A Picture of Life.

As pass the changing seasons of the year,
So life's illusive dreams pass from our hearts!
In springtime days the soul's felt flame appears.
Deep in our being it takes root, and blooms
Beneath the golden sunlight of a soul
Which overflows with passionate love.

The summer days come on apace, and bring
Sweet hours, illumined with burning suns and moons
That shine in mellow splendor o'er the earth.
Ah! that summer o'er shall find an end;
For in this nether world we know few joys
That make the summer days so beautiful.

The fall gives way to winter, and the cold
Leaves the world as one forefaded,
With ice and snow, and darkness all around.
We see no more the olden loveliness.
The gay apparel of the earth departs.
And lies the world as one forefaded.

And some drear morning, when we wake from sleep,
We find the frost of winter in our hearts.
Our golden days are ended, and we weep
For in this nether world we know few joys
That make the summer days so beautiful.

So comes life's autumn to the wearied soul.
And lay as low as lies the foliage
That made the summer days so beautiful.
Some awful morn we wake to see no light
Illume the ways of life. Ah! then we know
Our golden days are ended, and we weep
To find the frost of winter in our hearts.

—Dickens used to tell a story about a dinner held at Procter's, where were present, among others, Carlyle and the well-known editor of a review. The editor had enunciated some weighty opinion on the subject under discussion, “treating it in the usual review manner, wrapp ing it up in a small parcel and laying it by on a shelf as done with forever” — and a dead silence ensued. This silence was, to the astonishment of all, broken by Carlyle, who, seated immediately opposite the editor, looking across at him in a dreamy way, said, as though to himself, but in audible tones: “Eh, but you're a pair creetur, a pair, wretched, miserable creetur!” Then, with a sigh, he relapsed into silence.

BY ELIOT RYDER. SECOND PAPER.

(Conclusion.)

One of the worst follies in which some truly great authors allow themselves to indulge is that of their vanity. The self-conceit of Wordsworth was well known to his intimates, and has been a source of amusement to all who are familiar with the details of his life. Charles Dickens was one of the most conceited of men, and was in no way bashful about airing his vanity. If common report is to be trusted, during his first visit to this country, many persons “took him down a peg or two,” to use a Yankee phrase: and it is this, I doubt, which gave rise to the splenetic passages in his “American Notes.”

The personal character of Dickens does not call for great admiration, and I confess to a malicious pleasure in giving you a specimen of the many stories which are told of the great novelist's first visit to this country. Old Major Throckmorton, keeper of the Galt House, in Louisville, is dead. He was a good old man, and Kentucky to the bone. When Dickens came to his house, in 1846, the Major graciously and hospitably addressed him thus, while the assembled crowd looked on and listened with admiration akin to enthusiasm: “Mr. Dickens, we are glad to welcome you. We know you and admire you, and will reckon it a privilege to be allowed to extend to you the hospitalities of the metropolis of Kentucky. As your especial host | beg that you will command me for any service in my power to render.” Mr. Dickens received this with a frigid stare. “When I need you, landlord,” he said, pointing to the door, “I will ring.” The next moment the distinguished author was halfway out of the window, the Major's boots under his coat tail, and numerous Kentuckians holding the Major, for the old gentleman viewed insults from a strictly Kentucky point of view. The only mention of this incident in the “American Notes” is that Dickens saw a pig rooting in the streets of Louisville, which proves that great novelists are more careful about their fiction than their facts.

Sydney Smith was excessively vain. He once remarked at a dinner party, a propos of the profusion of mirrors in French drawing-rooms: “I remember entering a room with glass all around it, at the French Embassy, and saw myself reflected on every side. I took it for a meeting of the clergy, and was delighted of course.” None but a very conceited person would publicly venture such a remark concerning himself. Douglas Jerrold was another very vain author; so was Tom Moore, who, however much he may have had to excuse his vanity, certainly did think he was just about what he should be,—an opinion in which, fortunately, there were none to dispute him. Now I wish to impress clearly upon your minds the difference between self-respect and self-conceit. Every one should respect himself, and so live that he is worthy of his own respect. If we do a thing which others pronounce good, there can be no harm in acknowledging to ourselves that it is good; there, however, we should stop. We but furnish food for laughter when we air our accomplishments in public. One thing is very noticeable: there are few great authors who are not burdened with over-
vanity. There are many great authors in Boston and its vicinity, and in that city, prolific of beans and brains, there is more self-conceit than to make the sex seem as smart as our fellows: and however pleasurable we may calculate how many of the errors of mankind vanity is responsible for. Certainly it is the cause of nearly all our virtues. We begin to smoke in order that we may appear for the first time, in the company of persons who, very possibly, are entirely innocent of the servile trickling into which many with weaker natures allow themselves to be led. Gentleman, scholar, a man of wonderful genius, and true as steel in all things, John Boyle O'Reilly, is a man in whom friendship any man might esteem himself highly honored.

Far more healthy, and far more beneficial to the young aspirant for literary fame is the atmosphere of New York. It is the coterie of that favored city. There the magnate of literature have formed themselves into a coterie to which few outsiders ever gain admittance. To this coterie belongs James T. Fields, for many years eminent as one of the publishers of the Atlantic Monthly. As a publisher, Mr. Fields did excellent work, and has contributed much to the welfare of literature in this country. But, probably from long and intimate association with authors—he imagines that he is an author himself distinguished partly by some effervescent prose and some passable poetry, but primarily because of his despising the average man and speaking with the voice of an author. Mrs. Lathrop has made several attempts at literature, but they are so shockingly bad that many persons express their surprise that they have not aroused her father's ire. It was Oliver Wendell Holmes who spoke of Boston as "the hub of the universe." The remark was thoroughly characteristic of the man, for Holmes is insufferably vain. This Fields-Howells coterie is in every way by dint of writing. It has advanced several young authors of promise by having completely turned their heads.

Human nature is very frail, and it is scarcely to be wondered at that such has been the case. I know of but one instance where an author has been admitted into the coterie at all, and great credit is due its existence to the influence of Charles A. Dana. This man is John Boyle O'Reilly. Secure in himself, thoroughly conscious of his own remarkable powers, he has had no need to bend the knee to anyone: and the loyal Irish heart beats in his bosom rendered incapable of any cringing submission. The man is secure in himself, thoroughly conscious of his own remarkable powers, has had no need to bend the knee to anyone: and the loyal Irish heart beats in his bosom rendered incapable of any cringing submission.

