon, which hangs in the rotundas of the Capitol. Nearly all who gaze on the latter—a masterpiece of art—think that the artist has drawn on his fancy for his brilliant coloring; and yet the living tints of the original are dwarfed and but dimly shadowed forth on the glowing canvas. Long I gazed, and feasted on the grandeur of the scene and its great beauty; then, turning to the edge of the Cañon, I obtained for the first time some idea of the immensity of depth. I looked at the waters coming out of the mist at the foot of the falls, and then at those above the brink, and wondered if it were possible they could be the same. The river above was a broad, swift stream; while below, although of the same width, it looked as if I could stand with a foot on either bank. With our field-glasses we could see that its channel was filled with great rocks and boulders, and that the waters were surging amongst them in rushing foam; yet not a sound of their furious struggles was carried to our ears from the immense depth. Rolling a large stone to the edge of the cliff, I pushed it over, and seventeen seconds elapsed before it reached the bottom. When it did strike on the border of the river it burst into so many minute fragments that it disappeared as though driven far into the solid rock.

Those who have made the perilous descent and stood by the imprisoned river, state that the atmosphere is almost suffocating on account of the sulphurous vapors arising from the many boiling springs and steam-jets coming out of the side of the Cañon. Having recourse to our field-glasses, we could see down near the edge of the river a large volume of water spouting from the wall, accompanied by rushing clouds of steam; but so great was the depth, that to the unaided eye this phenomenon was invisible.

Three miles below the Grand Falls the walls of the Cañon approach more closely, and have a perpendicular face of nearly three thousand feet. One gazes from these tremendous cliffs into nothing but obscurity black as starless night; no ray of light penetrates to the depth of the abyss, where, in eternal shadows, the tortured waters make their gloomy pilgrimage. No sight or sound of life is in the fearful chasm; even the sunbeams half way down have died—smothered by the intensity of the all-pervading darkness. One cannot look long into this terrific nothingness, and willingly the eyes turn to objects which reflect the light; and, in their brightness, the oppressive feelings engendered by the gloom vanish, and soon after are forgotten.

When we returned to camp there still remained some few
minutes of sunlight, and in the crimson glory we seated ourselves on a point of rocks to view the upper falls. These lack the majestic sublimity and splendor of the lower cataract, yet have a graceful beauty peculiarly their own. A few hundred yards above the verge, the river leaves the low grassy banks it has wandered through in its peaceful windings from the lake, and, springing into a narrowing rapid, is churned to snow-white foam. On reaching the brink, the fleecy waters tumble over the curving ledge, one hundred and fifty-five feet, into the waving clouds of spray, but midway in their airy flight are caught by a rounding rock, which carries the foamy sheet fifteen feet beyond its vertical base, and gives to the cataract a strange and novel feature. Another peculiarity is that the falls are situated in a sharp angle or bend in the river, and one standing on the bank a few hundred yards below can see nothing of the river above the verge.

Having fed our spirits on the 'living beauty of Creation,' all of us were thinking of the advisability of attending to our bodily wants in a somewhat more substantial manner; and as thinking and acting in such matters are generally one—if eatibles are convenient—we accordingly were soon seated in the mess-tent, and—but what need of further comments? This is the season of mortification, and if I was to eat that dinner over again in imagination I would be breaking my fast. So, resolving to mention nothing in regard to the delicious stew, or the broiled venison-steak, grouse, hot biscuits and coffee, I will simply state as my honest conviction that of the group gathered round the 'camp-fire that night not one was hungry. Lying on our backs in front of the blazing cedar logs, easily puffing some fragrant 'havanas'—which had been brought to light from the depths of some mysterious pack, in honor of the Grand orchestra played the solemn overture to Night. By the time the second 'La Rosa' was finished, the great vault was a sparkling, trembling mass of numberless bright worlds; the moon in silvery clouds trembled on the tops of the eastern pines, and we trembled with cold in the chill night air. Discovering this to be the state of affairs, we arose and went into the tent; and while we slept, Nature's vault was a sparkling, trembling mass of numberless bright stars; the clock's slow tick, or the wind's moaning sigh.

