Food and Health.

ELEMENTARY PRINCIPLES OF FOOD.

I.

In the the study of the science of health few subjects present themselves that are of more importance to both young and old than that which treats of food in relation to its influence on the human system. It is hardly necessary to produce a long list of reasons why the study of this subject is of so great and universal importance for does not our very life depend on a proper knowledge of food-stuffs? How many a man has sown in his system the seeds of disease and death at the table! Bread, sour and heavy from unskillful working or damaged flour, butter rancid and offensive, potatoes sodden, and meat tainted or diseased, or in a state of decomposition, are fruitful causes of gastric disturbances and diarrhoea, and have often proved active and dangerous poisons.

If the old saying, 

Mens sana in corpore sano,

is true, then the physiological saying, "No sound body without sound food," should also be true. It is not our purpose here, however, to show the necessity of good and wholesome food, but rather to consider food first as to its object, and secondly, as to the sources whence it is derived. Our body is constantly active; even during sleep our heart goes on contracting, and the chest rises and falls at each act of respiration. Motion implies waste, and if the motions of the body are to go on uninterruptedly this waste must also be constantly repaired. So true is this, that every breath we draw, every beat of our heart causes constant waste, and this waste is largely increased when to those are added the voluntary motions of the body. We cannot lift even a finger or walk a step, without a proportional loss in the tissues.

Waste and decay take place continually in the tissues, and therefore they must be repaired, if the body is to be sustained at all, and it is for this reason that man is obliged to take food. The object of food, then, is to mend or nourish the body, to enable it to perform the work it has to do, and in youth to increase its size and grow to its full proportion. To perform these duties we have two different kinds of aliments. First we have the plastic or nitrogenous, and secondly the carbonaceous or heat-producers.

All the members of the first class contain, as its name implies, a certain amount of nitrogen, and are derived mainly, but not entirely, from the animal kingdom. The principal kinds of food of this class are: fibrine, albumen, caseine, gelatine, and gluten. The first four are, for the most part, obtained from animal food; while the gluten forms the chief constituent of the flour from wheat. Fibrine, albumen, and gelatine are obtained from butchers.
meat, poultry and fish; caseine is chiefly found in milk. These kinds of food are sometimes called tissue-producers, because they enter largely into the composition of the animal tissues in the body, whilst the second class of foods are called heat-producers, for they supply, as it were, the fuel for the respiratory process, and furnish the heat of the body. Both the animal and vegetable world furnish us with this second class of foods, which includes all fats, as vegetable and animal oils, starch and saccharine, or sugars. Now the office of all these is, as we have said, to produce heat, and for this purpose the fats are best adapted; but in addition to this, they perform certain other important offices in aiding in the digestion of the nitrogenized food-stuffs.

It has been shown that the action of the pancreatic juice, which is an alkaline fluid, depends entirely on the presence of fats for its action on the nitrogenous principles. Moreover, fat is used in the production of bile; and being a very bad conductor of heat, it prevents a too rapid radiation of heat from the body; and together with this, it enhances the beauty of the human figure by giving a roundness and suppleness to the form. The starches and sugars are not as energetic heat-producers as the fats, but they are largely concerned in their production, as is shown by the rapidity with which animals fatten that are fed on diets rich in farina and sugar.

As to the sources of food, they are confined entirely to the animal and vegetable kingdoms. No instance is known where an animal derived its food directly from the mineral world. It is an old adage in botany that “all food is produced by plants.” Plants draw upon the air and earth for subsistence, and change their constituents into their own tissues; how this is done, I think would not only be interesting to know, but also highly instructive, since it furnishes us with a clue to the correlation of chemical to vegetable life-force.

The constituents of vegetable tissues are carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, and for the formation of these carbon dioxide, water and ammonia are received into the system. Now these chemical compounds are found very extensively in nature, and constitute the food of plants. But the next question would be how do they change these simple compounds into the complex compounds of amyloids such as starch, caseine, and sugar? First, as regards starch; it is composed of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen in the proportions of six atoms of the first to ten of the second and five of the last. The formula generally given in organic chemistry is \( \text{C}_6\text{H}_12\text{O}_6 \). To obtain starch the following conditions are required: First, the physical basis of life must be present, i.e., protoplasm; secondly, chlorophyll is which is found in the green coloring substance of the leaves; and, lastly, a force which is supplied by solar light. To form starch the plant absorbs water by it roots and carries it up to the leaves; here it is brought in contact with the carbonic acid of the air; under the influence of solar light, the two unite, and the excess of the oxygen which enters into the composition of carbonic acid is rejected, and replaced by nascent chemical force, which is soon converted into vegetable life-force. To illustrate what I mean I will give a formula: Carbonic acid plus water minus excess of oxygen = starch, or, in chemical language, \( \text{C}_6\text{O}_12 + \text{H}_2\text{O} - \text{O}_2 = \text{C}_6\text{H}_{12}\text{O}_6 \).

Now, in order to obtain sugar, or, what is called in chemistry, glycoce, we need only add one molecule of water to starch and we obtain the following formula: \( \text{C}_6\text{H}_{12}\text{O}_6 + \text{H}_2\text{O} = \text{C}_6\text{H}_{12}\text{O}_7 \). From this we obtain the sugar of milk, by uniting two molecules of this substance indicated thus—\( \text{C}_6\text{H}_{12}\text{O}_6 + \text{C}_6\text{H}_{12}\text{O}_6 = \text{C}_6\text{H}_{12}\text{O}_{12} \). Cane sugar, or saccharose, is obtained by subtracting a molecule of water from twice glycoce, i.e., \( 2(\text{C}_6\text{H}_{12}\text{O}_6) - \text{H}_2\text{O} = \text{C}_6\text{H}_{12}\text{O}_{11} \) = cane sugar. In all these cases it is the same force of solar light that gradually evolves the different kinds of vegetable products. Now these evolutions we attribute to the power of vegetable life-force, and hence some relation must exist between life and the physical force of solar light.

There is no further necessity of entering into the discussion of the production of food-stuffs, but rather to consider the sources from which we receive our two kinds of food. But, before entering on this question, it may, however, be well to stop and consider for a moment the quantity of the primary elements that are absolutely necessary for the support of life. By a careful calculation it has been found that a man requires, to keep himself alive, a daily supply of 4,100 grains of carbon, and 300 grains of nitrogen, or, roughly speaking, he needs only one-thirteenth as much nitrogen as carbon. Should a man, therefore, live exclusively on nitrogenized food, such as albumen, or white of eggs, or meat, he will have to eat a great amount to supply the 4,100 grains of carbon, because those foods contain only about three and a half parts of carbon for every part of nitrogen, and he needs thirteen parts of carbon to one of nitrogen.