This spirit, which has crushed the hopes of many a young aspirant, is the out-come of a superlative vanity. An amusing instance of how vanity will lead a man into the exclusive circle can find no better means of so doing than by writing a book or magazine article, lauding the great and marvellous men of genius of the city of culture; and the more extravagant the language he employs, the greater the pleasure provided for the admiring audience. This spirit, which has crushed the hopes of many a young aspirant, is the outcome of a superlative vanity.

While it is well that we should not undervalue ourselves, yet too much vanity, and, Stoddard, who are always ready to take by the hand, and encourage in all possible ways a young man of genius, wherever they find him. There is nothing haughty or distasteful about these men. They do not reserve all their poetry for pen and paper. They breathe it out in all their lives. Stoddard is now considerably over fifty years old. His right hand is palsied, and he has learned to write with his left; but the amount of labor he can perform is prodigious. He is a most charming conversationalist. Sedman devotes the day to his broker's office, and does his literary work at night. Dr. Holland passes much of his time in his garden, and goes around the streets of New York, looking for the "hubs of the universe." The man who is a gentleman should be. One of the keenest and most competent critics, Mr. Dana quickly separates the wheat from the chaff. He is constantly occupied with writing, and has written some unusually clever stories, and some excusable verses. Lathrop has distinguished himself partly by some effervescent prose and some passable poetry, but primarily because of his despising the average man and speaking with the voice of an author. Mrs. Lathrop has made several attempts at literature, but they are so shockingly bad that many persons express their surprise that they have not aroused her father's ire. It was Oliver Wendell Holmes who spoke of Boston as "the hub of the universe." The remark was thoroughly characteristic of the man, for Holmes is insufferably vain. This Fields-Howells coterie is in every way by dint of writing. It has advanced several young authors of promise by having completely turned their heads.

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Mangan, who, in writing of himself and his intemperance, says:

"and I well hear through the pit abysmal, 
The gulf and grave of Magus and Burna."

At the present time it is making a wreck of Swinburne, who, for the immoderate use of liquor, would become the most er-pot of his age. So great a man as Dean Swift would not have been conquered by the frequent attendance of ale-houses, and many are the stories which assert his and his exploits at those places of entertainment. One of these, which he very frequently visited, was distinguished by the sign of the Three Crosses, in reference to the three interesting ways which fixed the spot of the poet's burial in the yard of the dean called for his potation, but the landlady being engaged with other customers, and staying to settle an altercation which unexpectedly arose, kept him waiting, and he took from his pocket a dumdum, and wrote on every pane of glass in her best room:

TO THE LANDLORD.

There hang three crosses by thy door; Hang up thy wife, and she'll make four.

Now, this is certainly a very amusing story; but, while I do not say that the young author shall not drink a glass of ale, I do say that if drinking ale induces him to indulge in such capers as this one of Dean Swift's, he had best let ale, and all other liquors, severely alone. Surely, an author, however valuable his works may be, should not wish to have his name bauded down through the country where he may have it placed in a house of infamy. The literary circles of our own country have not yet suffered serious depletion from intemperance; still we have not entirely escaped; drink has lost to us Poe, Thos. Buchanan Read, and others. It is related of Read that he used to keep an entire barrel of whiskey on tap in his rooms, and draw his potations therefrom after the manner of drawing beer from a barrel. Such a practice could lead to but one result: to make of him a recluse for, and pride in, his profession, so strong as to effectually prevent him from doing anything which might bring odium upon it. Not only should he refrain from dissipation, but to all the world, he should endeavor to become a model for his fellow-men. It is impossible for any person to correctly estimate the influence which his manners and habits exercise upon others. There is no person living who does not in some degree influence his fellow-men for good or for evil. Now the greater a man's circle of acquaintance, the greater and stronger are his powers for good; and there is no class of men before the public who command more widespread attention than do authors. Not only do they command a large number of persons from whom their fame, every deed is spread before the people in the columns of the daily newspapers. We read that Mr. Longfellow is very fond of children; that Tennyson smokes a pipe, and uses the same one twice; that Dr. Seuss gets drunk; that Aldrich wears a slouch hat; that James T. Fields is very vain of his long gray beard; and so on, through a never ending chapter. Nothing that can be discovered is left untold by a vigilant press; and the public, upon reading the morsels of gossip thus furnished, is not slow in exercising its right of censorship.

It is possible for an author to exercise a healthy influence over literature, as well as morals. In treating on this subject, no long ago, the London Times spoke of the influence of Poe over the literature of the United States. It said: "Poe, like Pope, threw himself into a war with dunces. He hit and thrust at them vigorously, he exposed a score of cheap popularities, he was merciless to the inexpensive allusions—how rich the mine was from which Poe dug these sparkling fragments. Still, he judged the writers of his own country with some knowledge of other literature. As he was quite ruthless in his criticisms he did good, but at his own cost!" Thus it is shown that, having a high idea ever before us, and striving constantly to attain to it, we of the world of letters may in some degree exert an influence for good in channels as varied as they are numerous.

Be warned, young author. Having chosen this, the most difficult and thankless of all the professions, yet which is one of the noblest, your going out and coming in are no longer your own. Be sober; be honest and straightforward; be brave for all that is right; lend yourself to no temptation that does not approve itself to your conscience; never let your writings pander to a depraved taste, even though you should receive much needed money for so doing. Take for your motto: "I will make this world better by living in it." Then, with diligent labor, by the guidance of conscience, and the counsel of your friends, you may have it said of you, as was recently said of a great writer. "Well, suppose that he is dead, who dares regret his death? He, at least, of all men on the earth, can afford to die. He has done his work, and done it well. If ever an ignoble thought or sentiment looked through his work to find encouragement for daring to exist, it was disappointed. The world has had but few great teachers who have not been on friendly terms with some falsehood, who, in the course of their lives, have not been tempted to countenance any error, or to turn aside his labors of heaping scorn and wrath upon falsehood and all ignoble sentiment and thought. The true and the good he always present for worship, the mean and false for universal execration. A man who has done that can afford to die. If there were no other hereafter, he has given himself whatever of immortality truth has in this world, or in the race of man."

