

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

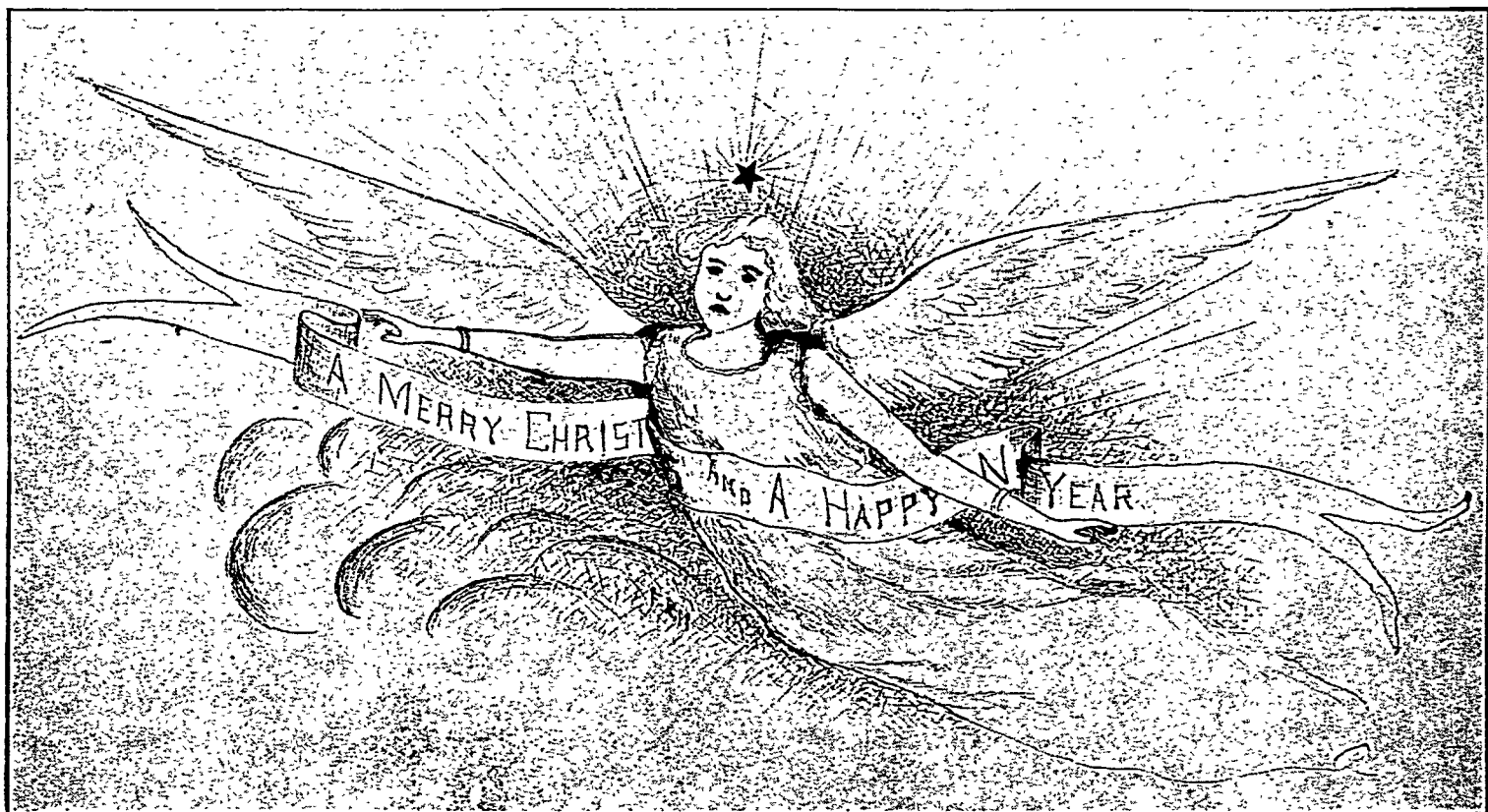
DISCE · QUASI · SEMPER · VICTURUS ·

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No. 15.



ONCE more returns the holy midnight hour
Which in the long ago
Revealed the workings of eternity
To mankind here below.

Once more the merry Yule-tide bells ring out,
And seem, when heard afar,
To echo the eternal anthem sung
When shone Faith's morning Star.

And I, enraptured, listen; for methinks
I hear an angel sing;
I listen to the music of the bells,—
What messages they bring;

What varied chords in mortal hearts they strike,
How high or low the key;
What sweetness ranges in the tuneful tones
Of that grand melody.

Alone and undisturbed, thus musing then,
Into my mind there came
The legend of a little orphan child
Who scarcely knew her name.

All day the feathery snow-flakes, eddying 'round,
Fell on her wind-tossed hair;
E'en when the night drew on, they fluttered down
About her everywhere.

From street to street she wandered, cold and wan,
As oft she did before;
Now looked she in upon the noisy crowd
That filled each lighted store.

And here and there the ever-hurrying throng
Would push the child aside;
She asked for alms, for supper, for a bed,
But all things were denied.

She lingered and she followed till at last
Her weary eyelids fell;
Then broke upon her half-attentive ears
The pealing of a bell.

For it was midnight; and again the sound
Rolled out upon the air;
She hurried onward; in her haste she shook
The snow-flakes from her hair.

Twelve times the great cathedral bell had stirred
The stillness of the night,
And ere the deep vibrations ceased, the child
Had seen the altar-light.

The deep tones died away, and, one by one,
The good folk took their seats,
The child was sitting in a pew alone,
Cold from the snow-clad streets.

Forth came the vested minister of God,
And all knelt down in prayer;
Meanwhile the organ's swelling notes stole out
Upon the stilly air.

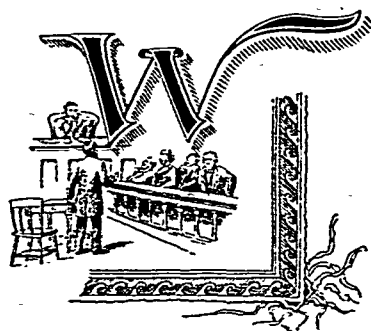
The child, to slumber yielding, caught the sound,
Though far away it seemed;
And farther yet, until, if aught she heard,
She heard it as she dreamed.

The services were over ere she woke,
Ta'en from the arms of sleep
By Him who kindly watcheth over all
And guards each wayward sheep;

She woke and saw the Radiant Face, and knew
She had not been alone;
She had not wandered through the streets of life,
Unfriended and unknown.

M. A. QUINLAN.

Kindness Rewarded.



WHEN Mark Elkins and Robert Steele were at college, a closer pair of friends could not be found. The singular attachment that existed between the two was often remarked by the students; for it did seem strange how such solid friendship could take root where tastes and inclinations were so widely different; but the secret belonged to Elkins and his chum alone, and with them it remained.

Mark might be summed up in colloquial language as a "queer card," so intensely odd was he in some respects. His ways were pleasant enough, his manners even engaging, and in conversation, though he seldom took the leading part, he could occasionally exchange a clever idea; but the class-room told some unpleasant tales on Mark. It was here he realized how deficient he was in brain-force; or, if he had any brains, that they were distressingly handicapped. He had actually become inured to grasping a situation either in the wrong light or at the wrong end; and especially was this the case when a mathematical or scientific

question was under fire. It was but natural, then, that the professor's views and those of his pupil, since they did not run in the same channel, would either collide when mid-way in the discussion, or, after meeting, diverge with lightning rapidity toward their respective ends. This might seem to be a novel invention, but Elkins himself will admit its painful truth.

One of the boys, who was in a position to know, accounted for our friend's peculiar phase of mind by recalling the latter's surroundings prior to his entering college. He used to tell, with an air of truth, how fond that little village was of busying itself about speculative theories on subjects beyond its sphere. There were "circles" formed here and there, said he, for deeper research into,—well, anything that seemed deep; foreign and domestic affairs were seldom considered of any moment; and the man that could not appear pedantic was entitled to no respect here. The lecture halls were generally well filled, and it seemed the illiterate were always the most anxious to air their hazy views.

Just how much reliance may be placed on this account we are not prepared to say; but it seems probable that Mark's mind was influenced to some extent by such an environment. If this was the case, it had at least one good effect; for Mark's sheer inability to cope with his garrulous acquaintances for popular applause forced him to college, where, thought he, profound wisdom might be had by the measure.

But the disparaging results that attended his efforts in his new home played havoc with Mark's ideal of college life; his fond hopes were shattered, and his ambition, ere three months had passed, was on the wing. He became discouraged at finding his bright prospects disappointed, and he could see nothing left for him to do but to brood over what might have been. In his melancholy he was contemplating a departure for a more congenial clime, and at this scene in Elkins' life we meet Robert Steele for the first time.

