St. Joseph’s Lake.

Lovely lake, with joy I greet thee!
Brighter seems your look to-day
Than when last my eyes beheld thee
Ruffled by the wind and spray.

Then your bosom fair was heaving,
Loud the surges beat the shore
Sounding as it were a farewell
To the friends who’d meet no more.

Now thou liest calmly sleeping,
Sunbeams play upon thy breast;
Not a zephyr mars thy slumber,
All is silent, peaceful rest.

Weeping willows, stately poplars,
Craggy oaks thy sent’nels stand,
Forming pictures on thy border
Shadowing thy grassy strand.

Whispering reeds adorn thy margin,
Forming cool and dumb retreat
For your glist’ning finny inmates,
While meridian sunbeams beat.

Such an air of soft retirement
Seems to haunt thy silver shades,
That my fancy knows no brighter
In the woodland’s flowery glades.

Oh! how sweet it is at even,
When you lie so clear and still,
When no sound breaks nature’s slumber,
Save the plaintive whippoorwill;

Softly still to dip my paddle
Stealing past thy rushy side.
While across my course are wafted
Winds that slept where violets hide.

Thos. Childs.

Sunnyside Reveries.

THE KINDLING LEAF.

Bright, golden October! rich with the garnerage of the year; mellow with the accumulated fruits of the season. The year has risen grandly, culminated, performed its mission, and in October it wraps its mantle sadly around it and lies down to die. There is not, in the round of the twelve, a month so grand, so solemn, so sad as October. Grand in its tropical luxuriance of tint and color; solemn in its hoarse, wailing storms and rustling, dying leaves; sad in its lingering farewell to Summer. There is something comfortable and cozy about it, with something suggestive of approaching festivities and the animal gratification which a warm fire produces. It is the season when we long to see the sun burst out with those gorgeous crimson flashes which can be seen at no other time; and almost instinctively we seek some south wall, protected from the keen wind, or some dry sunny bank, reaching down with an easy slope to the south and in the midst of the densest of shrubbery, and, as we are doing to-day, bask in the bright still, sunshine with the most indolent sense of languid enjoyment. There are certain people who have the most unbounded faith in “spring fever,” but be that as it may, and we will not question it, we are most thoroughly convinced that there exists annually such an indisposition as “October fever,” and it is not complementary to a chill, either. The first indication we have of the approach of autumn is in the increased depth and beauty of the sky, and the little lamps of light that God is kindling in every leaf and shrub around us; silent little voices beginning to whisper of the approach of the grand old storm king. How few of us ever see the grandeur and exquisite beauty of those tiny silent ministers to our spiritual sense. We see those things, it is true, but we do not try to interpret or understand them. The apathy and sensuality of our sordid natures are too exclusive. We can appreciate only what is awful or what is extraordinary. We say a rushing torrent is grand; an angry charging of the waves of ocean is sublime; and the crashing of the thunderbolt, so aptly called the artillery of heaven, is awful. We comprehend them only inasmuch as they inspire us with terror, and it is the instinctive cowardice of our nature which discharges the apathetic bond that enchains us; and yet it is not in the fierce and angry manifestations of elemental activity—it is not in the crashing avalanche, nor the mad, wanton devastation of a Southern tornado that the purest, truest characters of the sublime are developed. No: we must seek our ideal in solitude; in the deep, subdued passages of unostentatious majesty; in the smooth, perpetual changes of rolling worlds; in the germinating seed and the kindling leaf; in things that must be studied ere they can be seen, and pondered on ere they can be comprehended; things which God is working out within and around us every day; in life itself, which is renewed every instant by a perpetual act of creation, it is through these that we must seek our ideals of grandeur and our sublime conceptions of the beautiful.