To put the case in another way, it takes about four pounds of fatless meat to yield 4,100 grains of carbon, whereas one pound will furnish the 300 grains of nitrogen required. A man, confined to a purely nitrogenous diet, must necessarily eat a prodigious amount of it. This would not only require a great amount of physiological labor, but a great expenditure of time, and to no profit for the body but gives so much the more to do to the excretory organs that have to get rid of the superfluous three-fourths of the nitrogenous matter.

It is therefore advantageous to live on a mixed diet, and chiefly on vegetables. One pound of meat, per diem, will give us the required amount of nitrogen, and add to this a pound of sugar, or two pounds of bread, and we have also the required amount of carbon. A mixed diet is therefore not only advantageous but economical. Let those people who have, then, the regulation of food take a lesson from these observations, which are drawn from the best authorities on the subject, and furnish a diet that is not only advantageous but highly economical. Hence, instead of eating two or three pounds of meat a day, three-fourths of a pound will do, when two pounds of other good and wholesome vegetable food is added, along with the sugar used in coffee, tea, and deserts. Many persons, well educated in other respects, do not know the consequences of bad food on the mind and body. They imagine by having coffee and tea and deserts without sugar, they are very economical; but this is not so; and it is certain that it would be far more economical to give a sufficient amount of sugar in tea and coffee, than to have to furnish an additional pound of meat to each person whom they may have to support.

Man needs very little food to support life, and why should not that little be good and wholesome, and well prepared? Not only does health and intelligence depend on food, but also morality. Let a man take a dinner of one pound and a half of good substantial food, from which he can readily
obtain sufficient to build up his lost vital tissues, and his blood will be pure healthy and life-giving. This food will produce noble aspirations in the mind, leaving all the grosser passions of a full and replete stomach of indigestible food far below him.

Now, let us consider the sources from which food may be derived. The first great necessity for the support of animal life is water, for without it the others would be useless. We can see the importance of water at once when we remember that seventy-five per cent. of the blood and the flesh is composed of it; and that per day about five pounds of water is excreted by the lungs, by the skin and the kidneys. Water is taken into the body, both free and combined with other articles of food. Some vegetables contain as much as from eighty to ninety per cent of water; potatoes contain seventy-five per cent; new milk eighty-eight per cent, and beer, ale, skim-milk ninety per cent. Water performs two functions in the body; it is used to dissolve food and make it readily absorbable, as absorbable chyle, and it is also used to dissolve decaying substances, and wash them out of the body. In addition, it helps to regulate the temperature of the body, by its free evaporation from the surface thereof.

Here I stop for the present. In my next article I shall fully evolve the question under consideration.

Sanitas.

Echoes.

Many of the saddest and sweetest moments of our lives, when they have almost faded from our memories and, fast drifting away among the shadows of the past, are spoken of by us as though they were only echoes; and indeed, echoes of what have been—reflections on what make up the sum of human life. For what we know of others, is the echo of reality. What we know of ourselves, is but the reflection we catch from others.

The beauties of art and literature are indistinct echoes from the mists and hearts of eminent men. The youthful adventures of David Copperfield are but sketches of Dickens's own boyhood, while Edgar Allan Poe's masterpiece, "The Raven," in all the depths of its sombre beauty is but an echo of the gloomy grandeur of that genius from whose mind it emanated; and that ominous shadow as it 'flated on the floor,' was but a faint reflection of the deep despondency that overwhelmed with its blackening rind his proud but unfortunate spirit.

Go back with me in imagination to the days of Grecian glory, and you behold a vast assemblage of the most learned and gifted people the world ever saw; but compare that country to-day with its once former greatness and then tell me where are her orators and philosophers? where are her cities of learning? Ah! they are a thing of the past, and what we shall henceforth know of Greece will be through the medium of the historian and the poet.

Carthage, the masterpiece of African magnificence, the seat of ancient commercial industry—the repository of wealth, and one of the greatest emporiums and States of the world—after having reached the heights of civilization and renown, fell—never to rise again. Even its name is hardly known in the country of which it was the glorious capital, and all that now remains of her ancient splendor is, perhaps, a few broken pillars nearly buried by the sands of the desert, and under whose shadows the owl and the bat not infrequently take refuge.

Babylon, Nineveh, and ancient Rome—each in its turn has felt the destroying hand of Time, and are numbered with the things that were. How sad it is that earth's mightiest events must some day become nothing but echoes; and the far-sounding blast of Fame's brazen trumpet, produce nothing but echo! echoes!!

We catch this refrain as it comes sighing to us from the autumn forest, and from the foam-capped waves of the world's restless, girdling ocean, as it moans and murmurs in its rocky bed. It comes to us from all the windings of life's changing path. To-day, there is a bridal scene—tomorrow, there is a funeral procession; flags are hanging at half-mast, arms are trailing in the dust, and, as the bursting sob of the minute gun swells forth on the evening breeze, it seems to send into eternity one mournful echo of all that is mortal of a once worshipped hero.

Fancy paints me to-night the picture of a poor old man, guarded by a battalion of British soldiery; on a remote island, rock-ribbed and lonely, where the never-ceasing swell of the Atlantic sings a requiem to the dead hopes of "Corsica's gifted son." And as I gaze upon this scene, I cannot but imagine how the echoes must have filled the twilight of that career which challenges all futurity for an equal. And I cannot but think that the "Little Corporal," then on his last solemn march, as he walked the measured exile's best, must have lived in a world of echoes, that were ever whispering of la belle France, of Genoa, Marengo, Austerlitz, of the Tyrol, the Pyramids of Josephine,—echoes that were ever carrying him back on the wings of memory to the Imperial halls of Paris—where myriads of chandelliers threw their glittering light on silvered blazonry, and where jewelled crests bowed in awe to the "Man of Destiny."

But the song of echoes is not all a dirge. In the year 1776 there sounded across the dark waters of the Atlantic an echo which stirred into active existence the young nation that had just planted its banners in the wild forests of America; and with that story of persecution ever ringing in her ears America has built up a colossal fabric of intellectual greatness, which in the first century of her national existence has almost surpassed the achievements of the fifty preceding centuries of time.