[To be continued]

The Eleventh Hour.

I.
The old man reclines in his easy chair; His eyes are fixed on the wall above; His forehead is wrinkled with time and care; His hands, thin and wan, grasp tightly a glove.

II.
The fire on the hearth, glowing bright and warm, Disperses the gloom as it tries to creep Round the chair supporting that silent form, Thus making dark shadows so strangely deep.

III.
Stretched on the rug is the good old cat, For she loves the fire as cats only can love; In her mouth is the rim of the old man's hat, And torn in her paw is the old man's glove.

IV.
He whose listless and so silent there, Is thinking intently of days gone by; Unconscious of pussy's sharp scratch and tear, The clock's slow tick, or the wind's moaning sigh.

V.
His mind is wrafter up in musings most deep, O'er his record of actions, some good and some bad; He sighs as he sees a dark blot on a sheet, "Too late to erase! Oh, I must have been mad!"

VI.
Trembling, he clutches an arm of the chair; His voice, low and feeble, then speaks of life's roll; Now in words of reproach, now in words of despair, He murmurs, while conscience accentuates his soul:

VII.
"Why rendered I thus my existence so foul? Why washed not away those dark stains full of gloom, Which have dimmed the bright lustre that once lit my soul And condemned it to dwell in a fiery tomb?"

VIII.
"If to me could be given but one slender chance more To atone for the past, what a life I would lead! The sands of time granted on life's busy shore, I never would indent with an evil deed."

IX.
As the old man uttered these words so low, The door softly opened, and—dearest to him— A bright little girl bounded in on tiptoes;— "Why, grandpa! I see! pussy has torn your rim!"

X.
Then pussy looked up in the happy young face, And seemed to inquire. What's my name mentioned for? Then thinking she did something much out of place, She rubbed past the chair and sped out of the door.

XI.
"Oh, grandpa! I just look at the rim of your hat! And there's your glove too, all tattered and torn! We surely must part with that naughty old cat." The good child looked ere she did what was bid, And wondered why grandpa was acting so queer.

XII.
Alone, he now gazed at the torn hat and glove, And thought of the long life entrusted to him By the bountiful hands of an Infinite love, And how he had sullied and torn it by sin.

XIII.
Father Brown, who lived near, wondered too—thought it strange His peculiar old neighbor should send after him; Nor could he account for this wonderful change,— Three times had he called there—but never got in. Yet, donning his hat, he now followed his guide, Who led him direct to her grandpapa's room; The old man, on seeing him, raised up and smiled, "Thank you, sir; thank you, for coming so soon.

XIV.
"I cannot live long, sir; I'm going to die. I know you will do it,—'tis hard, sir, to die!" "Tell dear little Nelly, please, she must not cry,— She is all I have here,—and to her I've been true.

XV.
"To you, sir, I've got a confession to make, If I can but make it,—yes, yes, I will try. What little I have, please keep for her sake, I know you will do it,—'tis hard, sir, to die!" The good priest then heard the confession of sin; Performed his high duty of kindness and love; Unburdened the soul of its sad weight within; Ere wafted by angels to regions above.
Artists.

No. III.

"You must have heard, Louis, of Horatio Greenough, and his statue of George Washington. It is one of the most conspicuous objects on the public grounds at Washington. A duplicate is to be seen in the Rotunda of the Old Boston State House; and so highly is it prized that it can only be seen through a glass door, by ordinary visitors. Mr. Greenough died in the flower of his age, but he was not poor. His family have enjoyed not only the comforts and the luxuries of life, and have had every means of culture and refinement at their hands."

"Then I must yield the point to you, Gus, in regard to Horatio Greenough. He was not only famous, but he enjoyed the goods of this world while he lived, and his family have enjoyed the same privileges since."

"There was a young artist in Rome at the same time, or nearly the same time, as Mr. Greenough; Thomas Crawford. I have seen his beautiful statue of Orpheus, in Boston, and his bronze doors in the Capitol at Washington. And just think of it, Louis! This man was not forty years old, indeed only a little over thirty, when he died. He did not live to see his designs for the doors cast in bronze, I saw them in the plaster casts at the foundry in Chicopee, Massachusetts, where they were afterwards put into bronze. This Thomas Crawford was a man of genius, real genius."