How few of us ever notice the grand panorama which nature spreads out in the October of each year; the almost infinite variety of tints and shades which the trees present—the gorgeous drapery of autumn. The maple is perhaps the most beautiful in our climate, with its bright crimson and scarlet and deeper shades of purple. The oak comes next, increasing its color from day to day till it becomes a rich deep brown; then the hickory and the ash, the paw-paw and walnut, clothed in the purest golden yellow; and
last of all, the cedar, reverses the order and seems to be­
to. decompose, the air, and in proportion as that power de­
been no irost?*. the popular idea being that their kind­
fore its mission has begun, but we feel no such sorrow in
bud through all its changes, to the proudly glowing leaf, and
the passage of humanity? Trace the path of the delicate
swer must ever be. We know that the leaves have power
fixed the innate admiration of the beautiful in our
hearts, and then most perfectly moulded the creation to
He fixed his lips in beauty for the grave. But buds and dawning
everything, withering, perishing, decaying when it has be­
•world passes on; the dissipating hand of time destroying
flection they will be renewed again. And thus the great

I am inclined to be ashamed of Lowell for calling this
glorious season “nothing but a few hectic leaves when all
is said,” and again, “a season of fogs and mellow fruit­
but as he himself says: “To be sure, eyes are
not so common as one would think, or there would be
more poets who base their claims to distinction on their
genuine love of nature for herself.” We cannot prevent the
reflection that Rousseau was wiser than he, in spite of his
ill-timed ridicule. And is not the tinting leaf typical of
the passage of humanity? Trace the path of the delicate
bud through all its changes, to the proudly glowing leaf, and
then—a few more days brings it to the common bourn of
all mutable things—the grave. It is a sad spectacle to see a
tender bud torn from the branch and cast away to die be­
before its mission has begun, but we feel no such sorrow in
contemplating the innumerable crimson and yellow leaves
that form such a beautiful panorama for our delectation.
We know their days are short, and the snow will be their
death-shroud and their muses; but it excites only “a
passing pity, scarce akin to pain.” It is nature, and we are
passively submissive, comforting ourselves with the re­
lection they will be renewed again. And thus the great
world passes on; the dissipating hand of time destroying
everything, withering, perishing, decaying when it has be­
come most beautiful, like the crimson leaves only decking
itself with beauty for the grave. But buds and dawning
leaves are sometimes torn from the parent branches by
ruthless storms which come without warning, and we feel a
grand, beautiful sympathy, as honorable to us as it is
sweet and touching, for their loss. And it is true of life.
The broken lily is the sweetest, tenderest emblem of the
going forth of a young soul to meet its Creator ere its
earthly existence had passed the meridian. And what is
life but a strange uncertain mixture of pleasure and regret
and death—often of ill-timed exultation in the midst of
sorrow; and how we forget the lessons taught us of our
mortality is a stranger phenomenon than the very mystery
of life itself.

Daniel Boone.

Daniel Boone, or, as he was usually called in the West­
ern country, Colonel Boone, says Audubon, in his Ori­
ithological Biography, happened to spend a night with me
under the same roof, more than twenty years ago. We
had returned from a shooting excursion, in the course
of which his extraordinary skill in the management of the
rifle had been fully displayed. On retiring to the room
appropriated to that remarkable individual and myself for
the night, I felt anxious to know more of his exploits and
adventures than I did, and accordingly took the liberty of
proposing numerous questions to him. The stature and
general appearance of this wanderer of the Western forests
approached the gigantic. His chest was broad and promi­
nent; his muscular powers displayed themselves in every
limb; his countenance gave indication of his great courage,
enterprise, and perseverance; and when he spake, the very
motion of his lips brought the impression that whatever he
uttered could not be otherwise than strictly true. I un­
dressed, whilst he merely took off his hunting-shirt, and
arranged a few folds of blankets on the floor, choosing
rather to lie there, as he observed, than on the softest bed.
When we had both disposed of ourselves, each after his
own fashion, he related to me the following account of his
powers of memory, which I lay before you, kind reader, in
his own words, hoping that the simplicity of his style may
prove interesting to you:

“I was once,” said he, “on a hunting expedition on the
banks of the Green River, when the lower parts of this
State (Kentucky) were still in the hands of Nature, and
none but the sons of the soil were looked upon as its law­
ful proprietors. We Virginians had for some time been
waging a war of intrusion upon them, and I, amongst the
rest, rambled through the woods in pursuit of their race, as
I now would follow the tracks of any ravenous animal.
The Indians outwitted me one dark night, and I was as un­
extpectedly as suddenly made a prisoner by them. The
trick had been managed with great skill; for no sooner had
I extinguished the fire of my camp, and laid me down to
rest, in full security, as I thought, than I felt myself seized
by an indistinguishable number of hands, and was immedi­
ately pinioned, as if about to be led to the scaffold for ex­
cution. To have attempted to be refractory would have
proved useless and dangerous to my life; and I suffered
myself to be removed from my camp to theirs, a few miles
distant, without uttering even a word of complaint. You
are aware, I dare say, that to act in this manner was the
best policy, as you understand that by so doing I proved to
the Indians at once that I was born and bred as fearless of
death as any of themselves.