The genius of Fulton has decked the ocean with a swarm of floating palaces. The persevering intellect of Morse has girded the world with a belt of living fire, and the untiring energy of Edison has not only furnished us with instruments of light and speech, but a more delicate one, by which the heat generated by the most distant star or planet may be transmitted and recorded. To-day, then, in the United States—the foothold of freedom—we find the genius of national prosperity—a genius that shall ultimately eclipse the broad empire of Rome, and outshine in grandeur the "Eternal City;" under the domination of King Humbert. America, too, stands out as the exponent of the world's advancement. Humanity, after all her experimental failures, civil and otherwise, looks upon her as a most dear child—claims her as the offspring of civil and religious liberty.

But all the power, princely opulence, and intellectual advancement which we find in this country are but the results of that climax, of the effort and enterprise, the principle of improvement that took its rise with the early dawn of time, which has been rolling westward, ever westward, until its mighty tide is now breaking over our western continent and deluging our shores with all earthly...
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ness. There are several elements in our complex nature—

the material, the intellectual, the emotional. How are we to amalgamate and fuse such conflicting interests, how stop the waste of faculties and forces, which is an abhorrence to Nature? It is clear that before we can beautify our homes or our surroundings we must have some definite idea of beauty in our minds, and for that purpose we must look a little higher than along the dead-level of our commonplace lives. Days spent in dark alleys or dingy counting-houses are not particularly exhilarating, and soon produce a brood-

ing temperament, indifferent to anything but the wants of the hour, or the possible acquisition of a little extra wealth.

If the mind is to be roused and pleasurably excite, it must be taken forcibly out of its ordinary groove: it must be pushed into a new channel. Intellectual enjoyment, the arts, painting, music, and books, are powerful aids; but, above all, domestic life should be the source of the sweet-
est and most enduring enjoyment. We are fond of praising the particular merits of the homes of our country, yet we doubt if many could bear comparison with those of some of the countries of Europe. Silently a transfor-

mation is being effected amongst us; husband and wife are drifting apart as surely and gradually as the two separate branches of a river, the one flowing westward and the other eastward. Identity of interests must insure friend-

ship; and where ought there to exist greater identity of interests than in marriage? But the man has his business or his pleasure to attend to, in neither of which can his wife share; the woman has her children, her friends, her own frivolous or harmless pursuits. If both man and wo-

man thought a little more how to bring sunshine into the

country. Poetry does not mean only the clothing of beau-

tiful thoughts in harmonious language; it means also the spiritualizing of life, the tinging of every common object with the warm sunshine of sympathy and love. Just as, on rainy days in cities, the slush and grimy mud are swept away and put on one side, so the sunshine nature will naturally dismiss all mean and sordid thoughts, and turn to what is true and noble and pure, as ‘the sunflower turns to the face of its god.' No doubt the sunny tempera

ment is partly natural; yet, like everything else, it can be cultivated and improved. Perhaps such brightness is quite one of the most lovable attributes of human nature, and it does not seem to be more peculiar to men than to women. Little difficulties, small troubles, annoying anx-

iety, all seem to disappear before the presence of moral sunshine. One sunny person in a household may transform an atmosphere of gloom.

If such results can be obtained by the agency of one single individual, how much more may be expected from a study of the proper means for producing a frame of mind so beneficial to society at large? Every faculty of our nature seldom finds its true and proper sphere. We have men of business immersed in duty until they are too tired even to think or talk of anything but stocks and shares, markets and strikes, political events and impending wars. We have men of pleasure as passionately following the turns of a die or the gallops of a horse, or blowing away any little intelligence they may possess in the blue clouds of tobacco-smoke. We have women of fashion too much occupied even to embrace their babies in the intervals of their gaieties. We have so called divines, partisans, and violent demagogues. But amongst them fall few gleams of sunshine, and none know the meaning of happy-

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Moral Sunshine.

Without possessing any specific knowledge of gardening, every is aware of the necessity of sunlight for plants; knows that flowers grown in dark cellars produce pale and colorless blossoms; that vegetables become blanched; and that grapes and peaches will not ripen unless they have plentiful and fruitfully shining sunshine. In warm coun-

tries the sun supplies the place of comforts and luxuries, of food and fuel. The African sickens and shivers in an northern climate—he misses the sun. Not only does the great luminary stimulate growth and forth light and warmth, and generate physical well-being, but it has also an immense influence over the mental growth and the development of the emotions. In these days of artificial light and calorile, with electricity at our command, and the laws of heat ripening into a science, we ought, it would seem, to be pretty nearly independent of Nature's sun-

shine. Yet in the deep shady valleys, where the sun never penetrates, goitre and idiocy are common maladies; and in the back slums of crowded cities children, like weakly plants, grow up pale, poor and stunted. If for mate-

r purposes sunshine is so imperative a necessity, how is it with moral sunshine, or, in other words, the poetry of life?

Great men of every age agree that, perfection of happi-

ness can only consist in 'all the faculties having found their

full and adequate object.' The object of the plants and flow-
eras is to grow; to that purpose the sun's bright and welcome

rays assist them. The aspiration of men should be to de-

velop their moral and mental faculties; and for that pur-

pose they need moral sunlight, the warm and genial at-

mosphere which causes every shoot to bud, every flower

and leaflet to unfold. There has been of late a sort of

return to the pagan worship of Nature, a love of glowing

colors, and all the garish imagery which is the accompani-

ement of art in its lowest forms and earliest stages; but above and beyond this veneering of loveliness in our art furniture, our decorations, and our dress, there does not seem any very real development of pure taste, nor any positive departure from the common forms of materialism which are the characteristics of the present century. Pro-

bably city life is fatal to much poetry, though occasionally the pressure and Sturm und Drang of modern existence raise a passionate longing for the quiet and repose of the
other's life, perhaps things might be different. Throw open the shutters, remove the barriers, and let the sun's heat rays play into the diaphanous heart, penetrate into the somnolent recesses, clear away the cobweb and accumulation of dust-atoms, and suffuse with a new joy. The beams will light upon dull brown hair and irradiate it with golden glory, will fill the faded eyes with a new brilliancy, will turn all they touch to gold. Gaslight can never emanate sunlight; and if by the stupid arrangements of society the healthy growth of the affections be stunted, morbid outbursts of false feeling and diseased imagination will spring from below their wholesome presence upon us. Novels like those of Yola and Belot, though admirably written, must needs cause a shudder at the mere possibility of such pictures as they paint laying claim to be regarded as a true mirror of society. When our pleasures become pure and healthful, our minds will be full of sunlight; for the surest criterion of a sound nature is a capacity for innocent enjoyment. Happiness is a duty as well as a privilege. The most sympathetic and deep-feeling amongst us are precisely those who have suffered and who have overcome. They have learned the value of the sunshine, and are not as those who have eyes and see not. The generality of men, with perceptions jaded by custom, look mechanically around, and have ceased to apprehend spiritual beauty in anything. To them the glorious rays of light only mean a little more natural heat, expressions of affection are so much idle sentiment, and imagination and poetry are the adjuncts and luxuries of the rich and eccentric.