"But why did he die so early? Starved to death, I suppose!"

"No, indeed! He married a very accomplish New-York lady, from a family to which Art was no stranger. The bust of his wife, in her bridal wreath and veil, was presented to her mother when they left America for Europe. There were no hardships in the way of Crawford, so far as money could remove them. But a cancer attacked the nerves and muscles of the eye. He died when his fame was just putting forth its fairest blooms, and wealth was more sure to him than to the East India merchant."

"Well! well! All of us had better turn artists, according to your story, Gus."

"You must wait awhile, Louis; I have a good deal more to tell you. You have heard of Chief Justice Story and his famous legal decisions. He had a son, William H. Story, who wished to become an artist. He had enjoyed, like Mr. Allston and Mr. Greenough, all the advantages for a liberal education; but I never heard that the old Chief Justice thought William H. was in danger of being a poor man because he was an artist—and above all, a sculptor. In the little Chapel at Mount Auburn, there are life-size, full-length statues of the early dignitaries of his native State; so perfect as to resemble, so dignified in their bearing, and so beautiful in their execution, that one cannot help admiring them. But in the Library of Boston is a statue by William Story that would just take your heart and eye, Louis. It is called the Arcadian Shepherd Boy. He is sitting on the stump of a tree, or rather half leaning and half sitting, so as to have one foot free, and playing a rustic lute. For all the world, Louis, you would take him for one of our handsomest Juniors who would still consider that his career had been a success."

"But Michael Angelo painted a Libyan Sibyl by our countryman is only Michael Angelo's in marble."

"Is that the respect you have for your countrymen, Louis, to call them mere copyists! Shame on you!"

"Really, Gus, you are making up such a fine story that it seems hard to believe you. I never heard about those wonderful artists."

"That is possible, Louis; but it only proves how little you know about artists—how little you would know about them, when talking as if they must be poor all their lives!"

"Dear Gus, I beg your pardon. It was mean to speak as I did about our countryman. But tell me now about this Libyan Sibyl."

"The figure is of heroic proportions. It represents, of course, the prophetic genius of Africa. Not Africa, the home of the wild negro of Guinea; but that Africa where Thebes and Memphis and Heliopolis flourished. That Africa where the Christian Pautajaus and Clement had their seat in Alexandria as the noble teachers of Christian scholars, and under the shadow of whose school grew up that Catherine of Alexandria who was not only a saint, a virgin and martyr, but the most accomplished woman of her native city. This Sibyl, then, is the prophetic genius of historical Africa, and she seems to be sitting under some palm tree on the sands of the desert, within the shadow of the great Egyptian pyramids. The chin rests on one hand; the other hand is at her side, holding a scroll. The features keep the African mould just enough to remind one of her country; the hair, too, hangs down her back in the very same narrow braids, no wider than your finger, which we have all seen on the heads of African women; and the ornament over the forehead is curved upward in the most exquisite manner, yet so as to remind one of the proboscis of the African elephant. And under all this wonderful fitness of physiognomy and adornment, what a look goes out from those far-seeing, prophetic eyes! She seems to gaze across the sands of the vast Libyan waste, across the waters of the blue Atlantic, and to watch the procession of thousands on thousands of the children of her own sunny Continent going forth to bondage in the New World! O Louis, when I saw that statue, I said to myself what a noble thing it is to be a true artist! He put the African soul, Louis, the beauties of that tropical race without any of its defects; put the sympathetic African heart and the luxuriant African imagination, into the block of marble, and sent it to America, as an act of reparation for the wrongs we had committed against her children! Now do not ask me, Louis, if William H. Story is a successful artist according to your standard. Let me tell you, before you ask, that he has received from the hands of Pope Pius IX the order of knighthood; that he has received every courtesy which the Roman Pontiff can confer upon our American citizen; that the home of William H. Story is one to which any nobleman in Europe would consider it a compliment to be invited; and I think many an East India merchant who could not say all this for himself would still consider that his career had been a successful one."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A young lady lately called upon a photographic artist and asked him to take her picture with an expression as if composing a poem.
The Scholastic.
Published every Week during Term Time, at
NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY.