Ah, my dear friends, we need moralize no farther! Virtues of pleasure may allure you away from the good and true, skeptics may sneer at your faith, and your fellows may have no sympathy with your labors. But a great fault—one whose grandeur consists in its goodness—is in man's admiration which it has no power to withhold.

Some Rules and Other Facts.

BY T. A. DAILEY.

"Whether your learning be great or small, quote right or never quote," is a safe rule to follow in disputa-

tion. Never deny a seeming truth without fortiifying your denial by argument—which at worst, will sound plausible. Never pervert or distort a statement made by your opponent—which at worst, will sound plausible. Be careful how you assume a position which you are not abundantly able to defend. When you attempt to make a point, be not content until you have placed it in the strongest possible light. Never assume that what you may have said was not a mistake, unless you are thoroughly convinced that it is axiomatic. Never make rash assertions. Be sure you understand your subject. Study it diligently. Be not content with superficial generalization, but weigh with something of its own. Study it in detail. Study both sides of the case. Put yourself in your opponent's place, and then consider earnestly what you would say, what new truth you could advance; examine critically all the arguments presented; and afterwards apply all your arguments to them. Above all, stick closely to the truth. If you must
win your case by falsehood, then be content to lose it. Never argue or write to kill time or cover paper. It is the
most dangerous error in the world. It shows plainly your want of knowledge or confidence in your case. Do not descend to personal vituperation. A true gentleman never abuses, out-
rages, or insults his opponent. Justice or Jura is not in-
fluence in your favor by malignant language. If your
opponent uses words which are capable of more than one
construction, do not take an unfair advantage, give the lan-
guage its real meaning. Do not waste time on false con-
structions, or weary your audience with trivialies.
Be candid, be honest, be sincere, be logical, be truthful.
A short speech is always better than a long one.
Some of these remarks are made for the benefit of a
young man who hastily tilted a lance at my argument
against Chinese immigration. His fulmination in the issue
of February 19th, is not well considered. In the matter
of argument, it is hopelessly weak and worthless. His
only invulnerable point is made by a wanton misquotation
of my language, where he makes me say: "We welcomed
the debased outcasts of Europe in preference to those of
any other portion of the globe, simply because they were
without money; and that fact would not falsify any of my
sentiments. Inasmuch as my article has obtained a wider cir-
culation than I had any reason to expect (I have seen it,
published in full, in at least a dozen papers, and as many
more that I have not noticed), I desist from repeating the
exact words I used. After reading the following quo-
tation, I would respectfully refer the young man to Lord
Kames's excellent treatise on the "Rights of Citizenship."
I will add that "Other nations come to America to
seek homes for themselves and their growing families;
they are impressed with the grandeur of our domain; the
freedom of our civil and religious institutions; the fertility
of our soil, and the culture of our people. They come to
stay. They are true emigrants; and no matter how
illiterate and debased, we welcome and aid them, be-
cause they are white men and contain the germs of future
growth—a vigor and solidity which have made our country
great and famous wherever there is found commerce of
thought and enterprise of action. But the Chinaman
contains none of these elements," etc., etc. The word "de-
based" is clearly used in that sentence to describe the
natural result of tyranny and oppression in the Old World.
We welcome them that they may develop those germs of
future growth, and we aid them that they may reach a
higher plane of manhood. That sentiment (far from be-
ing obnoxious) I regard as one of the noblest results of
future growth, and we aid them that they may reach a
higher plane of manhood. That sentiment (far from be-
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Art, Music and Literature.

—Munkacsy's "Christ Before Pilate" will be one of the
sensations of the salon.

—The New York Philharmonic Society proposes rais-
ing a sum of money for a statue of Beethoven.

—Mr. William Blake offers his ten specimens of the old
masters, Dutch and Flemish, bought at the San Donato
sale, to the Boston Museum for $35,000.

—Henry George has written a pamphlet with seventeen
chapters on "The Irish Land Question: What it involves
and how alone it can be settled: An appeal to the Land
Leagues."

—Edward Helmick, the talented Young American artist
residing in London, is finishing for publication a series
of etchings, a series of six-etched reproductions of un-
published portraits of Carlyle owned by the family.

—The fourth annual exhibition of the American
Water-Color Society was visited by 20,000 people, and
over a third of the exhibits were sold for about $33,000,
according to the catalogue prices. An edition of 6,000 cata-
louges was exhausted. The survey of sales this year is
$11,000 more than last, when one-third of the exhibits
were sold for $21,000.

—Gérôme will send to the next salon two pictures, if
not more. One is "The Smokers," the other, "The Wall
of Alphonse." A red-hot saltbag of Tavannes, by Guerri
kaffin, is copying an inscription on one of the stones at the base
of the famous wall. He has bare feet and wears one of
the tall black hats that used in the Middle Ages to be a
distinguishing badge of the race in Europe.

—La Nvelle Revue has published extracts from a collection of letters addressed thirty years ago by
Prosper Merimee to M. Panizi, of the British Museum.

—The correspondence begins in 1850, by the offer of four-
volume folio of Italian MSS. containing the analysis of cer-
tain number of process colorate, or scandalous affairs of the
Papal and Italian Courts at the time of the Second
Empire.
Scientific Notes.

—Bissinger, the well known German engineer, gives the following results, as obtained from an examination of various motors in regard to the relative cost per horse power for each hour—the investigation pertaining principally to motors of small size, though of established character: 100-horse power steam engine, 7.6; 2-horse power steam engine, 48.8; 1-horse power Lehmann's caloric engine, 5.8; 2-horse power Otto gas engine, 23.4; 2-horse power Schmidt's hydraulic motor, supplied with water from the city water works, 36.0; 2-horse power obtained by horses and a gin, 49.00; 2-horse power obtained by manual labor, 29.00. The data thus given show that Otto's gas motor and Lehmann's caloric engine are the cheapest of small motors, but are, nevertheless, four times as expensive as the 100-horse power steam engine.