Steele might have had distinguished ancestry, but no one cared to inquire about it,—the plain, prosaic "Bob" stood upon his own merit; and, by his honest, endearing traits of character, was acknowledged to be the favorite of the college. As a student he was close enough; but no one ever found him so absorbed in his studies that he could not pause for a moment to help one out of a difficulty; and Mark Elkins' case, we are glad to say, was not an exception. During the latter's long struggle in a sort of blind effort to reconcile himself to the inevitable, Bob

had been an interested observer, and he tried not a few times to win Mark's good graces as an initial step toward a solution of the dilemma; but his shrewd plans seemed destined to fail.

Thanksgiving Day came at last, bringing with it blessings for which Mark Elkins should ever be grateful. The boys were in a whirl of excitement about the field-sports; and the game of Rugby, which was scheduled for the afternoon, was on everybody's lips. The home team, they said, would give their jealous neighbors a final and inglorious defeat, for the captain made some startling promises lately, and he meant to fulfil them. But, strange to say, when the hour for the game arrived, Bob, the captain, was missing. A hasty note to the boys stated that he was called away for the afternoon by important business, and he was happy to predict a sweeping victory for his team. The finish of the last half, however, proved that "Bob" Steele was not a prophet; but no one ever dreamt what a victory he was winning over Elkins while that game was in progress. Hours slipped by unnoticed by the pair in a private chat, and Mark, as he listened to Bob's practical advice, imagined that some heavenly inspiration had seized him. The once moody, disconsolate student now could see the brighter side of college life, and he resolved henceforth to follow Bob's practical hints, feeling confident that he was now in possession of a secret which could defeat every possible obstacle. Whether he afterwards met with any further difficulties, we are not told, so smoothly did the remainder of his course glide by. The two from that time forward were constant companions, and a mutual rivalry, as it were, to make the other happier, gradually cemented the friendship which accidentally took its rise on that auspicious field-day.

Elkins and Steele, so the old records tell, finished their studies together, and at Commencement they parted,—to meet again, they knew not when. There was something Mark wished to say when parting with Bob; but in the presence of his benefactor his voice seemed to choke in its utterance, and he could only say "Good-bye!"

II.

Twelve years later one could see that a decided change had taken place in their lives. They were both thoroughly immersed in solving the problem of life. Bob was the distinguished proprietor of a wholesale store, which enjoyed no little fame. By his industry and shrewd speculations he succeeded, after many reverses, in giving his business a pretty firm footing. The

bills he had to meet, of course, were very heavy; but, judging from Steele's comfortable home in the suburbs of the city, and the pretentious appearance of the warehouse, his receipts were also large. There was nothing wanting in that cozy domicile which heart could wish for and Bob's generosity could supply; the fact is, he was too generous; but as he had managed to tide over hard times in the past, he saw no need of taking any precautions for the future. We leave him in his counting-room to take a glimpse at Elkins.

Many miles distant, in one of the most populous cities of the Northwest, we find Mark an advocate at the bar. From the first day after he entered Wade & Reed's employ as a sort of clerk, books, close study and reflection were his sole companions; for he had learned, while yet a student, that his real education would have only begun with the drawing of the curtain upon the scenes of his college life. There were other things, however, beside conning over musty volumes of legal lore that took some of the sunshine from Elkins' new field of duty. Many a dark frown and many a cutting reply did he receive from men who seemed to have no regard for a sensitive being; and for a long time his employers failed to give the ambitious Mark a decided push up the ladder. It is noticeable how anxiously some of the older members of our bar regard the movements of a talented young aspirant; they are always slow to acknowledge the latter's worth as an advocate, and this they condescend to do only when the specific question is put: "How's such and such a chap at the bar?" Strange enough, the answer in most cases is frankly given; for nowadays the lawyer's art in lying with "malice aforethought" holds good only when two rival forces are contending for the affections of a mushroom dozen.

About Mark's standing, however, there were few questions to be asked, as he was not very popular in this particular locality, and hence there were few concerned in his welfare. But it was not always thus. Elkins sometimes recalls that dismal day when things in the little office looked their gloomiest. An intricate case, involving quite a nice pile of money, was under consideration. When "Old Billy Wade," as they called him, went to court, he went to win; but there was a snag in this case that was "Billy's" master, and he knew it. The local bar was unanimous in predicting his defeat, if he attempted to plead on the merits of his case; but who could divine Wade's tactics? Ah! that was the question which he himself could not

answer; for, when trying the case privately with his partner, Reed, he brought all the faculties of his mind to bear upon the matter, and every argument he proposed was promptly checkmated by the hard, solid head at the other end of the table. At last the old lawyer rose from his chair, and with measured steps paced up and down the room, evidently lost in a quandary.

Mark had been closely observing the whole discussion, and was careful not to lose sight of a little technicality which the older wits must have overlooked; and how his heart ached to make the suggestion! He had reason to believe that any attempt to interrupt the dispute would be summarily dealt with; but this was the opportunity of a life-time, and he resolved to make it count.

After a few moments the spell of silence in the room was broken by Wade, who hastily resumed his seat as if prepared to consider another strong point. At the same time Mark turned from his desk, stared for a moment or two at the pile of manuscripts, deeds and charts that lay in disorder on the table, and then, mustering up courage, said:

"Wade, why don't you consider the eastern section of that property as coming under city limits, when—"

The rest was abruptly cut short. "Old Billy's" *sesame* was found; but he did not give Elkins the slightest intimation of what a gold mine he had dropped into that discussion.

Mark had some legal business to attend to during the afternoon, which called him from the office, and in his absence his suggestion was formally worked up as a foundation for one of the toughest cases in the firm's practice. "Old Billy" went to court and, as usual, won. When he returned he was too overjoyed to keep the secret of his success from Elkins, so that day put a plume in Mark's hat that made him feel considerably taller than he really was.

The high road to fame now lay wide open to our young friend. Just two years later Reed was obliged to retire through ill health, and Mark had occasion to draw up the necessary papers which made the old familiar sign now read:

"WADE & ELKINS,
Attorneys at Law."

Their practice in the past was very extensive; but business from this time forward actually hummed along, and so long as Mark had the use of his head and hands it never met with a blockade.

One crisp night in December Mark was comfortably seated at his fireside thinking how

kindly, after all, fortune had dealt with him. His thoughts naturally reverted to the past—to the days when Bob Steele was his leading spirit. In his silent reverie he remembered the cheerful letter he received from him nearly six years ago, and he wondered how his dear old chum now fared. The very next morning one of their clients wired the news of Robert Steele's failure, and instructed the firm to push Bob to the wall for a heavy claim. Mark was thunder-struck. Was Bob really bankrupt? Closer investigation proved that he was, and, sadder still, within a few days he would not have a nickle to his name.

Steele's generosity made many a tardy debtor for him. For the past two weeks he was sorely pressed for money to meet some long-standing bills, and not another dollar could he raise. He saw his mistake when it was too late. Too late? No! Mark Elkins had a snug sum of money laid away, and his credit with Wade was unlimited; so with these he testified the gratitude he could not express when they parted, some twenty years ago.

W. McNAMEE.

For Baby Charles' Sake.



I.

VELYN FONTAINE was a typical Kentucky beauty. Though not yet eighteen years old, still she was tall and well formed. Her hair was of that rich, dark-brown color about which the poets rave; and when the light fell obliquely upon it, it glowed with

a singular golden tint. Her eyes were also brown, and of the kind through which one could almost see the soul within. Her father, Colonel Fontaine, was a type of his class. His title was not of the "Kentucky Colonel" kind, but had been gained by gallant service during the War. He, too, was tall, and his bearing marked him as one who would brook no trifling. He was a gentleman of the old school—courteous and affable, with an honest pride in his wealth, in his family, and, above all, in his grown daughter; for Evelyn was the idol of his heart, and in her seemed to be centred all his affections.

The Fontaine mansion was situated in Clifton,

one of the prettiest suburbs of Louisville. The large and commodious structure occupied a site overlooking the whole city beneath. The grounds were beautifully laid out on the hill, while from the valley below one could just catch a glimpse of the house turrets from between the tree tops. There the Colonel lived with his family, consisting of his wife, his daughter Evelyn, and three younger children.

Evelyn, though young, was already engaged to be married. Her affianced, Tom Forrest by name, was the envy of all. He was young, handsome, talented and above reproach; though without property, yet he had a good income and excellent prospects. He was a lawyer with a position with Evelyn's father, who was one of the legal lights of the city.