“When we reached the camp, great rejoicings were ex­
hibited. Two squaws and a few papooses appeared particu­
larly delighted at the sight of me, and I was assured, by
very unequivocal gestures and words, that, on the morrow,
the mortal enemy of the redskins would cease to live. I
never opened my lips, but was busy contriving some
scheme which might enable me to give the rascals the slip
before dawn. The women immediately fell a searching
about my hunting-shirt for whatever they might think
valuable, and fortunately for me, soon found my flisk filled
with Monongahela (that is, reader, strong whiskey). A
terrific grin was exhibited on their murderous countenances,
while my heart throbbed with joy at the anticipation of
minute had my bottle up to their dirty mouths, gurgling down their throats the remains of the whiskey.

"With what pleasure did I see them becoming more and more drunk, until the liquor took such hold of them that it was quite impossible for these women to be of any service. They tumbled down; rolled about, and began to snore; when I, having no other chance of freeing myself from the cords that fastened me, rolled over and over towards the fire, and, after a short time, burned them asunder. I rose on my feet, stretched my stiffened sinews, snatched up my rifle, and, for once in my life spared of Indians. I now recollect how desirous I once or twice felt to lay open the skulls of the wretches with my tomahawk; but when I again thought upon killing beings unprepared and unable to defend themselves, it looked like murder without need, and I gave up the idea.

"But, sir, I felt determined to mark the spot, and walking to a thifty ash sapling I cut out of it three large chips, and ran off. I soon reached the river, soon crossed it, and threw myself deep into the canebrakes, imitating the tracks of an Indian with my feet, so that no chance might be left for those from whom I had escaped to overtake me.

"It is now nearly twenty years since this happened, and more than five since I left the whites' settlements, which I probably never have visited again had I not been called on as a witness in a lawsuit that was pending in Kentucky, and which I really believe would never have been settled had I not come forward and established the beginning of a certain boundary line. This is the story, sir:

"Mr. —— moved from Old Virginia into Kentucky, and having a large tract granted to him in the new State, laid claim to a certain parcel of land adjoining Green River, and, as chance would have it, took for one of his corners the very ash tree on which I had made my mark, and finished his survey of some thousands of acres, beginning as it is expressed in the deed, 'at an ash tree marked by three distinct notches of the tomahawk of a white man.'

"The tree had grown much, and the bark had covered the marks; but somehow or other, Mr. —— heard from some one all that I have already said to you, and thinking that I might remember the spot alluded to in the deed, 'at an ash tree marked by three distinct notches of the tomahawk of a white man,' I took an axe to my own, as if in quest of a long-lost treasure. I took an axe from one of them, and cut a few chips from the bark. Still no sign was to be seen. So I cut again until I thought it was time to be cautious, and I scraped and worked away with my butcher-knife; until I did come to where my tomahawk had left an impression in the wood. We now went regularly to work, and scraped at the tree with care until three hucks; as plain as any three notches ever were, could be seen. Mr. —— and the other gentlemen were astonished, and I must allow I was as much surprised as pleased myself. I made affidavit of this remarkable occurrence in presence of these gentlemen. Mr. —— gained his cause. I left Green River forever, and came to where we now are; and, sir, I wish you a good-night."