—Jupiter has for some months now carried a remarkable rose-colored spot almost motionless upon its surface. This spot is a long oval, a little less than 30,000 miles in length and about 10,000 wide, situated about 40 south of the planet's equator. When first seen in July, 1878, by Professor Prichett (of Chicago), it was much shorter than now, and appeared to have a rapid motion over the planet's surface. In October and November it seemed to have disappeared or been covered up; but during the past summer and autumn it has reappeared, changed in form, but retaining its same position. The new one was produced by some sheet of water, the entire breadth of the stage, falling from the flies on to the stage. But in the "Deluge Universal," played at the Chatelet about fifteen years, rain and hail is produced by pebbles shaken in a metal drum. Torches of lycopodium ignited and shaken give a crash. For the distant roll is produced by shaking a large sheet of iron, while a man holds suspended by a string a iron rings and cask staves which are shaken at times and then dropped on the floor for the great thunder claps. Meybeer imagined a thunder of a different kind for his opera of the "Faron de Florecel." This was a long square shoot of planks like those used by bricklayers and masons for throwing down rubbish from the tops of houses. A chimney of that kind descends from the upper story of the theatre to the stage, and down it is thrown rough pieces of stone and wood, which rolled with a rumbling sound and then fell with a crash. Torches of lycopodium ignited and shaken give the bright flashes of artificial lightning. The patterning of rain and hail is produced by pebbles shaken in a metal drum, by arched of paper and wadding thrown from the flies on to the stage. But in the "Deluge Universelle," played at the Chatelat about fifteen years, rain was imitated by a very transparent gauze curtain streaked with various colors. It was imitated by a very transparent gauze curtain streaked with various colors.

—Not long ago thunder was imitated in French theatres by a barrel with polygonal wheels dragged along the corridors in the flies. At present the imitation is much more perfect. The distant roll is produced by shaking a large sheet of iron, while a man holds suspended by a string a iron rings and cask staves which are shaken at times and then dropped on the floor for the great thunder claps. Meybeer imagined a thunder of a different kind for his opera of the "Faron de Florecel." This was a long square shoot of planks like those used by bricklayers and masons for throwing down rubbish from the tops of houses. A chimney of that kind descends from the upper story of the theatre to the stage, and down it is thrown rough pieces of stone and wood, which rolled with a rumbling sound and then fell with a crash. Torches of lycopodium ignited and shaken give the bright flashes of artificial lightning. The patterning of rain and hail is produced by pebbles shaken in a metal drum, by arched of paper and wadding thrown from the flies on to the stage. But in the "Deluge Universelle," played at the Chatelat about fifteen years, rain was imitated by a very transparent gauze curtain streaked with various colors. It was imitated by a very transparent gauze curtain streaked with various colors.
erable scientific and some practical knowledge of the sub-
ject—advocates ventilation at the top, instead of the bot-
ttom, in order to avoid some of the objections that would seem to
question the reliability of the modern theory. Dr. Peabody's,
or the old system of ventilation, has, as is well known, been
tried with doubtful success by Mr. Reid in the House of Com-
mons. It is also by far the more expensive of the two,
especially in cold climates, or where long winters prevail,
as the heat is carried off before it can be diverted
through the room. In the modern system the ventilating
register is placed in or near the wall, and into the flue
from which they open the air is driven, a draft be-
ing effected by artificial heat at the bottom of the flue.
Then the pure air, and in winter, the heat, entering at one
end of the room from a register in the floor, spreads
through the room and fills it before it is driven
and seeks the outlet at the opposite side. Whether Dr.
Peabody means to condemn the latter, seemingly the more
practical and efficient method, his point, is not reported.
We could wish to see a fuller statement
of his theory, and the grounds upon which it is
founded, as the best mode of ventilation has been a mooted
point, and the most practical method, to "age inflam-
ations," 1 upon it. The theory opposed to Dr. Peabody's is the
one adopted by architect Edbrooke in the construction of
the University buildings here, but it has not yet been put
to a thoroughly practical test. We are inclined to the
opinion that bottom ventilation in summer are better;
the former economizing heat, and preventing draughts of cold air, while the latter
tends to keep rooms as cool as possible during the heated
time.

The Ambrose Student is evidently not infatuated with the
collegio-educational movement that is one by one sweeping
over the non-Collegio-educational papers. Ample measures for the
higher education of young ladies have long since been made;
how, we should seem to be ready to meet. But the
inflation in summer are best; the former economizing heat, and preventing draughts of cold air, while the latter
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The editors of the Scholastic are over some of the@-Collegio-educational colleges. Ample measures for the
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time.
support of the public schools, such text-books are an insult to their religion should be excluded, and teachers who take advantage of the three R's? If Catholics must pay taxes for the public schools, are they robbed of their faith for the sake of acquiring a knowledge of secular subjects? We do not see why we should be expected to pay taxes for the support of public schools, text-books as such, or for the public schools themselves. If the public schools are preferable to atheism or infidelity, without violence to the conscience of some. We are convinced that the support of such schools should be reduced to a mere shred of secular instruction that it may be the more readily condemned.

Now, look here, friend Earthamite, we beg to assure you, once and for all, that we do not wish to overthrow the public school system. Not by any means. But there are abuses in connection with it that should be corrected. We do not wish to reduce it to "a mere shred of secular instruction" that it may be the more readily condemned; as we once were convinced, we are now convinced that the public schools are far better to be regarded as high as possible by religious instruction; but where so many conflicting creeds are represented, nothing more than a general moral instruction can be given without violating the conscience of some. We are convinced that the Christian denominations training of any kind is preferable to atheism or infidelity. But as far as Catholic schools are concerned, there seems to be, in the eyes of some persons, no law; we published in these columns, a few weeks ago, a communication from Dr. Murray, of Brooklyn, in which it was charged that a certain Ph. D., and one of his female teachers in the Brooklyn High School, who added insult to injury, have been dismissed without examining into their truth, that is asking too much of Catholics that they permit their children to be stuffed with compilers and editors who la­bor for it were to emulate the conduct of the Faculty included, who let it severely alone, and do nothing with it unless to find fault with it when something does not exactly suit their views. On the other hand, if it is made a medium to support the authority of the Family, and to comment and rebuke the students, it is done by the Family, and not by the students. We are willing to reduce it to "a mere shred of secular instruction" if it may be the more readily condemned.

The income of Columbia College last year from end­owments and tuition was $321,017.56. And, still, the expenses are not ahead of the income. Cazenovia Seminary has the largest attendance this winter for three years, and during the past twelve months it has discharged $40,000 of indebtedness through the sacrifice of her bond-holders and the gifts of her friends.

College Gossip.