In the fall of '90, just before Tom had asked the Colonel's consent to his marriage with Evelyn, a peculiarly difficult case had been brought before court, and Colonel Fontaine had been retained by one of the litigants. Here was a chance to prove Tom's metal, so the Colonel gave his consent to the marriage but on condition that he should undertake the case and win it. Tom entered into the work with a will. He toiled from morning till night poring over his books and papers; but as he progressed, the difficulties grew greater and greater. Harder and harder he worked, but he could find no way to remove them. At last, utterly discouraged, he gave up in despair.

Meanwhile, the Colonel, supposing that the young man would work out the case submitted to him, thought no more of the affair. So confident was he of Tom's eventual success, that the date of the wedding was set, and active preparations were on foot to make it the event of the season. The ceremony was to take place on the day that Evelyn should complete her eighteenth year.

II.

Poor Tom was in a terrible state. He dared not go to the Colonel for advice, fearing that this might lower him in the estimation of his prospective father-in-law. He confided all his troubles to Evelyn, but she, of course, was unable to help him. At last the two determined on a rash step. Jeffersonville, as everyone knows, is the Mecca for many of the Falls City's matrimonial pilgrims, and thither the young couple planned to repair and be married without parental sanction. On Christmas eve their plan was carried into effect. Evelyn had been driven to town ostensibly to make some Christmas purchases.

In the evening, the family waited dinner for some time, but Evelyn came not. At last, supposing that some unforeseen circumstance had detained

her, they sat down at table. After the meal the Christmas candles were lit and the little ones started in to enjoy themselves with their new presents, playing around the tree. Soon a ring was heard at the door. One of the children ran to open it and announced: "Here's grandpa and grandma!" After wishing all a "Merry Christmas," the Colonel's mother asked:

"Where is Evelyn? and Tom isn't here either; what has become of them?"

"I don't know," replied Mrs. Fontaine. "They have not come out from town yet. Evelyn went down to shop, and Tom was to have taken dinner with us."

Just then another ring at the bell announced the recreant couple.

"What kept you so late, dear?" asked the Colonel's wife, untying Evelyn's veil and taking off her wraps.

"Why," replied her daughter, "I've been over to Jeffersonville."

"What kept you, Tom?" asked the Colonel. "Were you over on the other side too?"

"Yes," replied the culprit, "Evelyn met me down town, and I jumped in with her and crossed over."

"What in the world were you doing in Jeffersonville?" asked the grandfather.

"Getting married!" replied Tom, nonchalantly, seating himself by the fire.

The Colonel started as if shot. "Do you mean to say," said he, "that you two eloped?"

"Yes, papa," answered Evelyn; "we were so discouraged about the case, and poor Tom was afraid that you—"

"Stop!" cried her father. "Do you dare tell me, Tom, that you have abused the confidence I placed in you, that you have proved yourself unworthy of my trust?"

"Papa, don't say that!"

"Don't say that? Daughter, to think that you should—oh, it's too much!" And with this the Colonel sank upon the divan and buried his face in his hands. Evelyn went and knelt beside him.

"Papa," she pleaded through her tears, "if I had only thought of this, I should never have done it. I'm so sorry it grieves you. Forgive us, please forgive us!"

"Forgive?" said he, rousing himself, "forgive such a cruel stab? Evelyn, was there anything on this earth that I would not have done for you? Is there anything that you could not have had for the asking? Forgive! And you, sir, I suppose that you ask for forgiveness too? Silence! I'll not hear you! You have shown yourself unworthy of my trust, and I will have nothing more to do with you. Now, sir, as you took my daughter on nothing, you

may keep her on the same. Your presence here, sir, and yours also, madam, is distasteful to me. Go!" And he stood, pointing to the door, the picture of righteous indignation.

"Charles," cried his wife, "how can you? It is cruel!"

"Martha, cruel or not, it shall not be otherwise!"

Vain were the entreaties of father, mother, wife; the Colonel was determined, and with heart-rending sobs Evelyn went out into the night with the man for whom she had sacrificed everything.

III.

The next morning broke, a beautiful Christmas morning. Snow covered everything; the cold, crisp air sent a thrill through every nerve and fibre. The sun shone gloriously, and its glinting rays were reflected back from the white snow with dazzling brightness. But all was gloomy at the Fontaine mansion. The glad dawn had no charms for the heart-broken household now. The bracing air felt oppressive to them; the snow seemed dull, and the church bells that rang out their joyous *Gloria in Excelsis Deo* seemed to be tolling a funeral knell. Anxiously did Mrs. Fontaine watch from beneath her reddened eyelids for any sign of mercy in her husband's stern face; but not a trace could be seen of the affection of by-gone days; it had all been killed by one cruel blow. Sad, indeed, was that Christmas in the mansion on the hill.

But how fared the young couple at this time? In a room at a hotel, where they had taken refuge for the present, the two were sitting, thinking over the events of the preceding day. The folly of their deed had burst upon them like a flood, and they were overwhelmed by the consequences. Tom had just begun to realize their position. No place to live, nothing to live on, such was their plight. True, he had a few hundred dollars in bank, but how long would that last? And where was he to get more when that little sum was gone? His profession? How much money could he make by it now without the great name of Fontaine to back him?

Gloomy were Tom's reflections, but the remorse of his young wife was much more sad to witness. She had left father, mother, home, friends, all for the sake of an impulse on the spur of a moment. She pictured to herself the grief of her mother, the unbending sternness of her father, the comments of her friends on her thoughtlessness, and the young girl was plunged into the depths of misery.

Christmas Day passed, but before the ushering in of the New Year Evelyn fell violently ill. "Brain fever," was the doctor's verdict. Her parents were summoned. Her mother came at once to

the daughter's bedside, but the father was relentless. He was entreated to go; he was told that she called to him in her delirium begging his forgiveness, but he was as adamant.

After many weary weeks of watching day and night by her bedside she rallied. By this time Tom's money gave out, and the young couple were forced to seek cheaper quarters. Tom had started an office of his own, but few were the clients that climbed the three flights of stairs to knock at the door of "THOMAS H. FORREST, Attorney-at-Law." Tom had started out to make his own way in the world, but the road was long and the labor was hard. Pecuniary help was often proffered by Evelyn's mother and grandmother, but each time was proudly refused. Colonel Fontaine showed no sign of yielding as time went on. At the slightest mention of the names of either Evelyn or Tom his face assumed a stony frown. When the two men met on the street they passed each other by without so much as a look. Evelyn's mother, however, often came to see her, bringing her two sisters and her sturdy young brother; but not once did Evelyn enter her father's house. He had forbidden her to do so, and she would not act contrary to his commands.

Everything in the mansion on the hill seemed to feel the loss of the young mistress. Harp and piano stood untouched in the music room, her little boudoir was deserted. Her birds pined away and died from the lack of the tender care that only her gentle hand could give; her horse whined in the stable for the lump of sugar that he was accustomed to receive from her each morning, and which he would take from no one else.

Things went from bad to worse with the young couple until they had almost come to absolute want; and then, to crown all, a little stranger made his appearance in the family on Thanksgiving Day.

"I suppose we ought to be thankful," said Tom, ruefully, "but I don't feel so a bit."

"Oh, Tom! How can you say such a thing?" said Evelyn, with a reproachful look in her beautiful eyes, as she hugged the little mite to her bosom.

"Who knows?" replied her husband, "he might prove a blessing in disguise."

IV.

Once more the beautiful Yule-tide came with all its gladness. Tom and Evelyn were so reduced in circumstances that they were persuaded to make one more effort at reconciliation with the Colonel. Christmas Eve came, and a stately tree was again set up in the library of the Colonel's dwelling. Again were gathered around it the same family circle, save Evelyn; but the same gayety was not present as that which had been so tragically broken up the year before. Even the youngest of the

children seemed quite oppressed on this occasion.

The Colonel sat alone in a corner of the room buried in deep thought. The bright light of the candles on the tree shed a glow over all, and his face was thrown into strong relief. Now and again an expression of pain that was plainly visible would cross his features, accompanied by a certain twitching around the mouth by which could be seen that his hard-heartedness was fast melting. His wife also sat alone, her eyes suffused with tears, and yet with a look of excitement and expectancy in them. The grandparents tried in a half-hearted way to amuse the little ones, but with only partial success. One could see that some cloud was resting on the household.

At last, Marguerite, the youngest of the children, tired of her play, went to her father and asked to be taken on his knee. The Colonel took her up and held her in his arms in a listless manner.

"Papa," said she, "why isn't Evelyn here? I wish Evelyn were here."