The principal cities in the American Union have from time to time received various nicknames. For example, New York is called Gotham; Boston, the Modern Athens, also the Hub; Philadelphia, the Quaker City; Baltimore, the Monumental City; Cincinnati, the Queen City; New Orleans, the Crescent City; Washington, the City of Magnificent Distances; Chicago, the Garden City; Detroit, the City of the Straits; Cleveland, the Forest City; Pittsburgh, the Iron City; New Haven, the City of Elms; Indianapolis, the Railroad City; St. Louis, the City of Mounds; Keokuk, the Gate City; Louisville, the Falls City; Nashville, the City of Rocks; Quincy, the Model City; Hannibal, the Bluff City; Alexandria, the Delta City; Newburyport, the Garden of Eden; Salem, the City of Peace.
The sort of a man able to do both. To enable the pastors in their churches. To employ two different persons costs them entirely too much. It is almost impossible to obtain Normal School established, in which a good musical education should be given to the pupils, as well as the learning necessary for teaching the school. We would suggest to the Cecilia Society the propriety of its taking the initiative steps in founding a school of this kind. It might furnish the teachers of music, and arrange with some existing institution for the remainder of the teachers, both English and German, required. By doing so, in the course of time, persons educated under its influence, devoted to the cause of reform in church music, and members of the Cecilia Society, will be installed in most of the churches in the land. Then will the Cecilia be the better able to extend its influence and advance more rapidly the reform of Church Music.

Father Lemonnier.

Rev. Fr. Lemonnier has been somewhat better the past few days though there is still but slight hope of his recovery. Having well prepared himself for death, he accepts his present state with resignation to the will of God. We hope that God will in His mercy spare him to us for many years to come.

We have received many letters from the hosts of warm friends of Father Lemonnier from all parts of the country filled with regrets for his illness and hopes of recovery.

Local Items.

-Did you vote?
-Raad for Stace!
-Do, for McMichael.
-It's getting colder.
-Retreat next week.
-Frosty mornings now.
-Conference next month.
-No boat-race as announced.
-Prof. Stace's majority is 265.
-Scarlet and golden leaves now.
-Rehearsals are over for the present.
-Stoves have been put up in the Church.
-Plenty of sun in the yard on Wednesday.
-Hickory-nuts are not in abundance this year.
-Fr. Ochterlying visited the College on Friday.
-Joseph Fleyton, one of our old printers, is here.
-Fr. Freex is busy preparing for his visitors next week.
-A New Class-room is being made in the Infirmary buildings.
-Mr. Ruddenman, teacher of Telegraphy, arrived Friday morning.
—Mr. A. F. Newman, of Wabash, Ind., spent a day at Notre Dame last week.

—Thos. Ewing, of the Class of ’69, has been spending a few days at the College.

—Charles Campana and Oliver Tong drove out to the College on St. Edward’s Day.

—Among the visitors to the College last week were Mr. and Mrs. Peter W. Siebert, of Pittsburgh, Penn.

—Mrs. Major Walker, of Helena, Montana, is on a visit to her daughters at St. Mary’s and her son at Notre Dame.

—By a letter received from him, we learn that Thos. B. Clifford, an old student of Notre Dame, is practicing law in New York City.

—Rev. Henry Brown, of Ravenna, Ohio, and Rev. Gerhard Pilz, O. S. B., of St. Joseph’s Church, Chicago, were with us on the 13th.

—On St. Edward’s Day, Mr. Ranker and lady visited the College. Mr. Ranker is the accomplished organist of St. Joseph’s Church, Chicago. He gives a good account of Joseph Mukautz and John P. Lauth, old students of Notre Dame.

—We were pleased to learn recently the demise of Mr. John F. Baasen, of Milwaukee, father of our esteemed Prof. M. A. J. Baasen and Rev. John B. Baasen of Tuscaloosa, Ala. His family should feel much consoled, however, to witness such an edifying end to an edifying life.

—We clip the following from the Saginawian, Saginaw, Michigan:

“An event matrimonial occurred at St. Andrew’s (Catholic) Church this morning. It was the uniting of E. J. Fitzharris and Rosa Roban in the holy bands of wedlock, by Rev. Mr. Vanderhyden. Quite a large number were in attendance to witness the ceremonies.”

“Mr. Fitzharris was in the employ of the late M. G. Martin for some time before his demise. Since that time he has had the entire control of the business, which by his affability and energy he has largely increased. He gained the esteem of all with whom he had dealings, and by his frankness and generosity made many warm friends who will wish him and bride many years of happy enjoyment. They left on the four o’clock train to Santa Ana, California.”

Mr. Fitzharris was a student of Notre Dame a number of years ago. The many friends whom he here made will wish him and his bride years upon years of happiness.