Art, Music and Literature.

—Miss Blanche Roosevelt has been advised by her physician to cease singing for a time.

—Señor Gomez has rewritten his "Maria Tudor," and will shortly complete a new opera, "Perdido."—The Baltimore Times terms Miss Emma Thursey "America's greatest soprano." Who shall decide?

—Miss Mathilde Phillipps is to become a member of the Boston Ideal Opera Company this month.

—Miss Lillian Bailey will pass the months of August, September and October in Boston and vicinity.

—The old mausoleum of Augustus Caesar, at Rome, is being converted by an architect into a splendid modern theatre.

—The Halifax Opera Company has lately given Rossini's Stabat Mater very successfully. The Company is now rehearsing "The Sorcerer.

—An American historian is now sojourning in Genoa, for the purpose of obtaining original documents in regard to the genealogy of Columbus.

—At the theatre des la Monnaie, Brussels, Belgium, an opera comique by Lucien Solvay and Emile Mathieu, entitled "La Bernoise," is to be produced.

—An English Benedictine attached to St. Edmund's, Dorset, has translated Dom Gueranger's "Mediae Aevi Gregorii of St. Benedict; its Origin Meaning and Privileges."

—It is stated in a recent German work on the organ that the art of playing on that instrument reached the apogee of perfection in Belgium in the seventeenth century.

—The Benedictine order of monks has given to the Church forty popes, two hundred cardinals, fifty patriarchs, six hundred and thirty archbishops, five thousand bishops, and numerous canonized saints.

—Judge-Daniels, of New York, has decided that the music of "Der Scharlatan" is common property, but that the libretto is copyright property. Which libretto does he mean? When was the international copyright law passed?

—Mr. Longfellow, in a letter regretting his inability to the genealogy of Colambus.

—An English opera by Sir Henry Wood, "The Sorcerer," is to be produced.

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—The work of casting the lenses of the great refracting telescope of the Paris Observatory has already begun. The founding of the flint disc has taken five days, and the annealing a full month.

—The assassination of the French explorer, M. Walbon, in Sumatra, is confirmed. M. Guillaume shared his fate. They were ascending the river Tenggung, in the northern part of Sumatra, when they were murdered by Acheinese brigands.

—Gloucester fisherman, recently returning from the Banks, gave to the United States National Museum several choice curiosities, among them a chimaira plumbea 4½ feet long, the largest specimen the Fish Commissioners have received, twinned gilled eels, sea monkeys, octopus, pumpkin, sea blackberries, wolf fish, leopard fish, blue hake, and a butter fish.

—The latest plan for crossing the dreaded English Channel is embodied in a model now before the Admiralty for a monster floating railway-station, which is to carry trains across the channel at the rate of fourteen knots an hour. It is stated that "each train would provide accommodations for 2,000 passengers," which would require sixty or more railway-carriages.
A correspondent of La Nature sends that paper a photograph of a curious phenomenon met with in the cold of December last. It owns a body which contained a solution of nitrate of silver (1 per cent). The cork is forced out and imprisoned at the extremity of a long cylinder of ice, due to the increase of the volume of the mass in freezing. The bottle was also cracked and several pieces detached.

Edison's telephone has been established between the Pic du Midi and Bagneres, a distance of fifteen miles. The interference of a cloudy and stormy stratum of air threatened to overpower the instrument. This is, we believe, the first time that anything like this has been noticed. However, by improving the instruments, the difficulty has been overcome, and ordinary conversation is now distinctly audible.

An English scientific journal relates that while the sailors of H. M. S. Faraday, aided by the new system of electric illumination, were one night lowering a cable, they noticed an immense number of fish of all sizes and shapes gathering around the spot. By promptly throwing out nets they were enabled to make an extraordinary haul. The electric light may doubtless be employed to advantage by fishing boats.

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The interference of a cloudy and stormy stratum of air sends that paper a photograph of a carious phenomenon met with in the cold of December last. It owns a body which contained a solution of nitrate of silver (1 per cent). The cork is forced out and imprisoned at the extremity of a long cylinder of ice, due to the increase of the volume of the mass in freezing. The bottle was also cracked and several pieces detached.

—The University, the medium or organ of the Law and Medical departments of the University of Michigan, has only entered upon its eighth number, but in the brief space of two months its editors have done the work of years. We say that the University has made itself a name and fame among college papers of every excellence is not too much—it is simply asserting a fact, and to-day it is, we believe, the peer of the best of the Eastern college papers. The variety of its matter, and the manner in which it is written and printed, make it interesting from the first to the last of the sixteen pages, and eight pages of advertisements show that its influence is appreciated by the public. The paper does honor to its editors, and now that a journalistic education is so highly appreciated and called for in colleges, we think we can say that such a course of study and practice is given in the University of Michigan. Those who call for a journalistic course in colleges—and they are many—make a grave mistake; such a course cannot come exclusively through the text-books, or by way of lectures; it can be obtained only by persistent study in a general way, and on general topics, with still more persistent practice in writing, and these by means of an excellent medium for a college paper or magazine. There is nothing but empty space behind this recent clamor for a journalistic course of studies, and those from whom it emanates are probably the last who would take such a course if it could be.campaigned. How often do they consider printing an article, or local items, or jokes, or personal announcements, to their college paper? We think that in this respect they will be found conspicuous by their absence. And yet this writing for the college paper is the only practical way to become a good journalist. Those who write for the college press know this, and profit by the fact; those who do not write, but who wish to take a short-cut to the height of journalistic fame, will seek in vain to grasp their eyes shut. Such a short-cut is not to be found, and while they indulge in vain speculations and inglorious ease their fellow-students are working their way to renown. We have often said this in other words, and now we reiterate it, but our readers only closed their eyes and commenced to build castles in Spain. Wake up, boys; and go to work; this is the way to become a journalist.