—The income of Columbia College last year from endowments and tuition was $321,017.56. And, still, the expenses are not ahead of the income.
The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the fourteenth year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contains:

choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical and Literary gossip of the day.
Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame.
Personal gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students.
All the weekly local news of the University, including the names of those who have distinguished themselves during the week by their excellence in class and by their general good conduct.
Students should take it; parents should take it; and, above all,
OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

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Notre Dame, Indiana.

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—The 17th day of March is a day which Irishmen celebrate all over the world. It is the feast-day of Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland. He was one of the greatest saints in the Church. Grateful is the remembrance in which the faithful veneration of the faithful. He has proved a fruitful model for many indiscreet youths in other places.

And the best of our glories is bright with us yet, in the faith and the feast of St. Patrick's day.

Though graced with harp and poet's diction,
With such strange charm enchain the throng
As that sad tale of crucifixion.
different. They know that the Church allows them perfect liberty in the pursuit of knowledge, and unlimited freedom in matters of speculation. They know, too, that the teachings of faith and the truths of science can never be opposed to each other. On the contrary, they are certain that whatever discoveries may be made in the study of nature will only tend to elucidate and strengthen the truths of revelation. Hence they always rejoice in the discovery of facts and the extension of whatever principles may be truth fully deduced from them. Speculations, hypotheses, theories, they take for what they are worth. If they are evidently opposed to the revealed word of God, they at once cast them aside as false; if not, they accept them, or reject them, according to the evidence that is offered in their favor.

The theory—it can never be anything more—of evolution is one of these. But, as the editor of the Telegraph justly remarks, there are evolutionists and evolutionism. There are evolutionists who deny the existence of a personal God, and reduce everything to mere matter, force and chance; and there are evolutionists, who, while believing in the development of the various forms of life from a few—it may be one—simple primary germs, still acknowledge the existence and necessity of a Creator, the Author of matter, and force and life, as well as of the laws according to which the various forms of animal and vegetable life are evolved from lower to higher types. To this second class of evolutionists belong some of the greatest doctors and theologians of the Church, from St. Augustine down to our own times. We are at perfect liberty to believe either in specific creations in time, or in one grand act of creation in principio—creation potentially in the beginning, and development, evolution if you will, afterwards. The Church has made no declaration either one way or the other, and most likely, never will. She does not concern herself about physical theories, which never can be proven, and which do not effect faith or morals. Her office is to preserve intact the deposit of revealed truth entrusted to her by her Divine Master, and prepare the souls of men for another and better world.

—It has ever been the time-honored custom of the students of this University to celebrate, in a becoming manner, each annual recurrence of the festival of the Apostle of Ireland. St. Patrick's Day is one that brings joy to every Irish heart; for, on each successive return of it, they are vividly reminded of the fact that, although for centuries, they have been persecuted and inhumanly treated,—held in bondage by one of the most ungodly and tyrannical governments on the globe—they have never, for a moment, deviated in the least from the principles and maxims of that Faith which St. Patrick brought to them, and planted so deeply in their fertile hearts, that proscription, cruel persecution, exile, death, have been powerless to eradicate it therefrom. That the Irish are a down-trodden race is a fact which no one can deny, though sad and melancholy, remains as powerful and un-

wavering to-day as when, long ago, her children were as light-hearted and free as the very winds of heaven. It is that undying spirit that has sustained the Irish in all their struggles with oppression—that spirit, which—God grant that we may live to see the bright day!—will yet win for Ireland her freedom and national independence, and place her in that grand and glorious position among the nations of the earth, for which God has so well fitted her, but which the chains of English tyranny render her powerless to assume. Ireland should be free! Ireland shall be free! By what right, under heaven, has one nation to enslave another? By a God-given one? No! for it would be in direct opposition to the idea which we entertain of God's goodness and justice. There is nothing that can blot out the disgrace that a nation brings upon itself when it, through sheer force of power, makes another nation its footstool.

England, like that monster of the sea, the devil fish, with its many arms that grasp and crush whatever comes within its reach, is continually on the alert to grasp in her blood-stained hands those nations, or tribes—as in the case of the Boers of Africa—who cannot successfully resist her powerful onslaughts. We were but in our infancy when she endeavored to make us fill her coffers by imposing on us an unjust tax. We refused to pay it. She attempted to castigate us for our impertinence, as she termed it; but in that endeavor England made one of the grandest mistakes of her national existence, one which brought grief to her callous heart, and lost to her the Colonies. In 1812 she made a second attempt, but signally failed to effect her purpose, and was gloriously beaten. During the late struggle between the North and South, English endeavor to sever the union was not wanting. All that she could do to annihilate us on that occasion, the remembrance of which brings grief and sorrow to our hearts,—for brother was fighting with brother, and freeman with freeman—was done. She wished to smother Liberty. She has been, and is still, doing the same thing in Ireland to-day. The Irish want their liberty; they desire that Emmet's epitaph be written; they desire to rend asunder the cruel fetters that have for ages encircled and bound Erin's fair form, wringing tears from her eyes, and causing plaintive wails to emanate from her grief-broken heart: but England makes the bonds the more stringent.

In view of these facts, can we wonder at the enthusiasm that fills the heart of every Irishman on the recurrence of that day which reminds him that he has obtained a most glorious victory over the cruel oppressor,—a victory the more glorious that it was won under the most trying and unfavorable circumstances? We speak of the victory of faith, excepting which the Irish have lost everything save honor, Sentiments like these prompted us to celebrate the day in a becoming manner at this University. Not that we are all Irishmen—for to many of us was denied the privilege of being born in the Isle of Saints,—but simply through a desire to obey the Scriptural injunction of giving honor to whom honor is due.