—Mr. Gregory is painting a life sized portrait of Very Rev. Fr. General. It is intended for the College parlor, we believe. He is also painting a portrait of Rev. Fr. Lemonnier.

—We were shown a lengthy description of the Lamp intended for the sanctuary of the new Church. We will in some future number, give a short description of the Lamp for the benefit of our readers—or, perhaps it would be better to wait until the Lamp itself arrives.

—The Pilot, of Boston, sent us an excellent chromo of Father Matthew. It is got up in the best style of the art.”

—The Pilot, of Boston, sent us an excellent chromo of Father Matthew. It is got up in the best style of the art. We offer it as a prize to the student who will write the best article for the Scholastic on “Painting”—to be sent to the Editor by the 4th of November.

—The beautiful stained glass window on the 2nd floor of the Presbytery attracts the attention of all persons.

—Rev. Alexis Granger, C. S. C, our worthy Provincial, first father of Spiritual Director, or Prefect of Religion.

—Notre Dame during the whole of this long period, and to him have the students been indebted for most of their spiritual training. He still holds in the College the office of Spiritual Director, or Prefect of Religion.

—We have been notified by the editorial staff of the “St. Cecilia Philomathean Standard,” that we were elected an honorary member of the same. We return them our thanks, and in doing so we hope they will allow us to express the wish that the “Standard” may not only continue to be what it always was—an entertaining paper—but that it may surpass its record of other years.
Society Reports.

—The PhiLopatarians will reorganize in a few weeks.
—There are 26 members in the Sodality of the Holy Angels.
—The Archconfraternity of the B. V. M. hold their meetings on the first Sunday of each month, at 8 o'clock A. M., in the Chapel.
—The St. Aloysius Literary Society assembles every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock, in Classroom No. 3.
—The Sodality of the Holy Angels meets every Wednesday evening, at 7 o'clock, in Classroom No. 3.
—The St. Cecilia Philomathian Society have their meetings every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock, and every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock, in Classroom No. 4.
—The St. Cecilia Philomathian Association held its 9th and 7th regular meetings on October 6th and 12th respectively, Masters F. E. Foxxen and F. Solon deserve mention for compositions. Masters Beegan, McNamara, Lawless, Wood, McIntyre, Soule, McHugh, Hake, Meyer, O'Connell, Schmidt, Palmer, O'Hara, and Minton are among the best who delivered declamations.
—The Columbian Literary and Debating Club, meets every Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock, in Classroom No. 5.
—The Thespian Society held its meetings on the evening of the first Wednesday of each month, at 7 o'clock, in Classroom No. 8.

The Philomathic Society held its fifth regular meeting on the 13th ult., the Vice-President, T. A. Dailey, in the chair. The question debated was: "Resolved, That the Right of Suffrage should be Acceded to Women,"—Messrs. Kelly and Villeneuve supporting the affirmative, while Messrs. Mathews and Skahill sustained the negative. A number of volunteers also took part in the debate.


We can recommend the Record to the students as an excellent Catholic Magazine. Published by Hardy & Mahony, No. 505 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia—$3.50 per annum.

Additional Arrivals.

William Doherty, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Edward J. McLaughlin, Clinton, Iowa.
Patrick Mattimore, Toledo, Ohio.
P. J. Mattimore, Toledo, Ohio.
T. Monahan, South Bend, Indiana.
David Bonner, Nashville, Tennessee.

Frank M. Scrufford, Seneca, Kansas.
Harold V. Haynes, Chicago, Illinois.
Mark M. S. Foote, Burlington, Iowa.
Edward Mass, Negamne, Michigan.
Edward Ayers, Chicago, Illinois.
Eugene Seibert, Cincinnati, Ohio.
William D. Smith, Adrian, Michigan.

Roll of Honor.

SENior DEPARTMENT.


JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.


MINIM DEPARTMENT.


CLASS HONORS.

FOr THE WEEK ENDING THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15.

[Under this heading will appear each week the names of those students who have gained satisfaction in all studies of the Class to which they belong. Each Class will be mentioned every fourth week, conformably to the following arrangement. First week, the Classes of the four Colleges (Humanities and Scientific); second week, those of the Commercial Course; third week, those of the Preparatory; fourth week, Music, Fine Arts, Modern Languages, and special classes.—Director of Studies.]