All communications should be sent to Editor SCHOLASTIC
Notre Dame, Indiana.

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One year..................................$1.00
Single copies (6 ct.) of the publication can be obtained at the Students' Office.

Holy Week.

The grand service which the Church prescribes for the three last days of Holy Week was duly observed at Notre Dame, and the ritual was fully adhered to throughout. In few places in America, if in any, are the beautiful ceremonies of the Catholic Church observed with so much accuracy, and performed with so much dignity and decorum, as in the College church. This year, though there was something lacking to those who year after year have made it their delight to be present at Tenebrae and the other Offices of Holy Week, the chant was remarkably fine. Even when voices are not well cultivated and somewhat harsh when heard separately, the sound of a hundred or more men's voices praising God produces a magnificent effect. But this effect is immensely enhanced when, as was the case here, there are many well cultivated and melodious voices. We were particularly struck by the voice of one of the members of the St. Gregory Society, with its silvery voice that rose distinct and clear over the heavier tones of grown-up men. It was a treat to listen to. Beginning on Wednesday evening at half-past seven o'clock, the Office of Holy Week ended on Saturday, at noon, with joyous Alleluia announcing the Paschal Time.

Several students were permitted to go home for Easter.

We had the pleasure of welcoming Mr. James Ohlen, of Columbus, Ohio, to the University on the 21st ult.

We are glad to hear that the Cornet Band is to play in Church to-morrow. This will be the first time for it this year.

Very Rev. Father General has decided to join the American Pilgrimage and will start for Europe on the 16th of May prox.

Tom Ewing, of Lancaster, Ohio, is with us at present, and will remain a few days. We are always glad to have Tom with us.

We have received, but not yet read, the speech of Hon. Morton B. Chipman, of the District of Columbia, in the House of Representatives, the 28th of last February, on the relation of the District of Columbia to the General Government.

We had the pleasure of receiving the visit of Alexander André, Esq., of Saginaw City, who came here last Monday with his son. Mr. André is one of the self-made men of our day—one whose intrinsic worth we can highly appreciate, and whose visits are always enjoyable.

Graham's Grand Mass, arranged for an orchestral accompaniment, and one of the most celebrated in the repertoire of the St. Cecilia Society of Germany, has been in preparation for Easter Day at Notre Dame.

We think the Rev. Father Michael Dausch is one of the most go-a-haod men of America. We get the Catholic Sunday Companion, edited by him, and though it is not a specimen of first-class printing, it contains excellent reading matter; and when we consider that the paper is set up and printed by his boys, we easily overlook the defects, and say from our heart: God bless Father Dausch and his glorious Industrial School.

The plans for the Tabernacle and grand altar of the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart erected here are expected every day from Paris. From the description we have received from the artists in charge of the work, it will be a magnificent affair. We will give full description of it as soon as we can, but fear that it will be impossible to convey a fair idea of it in writing. The friends who have so generously responded to the call made upon them, and by whose subscriptions the new church will possess this monument, will have every reason to be proud of it.

A Logansport paper, sent us by a friend—who, by the way, initializes our name with a C, when our name isn't Charley—though we like the name—gives an account of St. Patrick's Day in that city. Our absence from home prevented us from noticing sooner this act of courtesy on the part of our friend. The celebration was a grand one, and we are glad to see that our old friend J. Lawler, the Pastor of the place, though relying on outside aid and disappointed in his expectations, was fully up to the level of the occasion and delivered a panegyric on the great Saint of the day.

Obituary.

We regret to have to record the death of one of our students, Mr. James O'Toole, of Del Rey, Illinois, who departed this life on Saturday, 20th inst., after a short illness of one week. Mr. O'Toole had been at the College only a few months, but he was an excellent student, and was highly esteemed by his professors and fellow-pupils. He died of a disease of which four of his brothers died before him, namely, inflammation of the lungs and bowels with pleurisy.