—The Milton College Journal, always a neat and ably edited paper, (though rather diminutive in size) comes to us now in a new dress of type, and as brilliant and attractive as if, like Samba's ebony face, it had been specially oiled for the occasion. With its fine, tinted paper, new type, and glossy ink, it looks the picture of a neat and well-to-do little journal. And such it undoubtedly is. But the merit of the Milton College Journal is an originality which is not to be found in its paper, typography and press-work. Within its pages can be found ably written essays, poetry, (well, we suppose it will pass muster with the bulk of the article under this caption found in college papers) editorials above the common, and which sometimes would do credit to the best of our college papers. We have been more than ordinarily well pleased with some of the recent editorials of The College Journal, so much so that we laid numbers aside to the love of the student of the College to write for the College paper; for such it is, and such we intend to maintain it. It is stated in our heading that 'The Haverfordian is the official organ of the students of Haverford College.' We desire it to represent, as nearly as possible, the thought and life of the College. And it is evident that this cannot be done by two or three. Some are interested in scientific investigation, some especially in the sports of the College, some more than others in the study of literature or the class of literature. That is, of course, the way to build up a literary magazine and not a college paper. That is the way to become a journalist.

Exchanges.
us from odium for any apparent lack of energy, and this is, "lack of time." Lack of time, and not want of appreciation, is our apology for much of the neglect on our part of many excellent things in our contemporaries that should be noticed in the columns of the Scholastic, and when our readers, editors and publishers stop to think it out nearly twelve pages weekly with very scant support, we think they should find us an excuse for passing by many good things that come in our way in the college papers. But we will—right here, for fear we should forget it—now give part of an editorial from the College Journal that admits of a wide application here and elsewhere, as well as at Milton. It not as good by a long way as some things we have seen in that paper, but it points a moral. Here it is:

"In the young man, as a most indefatigable laborer in a most noble cause. Its appearance, and, as to its subjcci-matter, we have but posed to reason and common sense; hence such things are

mind—in which everything that is above the domain of

Ireland's most cherished sons; so, that taken all in all, it

lection of popular pieces, culled from the works of some of

him as a most indefatigable laborer in a most noble cause.

are a sufficient guarantee of its goodness. The Irish trans­

upon as something unworthy of the attention of a thinking

or His chosen ones in Heaven, is regarded and looked

tempt and derision; in a word, in which lieason shines

man's natural powers is cast aside and treated with con­

or His chosen ones in Heaven, is regarded and looked

and, as to its subjcci-matter, we have but posed to reason and common sense; hence such things are

"lack of time." Lack of time, and not want of apprecia­

on to the 'Future Life.'" Mr. T. — "Not prepared."

"B." — Caps and gowns are to be worn by Williams College,

student in which to graduate, instead of dress suits.—

Next?—Mr. John Henry Challis, long a resident of Sydney,

who died recently, was left the large sum of $100,000 to

University. — Mr. Heegler, of La Salle, Ill., has contributed $250

towards a gymnasium fund for the University of Michi­

Next? — The Cornell Review hits the nail squarely on the head.

college clock is coming to dissolution; XI on the

date has lost its figure I, and the chances are X to 1 it

won't be found.—Amherst Student.

"The Cornell Review" hits the nail squarely on the head. At the end of one of its exchange notes, it says: "In making clippings, would it not be more courteous to give their individual sources, instead of putting the indefinite "B." after each?" Of course it would, and without detracting in the least from the interest of the item or the credit of the paper which prints the item. Often when quoting an item from our college contemporaries we are forced to conclude with the "B." because no other credit is given. We have frequently noticed our own items copied without any credit, whatever—not even the "B.," to indicate that they were other than original with the paper copying them.
The progress of life is one of those many-sided and difficult questions that arise from time to time in the thinking mind of man. When we consider the manner in which men are inclined to act in regard to that portion of time that constitutes their earthly existence there is reason to think and ponder well why it is that the rising of the sun is to them a source of joy; that the setting of the sun is also a source of joy, while at the same time they know that their lives are made up of days, and that each day as it passes by brings them a step nearer to the grave. Again, they rejoice on seeing the face of a new season, and are apt to look upon it as something greatly desired, while at the same time they know that the revolution of the seasons is their own decay. Here, then, are found what seem to be two conflicting features in man. He likes what is his own destruction, and again he dislikes this destruction. Time as it passes is admired by him, and when his portion of it has fled he laments and bewails the loss. He sees it going, and he rejoices; and when it is gone he is sad. This is indeed one of the many peculiarities of life—a mighty river that swells and rises on its onward course, until its waters are finally lost in the great ocean of eternity.

Again, when we look at the transient pleasures and comforts that may be a man's portion here below, we may well compare him to a piece of driftwood that in the middle of the wide ocean meets with a companion, and thus journeys on for a short time to separate forever. The separation of men from all that is near and dear to them in this life is so sure that there can be nothing surer to them. The common lot of all is to die, and this no mortal can escape. He who mourns for departed friends mourns to no purpose, as he has no power to cause them to return. One standing on the high road would readily say to the passers-by: "I will follow you." Why, then, should a person grieve for having to travel that road which has been travelled by all before him?

Life resembles a rapid stream that flows on with a force irresistible. Knowing that the end of life is death, and that death is the wages of sin, every right-minded man ought to pursue that which is good—which is connected with the happiness, the blessedness and the glories of eternity.

—On Thursday, the 6th inst, we had the pleasure of attending a dress parade of the Senior and Junior Military Companies, under the command of Mr. T. Cocke, of Memphis, Tenn. Among those present we noticed Very Rev. President Corby, and several members of the Faculty. Although it is only a short time since the companies were organized, the knowledge of military tactics which they displayed, and the facility and readiness with which they went through the various evolutions were such as to surprise every one present. Mr. Cocke belongs to the celebrated Chickasaw Guard, known as one of the first drill companies of the country. He can feel justly proud of the progress already made by those under his command, and may confidently look forward to having, at no distant day, a military organization equal to any similar one in the West. At the close of the parade, Very Rev. President Corby congratulated the young men on the progress they had already made, and on having such a skilful teacher of military tactics as Mr. Cocke. He said that it was his intention to have a stand of arms and a number of field-pieces secured for their use as soon as possible, and that he hoped before June to see them all in full uniform, and forming a company that all might be proud of.

It would seem from the number of articles which have appeared during the past two or three years in the columns of our paper, on the proper observance of charity and politeness, that around Notre Dame there would not be an individual found who did not strive to practice these charming traits of character. Yet, in spite of all that has been said on these two points, we meet with persons every day who seem not to have the least idea of what true gentlemanly conduct is, or in what consists that most ennobling of all virtues—charity. They seem to be so wrapt up in their own conceit, and in the idea they form of themselves, that they actually despise, censure, and condemn in every act of theirs the rights of their fellow-men—those with whom they come in daily contact. If one, who may have missed a number, or numbers, and wish to have the complete volume (or black and white part) of the preceding numbers of the current volume by applying for them, in all such cases, early application should be made at the office of publication, as, usually, but few copies in excess of the subscription list are printed.
would really take place, if he were to bid us good-bye and step across the River Styx? Now, there may be reason in everything, but there is no reason in being a fool—and a fool that man is who does not respect the rights of others, who does not see in his neighbor a single good or redeeming quality. Self-praise may be always regarded as no praise, and the man that praises himself and censures others is simply exposing his own ignorance, and making plain how far he is advanced in everything that goes to make the true gentleman.