"So do I, dearie," answered the Colonel, his eyes beginning to glisten. "I wish she were here too."

Here the grandmother rose and hurried to the door.

"Well," continued the little one, "why isn't she here? I want her to see my dollie, and Willie's bicycle, and Flo's pretty things."

The Colonel sighed as he placed the child on the floor. "I can't tell you now, Margie," he said.

Just then a boyish shout was heard in the hallway.

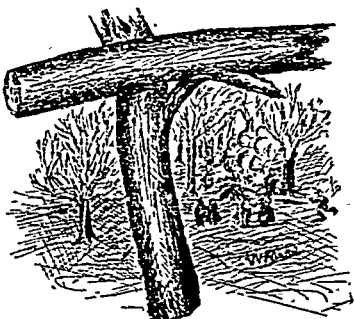
"Evelyn is here! Hurrah!" and Willie burst into the room, closely followed by his sister, bearing a white fluffy bundle. Her father seemed dazed, and clutched his seat with a convulsive grasp. Crossing quickly to where he sat, Evelyn placed the bundle on his knees and knelt at his feet:

"Father," said she, looking up to him in piteous appeal, "for the sake of Baby Charles—"

"Yes, daughter," and he drew them both to his heart.

E. F. DuBRUL.

Camping by Lake Koronis.



who is less incredulous.

"Well, are you ready?"

"I am; but did you ever see the time when a girl didn't keep a crowd waiting?"

THE story I am about to relate is founded on fact. If there is anything in the narration that looks like fiction, take what you, patient reader, believe to be true, and leave the rest to him

"And aren't they up yet? They said they would be around at half-past five, and here it is nine. It beats anything. I'll not be kept behind for those people. And I suppose they have a dozen trunks with them too."

"If you, gentlemen up-stairs, are ready for breakfast, it is for you."

Imagine the rest. Here we boys had slept till nine o'clock and were slandering the better part of our party because they had not come along at half-past five to start for the camping ground. Breakfast had been prepared by the girls, and all that remained for us to do was to lift the heavy traps into the wagons. That was one on the boys.

Eleven o'clock struck, and we had just started. Three rigs pulled out, and there were fourteen miles before us. But the ride was made shorter by scenery no artist could make prettier. We were in that part of Minnesota where woodlands and prairies, hill-tops and valleys formed one of the most beautiful pictures of nature. The prairie was not too extensive; for the groves of trees growing here and there dotted the country for miles around. Their dark green foliage mixing with the lighter hues of the wheat and the oats; the golden rod of August; the "Black-Eyed Susans," bowing, yet with pride; the purple of the thistle, and all the flowers of late summer swaying back and forth, on high land and on low, submissive to the will of the wind, blended into one vast magnificent bouquet, varying in colors as the rainbow. Through such fields our roads led us.

As we realized that we were nearing the place where we were to camp there was a feeling of *dinner* in our *midst*. So, with that as an incentive, some members of the party drew up to a farm house to buy a few chickens—we were starting out with luxury—and while these (not the chickens) were making negotiations with the rural folks, as a joke an inoffensive one of our group thought "the girls" would appreciate a bunch of flowers. Accordingly this individual espied a garden of those very esculent plants that so commonly have "Irish" prefixed to their name. The flowers were in full bloom. When the chicken buyers (?) returned, each young lady was presented with a bonbonaire. "Oh, how pretty!" "Oh, aren't they sweet!" "Where did you get such beautiful things, Ed.?" The next exclamation was a screech. "—, Look at that horrid potato-bug!" That was one on the girls.

The camp was found and the tents pitched. However, this was a very stylish set of campers, and they were not in the humor of going through

the hardships of ordinary camp life. They wanted a firm table at which to sit for meals. This table was to have a canopy over it so that the rays of the sun and the rains could not soil or spoil the rustic implements of the culinary department. We had in all four tents. One large one. Of course you know who had that. Two small ones in which the *baches* bunked. Then last—shall I say “and least?”—was the provision room.

In the rear we were sheltered by a hill and large oak trees. In front was a view, oh, so beautiful! My pen is bad, and I cannot describe it! Suffice it to say that it was one of the many bodies of waters that the northwest abounds in, and only he who has seen them could dream of their charms.

But we were out for a good time, and all the attractions of nature could not extract one solitary sonnet or even a short stanza of blank verse. Our aim was to catch the finny inhabitants of Lake Koronis, and to enjoy our own company while not in the boats. There was an agreement from the first that, providing we “men of muscle and sinuous arm” should row the boats, bait hooks, take off fish, help get milk from a neighboring farmer friend, carry water from the spring, and do what other little things that are incompatible with woman’s rights—providing we should do these things we would not starve, eat off unwashed dishes, or sleep on mussed couches. Here is where we had the joke on the *young people*.

On the very day of our arrival at camp a storm arose, and it seemed that the wind would never stop blowing. During our whole stay at Koronis the waves were rolling white caps. This, of course, was too bad, because it kept the girls off the water altogether, and, in fact, with the boats we had, it was unsafe even for one who could swim to attempt to cross the lake.

But there were some fine cooks with us. She who boasted in the least that she could cook “better than that” was given her turn to prove her assertion; and as each one had her turn, she did her utmost to outdo the others in the art of cooking. First came Ella, then Mable. Anna and Eva and Grace had their trials to prove their talent; Elizabeth beat them all, and the crown was awarded accordingly.

Perhaps, patient reader, you think, from what I have said, that we did nothing but eat; that would be a mistake. There was always an intermission between each meal, lunch, or whatever you want to call it, and the next. Among our pastimes were: strolls into the woods and along

the beach; we frequently shot at a target with a Winchester; the milk-man’s house, a neat little hovel, was about a mile and a half away, and to get there was an agreeable tramp; swimming was very good, and those inclined to piscatorial life were often *seen to disappear* under the fresh waters.

The jolliest time of the day was at night. Supper over, the log pile was set on fire. While the fiery tongues formed faces that spit and spat at one another, we grouped ourselves around the blazing timbers and sang songs and listened to the stories of ghosts and game, each one taking his turn to ask a conundrum or solve a riddle. Laughing and joking the hours away, we found the early morning on us before we thought of seeking rest.

Thursday morning arrived, and we were to break up camp on Friday. Vexed because we had not caught many fish, the boats were loaded and not fearing the consequences of the large waves, we pulled out for a day’s angling. It appeared that the fish were very angry also. Maybe they had been watching us on shore, and wondered why we did not come out to visit them. However this may be they bit as if angry at us. At first, as we trolled, the line was no more than out, before something would play “hookey” with the end of the cord, and the next thing we would see some one land a good sized pickerel, bass or croppie. This was great sport. We never thought of danger.

Up towards the end of the lake we found a creek; I forget whether it was an inlet or an outlet, but it was alive with both incoming and outgoing fish. The fish were so numerous that one had to get out of each boat and stand on a bridge near by. You would not believe me if I said that the fish we caught were so many as to crowd us out of the boats, and considering that we are dealing with fish, a risky business, I will not affirm it as a fact; for I do not like to be called a liar. Anyway, we got on the bridge; and it seemed the fish were very much attracted by my own hook, I humbly acknowledge. I fancy they admired my taste in baiting. Pulling up the ordinary three-pound fish soon became monotonous and we sat down on the bridge. This made the large fish repent, for all at once a monstrous big thing very informally introduced itself onto my hook. The struggle that ensued was terrible indeed. The pole bent, the line stretched. I feared the hook would break. Gradually I felt it growing weaker. “He must be getting tired.” It came near the top—it *was a weed!*