With a view to this effect we resolved to entertain our friends dramatically. The exercises of the evening were, as usual on such occasions, opened by music from the N. D. U. C. Band, who, if they did not play as well as on Washington's Birthday, gave satisfaction to all present. Their energetic leader, Prof. Paul, has reason to feel proud of the progress made by the Band in the past few weeks under his able instruction and unpailing efforts. Mr. H. O'Donnell read the address salutatory in a pleas-
ing and creditable manner. "Zampa" (Herold) was well rendered by the University Orchestra, and we can only reiterate the words of praise which we felt ourselves obliged to bestow upon them last week. The Junior Class received loud and well-merited applause on the conclusion of their song, "Always Good Courage." A large audience, among which we noticed the Messrs. Smith, of Circleville, O.; Mrs. G. Tourtillotte, of Toledo; Messrs. Lambin and Sugg, of Chicago, had assemblé to witness the principal feature of the Entertainment,—"A Celebrated Case," a drama in five acts, prepared for the occasion by the members of the Columbian Club. Prof. J. A. Lyons, A. M., is the one to whom, after those taking part, the whole success of the play must be attributed; for it was under his instruction and supervision that it was given. We would wish to enter into a detailed, critical account of the whole performance, but our limited space forbids it. Suffice it to say, that Mr. T. F. Kavanagh, "Jean Renand," H. O'Donnell, "Adrian Renand," F. C. Smith, "Valentine," P. L. Mathews, "Pier Renand," J. R. Marlette, "Coll. McMahon," J. Walsh, "Count de Vauv," E. J. Taggart, "Mgr. de Bois," R. O'Connor, "O'Rourke," F. T. Dever, "Marquis Henri di Colonne;" L. W. Stitzel, "Jacques Latour," in assuming the principal rôles, and acting them almost faultlessly, won laurels for themselves and reflected honor upon their Association. The minor parts, taken by J. Kent, C. Brehmer, G. Nester, A. Thornton, R. Seeberger, and B. F. Smith, were well carried out, and contributed not a little towards making the Entertainment a success. Very Rev. President Corby made the closing remarks, thanking the young gentlemen for the pleasure afforded to all present, and assuring them of the Entertainment's success.

**Personal.**

- Rev. Father Franciscus is Master of Novices.
- Bro. Daniel's school, in South Bend, is in fine order.
- J. H. Flynn, '58, is in business on State Street, Chicago, Ill.
- Rev. J. Shea will leave for New Orleans the coming week.
- Vice-President Walsh lectured in Springfield, Ill., last Thursday.
- Prof. Lyons and Mr. Eliot Ryder left for Chicago this morning.
- Rev. J. M. Toohey has been appointed Superior of Mt. St. Vincents.
- Very Rev. Father L'Etourneau returned from Fort Wayne, last Saturday.
- Rev. J. O'Keeffe, lectured to a large audience in South Bend, Thursday evening.
- Rev. Father Kroll, Chesterton, Ind., called at the University, last Saturday morning.
- Mrs. Tourtillotte, of Toledo, Ohio, is visiting her son Master G. Tourtillotte, of the Minim department.
- Messrs. Verdan and Tooney, C. S. C., made their religious profession this morning, at St. Joseph's Novitiate.
- Mr. Geo. H. Libberty, of Chicago, passenger conductor on the L. S. & M. S. R. R., spent Thursday at the University with his friend, Prof. J. A. Lyons.
- Mr. Eliot Ryder's new book, which Prof. Lyons will publish in a few weeks, promises to be a grand success. Subscriptions are coming in from all parts of the country. It is also awakening much interest in England.

- Our old and respected friends, J. R. Lambin, '77, and R. Sugg, '76, of Chicago, III., were present at Wednesday evening's Entertainment. We were delighted at seeing them, and so were their many friends heretofore. They left for Chicago Friday morning. Sugg is keeping books for his father, and "Jack" is in a collector's office. Both are doing well.

**Local Items.**

- Where is John?
- Beautiful spring weather.
- "You make 'Suk ' laugh."
- Moses fears not electric shocks.
- "Jim" calls it the "triple tongue."
- "Mack," have you really a cousin?
- They call him the big white fellow.
- Say, "Pap," what style of hat is that?
- "Dozen" makes a fine looking Cadet.
- Is the schemer to lay over at Laporte?
- The "Celebrated Case," was a success.
- "Chawley" always goes in the first society.
- Mahon, are you sure that you stand in solidity?
- All were delighted with the "Celebrated Case."
- "Pimy" and our Washingtonian are the chums.
- The Bulletins for February are homeward bound.
- Any amount of red light last Wednesday evening.
- Can't we decipher hieroglyphics? Eh, Shakspere?
- How that charlotee did "quick," Wednesday night.
- Handball is the favorite game with all the students.
- Is it not Stretch(y) to say he was mate of the vessel?
- Rev. Father Kirsch has our thanks for favors received.
- He is an Ohio man who refuses to pay the Boat Club fee.
- How does the "professor" like retiring at first hour now?
- Our Rev. Prefect of Studies is making a collection of photos.
- The Joliet man refuses to give introductions? Eh, Heck?
- Several wild ducks passed over Lake St. Joe, Monday morning.
- Master C. McDermott is a member of the Junior study-hall Faculty.
- That nectarian substance sent the steam-house guest to the Infirmary.
- Lent only half over. The sick boy has not begun to convalesce yet.
- The chances are that P. Watson will go into the insurance business.
- "Charley Ross" will soon favor us with another of his poetic effusions.
- Let the baseballists commence the work of re-organization immediately.
- Captain Cook showed off the Cadets to advantage last Thursday afternoon.
- The Band were out serenading last Thursday, and did some excellent playing.
- We decline publishing "A Character," as the author omitted giving his name.
- Now, Brigham, don't use the dictionary: the Thespians will admit you without it.
- Bro. Albert has nearly completed a life-size crayon portrait of Rev. A. Granger.
- The Vicksburg man says he could hold out the chair now?
- "Chawley" always goes in the first society.
- They call him the big white fellow.
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- "Jim" calls it the "triple tongue."
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- The Vicksburg man says he could hold out the chair and all in it, with one hand.
- Captain Cook had out the Military Companies last Monday and Tuesday afternoon.
- And now the bright rays of the brilliant sun are to be obscured by a tidal wave of kites.
Captain Cocke informs us that the Cadet suits will be in readiness some time next week.

Several good games of handball were played on the Junior campus alley during the week.

Since the Czar's death, Prof. Lyons says that the last hope of his becoming a democrat is gone.

To-morrow, 3d Sunday of Lent, Missa de Angelis will be sung. Vespers of a Confessor, not Bishop.

G. Edmund calls on "Flo," but is not, like the would-be insurance agent, dying for introductions.

The Junior Archconfraternity are thinking of purchasing a beautiful lamp for the new chapel.

Masters Cleary and Brown were head-servers at the High Mass celebrated last Sunday by Rev. Father Walsh.