Mr. O'Toole's death was a saintly one, blessed with the reception of the Sacraments of the Church. However deep may be the grief of his bereaved parents, they may enjoy the consolation that their son was well prepared to meet his Creator, and that it was no doubt a mark of God's special favor to recall to Himself so early in life a soul adorned with so many virtues. The body was interred in Calvary Cemetery, Chicago, and the funeral rites were performed in that city at the request of his family.

Publications.

Brownson's Quarterly Review, for April,
Contains the following interesting articles: Refutation of Atheism, by Dr. O.A. Brownson; Religion and Science; Constitutional Guarantees; Eteeria Ecclesiast Nuxia Solus; Letters from "Sacerdos:" Brother Phillip, late Superior
General of the Christian Brothers; Literary Notices and Criticisms. Brophy's Quarterly Review is published for the Proprietor by Fr. Pustet and Co., 52 Barclay St., New York, at $3.00 per annum.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD, for April
Upholds its well-earned reputation as a popular Catholic Monthly. The following are the subjects treated of and the stories narrated in this Number:
- The Principles of Real Being; On Hearing the "O Salutaris Hostis!" On the Wing; A National or State Church; The Captive Bird; The Farm of Mulcereon; Home Rule for Ireland; Sonnet—Good Friday; Grapes and Thorns; A Looker-Back; Was Origen a Heretic?; Social Shams; To St. Joseph (Poetry); Odd Stories; Epigram; Old versus New; New Publications.

THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS. Published monthly at Woodstock College, Woodstock, Howard Co., Md. $2 per annum.

THE SCHOLASTIC.

Arrivals.
Claude Lepeltier, Detroit, Michigan.
William C. Brewer, Hillsdale, Michigan.
Joseph W. Andre, Saginaw City, Michigan.
Frank B. Shultz, Logansport, Indiana.

Roll of Honor.
FOR THE WEEK ENDING FRIDAY, MARCH 27th, 1874

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.


Class Honors.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

FRIDAY, MARCH 27TH, 1874.


Subscriptions to the New Tabernacle.

(continued)

Bernard McCaffrey, Stecubenville, Ohio........ $ 27 00
E. Blaine Walker, Montana............. 10 00
Jeremiah Ryan, Baltimore, Md........... 10 01

[TO BE CONTINUED]

The Moot Court.

MR. EDITOR: On Saturday evening, the 21st inst., we had the pleasure of being present at a meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association. Among the guests who assembled on that occasion in the palatial room of the representative Society of the Junior Department, we noticed Rev. Father Lemmonier, C. S. C., P. of J. F. Edwards, Mr. Edward McSweeney, a distinguished member of the Law Class, and—and—but no—our innate modesty will never permit it.

The exercises of the evening, which you must know were of an extraordinary character, consisted of what is called a moot court. The case was what lawyers denominate an action in assumpsit, wherein F. Miller, by his attorneys, Ewing and Breen, complained of B. Le Fevre, stating that he, the said plaintiff, in the month of April last, had the pleasure of being present at a meeting of the St. Cecilians, where the said defendant, B. Le Fevre, sold and delivered to the said defendant one black horse, for the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars, which the said defendant promised to pay in the month of October following, but though often asked and requested, the said defendant uniformly and obstinately refused so to do, to the damage of aforesaid plaintiff of two hundred dollars, wherefore he brought his action. Hereunto the defendant, B. Le Fevre, by his attorneys Freese and Mooney, replied that he had not promised to pay the plaintiff in manner and form as he hath alleged in his declaration, and of this he put himself upon the country. And for a further plea, the said defendant alleged that there was a warranty annexed to the aforesaid rule, wherein the plaintiff warranted that the said horse was "sound, and free from disease." And the said defendant further alleged that the horse at the time of sale was infected with a chronic disease, whereof he died in May, scarcely one month from the date of sale; wherefore the defendant averred that the consideration for the promise alleged in the plaintiff's declaration had wholly failed, and this he was ready to verify. The plaintiff, in his replication in answer to the defendant's plea, affirmed that the horse was "sound, and free from disease," at the time of sale, and this he prayed might be inquired of by the court. The defendant in his rejoinder did the like. The issue between the parties was evidently an issue of fact involving this one point: "Was the horse sound, and free from disease at the time of sale?"