But to my right, behold! there was Elizabeth

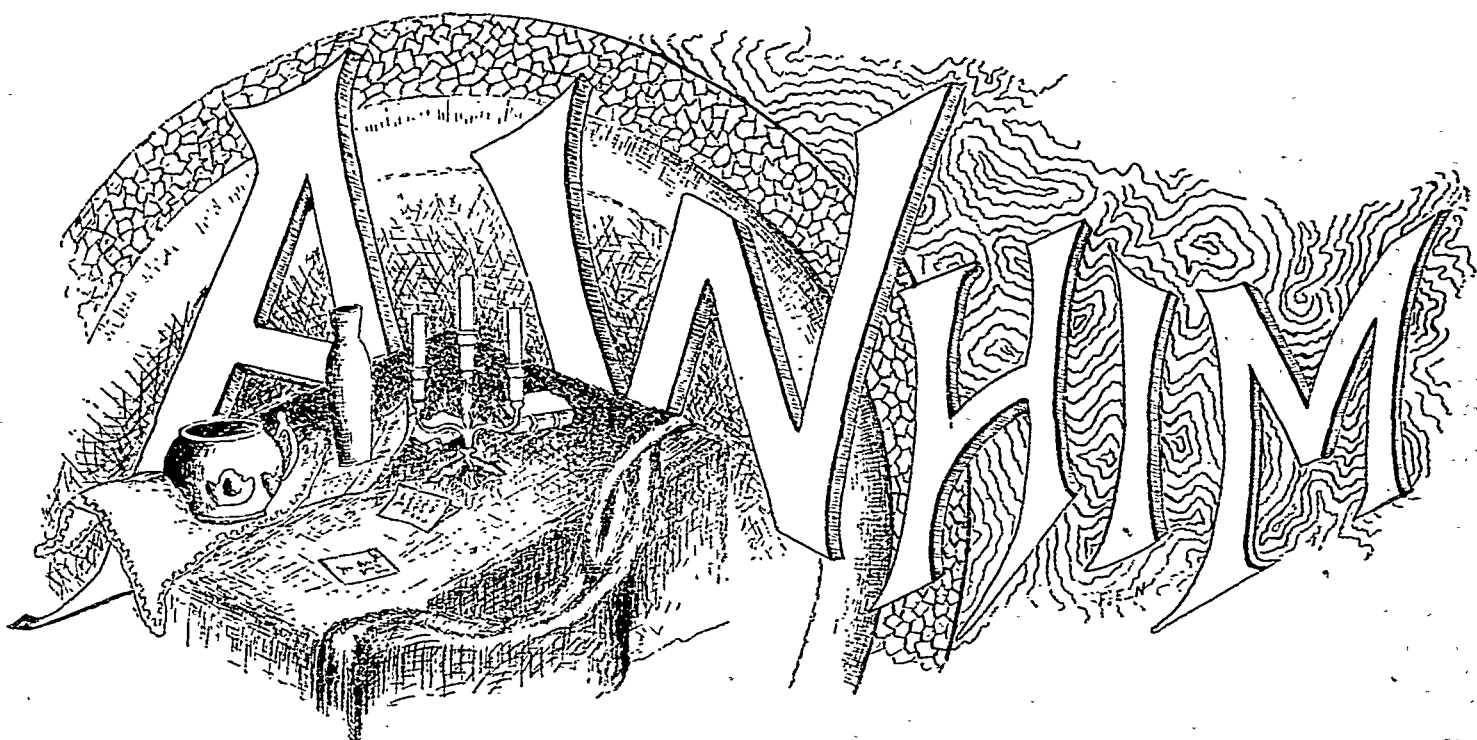
tugging and pulling, vainly it seemed, until the hero came along and rescued her from a watery grave. Her pole bent and her line stretched. Up and up it came. With a spring and a grab she snatched the pole and landed a grand twelve-pound pickerel, and the crown of the day was hers again.

The setting sun warned us of the coming of evening, so we pulled back to camp. The row was very easy as the wind was in our favor now. All eat heartily, and to make the last night the pleasantest, a roaring fire was made and the ground was extemporized as a seat for each of us. The stories were the best we had heard for a long time, and our joy and mirth made music for the neighbors afar off. Hour followed hour in rapid succession, and the time

was slipping away with fleeting footsteps. The cock crew. It was bed time. Four o'clock and not till then did we reach the land of sweet slumber, and the morning sun rose on a camp silenced in sleep, peaceful as a sepulchre of the dead. Old Sol had wellnigh touched the meridian ere the first appearance of life had been made manifest.

Tearing up tents, packing everything in wagons was not an easy task. To find each article that might be left in some occult place was still harder. But as the last load pulled out to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne" we bowled merrily along the road, and at ten o'clock Friday night the camping party of Lake Koronis broke up, and each member sought home, sweet home.

F. B. CHUTE.



"Get an episode," the Professor said. "You have each had something happen in your life that you can tell interestingly as a short story." Why of course! We would all write short stories. I did not assent to this last, however. My fancying myself able to write for the press may show sufficiently of the transient sway, at least, my imagination held over me. Still that doesn't matter. If it was ever subtle, capricious, ready to leave me with tangled plots, it was that night I tried to write a short story.

Sensational stories came up in long file. Yet they peered into my "chamber of invention" with such haggard, bloodless faces, or their *personæ* screamed and murdered one another in such a heartless way that I trembled and was afraid to use them. I tried a story about an "Old Maid." But I made her such an object of

admiration—one of those people that wouldn't marry if they could; an old maid because she wanted to be, and all that sort of thing, which, as I had never known any old maid of that kind, rendered my story valueless. Then, from one extreme to another, I fell upon an old bachelor. Very imprudently, however, I gave him a fortune on the first page. Afterwards I tried sneakily, half ashamed, to rush him through with no bad habits, and without letting the soliciting mammas—such as swarm the summer sea-side—pounce upon him. So I couldn't do anything with him either. Who really knows old bachelors anyway?

Then I turned to every story-writer's resource—the West. Did you ever travel westward? If you have not, do not try it in summer. Manitou and Colorado Springs are delightful places; the

mountain air is invigorating; it is glorious to climb Pike's Peak; the people at the "Antlers" are hospitable; but I would leave them all in peace during the "months of roses" if I could go no other way than over the dusty prairies. I had one of those pleasant journeys once between Denver and Salt Lake City. I was interested in the West, and liked its uncultivated, uncivilized appearance. I found also that my admiration for the westerners sprang from these same fascinating characteristics. Upon this discovery I concluded to hold a gun between my knees while eating—a very pliant expedient.

When I bought my sleeping-car ticket at Denver I found the car quite crowded and no berth for me, except an upper one in section 7, the lower one having been bought at Cheyenne, where we would arrive at two o'clock a. m. I knew this from the bit of information given me by a very "respectable colored gentleman"—whom I reasonably supposed was one of Jay Gould's *silent* partners in the Union Pacific, but afterwards learned he was just an employe. I retired rather early that night because I was wearied after "taking in" all of Denver. I put my purse and revolver under my pillow. You may misconstrue my idea of western railroads if I do not acknowledge that when I pushed myself to the wall I found the weather my only serious complaint. On this night I tossed in the soot, sand and heat a long time before familiar old Morpheus took the cork out of his bottle of Lethe; but, when I did fall asleep it was sound asleep.

Just as I had expected, those people got on at Cheyenne and disturbed me, and as we whirled around a curve I had a ruby polish put on my forehead by the energetic hook from which my grip was swinging. It menaced me with another jab as we flew over a switch, and I searched for the cause of trouble. No wonder I had bumped my pate. I found myself sitting half upright. I have an immense amount of curiosity, and when I began to realize there were persons under me talking, and talking about *me*, I knew I had been trying to *listen in my sleep*. They had evidently had a long conversation concerning me, and at that moment when I received the rude invitation to listen, they must have heard my exclamations, for they continued in a lower tone, thus whetting my inquisitiveness as some of the utterances were lost in the hoarse whistle of the locomotive or the rattling of car wheels. I distinguished women's voices immediately and heard one say: "Where did you come into his charge?"

"In New York at the Eden Musee," was the reply.

Great Scott! One would think I had been purchasing freaks. Then I had met her at the ticket office she said, and that with me were some old friends of hers. "He looked at me rather curiously too—" and the voice was lost in the creaking noise of the cars.

"Did I indeed?" thought I. I am not in the habit of staring at people, especially at women, and I felt like leaning over and telling her so; but, I don't know, something prevented me. Then I *did* have some recollection of a young person that stood near the office one night when I was procuring my ticket for the concert. And probably I did look at her quite long because she was standing near the wax figure of a policeman, and I was going to be sure she was not wax *too*. But I never met her. That was a mistake. I didn't care very much, however, if she did fancy she knew me; it would be a pleasant digression out in the prairies of Wyoming. I began to contemplate the morrow's amusement.

One of the damsels scotched my giddy thoughts and vanity by saying:

"I wish he would take me back East; I am so tired of this Western country!"

And before I could wish myself forty miles away, or anything else I heard a man's voice; I took it for an Indian's.

"Heap men; no use for me!" They laughed and said: "You are no good, except to buy stamps," then laughed again.

My blood froze at the thought of a savage being near me, and, conscious of the antipathy I had for him, I instinctively reached for my pistol, and there was a hush. I waited, but heard them no more. Then I *was* curious. I wanted to know how Indians were valuable in buying stamps. I wondered why they all stopped so suddenly. I asked myself if that could be the same girl I had seen in New York. I tried to think how I'd get out of "chaperoning" that creature so enamoured of the East. I wondered if the old redskin would object to a pleasant talk if they were going to Salt Lake. And then, while my brain was drunk from these questions, fomented by curiosity and excitement, I looked over the edge of my bunk, but found no one below.