Since the Czar's sudden demise, our friend John averts that it is safer to be a jack, or even a ten-spot, than a king.

That it is safer to be a jack, or even a ten-spot, than a king.

The best bulletins for the month of February was given by A. Browne, F. Wheatly, A. Menriel, L. Florman, and now everything runs as smoothly as a razor on Bass, and now everything runs as smoothly as a razor on Easter, until our "funny man" joined it. He sings second place of destination.

The NoTKB—South Bend Tribune.

DAMB SCHOLASTIC—To the NoTKB: The "Corporal" desires a rest now.—Catolique Union.

Young Jeems is very much engaged.

Those brilliant heavenly lights, Quoth Jeems: "A meteorologist am I, Though it isn't generally known. And the meteor which delights me most Is "meteor by moonlight alone."

We believe that anybody who will allow angry feelings to supersede his good sense, if, perchance, he feel himself the object of a little joke in these columns, exhibits traits of character other than gentlemanly. Such individuals seem to be more or less inscient in regard to such affairs. They imagine that, if the object of a pun or witticism, their reputation suffers to a greater or less extent. This impression is as illogical as it is untrue. As a rule, the most popular and most esteemed are they who are called "funny men," most frequently mentions.

How dear to my heart is the school I attended And how I remember so distant and dim. That red-headed Bill and the pin that I bended And how I recall the surprise of the master. When Bill gave a yell and sprang up with the pin So high that his bullet head busted the plaster Above, and the scholars all set up a grin. That active boy Billy, that high-leaping Billy! That loud-shouting Billy that sat on a pin!

To the NOKBE SCfiOLASTIC: The "Corporal" desires a rest now.—Catholic Columbus.

Does he? Well now we're glad that our esteemed contemporary has made the acquaintance of our great (physically speaking) "Corporal." O may the friendship so happily begun, ripen into—but then we'll say no more: the "Corporal" desires a rest now. Well, let him have it; we do not wish to deprive him of that which is so necessary for us all. Take a rest, "Corporal." Take your siesta daily; let neither trouble nor anxiety of mind de-
privy you of it. We suppose that your recent superhuman effort in the lecture field has aroused the sympathetic feelings of the esteemed Columbian.

The Freeman's Journal thinks that Mr. Elliot Ryder should include religious poetry in his proposed collection of Catholic poets. So do we. The elimination of the religious poems of Catholic writers will leave a very poor collection of verses, to what might be made. — Western Home Journal.

Mr. Ryder's design is to illustrate for the reading and thinking public the purely literary excellence of Catholic poets. Where this can be done—as in the case of Cardinal Newman,—by using religious poetry, religious poetry becomes the majority of interest, and our poets' religious poetry is not their best. This is certainly the case with O'Reilly, Egan, Miss Starr, and Miss Donnelly.

The 23d regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomusian Association was held March 8th. Master W. P. Mahon presented himself and was unanimously elected a member. W. S. Cleary gave a sketch of the life of Stone wall Jackson. Claudius Nero was well depicted by F. A. Cahill. J. D. Johnston, who followed with the lives of James Monroe and Abraham Lincoln. E. Orrick's criticism on the last meeting was very good. Declarations were then delivered by J. Homan, C. Rietz and J. Craig. The order of business is as follows: C. Toomey, E. Orrick, T. Flynn, F. Kleine, A. Hinze, W. Gray, J. Scanlan, J. Gordon, J. Healy, C. Rietz, N. Ewing, J. Morgan and R. Fleming.

—T. H. Knollius's Church Organ Pedal Attachment for Pianos is now in successful operation here, in the Academy of Music. The invention is one which reflects the highest credit on Mr. Knollius, the inventor, and far surpasses in excellence every one of the kind yet attempted, either in this country or in Europe. It has met with the hearty approval and the unanimous recommendation of many of the leading musicians in the country, which is the best guaranty of its excellence. We must earnestly and unreservedly commend the invention to both organists and pupils. Brother Basil, than whom no one is better qualified to pass an opinion on such affairs, says that the pedal attachment for pianos is a grand success.

—O'Shea, New York, has now in press a choice volume of poems consisting of selections from our modern American Catholic poets. It is the first of its kind, and we hope that the efforts of the compiler, Mr. George F. Phelan, who has given it so careful research, will meet with a deserved welcome from our readers and the Catholic reading public at large. A single copy, in some instances, represents the author, but no inferior work has been admitted, and a noteworthy feature of the volume will be an Introductory essay on the Catholic poets. Where this can be best done—as in the case of the works of Zahm, who here is enrolled; Y is for Young, who will sometime be old; 6 Now we believe that the story is told. T is for Tinley, clever young fellow; B is for Bloom, with fun in his eye; G is for Garrity, the sweet-voiced young tenor; A is for Arnold, who's steady though sly; H is for Harrington, of "the Hub's upper-ten, ah!"; F is for Fleming, a steady professor; E is for Edwards, genial Professor; K is for Rohrback, who roars back at this; N is for Newman, a name that is well known to fame; O for O'Donnell, whom none for his beauty can blame; P for Pimyotamah, jaw-breadng name; Q for the query "who wrote out this rhyme?"; R is for Rohrback, who roars back at this; S is for Sugg, whom we'd grieve to miss; T is for Tinkly, clever young fellow; U is left out, and with anger is yellow; V is for Van Dusen, a shifty young swell; W for Wisbeath, steady and bright; X is for which we cannot express; Y is for Young, who will sometimes be old; Z is for Zahm, who here is enrolled; & Now we believe that the story is told.

—The students at the University of Notre Dame celebrated Washington's birthday, this year, for the 37th time, with all of the old-time enthusiasm. An entertainment was given, under the auspices of the Theosophian Association, complimentary to the Very Rev. President Corby, for many years known and honored in the University. The programme consisted of music and speeches, and the drama of "William Tell" and the farce of the "Nervous Man and the Man of Nerve." Mr. Frank W. Bloom's oration on Washington was a very fine effort, and went through many feasts that caused us to hold our breath with fear for the safety of their limbs, etc., yet more severe capable of performing with the characteristic sprightliness of our consumptive-looking friend, "Stonewall Jackson." "Charley Ross" was one of the many witnessing these daring feats, and, through loudlyis and applause, "show himself on the br's that lead to fame," overcame his ambitious feelings, and peremptorily refused, through modesty and the desire of remaining in the favor of the circuit. While we respect the high and noble motives that prompt "Charley" in declining such chances of raising himself to fame's pinnacle, we cannot but feel disappointed in knowing that "Charley"'s unwillingness to participate in such affairs deprives us of any amount of pleasure.