By some error, in the list of honorable mentions last week, the name of Mr. J. J. Gillen figured amongst the Sophomores. We regret the mistake, since we believe that Mr. Gillen is not only a Junior, but one of the best representatives of his Class.
COMMERCIAL COURSE.

SCHOLASTIC.


Honorable Mentions


Out-Door Sports.

On Tuesday, the 13th of October, the third game for championship between the Juanitas and Excelsiors was played, the latter being victorious. The batting was very good on both sides. Mr. Foot killed the position of umpire to the satisfaction of both parties. The following is the score:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Excelsiors</th>
<th>Juanitas</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>G. Gross, s.</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. Downey, p.</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Hayes, c.</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V. McKinnon, r.f.</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L. Bush, 2d b.</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Soule, 2d b.</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Beegan, c. f.</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Minton, 1st b.</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Meyer, 1st f.</td>
<td>4</td>
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</tbody>
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Total: 27-34

INNINGS:

<table>
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<tr>
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<tr>
<td>E. Gault, 1st b.</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Brennan, s. w.</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Lyons, r.f.</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Crummey, l.f.</td>
<td>5</td>
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<tr>
<td>E. Hess, c. f.</td>
<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>G. Schubert, 2d b.</td>
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<tr>
<td>E. Guilford, p.</td>
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<tr>
<td>J. Hackett, c.</td>
<td>3</td>
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</table>

Total: 27-33

Wednesday morning, October 14, a game of baseball was played between a picked nine of the Senior Dept. and the 1st nine of the Excelsior B. C., on the grounds of the latter, which resulted in the following score:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<tr>
<td>E. Gault, 1st b.</td>
<td>3</td>
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<tr>
<td>E. Monahan, s. s.</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Hayes, c.</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V. McKinnon, r.f.</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Ryan, p.</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T. Guilford, 2d b.</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Beegan, c. f.</td>
<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>H. Cassidy, r.f.</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. Devoto, e.</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total: 37-29

INNINGS:

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</tbody>
</table>

Umpire—J. E. Kelly. Scorers—A. Crunkilton and G. W. Crummey. Time of game—One hour and forty-five minutes. The Picked Nine by their victory won two barrels of apples, which were put up by the Directors of the two Nines.


In the Minim Department, prizes for jumping, etc., were given to C. Moody, F. McGrath, M. McAuliffe, E. Raymond, T. Hooley, J. O'Meara, W. Cash, C. Campau, F. Campau, A. Bushey, R. Golson, H. Colton.

—On October 11th, a game of baseball was played between three members of the "Excelsiors," Messrs. Hayes, Downey and Busch, and the first nine of the "Mutuals," which resulted in favor of the "Excelsior Three" by a score of 24 to 7.

Why is a son who objects to his mother's second marriage like an exhausted pedestrian? Because he can't "go" a step-father.

A Pennsylvania baby is said to have inherited the eyes and nose of his father, but the cheek of his uncle, who is an insurance agent.

"What brought you to prison, my colored friend?" said a Yankee to a negro. "Two constables, sah." "Yes, but I mean had intemperance anything to do with it?" "Yes, sah, dey was bof of 'em drank."

A young man from the county, going into a shoe-store for a pair of boots, the clerk blandly asked: "What number do you wear?" "Why, too, of course," exclaimed the indignant countryman.

The Detroit Free Press professes to have discovered a young lady who smokes, goes to bed at nine, eats heartily, speaks plain English, respects her mother, doesn't want to marry a lord, and knows how to cook.

A Worcester boy was engaged in nocturnal cherry-stealing a short time ago, and was observed by the owner of the fruit, who, unnoticed by the young robber, placed a large stuffed dog at the foot of the tree and retired to watch the result of the strategy. The boy, descending, observed the dog, and then the fun commenced; he whistled, coaxed, threatened unavailingly, the animal never moving, and finally the youth accepting the inevitable, settled down to passing the night in the tree. After some hours had passed wearily enough to the lad, morning dawned, and the proprietor of the tree coming from the house, asked him how he came to be in the tree, to which the boy answered that he took to it to save himself from the dog, who had chased him quite a distance. It isn't healthy for a smaller boy to say stuffed dog to that youth now.
A critic in the London Spectator divests "Josh Billings" of his bad spelling, and finds him an American Montaigne And, indeed, many of the sayings appear to us very good. The wit and sense of them is, perhaps, better than the humor. We quote a few:

"Time is money, and many people pay their debts with it."