If there is anything necessary for a person to possess it is politeness, or the art of making himself agreeable to his companions; and this acquirement is of so high and elevating a nature that the man in whom it is found is truly a man in every sense of the term, and no matter what may be said about him, in regard to his extensive learning, etc., he has one quality that will always stand by him, and be his friend and companion through life, and that is politeness.

The polite man and the charitable man must forever be the true ideal of a good and generous soul—of a soul illuminated by God's grace, and walking in the paths that He has one quality that will always stand by him, and be his friend and companion through life, and that is politeness.

We are sure the authorities here feel grateful to all who in any way have assisted in replacing the libraries, destroyed by the disastrous fire of April 23d, '79. To us, it has been a source of pleasure to publish from time to time if not all, at least a portion of the works donated by John Murphy & Co., Baltimore; Col. W. Marshall Anderson, Circleville, Ohio; Cunningham & Son, Arch St., Philadelphia; Benziger Bros., New York; John Allyn, Boston, Mass.; B. Herder, Indianapolis; and others. These gentlemen well knew what an awkward thing a college is without a good library; hence, they contributed their mite, and gave the example to others to go and do likewise.

It is well known that the libraries destroyed by the burning of Notre Dame were as valuable and as nearly complete as could be found anywhere; hence it will take a long time to replace them,—and, to our mind, they can scarcely ever be properly replaced. But yet, this is not the question; the gentlemen above alluded to have done their duty in their regard, and that is all that may or can be expected of them. Now to a number of others, who could have done a little in this way, what have we to say? Well, the truth is we cannot say much—we only say: contribute a little towards replacing the libraries of Notre Dame, and by it you won't lose anything. No one ever lost a great deal by being kind, and by helping where and when he can. Charity covereth a multitude of sins; and since this is the case, why are we so slow in doing a good turn, in assisting a most noble cause—the education of our youth? When we consider that the young must read, no matter what they do read, and that we are responsible in a certain sense for not furnishing them with what they need or should have in this respect, we think all will agree in saying that a good library and reading-room is no unconsidered trifle in a college, but a substantial and important factor—something that goes to discipline the heart and mind—that will no doubt be productive of good and of a practical benefit to the students.

Students must read if they wish to know anything; for without reading there is no solid learning, and without observation there is no keen-sightedness or penetration of mind. In a library, then, should be found every work that can be productive of moral good—of an influential and enlightening nature; so that students may use them to advantage, and store their minds therefore with good and useful knowledge—knowledge that will stand by them in after life, when they stand in that field where they only will win who are well trained—who have a general knowledge of men and things, who know how to act and take well their parts in the great drama of life.

He who donates a work to a college library is doing a noble deed; for although small in itself, it may be productive of much good, and may assist in forming and disciplining a mind that will afterwards shine a glory on the country at large, and be the cause of a general good to the land that bore him. The world is made up of small things. Drops of water and grains of sand constitute the Atlantic and the great desert of Sahara; and so it is with regard to all things. Cities and towns are made up of houses; woods, of trees; heaven, of good actions; books, of ideas; and libraries, of books. We cannot get along at the present time without books; they constitute, as it were, the very essence of our life; they are to the mind what food is to the body; and, perhaps, the greatest good that can be done in this world is to furnish wholesome reading for the youth of our land. They need it, and more especially while at college. Here the youth think and ponder and weigh well the great principles of human life, the laws that regulate our moral and physical being. They have to consider man as man—consider him in his relation to God and to the society of which he forms a part; and how can all this be rightly done if there be not furnished them these tomes wherein the correct principles of law and order are clearly established, and where are correctly commented upon the formation of Christendom, civil and religious rights, freedom of conscience, and liberty of action?

There is nothing grander, more noble than a well-trained youth—a youth that will uphold the rights for which their grandfathers fought and bled, that will take their stand as men of worth and integrity in battling and fighting manfully for a most noble cause—the upholding of the Constitution of this great and free Republic.

Personal.

—A. Dorian (Commercial), '78, is in business near Peoria, Ill.
—The Voche brothers, '68, are in the grain business at Defiance, Ohio.
—R. Anderson, '78, is at present residing with his father at New Orleans.
—George Orr, '79, is doing well at his native place Sunbury, Ohio.
—Isaac Dryfoos (Commercial), '76, is one of the leading clothiers at Fremont, Ohio.
—Rev. T. Denney, '73, is pastor of St. Munchin's Church, Cameron, Mo.
—Rev. B. Brown, Class of '63, is the efficient pastor of St. Joseph's Church Crestline, Ohio.
—Rev. D. J. Spillard, C. S. C., Class of '73, has charge of the Catholic Church at Austin City, Texas.
—Joseph Beegan, '77, is doing business for a Fort Wayne firm. We are pleased to hear that Mr. Beegan is doing well.
—Rev. Father Oechtering, Mishawaka, and A. Hallendegeen, Detroit, Mich., were among the visitors at Notre Dame during the past week.
THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

C. F. Mueller (Commercial), '79, has become a member of the Real Estate and Money-Lend Firm of Mueller, Adams & Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

Rev. Father Shortis, C. S. C., Chaplain of St. Mary's is fast improving in health, and will in a short time be able to attend to his regular duties.

Rev. M. F. Noll, the popular and energetic pastor of Elkport, paid a flying visit to Notre Dame during the past week to say good-bye to his many friends at the College.

Rev. Father Demers, C. S. C., who arrived here a few weeks ago from Austin, Texas, is now stationed at the church of St. Vincent de Paul, New France, Alion Co., Ind.

D. E. Maloney, Class of '74, has an extensive law practice at Euguin, Ill. Mr. Maloney, in renewing his subscription to the SCHOLASTIC, says: "I assure you the SCHOLASTIC is to me a welcome and desired visitor."

Mr. E. F. Kelly, of the Firm of Erright & Kelly, South Water Street, Chicago, Ill., accompanied by his daughter and Misses Hutchinson, visited Notre Dame during the past week. His son is a student here.