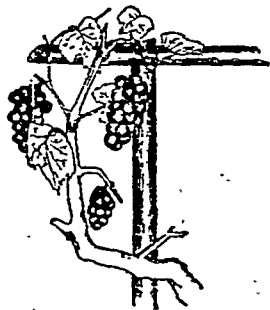
At that moment the porter tore my curtains apart and called me to get up for Cheyenne, the next station. I wasn't going to get off at Cheyenne, and I told him so. He had waked the wrong man. I was disconcerted; but drew my scattered senses together and found that

out of the book I had been reading, "The Adventures of a Coin," and my flatness of purse, anxiety had twisted my imagination until I heard the coins in my pocket-book talk—"two dollars and one cent."

H. LAMAR MONARCH.

Nugget.

"The days of old, the days of gold;
the days of '49."



THAT was the time to live on the Pacific coast! There is hardly a forty-niner now alive who does not long for those "golden days" to return. And well have they been called "days of gold"; for it was then that

every one was well supplied; and if a stranger by chance was in want he was soon given assistance in the shape of a nugget, or a sack of gold dust. The nugget, as some might think, did not weigh over four or five tons; neither was the sack in which the gold dust was given any larger than an ordinary flour sack. Although gold was found in nearly every place, yet it was not quite so plentiful as all that. There may have been small creeks of gold, but nowhere is there to be found the record of a golden river. These sacks were oblong, made of buckskin, and tied at one end with a string. They were about as large as a tobacco pouch. Having no currency on the frontier, the people were compelled to use gold dust, nuggets and slugs as a medium of exchange. It was for the convenience in carrying these that buckskin pouches were introduced as purses and pocket-books. In order to do business one needed a very keen eye; for brass filings were often mixed up with the gold dust to increase its weight. Then everyone had very delicately-balanced scales for weighing the dust. Even now some of the people who were doing business in those early days keep the scales behind the counter to remind them of the golden times.

It was a strange fact that, although one might cheat and rob you in a transaction of some kind, and even end your life for the smallest pretense, yet if valuables were left in that same person's care to keep till your return he would guard them if he had to sacrifice his life in so doing. Seldom, if ever, did one hear of a case of embezzlement. And it was not thought to be an uncommon thing for a miner to leave his sack with a friend while he

went out prospecting, and be gone months at a time. A case is reported where a man deposited his sack with a firm, and twenty years after, when the firm had changed hands several times, returned and received his sack from the firm that was then in possession of the stand.

Such were the times when a young man rode up in front of Hank Hankins' tavern. The miners were sitting around an old stone fireplace, discussing "finds" and spinning yarns. The young man stepped in and asked if that was Hankins' place. Receiving an affirmative answer, he proceeded to untie the lasso from his saddle, when Hank stepped up and said:

"Look here, you young feller, you must give some kind of an account of yourself before you can stop here. Where are you from? What is your name?"

"I sincerely beg your pardon," said the young man.

"None of that tender-foot talk here. Be quick about it and tell us something about yourself."

"Well, if I must, I must," started the tender-foot. "I am from the East and have been out West only about six months. Not succeeding very well, I came up here with the intention of staking out a claim. My name, for various reasons, I have not told anyone, so the miners call me their Nugget."

"That'll do! we miners don't think there is much in a name nohow," said Hank.

"We won't stop you from operating here. But, mind you, it is a pretty rough place for all of your kind," interposed another.

Nugget was a tall young man and well proportioned; his large arms and massive shoulders revealed a giant's strength. Being good-natured, brave, and ever ready to do his neighbor a favor, he soon became the favorite of the camp. Everyone wished to see Nugget's washing "pan" out well, and all tried to help him in his first attempt at mining. His claim was staked out by the miners, and he started in with determination; but luck was not with him. This, combined with his utter ignorance and inexperience in mining, brought him in very little dust. Although he had a great deal of perseverance, yet several times he would have given up the claim were it not for the encouragement given by the miners. Day after day he dug and washed, but no sparkling sand appeared. At last the miners had almost given up hope, and were on the verge of advising him to give up and try some other place. But as luck would have it, they delayed one day. That was Nugget's day; for it was on that day he made the richest "find" ever reported in the camp. Talk

about gold, there appeared to be an unlimited supply of it.

Every evening he brought his well-filled sack to Hank, who put it in the big wooden chest for safe keeping. Things ran on very smoothly, till one night Nugget came in with his usual sack. Hank reached over after it, when Nugget said something. One word led on to another; things were getting rather warm. Nugget was seen to reach for his pistol, but Hank, who was an old-timer, got the drop on him and fired. Nugget dropped to the floor, and, as the miners call it, "died with his boots on." After the excitement—which was not very much, that being a common occurrence—had subsided, Hank spoke thus:

"I never hated to kill a person as bad as I did that boy; but you know he made the first move, and I was too quick for him."

They all agreed with him. But what was their surprise to find on Nugget a picture of a little girl about twelve years old in the pistol pocket! Not a dangerous weapon was found on him, neither could they find anything by which he could be identified. The next day he was buried, and the only thing to mark his last resting-place was a pine slab on which was carved, in rude letters, the solitary word "Nugget."

This was not the first one that Hank had sent on an everlasting journey; yet he never shot unless he thought he was justified in so doing. When the subject of killing was brought up, he would say:

"I guess I have dropped about as many men as the next man, but I hate it. It is no pleasure for a man to think that another man has died at his hands. No, I ain't none of your crying religious women, but it don't seem to me quite right that one man should kill another. There are times, though, that one man has to kill another to keep alive himself, and I have never missed that chance. That's the reason I am alive to-day."

The miners had a meeting the next day, and decided that Hank should work Nugget's claim, save the out-put and turn it over to his relatives if he could find them. Hank worked the claim for all it was worth, but in a few years it gave out. Having been a good miner, and, contrary to the general rules, a saving one, he had accumulated quite a fortune. So the thought of keeping Nugget's gold never entered his head. He started out on his journey, and vowed that he would never rest till he had turned all the property over to the proper persons. From one end of the United States to the other he trav-

elled and looked in vain. One evening, when he was in his room at the hotel in Chicago, the bell boy came to his door and said:

"A gentleman wishes to see you, sir."

"Why don't you show him in, then? How do you suppose he can see me standing out there, I'd like to know?" asked Hank.

The poor bell boy nearly had the life scared out of him. He immediately ushered an old man into the room who had the appearance of being in good circumstances once upon a time. His threadbare and shining clothes had evidently seen better days; he was not a very old man, yet his head was covered with gray hairs, and his face was full of wrinkles.

After taking a careful survey of his visitor, and noticing these points, Hank said:

"Who are you, and what do you want?"

The old man seemed somewhat scared, yet he managed to stammer out in a feeble voice: "Don't you remember me? I am your old schoolmate, Dick Thayer."

"You Dick Thayer? that is impossible! Why when I left home, nigh onto thirty-five or forty years ago, you had just got a start and gave us great promises for the future. Then you are younger than I and have not been out roughing it; how is it you look so broken down?"

"I knew that would be the first thing you'd say. They all ask me the same thing, and I am tired repeating the story. Come up to my house, my daughter will tell you all."

They started out, and in a few minutes arrived at the house. Thayer brought in his daughter, who was about twenty years old, and introduced her to Hank.

"Tell him the story," the old man said to his daughter.

"So papa wants me to tell the story," the young lady said. "I have told it so often that I have nearly learnt it as if from a book. Well, it was about nine years ago that brother was graduated from college. He did not want to take a college course, but just to please papa did so. Soon after he left school the gold excitements on the Pacific Coast caught hold of him. He longed to go and make his fortune. But father, who was not doing very well in business, did not think he could advance him enough money to make the trip. Brother was determined to go, and assured father that in a year or two he would repay him tenfold. Father consented at last. In order to raise the required amount it was necessary for him to mortgage his business, which was easily done when people found that he was going to send his son after gold. Brother started West, and, save two

letters we received from him during his first year's absence, we have never heard from him since. The money lenders, fearing that brother was killed, foreclosed the mortgage about two years ago. This, with the fact of brother's long absence, so preyed on father's mind that he soon grew old and feeble. We have been here nearly two years, and ever since I have been giving private lessons, earning \$25.00 a month, on which father and I live."

"What was your brother's name? I am a miner from the Coast myself; I might have met him," said Hank.

"He was named after father," was the reply.

"Dick Thayer? No, I don't believe I ever met a man by that name. Did he ever go by any other name. You see we miners never had time to call any one by their full name. I was always called Hank for short. So your brother might have been called the same way. I might have heard of him by some short name."