"Ignorance is the wet-nurse of prejudice."

"Wit without sense is a razor without a handle."

"People of good sense are those whose opinions agree with ours."

"Face all things; even adversity is polite to a man's face."

"Passion always lowers a great man, but sometimes elevates a little one."

"Style is everything for a sinner, and a little of it will not hurt a saint."

"Men nowadays are divided into slow Christians and wide-awake sinners."

"It is little trouble to a graven image to be patient, even in fly-time."

"Health is a loan at call."

"Adversity to a man is like training to a pugilist."

"Did you ever hear a very rich man sing?"

"Mice fatten slow in a church. They can't live on religion, any more than ministers can."

"Fashion cheats the eccentric with the claptrap of freemasonry."

PENSYLVANIA CENTRAL DOUBLE TRACK RAILROAD.

PITTSBURGH, FORT WAYNE AND CHICAGO.

Three daily Express Trains, with Pullman's Palace Cars, are run between Chicago, Pittsburgh and Philadelphia and New York, without Change.

1st train leaves Chicago 9 00 p.m.  Arrives at New York 11.30 a.m.

2d train leaves Chicago 11.10 a.m.  Arrives at New York 2.20 p.m.

3d train leaves Chicago 11.50 a.m.  Arrives at New York 3.50 p.m.

—The difference in nature was well illustrated at a Boston depot. Two sisters met. "O, my dear sister!" said one enthusiastically, as they embraced. "You've been eating onions," said the other, calmly and fearlessly.

L. S. & M. S. RAILWAY.

On and after Sunday, May 24, 1874, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

**GOING EAST.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Departure</th>
<th>Arrival</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>3:25 a.m.</td>
<td>L. S. &amp; M. S.</td>
<td>Toledo, 2:30 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:40 a.m.</td>
<td>L. S. &amp; M. S.</td>
<td>Cleveland, 10:10 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:27 a.m.</td>
<td>L. S. &amp; M. S.</td>
<td>Buffalo, 11:45 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:13 a.m.</td>
<td>L. S. &amp; M. S.</td>
<td>Chicago, 9:00 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:54 a.m.</td>
<td>L. S. &amp; M. S.</td>
<td>St. Louis, 6:45 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:55 a.m.</td>
<td>L. S. &amp; M. S.</td>
<td>New Orleans, 5:45 a.m.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**GOING WEST.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Departure</th>
<th>Arrival</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>3:20 a.m.</td>
<td>L. S. &amp; M. S.</td>
<td>Lapeorte, 4:15 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:50 a.m.</td>
<td>L. S. &amp; M. S.</td>
<td>Chicago, 5:20 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:55 a.m.</td>
<td>L. S. &amp; M. S.</td>
<td>Washington, 5:45 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00 a.m.</td>
<td>L. S. &amp; M. S.</td>
<td>Nashville, 8:30 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:20 a.m.</td>
<td>L. S. &amp; M. S.</td>
<td>New Orleans, 7:10 a.m.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Note: Conductors are positively forbidden to carry passengers upon Through Freight Trains.

J. W. GARY, General Ticket Agent, Cleveland, Ohio.

J. H. MOHSE, General Western Passenger Agent.

J. H. PROSSON, General Western Division, Chicago.

W. W. GIDDINGS, Freight Agent.

S. J. FOWEL, Ticket Agent, New York, New York.

CHARLES PAINE, Gen'l Sup'y.