Much praise is due to Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C., the talented editor of the Ave Maria, for the interest he takes in returning the suffering poor of Ireland. The Rev. Father has now on hand about $500—received through the Ave Maria—which he intends to remit as soon as possible.

I was hungry, and you gave me to eat, I was naked, and you clothed Me: Come, enter thou into the joys of the Lord.

Hon. John Gibbons, '69, who is at present practising law in Chicago, paid a visit to Notre Dame on Monday last. Of the many old students now filling positions of trust and responsibility, there are very few whom the University has more reason to be proud of than Mr. Gibbons, and perhaps fewer still who are more incorrigibly devoted to the interests of Alma Mater. It is probable that before the close of the present term Mr. Gibbons will deliver a course of lectures on "Constitutional Law" to the Law Class and the advanced Collegiate Courses.

Local Items.

The dress parades are fine.

Guns, drums—march! Counter-march!

The Forty Immortals are expert augers.

Washington Hall never looked better than at present.

Competitions will be held next week in the Collegiate Course.

Two tonsorial artists now find sufficient occupation on Wednesday.

A sail in the little boat is not a bad thing on a beautiful May morning.

The new Military Company throws Captain O'Neill's Zouaves all in the shade.

Extensive preparations have been made for the proper reception of the capitulians.

The Band was out serenading on last Thursday week. Some very fine selections were rendered.

The Curator of the Museum returns thanks to Mr. Banbury, of Niles, for a collection of minerals.

The plan of the grounds in front of the College is beautiful; we hope it will be faithfully adhered to.

The librarians are working hard to replace the libraries. We hope their efforts will be crowned with success.

Washington Hall has been very tastefully decorated during the past week by the Cecilians, under the direction of Prof. Lyons.

Our friend John says that now is the winter of his discontent made glorious summer by the thought of Commencement Day.

The storm of last Sunday night was not altogether unexpected by our weather prophet. He knew all about it the next morning!

Owing to the evening recreations and May devotions, the different literary societies have suspended their regular weekly meetings.

The boats have been removed from their moorings, and may now be seen sailing stately over the placid waters of the St. Joseph's Lake.

The Curator of the Museum is indebted to Rev. V. Czyzewski for a number of valuable coins donated to the collection of numismatics.

The Guardian Angels of the Sanctuary held their regular meeting on Wednesday evening, May 5th. Servers for Ascension Day were appointed.

The address at the last meeting of the Columbian Dramatic Club was delivered by Mr. English. Mr. English, we feel as if we were called upon to say, acquired himself well.

A beautiful mocking-bird was received here a few days ago by one of the Junior Prefects. The donor has the grateful thanks of the storeyard.

The Seniors' study-hall has improved decidedly in appearance within the last two weeks. This is progress in the right direction, and we hope it will be kept up.

The Band and Orchestra will in future have their rehearsals in the new Music Hall. The rooms on the upper floor of the College will probably do service as a museum.

The grounds about Caivary have been lately put into proper shape. Quite a number of young trees have been planted there, thus replacing those destroyed by a recent fire.

What grumbler first started the report that it generally rains on recreation-days? Our impression is that during the present year Wednesday seems to have been unusually favored.

The Columbians will hold their annual picnic next week, and it is hoped that everything will come off well.

The Committee of Arrangements are Messrs. Jones, Rains, and Fairvy.

It may be all imagination on our part, but we think that the regular semi-weekly reviews have caused the students of both departments to be more careful of their personal appearance.

Prof. Howard, who would have been glad to decline a re-election to the City Council, was obliged to yield to the wishes of his many friends, and must consequently do service for another term.

Before the time to send the Catalogue to press has arrived, a meeting of the Faculty will probably take place to take action on certain proposed changes in the course of studies and in text-books.

Friend John says that it would be almost impossible for him to stay at College until the 30th of June—even the very thought of it, he says, is enough to make him feel heavy, stupid, and an antiquated mortal.

The Minims' "Sociable" on Monday was thoroughly enjoyed by the little fellows. Mr. F. McNamara, C. S. C., certainly deserves the thanks of the department for his untiring efforts to make their year an agreeable one.

We learn from a correspondent that the third annual Entertainments of the pupils of St. John's School, Trenton, New Jersey, took place on the evening of the 6th inst., when a varied and interesting programme was rendered.

The broad-brimmed hats, of which the students seem to be so fond this year, are very picturesque; but in wearing them so early in the spring, are they not doing what in fashionable circles would be styled "rushing the season"?

A meeting of the standing committee of the Alumni Association was held during the past week to prepare the programme for Commencement week. It is expected that an unusually large number of old students will be present in June.

The furniture of the Commercial Class-room will be removed during vacation. But this is not a reason why the members of the different classes, now taught in the department, should show no mercy to the old desks and benches.

The Cecilians spared no pains during their rehearsals to make the presentation of "The Malefactor" one of the
events of the year. And we all know that failure is a word which the vocabulary of their worthy President does not contain.

—The Military Company, under the efficient direction of Captain Cocke, drill twice or thrice a week in the Camp. His exercises are no doubt of a healthy and manly nature, and cannot fail to be beneficial to those young men who take part in it.

—During the present session an unusual degree of interest has been taken by the students of the Senior department in the courses of Christian Doctrine. The new department, inaugurated in February, certainly deserves to be considered a success.

—Triple Competitions and reviews in the different classes will soon be in order; consequently at no time during the session can spring-fever do more harm. Beware of its ravages! O ye youths, who aspire to premiums on Commencement-day.

—Our “Friend from South Chicago” succeeded in settling to South Bend last Tuesday. We presume that he exerted himself as usual to maintain the very favorable impression which his previous visits had created, and that his efforts were crowned with the usual success.

—Quite a number of young apple-trees have been planted within sight of our office. The horticulturist, realizing that he put the old ones on the straight road to destruction, thought he could do no better than plant a number of young ones, and so have something to take their place when no more.


—The Juniors enjoyed a well-merited extra recreation of two hours on Tuesday afternoon, as a reward of their unexceptional Roll of Honor* of the preceding week, and although as a rule the Faculty is opposed to extra recreations, yet we think that when one hundred and eighty boys, under seventeen, impose so heroic an effort upon themselves, a little token of appreciation is not out of place.

—Who is it that dared to say that Prof. Stace’s political boom was a hollow fraud—a mockery, farce, delusion, when no more. If still there and snare, or words to that effect. If still there “breathes a man with soul so dead” to historical accuracy, the Prof. thinks he should have been down at the last meeting of the city fathers, when a general volume of harmony was admitted to membership at this meeting.