"Not that I know of," replied the young lady, but wait a minute, and I will look over his letters."

She produced two letters, that were yellow with age, and proceeded to read them.

"Oh! yes, I had almost forgotten it. Here it is; he says the miners call him their Nugget. Such a queer name!"

"Nugget, you say?" started Hank. "Let me see it." Sure enough, there was the name in plain writing.

"Can you give a description of him?" he asked.

"I do not remember him very well, for I was a little girl, scarcely twelve years old, when he left. He was, as near as I can remember, a tall, fine-looking young fellow. He was very strong and well built. This I know, because he was in the college boat-crew, and used to sit in the last rowing seat. I think they said he pulled stroke. He was good to me, and would do anything for father. All the college boys liked him. They elected him captain of the crew. Did you ever meet him?"

"I think I did. Did you ever see this picture?" asked Hank, handing her a photograph.

She looked at it and exclaimed: "Why, yes! Where did you get it? It is a picture of me when I was a little girl. I have another one just like it."

She then went to an old family album and showed him the same picture.

Hank was certain now that he had found the long-lost family of Nugget.

"Yes, I have met your brother. He is well off now; but he can never see you in this country.

He prospected in the same camp with me. He got along very well, in fact, grew rich. One night he suddenly left the camp, leaving all his wealth behind, and I was entrusted by the other miners to give it to his relatives. I have never rested in my search for them. Of course, only knowing him by the name of Nugget it was a very hard task. I took this little picture from him and I have carried it ever since he left, in the hope that it would help me in my search. Now I do not want you to ask any questions about where he is. It will do you no good, nor will I answer them. All I will say is that I think he is doing well. No, he has committed no crime that I know of, neither has he done anything to disgrace his family or to be ashamed of. Only it was impossible for him to come. Now without any further questions, you and your father come down to a lawyer's office and I will make you both the possessors of Nugget's own property."

They both stood in amazement. Then the old man began to cry at the thought of hearing from his son. He was about to speak when Hank interrupted him and told them to come with him. On arriving at the office they found a lawyer poring over old papers. Hank informed him of his mission. In a short time the three came out of the office and Dick Thayer was a richer man by millions than when he went in. Hank bade them good-bye on the next corner, and was soon lost in the crowd. He was never seen by them again.

Thayer could not realize the fact, that a few moments ago he was a poor man living with his daughter on twenty-five dollars a month, and now he was a millionaire many times over. By looking at the papers he found that Hank had managed the property with great skill. He invested in the growing western towns, and in few years had more than doubled his investments. He kept buying and selling property till Nugget's pile of gold dust had swelled into millions. A correct account of every cent spent and every one taken in was found in the records.

Some years later Hank was crossing the ocean, and being called upon to relate some episode of his life he told this story. When he had finished he added:

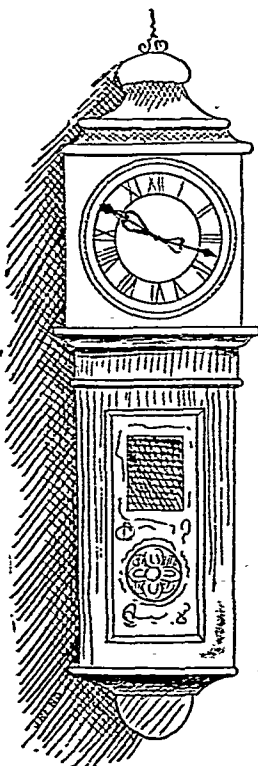
"You see this killing people is not so fine after all. You see it in books and think it is fun, but it ain't. The worst thing about it is that when a man is out West he meets some one and they get into a fight. The only way a fight is settled out there is by killing your man. You shoot, down he goes and the fight is over. This is all

right as far as it goes; but when you come East, a few years later, and meet a young lady who has a lover or brother, or some one dear to her in the mines, and she begins to question you about him, you ask her a few questions and soon you find out the one dear to her is the very same man you shot just as you were climbing up on the stage preparing to leave for the East. No, I am no chicken-hearted tender-foot, but I would rather kill a dozen men than be placed in that position again. It is rather ticklish business. Excuse me."

With this he went out on deck, leaving his listeners spellbound. They did not know whether to have him put in chains or throw him over board. But they finally came to the conclusion, at the sight of his shooting irons, to give him the entire ship if he needed it.

ROGER B. SINNOTT.

The Mystery of the Watch.



It was the 18th of November. School was over, and I was to go home the next morning on the 7.05 train. The boys spent the evening in telling stories and talking over old times—a subject that is ever “new because it is old.” After an hour or two thus whiled away, I began to feel tired and sleepy; and, during a lull in the conversation, asked: “Isn’t it pretty near time to go to bed?”

Most of the boys seemed to think so; they threw away their cigars and yawned.

“What time is it?” asked one of them.

I pulled out my watch—a good Geneva time-piece that had ticked off the seconds in the forties, given to me by my grandfather,—it was a quarter past ten.

“You, fellows, that are going away to-morrow had better get as much sleep as you can,” said one of the boys. “You’ve got to get up at six.”

Accordingly we exchanged “good nights,” and went to our rooms to dream of home and the cheery firesides. I fell asleep quickly and woke up the next morning feeling quite refreshed. I was very anxious to know what time it might be, so I arose and looked at my watch—well! well! only ten minutes to four!

“Not time to get up yet,” I thought. So I went to bed again. It seems I had dozed for about an hour, when I was disagreeably disturbed by a loud pounding at my door. I turned over in bed, and said, sleepily:

“What do you want?”

One of the boys answered: “I thought you were to be off on the 7.05. How about it?”

“Well, so I am,” I replied. “What time is it?”

“Oh, about fifteen minutes past seven,” he said, as unconcerned as though no train were in existence.

To say I was surprised and disgusted at missing my train would not half express what I felt. I looked at my watch—ten minutes to four.

There was no use crying over spilt milk, and all I could do was to wait impatiently for the 12.24 train. I took care not to miss this one, and arrived home without further mishap. After the usual greetings I explained my delay, and then went up to my room to look at my watch. I shook it several times—the second hand began to move. It ran for a few seconds, then stopped. I tried again and again, still the same result. I opened the back and stared at the works; I fancied the balance-wheel to be slightly out of place, so I ventured to take it out and put it back; it seemed all right then. I shook the watch again, and still it did not go. It might be that the works had become rusty or worn out from long service.

This explanation did not satisfy me. I decided to call my brother.

“Say, Harry, can’t you fix this thing? I’d rather try to mend a shattered pane of glass than fool with that any more.”

He set to work; in half an hour his face began to change color, and his lips moved,—I thought he was invoking the saints. Another half hour went by; my brother arose and left the room. I gazed after him in blank astonishment, and managed to say, in a whisper: “Harry!”

He half turned, gave me a peculiar look, and muttered: “Take it to the jeweller.”

I picked up the watch, and ten minutes to four stared me in the face again. I put it in my pocket and started for the nearest watch-maker. I handed the watch to the repairer, saying, “Please find out what is the matter with this.”

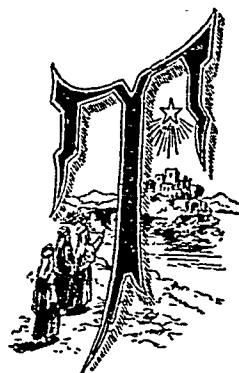
I began to look around the place, but in about half a minute he called me back. He had a queer look on his face.

“Well,” I asked, “what is the matter?”

He replied, coolly: “Nothing at all. It wasn’t wound up.”

F. THORN.

A Christmas Story for Boys.



OM FARNHAM was the happiest boy in all Brooklyn. For weeks he had been looking forward to the Christmas holidays. He longed for the time when he could enjoy the merry jingle of the sleighbells and the twinkling lights of the Christmas tree, and at last the time had come.

In the sports and games with his companions he was as much a boy as the rest. He could run a race, swim a stream, or fly a kite as well as any of them; and when the sticks in the kite of his friend, George Raymond, were broken he put them together again with a piece of string that was near at hand. And so no matter where you found him, exercising at the athletic park, or running home from school, or calling for more hot waffles with maple syrup at the breakfast table, he was always the same good-natured, unbelieving, mischievous Tom. He was never happier than when pegging iced snowballs at John Beck's dog. The dog's name was "Pewee"—a rather curious name for a dog, isn't it? He was so called, perhaps, because he was so very large while the name is so suggestive of something small.