The parties having come to an issue, the case was now ready for trial. A jury was empanelled, consisting of twelve of the most sapient members of the Association, with Master Schmidt as foreman, himself the twelfth, as the Professor of Greek would say. The lawyers above mentioned took their positions, locking daggers and pistols at one another; so that your correspondent—who, by the way, is naturally of a nervous and timid disposition—trembled under the apprehension that the moot court would terminate in a real tragedy, the maxim "ex nihilo nihil fit" to the contrary notwithstanding. The Judge, Mr. Edward McSweeney, from his elevated tribunal, like old Jove on Mount Olympus, signified with a nod his desire that the lawyers should proceed at once to the examination of the witnesses. The testimony was of a somewhat miscellaneous character, and much of it inconsistent and contradictory. As far as our limited acquaintance with these matters enabled us to form a judgment, it seemed that the facts elicited from the witnesses tended to establish three points: 1st, That the plaintiff had made a warranty, in manner and form, as alleged by defendant: 2dly, That at the time of sale, the horse was "not sound, and free from disease" (which was the real issue)—but on the contrary, that he was infected with a chronic disease: 3dly, That the defendant had overworked the horse; and that his overwork, together with the latent disorder from which he was suffering, was the immediate cause of his death.

After the examination of the witnesses, the lawyers, Master Breen in behalf of the plaintiff, and Master Mooney in behalf of the defendant, addressed the jury in very well prepared speeches, in which they analyzed the testimony and expounded the law. Each of them seemed confident that he had established the equity of his client's cause "beyond the possibility of a reasonable doubt," and concluded by exhorting the jury, "in the name of justice," to a verdict accordingly.

The Judge then gave his instructions to the jury, in which he explained to them the nature and legal effects of a warranty. The jury retired for deliberation, and left us in the court, "waiting for the verdict." After an absence of ten or fifteen minutes they returned, and to the inexplicable surprise of all present, gave their verdict in favor of the plaintiff.

Thus terminated the moot court; and I must say the St. Cecilians deserve much credit for the manner in which they conducted it. Their guests were all evidently well pleased with the exercises of the evening; in the words of Homer

"ouve ti thumos ekuketo daitos eises."

And now, Mr. Editor, gathering up all the energies of my soul for one final effort, we will thunder for the "Vivant Juniores! and then endeavor to subside—remaining, however, Yours chirographically.

HAPAX LEGOMENON.
SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

St. Mary's Academy, March 23, 1874.

TABLET OF HONOR.

SENIORS.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN LESSONS.


JUNIORS.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN THE

1ST SR. CLASS—E. Richardson, A. Smith.
2ND SR. CLASS—M. Paxum, A. Walsh.

THE SCHOLASTIC.

MURDER?

No. 391.

$25 Per Day guaranteed wage for well equipped and experienced farmer.

S. M. ACADEMY.

St. Mary's Academy, March 31st, 1874.

TABLET OF HONOR, SENIOR DEPT.


JUNIOR DEPT.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN THE

1ST GERMAN CLASS—Misses H. Miller, L. Pfeiffer, A. Mertz, F. Guzert, M. Klozis, A. Garies, M. A. Paxum, M. Kaeberg, L. Black, K. Irmiter.

$25 Per Day guaranteed wage for well equipped and experienced farmer.

MURDER?

No. 391.

$25 Per Day guaranteed wage for well equipped and experienced farmer.

S. M. ACADEMY.

St. Mary's Academy, March 31st, 1874.
L. S. & M. S. RAILWAY.

On and after Sunday, December 18, 1873, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

**GOING EAST.**

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<th>Train</th>
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<td>1:47 a.m.</td>
<td>Toledo, 9:30 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>1:10 a.m.</td>
<td>Toledo, 9:30 p.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>1:11 a.m.</td>
<td>Toledo, 9:30 p.m.</td>
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<td>0</td>
<td>1:00 a.m.</td>
<td>Toledo, 9:00 p.m.</td>
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**GOING WEST.**

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<td>7 a.m.</td>
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<td>10</td>
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<td>12 a.m.</td>
<td>Toledo, 9:00 a.m.</td>
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For further particulars, address N. A. LEMMONNER, G.S.C., President.