—Prof. Edwards has formally presented to the Columbian Literary Club a full-length portrait, in oil, of Very Rev. E. Sorin. The picture is life-size, and represents Father Sorin himself, given in an open gallery, with a view of the College dome in the distance. The position is graceful and the accessories are appropriate and significant of events in the career of the subject. The face wears an expression of firmness and resolution, and will convey to posterity a correct idea of the character of Notre Dame's beloved founder. Mr. J. Francis Smith, the artist who painted this picture, is fast making an enviable reputation for himself. His little portraits and likenesses, and his modelling and colors would do credit to the famous Gregori, to whom Mr. Smith is proud to acknowledge himself indebted for the recognition he receives in art circles. This young artist has received another order from Prof. Edwards to execute a full-length portrait of Father Stephen Badin, the first priest ordained in the United States. He will paint the picture from an authentic likeness, and will assist the artist in the work by the criticisms of the venerable Father Neyron, one of the few living companions of the sainted Bishops Flaget and Brute, and a fellow missionary and bosom friend of America's proto-priest.

—The following is our University alphabet:

A is for Arnold, who's steady though sly;
B is for Bloom, with fun in his eye;
C is for Clarke, now famous as "Tell;"
D is for Daniley, stylish young swell;
E is for Edwards, genial Professor;
P is for Fleming, a steady professor;
G is for Garrity, the sweet-voiced young tenor;
H is for Harrington, of "the Hub's upper-ten, ah!"
I is the man our poet has missed;
J is for Johnson, whose name calls the list;
K is for Tom Kavanagh, whom none can resist;
L is for Lyons, whom all of us love;
M is for McGorrick, as merry as a boy;
N is for Newman, a name that is well known to fame;
O for O'Donnell, whom none for his beauty can blame;
P for Pimyotamah, jaw-breaMng name;
Q for the query "who wrote out this rhyme?"
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THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Class Honors.

[The students mentioned in this list are those who have given entire satisfaction in all their classes during the month past.]


List of Excellence.

[The following list is given to those who have given entire satisfaction in all their classes during the month past.]


Plumbers & Gasfitters, Manufacturers of Gas Machines, and Dealers in Gasoline, 75 Dearborn St., Unity Block, Chicago, Ill.

Mrathews & Holm, Plumbers & Gasfitters, Manufacturers of Gas Machines, and Dealers in Gasoline, 75 Dearborn St., Unity Block, Chicago, Ill.

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Condensed Time Table, Nov. 7, 1880.

TRAiNS LEAVE CHICAGO DEPOT, COR. CANAL AND MADISON STS. (West Side), ON ARRIVAL OF TRAINS FROM NORTH AND SOUTHWEST.

GOING WEST.

<table>
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<th>No. 1</th>
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Pittsburgh, 12:05 A.M. 9:15 A.M. 5:50 P.M. 7:30 P.M.
Rochester, 11:15 10:10 3:45 10:30 P.M.
Alliance, 3:30 1:50 P.M. 5:55 10:30 P.M.
Orrville, 5:00 5:10 7:15 10:30 P.M.
Mansfield, 6:55 5:40 9:50 10:30 P.M.
Crestline, Arrive 7:25 6:15 9:45 1:40 A.M.
Crestline, Leave 7:50 A.M. 6:35 P.M. 9:55 P.M. 1:45 A.M.
Forest, 9:20 8:18 11:55 1:45 A.M.
Lima, 10:40 9:28 12:53 A.M.
Plymouth, 8:40 7:50 4:55 7:35 P.M.
Chicago, Arrive 7:00 6:00 8:00 9:40 P.M.

GOING EAST.

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Chicago, Leave 9:40 P.M. 8:30 A.M. 5:15 P.M. 3:30 P.M.
Plymouth, 2:50 A.M. 11:55 9:35 10:30 11:35 12:30 A.M.
Lima, 8:55 4:36 3:55 10:30 P.M.
Forest, 10:05 5:00 3:55 1:30 A.M.
Crestline, Arrive 11:45 7:10 3:50 12:35 A.M.
Crestline, Leave 12:06 P.M. 7:20 P.M. 6:40 A.M. 10:40 A.M.
Mansfield, 12:35 8:08 7:20 1:15 10:40 A.M.
Orrville, 2:25 10:06 9:23 2:57 P.M.
Alliance, 4:40 3:45 11:23 2:45 10:40 A.M.
Rochester, 9:25 3:04 A.M. 3:10 10:40 A.M.
Pittsburgh, Arrive 7:50 3:15 3:15 P.M. 7:30 A.M.

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On and after Sunday, Nov. 14, 1880, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

2.25 a.m.; Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line. Arrives at Toledo 9.50 a.m.; Cleveland 2.30 p.m.

Buffalo, 8.40 p.m.

11.05 a.m. Mail over Main Line. Arrives at Toledo, 5.25 p.m.; Cleveland 10.10 p.m.; Buffalo, 4 a.m.

9.12 p.m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 3.40 a.m.; Cleveland, 7.05 a.m.; Buffalo, 11.10 p.m.

12.10 p.m., Special New York Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 5.40 p.m., Cleveland, 10.10 p.m.; Buffalo, 4 a.m.

6.21 p.m., Limited Express. Arrives at Toledo 10.35 p.m.; Cleveland, 1.45 a.m.; Buffalo, 7.35 a.m.

GOING WEST.

2.43 m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte 3.35 a.m., Chicago 6 a.m.

5.05 a.m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 5.50 a.m., Chicago 8.20 a.m.

0.13 a.m., Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 9.05 a.m.; Chesterton, 9.47 a.m.; Chicago, 11.30 a.m.

1.16 p.m., Special Michigan Express. Arrives at Laporte, 2.12 p.m.; Chesterton, 2.53 p.m.; Chicago, 4.40 p.m.

4.50 p.m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5.33; Chesterton, 6.15 p.m.; Chicago, 8 p.m.

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J. C. RAFF, Ticket Agent, South Bend.

J. W. CARY, Gen'l Ticket Agent, Cleveland.

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