—The grand review of last Thursday evening was a complete success; in fact, the proficiency displayed by the young recruits was much greater than the Faculty expected. Captain Cooke is evidently the right man in the right place, and his exertions have supplied a want long felt in the institution.

—The Juniors’ study-hall can now boast of quite an extensive ornithological collection. Two mocking-birds and two canaries have lately been added to it, and all are doing their level best to make things lively and increase the general volume of harm in the school. One of the latter—Rev. Father McNamara, C. S. C., in whose care they have been under the impression which his previous visits had created, and that he put the old ones on the straight road to destruction, thought he could do no better than plant a number of young ones, and so have something to take their place when no more.

—The weather prophet is unfortunate those days. His prophecies are all in favor of sunshine, hail, wind, and rain. He feels sad over this, and comes to the conclusion that he made a mistake in ever constituting himself a weather prophet, and realizes the fact that the best thing he can do—even at this late hour—is to step aside and let some one of a more foreseeing mind take his place.

—The 23d regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association was held Sunday evening, May 9th. Master R. Berts, the Comedian, and Master W. Sart, of the Philopatriotic Association, were present. Songs were sung by Masters Schmokle, Snee, Jos. Courtney, G. Knight, and let some one of a more foreseeing mind take his place.

**SCORE**

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Umpire—A. S. Rock.

Scorers—F. M. Bell and W. G. Jones.

—The Laree Publication Firm, Benziger Brothers, 311 Broadway, N. Y. have added to their list the following exquisite collection of books, as a donation to the College Library. They are all of their own publication, and form a very valuable and handsome addition to the Library. The generous donors will please accept the most cordial thanks of the College Authorities: Popular Life of Pope Pius IX—Rev. R. Brennan; Life and Acts of Pope Leo XIII—Rev. J. Keller, S. J.; Christian Cemetry—Mgr. Gaume; Ecclesiastical Lives of Saints, with reflections for every day in the year—Rev. J. McNamara, D. D.; “Theoligia Moralis”—St. Liguori; Compendium—A. Konigs; Elements of Ecclesiastical Law—Rev. S. B. Smith, D. D.; Counter Points in Canon Law—Rev. S. B. Smith, D. D.; Linked Lives—Lady Gertrude Douglas; “The Jesuits, Their Foundation and History”—N. B., 3 vols; Paradise on Earth—Rev. A. Natale, S. J.; Souvenir of the Novitiate—Rev. E. Taylor; The Christian Mother—Rev. W. Crane; Rite of Ordinations—Rev. J. S. Lynch; First Series of The Catholic Premium-Book Library, containing 15 vols, with an ornithological collection. Two mocking-birds and two canaries have lately been added to it, and all are doing their level best to make things lively and increase the general volume of harm in the school. One of the latter—Rev. Father McNamara, C. S. C., in whose care they have been under the impression which his previous visits had created, and that he put the old ones on the straight road to destruction, thought he could do no better than plant a number of young ones, and so have something to take their place when no more.
Ramingrobs Among the Minimes.

Ramingrobs, the "Kilkenny cat," given to Very Rev. Father Sorin by one of the members of the Faculty, who visited Ireland last summer, has been supposed to include among its features; 6 inches in average diameter; has legs, 6 inches long, 1 inch in average diameter; tail, 11 inches long, ¼ in average diameter. Allowing 36 square inches for head and ears, the cat's skin contains 520000 square inches, which, multiplied by 1784, gives 521000.0736 hairs. Very Rev. Father Sorin, Rev. Father Waish and Bro. Leander presided the working of the problem, and expressed themselves highly pleased with the quickness and intelligence shown by the Union. The first who forward the answer was Master C. Eculin, Bucua Vista, Colorado, and to him the examiners awarded the beautiful picture sent by Very Rev. Father Sorin to the one who gave the answer first. Next in turn were Masters Joseph C. Courtney, Washington, D. C.; James F. Smith, Circleville, Ohio; James M. Courtney, Washington, D. C.; George E. Tourtillette, Toledo, Ohio; Charles E. Droste-Cincinnati, Ohio; H. C. Snee, Chicago, Ill.; D. G. Tay, Tor, St. Louis, Mo.

Roll of Honor.

[The names of those students who appear in the following list are those whose conduct during the past week has given entire satisfaction to the Faculty. They are placed in alphabetical order.]

MINIATURE DEPARTMENT.


COMMERCIAL COURSE.

W. McAlte, J. Mariett, T. Kavanagh, W. Wilson, C. Whalen, L. Sattell, J. Solon, F. Smith, W. Ryan, J. Osher, F. McCor...
List of Excellence

[The students mentioned in this list are those who have been the best in the classes of the course named—according to the competitions which are held monthly—Director of Studies.]


* No report handed in.

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—Visitors: Mrs. Slone, Denneson, O.; Hon. J. Gibbons, Mr. Kelly, Mr. Buck, Mrs. Fox, Mrs. Reit, Miss Reit, and Master Reit; Miss Kelly, Miss Hatchinson, Horace Hutchinsen, Mr. O’Connor, Chicago; Miss Little, Niles, Mich.; Miss. Fruit, Edwardsburg, Mich.; Mr. Ruppe, Hancock, Mich.; Mr. Ball, Mr. Connell, Plymouth, Ind.; Mrs. Gilbert, Louisville, Ky.; Miss Gilbert, Paris, Mich.

The annual spiritual retreat was brought to a close on the morning of August 20th, when the Catholic pupils received Holy Communion at high Mass. On this day the Rev. director of the retreat preached the closing sermon at High Mass. Rev. Father L’Etourneau was celebrant. The pupils of the Academy acknowledge with fervent gratitude their indebtedness for the instructions imparted during the retreat, and give evident proofs that the grace afforded them at this time has been thoroughly appreciated.

Roll of Honor.

—Honorable Mention in the Music Department.

ELLETS OF THOROUGH BALE—Misses Sullivan, Kirchner, McMahon, Rooney, Gall, A. Ewing, Farrell, Campbell, Semmes, Cortright.


GENERAL DRAWING.

2D CLASS—Misses Wall, Callinan, Horner. 3D CLASS—Misses Crummey, Fegan, Hammond, Barone, Garry, Barlow.

PAINTING IN WATER-COLORS.

2D CLASS—Misses A. Ewing, Butler, Thompson, Casey, Fox, J. Wells, Lancaster, C. Lancaster.

CHINA PAINTING.

Misses I. Semmes, Dessaint, A. Ewing, Zahn.

OIL PAINTING.


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