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JERRY KNIGHT, CAPTAIN MILLS, Proprietors.

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**MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD Time Table.**

From and after March 1st, trains on the Michigan Central Railroad leave Niles as follows:

<table>
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<th>Train</th>
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<th>Destination</th>
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<td>Leave Niles, 9:30 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Day Express</td>
<td>11:33 a.m.</td>
<td>Leave Niles, 11:40 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Accommodation, Way Freight</td>
<td>5:45 p.m.</td>
<td>Leave Niles, 5:50 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Evening Express</td>
<td>6:00 p.m.</td>
<td>Leave Niles, 6:05 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pacific Express</td>
<td>9:00 p.m.</td>
<td>Leave Niles, 9:05 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Accommodation, Mail, Way Freight</td>
<td>9:45 p.m.</td>
<td>Leave Niles, 9:50 p.m.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**AIR LINE DIVISION.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Train</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Destination</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mail, Three Rivers Accommodation, Atlantic Express, Day Freight, Way Freight</td>
<td>9:21 a.m.</td>
<td>Leave Niles, 9:30 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Three Rivers Accommodation, Three Rivers Accommodation, Mail, Way Freight</td>
<td>9:45 a.m.</td>
<td>Leave Niles, 9:50 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Way Freight</td>
<td>9:45 p.m.</td>
<td>Leave Niles, 9:50 p.m.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**NILES AND SOUTH BEND DIVISION.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Train</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Destination</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>9-10 a.m.</td>
<td>5:30 a.m.</td>
<td>Connects at Niles with trains from Chicago and Michigan City.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Mar 14th, CHICAGO.

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**PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL DOUBLE TRACK RAILROAD.**

**CHICAGO, ALTON AND ST. LOUIS LINE.**

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

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Train</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Station</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>St. Louis and Springfield Express, via Main Line</td>
<td>9:30 a.m.</td>
<td>Chicago, 6:30 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kansas City Express, via Commercial, Ill., and Loui­si­ana, Mo.</td>
<td>9:45 a.m.</td>
<td>Chicago, 9:30 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wabash, Lexon and Washington Express (Western Division)</td>
<td>9:45 a.m.</td>
<td>Chicago, 9:30 a.m.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Toledo, 5:10 p.m.; Cleveland, 7:50 p.m.; Buffalo, 11:50 a.m.;

*Except Saturday.*

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**LOUISVILLE N. ALBANY & CHICAGO R.R.**

On and after Sunday, Nov. 12, 1873, trains pass New Albany and Salem Crossing, as follows:

**GOING NORTH.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Train</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Station</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Pass</td>
<td>1:35 p.m.</td>
<td>Pass</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Freight</td>
<td>5:57 p.m.</td>
<td>Freight</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**GOING SOUTH.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Train</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Station</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Pass</td>
<td>3:15 a.m.</td>
<td>Pass</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

**U NIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.**

Founded in 1842, and Chartered in 1844.

This Institution, incorporated in 1841, enlarged in 1856, and fitted up with all the modern improvements, affords accommodation to five hundred students.

Located near the Michigan Southern & Northern Indiana Railroad, is easy of access from all parts of the United States.

**TERMS:**

Matriculation Fee.—$5.00.

Board, Bed and Lodging, and Tuition (Latin and Greek): Washing and Mending of Linens, per session of five months... $12.00.

Instrumental Music, $10.00.

Use of Piano, $5.00.

Use of Violin, $2.00.

Use of Philosophical and Chemical Apparatus, $15.00.

Graduation Fee—Commercial, $5; Scientific, $5; Classical, $10.00.

Students who spend their Summer Vacation at the College are charged, extra...

Payments to be made invariably in advance.

Class Books, Stationery, etc., at current prices.

Rev. A. WISKINCM, CS.C, President.

L. E. S. MILL, Agent, South Bend.

**NOTE.** Conductors are positively forbidden to carry passengers upon Through Freight Trains.

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**THE SCHOLASTIC.**