*Passengers going to local points West, should take Nos. 7, 9, and 11. East, Nos. 5, 7, and 8. Warsaw Express (connecting with No. 1) leaves Elkheart at 11:30 p.m., running through to Warsaw. Through tickets to all competing points in every direction. Local Tickets Insurance tickets, R. R. Guides, etc., will be furnished upon application to the Ticket Agent.*

**MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD.**

**Time Table.**

From and after May 24th, trains on the Michigan Central Railroad leave Niles as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Departure</th>
<th>Arrival</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>11:45 a.m.</td>
<td>CHICAGO R.R.</td>
<td>Toledo, 10:30 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:35 p.m.</td>
<td>CHICAGO R.R.</td>
<td>Cleveland, 2:50 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:35 p.m.</td>
<td>CHICAGO R.R.</td>
<td>St. Louis, 4:35 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:30 p.m.</td>
<td>CHICAGO R.R.</td>
<td>St. Louis, 6:15 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:30 p.m.</td>
<td>CHICAGO R.R.</td>
<td>St. Louis, 7:55 p.m.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

SOUTH BEND DIVISION.

Trains leave South Bend 7:50 a.m., 11:10 a.m., 3:00 p.m., 5:50 p.m. Arrive at Niles—7:50 a.m., 11:10 a.m., 3:00 p.m., 5:45 p.m. Leave Niles—6:30 a.m., 9:30 a.m., 3:00 p.m., 10:30 p.m. Service Trains leave South Bend 9:00 a.m., 7:40 p.m., *Arrive at Niles—9:00 a.m., 7:40 p.m.*

SOUTH BEND DIVISION.

Trains leave South Bend—7:50 a.m., 11:10 a.m., 3:00 p.m., 5:50 p.m. Arrive at Niles—7:50 a.m., 11:10 a.m., 3:00 p.m., 5:45 p.m. Leave Niles—6:30 a.m., 9:30 a.m., 3:00 p.m., 10:30 p.m. Service Trains leave South Bend 9:00 a.m., 7:40 p.m., *Arrive at Niles—9:00 a.m., 7:40 p.m.*

**NOTRE DAME STATION.**

Arrive—7:30 a.m., 9:00 a.m., 1:35 p.m., 5:05 p.m. Leave—8:30 a.m., 11:35 a.m., 3:00 p.m., 6:25 p.m. Sunday Trains.**

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

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

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Departure</th>
<th>Arrival</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8:30 a.m.</td>
<td>L. S. &amp; M. S.</td>
<td>Dayton, 8:30 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:45 a.m.</td>
<td>L. S. &amp; M. S.</td>
<td>Cincinnati, 9:45 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:30 p.m.</td>
<td>L. S. &amp; M. S.</td>
<td>St. Louis, 1:30 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:30 p.m.</td>
<td>L. S. &amp; M. S.</td>
<td>St. Louis, 2:30 p.m.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

SOUTH BEND DIVISION.

St. Louis and Springfield Express, via Main Line, 4:30 a.m.

**CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS AND CHICAGO R.R.**

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

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Departure</th>
<th>Arrival</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8:30 a.m.</td>
<td>L. S. &amp; M. S.</td>
<td>St. Louis, 8:30 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:30 a.m.</td>
<td>L. S. &amp; M. S.</td>
<td>St. Louis, 11:30 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:30 p.m.</td>
<td>L. S. &amp; M. S.</td>
<td>St. Louis, 2:30 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:30 p.m.</td>
<td>L. S. &amp; M. S.</td>
<td>St. Louis, 4:30 p.m.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**SOUTHERN DIVISION.**

Passengers going to local points West, should take Nos. 1 and 4; East, Nos. 2 and 7. New York Express (connecting with No. 1) leaves Elkheart at 11:30 p.m., running through to New York. Through tickets to all competing points in every direction. Local Tickets Insurance tickets, R. R. Guides, etc., will be furnished upon application to the Ticket Agent.

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

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

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<td>L. S. &amp; M. S.</td>
<td>Cincinnati, 9:45 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:30 p.m.</td>
<td>L. S. &amp; M. S.</td>
<td>St. Louis, 1:30 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:30 p.m.</td>
<td>L. S. &amp; M. S.</td>
<td>St. Louis, 2:30 p.m.</td>
</tr>
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**CHICAGO ALTON AND ST. LOUIS LINE.**

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

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<td>Cincinnati, 9:45 a.m.</td>
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<td>1:30 p.m.</td>
<td>L. S. &amp; M. S.</td>
<td>St. Louis, 1:30 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:30 p.m.</td>
<td>L. S. &amp; M. S.</td>
<td>St. Louis, 2:30 p.m.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>