One day Tom, in company with Charley Hatfield, Clarence Barlow, George Raymond and several other companions, was walking along the street, in that familiar manner known as "boy-fashion." You know how boys walk when they have nothing special to do; not on the sidewalk, where they ought to be, but on the curb stones, in the gutter, or kicking tin cans along in the middle of the street—in fact, being everywhere except the place they are expected. They were in that vague state of mind in which the amiable Micawber was when he described himself as "waiting for something to turn up." But they had not long to wait.

Presently some one cried: "Here comes John Beck's dog"; and, sure enough, trotting along contentedly, utterly oblivious of everything around him, came the aforesaid canine. He was covered with dust, for he had been over in the stone yard; his tongue was hanging out on one side of his mouth, showing two rows of white, sharp teeth, while his eyes were bleary as though he had been weeping. Indeed, he had reason to weep; for when he met the boys he knew what to expect. Then he gave them one quick, compassionate, familiar look, put

his tail between his legs, turned round and ran, and the boys after him. Away went the dog, and faster ran the boys. Block after block they covered; down alleys, across railroads, over sand hills did they run until they found themselves at John Beck's barn.

Unfortunately for the dog, the door was locked, and so he had to either run up and down the alley to try other means of entrance, or stand there trembling. This latter he did. The boys in the meantime had formed a semi-circle, and were ready to charge with their snow-balls on the dog. But just then "Pewee," looking up with such a pleading expression, wagging his tail in a way as though he were asking mercy, that Tom's heart was touched, and he said:

"See here, boys, I am not going to throw at the dog. He never did anything to us, and I feel sorry for the poor fellow."

And with this he walked up and patted the dog on the head. Old "Pewee" looked up in Tom's eyes in such an affectionate way, licked his hands, and, turning his body half around, knocked his tail against Tom's legs in so violent a manner that it was evidently a pleasure the dog could never forget if he had a memory. The other boys also felt ashamed of what they had done, and they too came up and patted their new friend. Just then old John Beck came out and at a glance saw what the boys had done. He was very much pleased, and invited them in to have some bread and milk,—a treat they very much enjoyed.

When Tom arrived home that evening he was supremely happy. He felt he had done his duty. His father was sitting in the corner of the room quietly smoking his cigar, thinking over the events of the day and the prospects of the morrow; for he was naturally a very shrewd, intelligent, able business man. Mrs. Farnham, near the grate fire was leisurely making paper flowers. They were probably chrysanthemums. She was clever at them. Then Tom came in. He flung himself down on the lounge in front of the blazing fire, drew a long breath and felt very happy at not having pelted the dog.

A sigh from Tom was something unusual, and so his sister, a charming little girl, hearing him do this determined to know what was the matter. She was always considerate. She seemed to be one of those ministering angels that came from heaven to help others. Rather tall for her age, very graceful, with light hair and dark eyes, she had a little round, oval face and the sweetest little mouth that was always smiling even in her sleep. Her name was Marie. She had the

faculty of making everybody happy around her, so that it was always a pleasure to be in her company. Her brother Tom was also of the same genial disposition. He had light hair and gray eyes. When Marie heard him sigh she stole over to his side, climbed upon his lap, put her little arms around his neck and looked up into his face with such an inquisitive expression, as much as to say: "O Tom, tell me all about it!" So Tom had to tell her all about it, and when his grandma came in, he had to go over the story a second time for her benefit also.

Mr. Farnham was very much pleased at what Tom had done, and he then secretly determined to give him twenty dollars, the amount necessary to make up the sum for a bicycle.

Tom wanted a bicycle very much. He had already saved one hundred dollars, and only needed twenty more to complete the sum necessary for the purchase. So when Santa Claus came on Christmas eve, and the relatives gathered around to exchange greetings, he felt very happy.

The next day after they had come home from Mass Tom's father handed him a new crisp twenty dollar bill. You can imagine how he appreciated the present. He could now buy the "Victor" he had so much desired. Day after day he had gone down to Gump's bicycle store to look at the wheel and see if it were still there. Now he would need to go down there no more. He could take it home with him, and it would be his bicycle. How pleasant it sounded to say *his* bicycle. So he lost no time in waiting, in order that he might realize his wish. Accordingly he and Marie started down to Gumps. They did not ride down in the car, but preferred to walk. It was not very far, and a walk would make them feel better.

They went down Third Street, past Dutoit, Clinton, Commercial and had almost arrived at Baimbridge when they met little Willie Parker. Mrs. Parker, Willie's mother, was a hard-working washerwoman, and was then stricken down with fever. His father was dead, and as they were very poor and had no means of getting money, they would have no Christmas. Nevertheless Tom and Marie wished him a merry one, and inquired how his mother felt that morning. But Willie only hung his head and began to cry, saying she was no better. They both felt very sorry at this.

Then Marie noticed he seemed to shiver in his little jacket; for it was very cold and he had no overcoat, and besides his shoes were out at the toes.

Unknown to Willie she quietly told Tom of

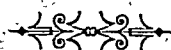
what she had seen, and he, quite agreeing with her, felt that something ought to be done for the poor boy. And while the latter was turning around to pick up some of the lumps of coal he had accidentally dropped Marie asked Tom if he would mind giving him that twenty dollars for himself and his poor mamma, saying she had three dollars at home in her bank and that when she had twenty dollars she would give it back to him, and if he wanted it he could have more too. But Tom said "no." He did not want her money. Besides he had wanted a bicycle so long, that now that he had the money he did not want to give it up. And so they left Willie with his coal basket. But when they had gone on, Tom was very silent, for he was thinking "perhaps I should have given him the money anyhow." But then again he thought: "What do I want to do that for? Other people can help him."

In this manner he tried to dismiss the subject from his mind; but his kind heart always manifested itself, and he found he could not. So he told Marie he had resolved to give up the money, and she, expecting an answer of this kind, said: "I knew you would do it." So they turned around and called after Willie and gave him the money. At first he declined the proffered wealth; but when he was told it was to buy medicine for his mamma, and food and clothing for them both, he gratefully accepted.

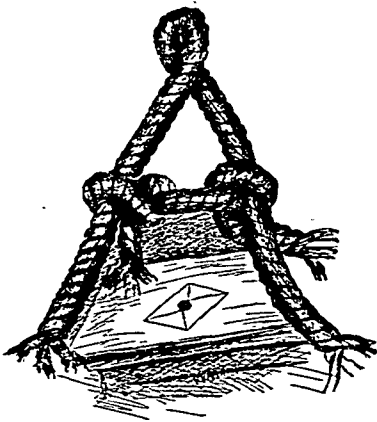
Tom and Marie had no object in going to Gump's now. The money was all gone, and they accordingly retraced their steps homeward; but they had not gone far when they met their grandfather. He had observed all, and understood everything. He commended them for what they had done, and, as a token of his approval, led them to Gump's. Tom was permitted to buy the much-coveted bicycle, and Marie was privileged to have anything she chose; but she would take nothing. Grandfather, however, was not to be outdone. He insisted that she should take her choice of gifts, and as she refused he gave her twenty dollars.

Mr. and Mrs. Farnham never heard of the occurrence. And to this day whenever Tom and Marie speak of Christmas they always look back to this occasion with a great deal of pleasure, because they not only had the bicycle and the twenty dollars for themselves, but in helping Mrs. Parker and Willie, they felt they had done their duty.

HENRY FERNEDING, JR.



A Newsboy's Message.



soft and gentle step, followed by a timid rap at the door of the private office of John McShane, President of the St. Paul Savings Bank, announced the presence of a caller. The sound of the walk on the tessellated floor without was like the last creak of the huge hinges of the large safe, as its doors were swung apart and the books opened for the business of the day. The customary "Come in!" brought to the presence of Mr. McShane a young girl of eighteen in quest of a position as type-writer and stenographer.

Young women in search of employment were almost daily visitors to the bank. But the President found something of more than ordinary interest in the appearance of this modest applicant. He politely offered her a chair, and they were soon engaged in conversation. A few questions, frankly answered, brought out who she was. Her name was Margaret Leonard. She was recently graduated from the Sacred Heart Convent. There she received a polish and refinement that would grace the belle of any circle, and also a thorough training for a practical life. He learned, furthermore, that her father died recently in seemingly good circumstances. But after the settlement of the estate it was found that his property was greatly involved. This left a family consisting of a delicate mother, a young son, and two daughters with little means of a livelihood. But Margaret was a diligent girl. She knew that her sister and little brother deserved as good an education as she had received. Her mother was an invalid, and Margaret could not bestow too much love and attention on her in the declining years of her life. Work had no terror for this energetic young woman; so she determined to secure a position and assist the family with her earnings.

Mr. McShane was ever ready to assist those in need. He perceived the earnestness that characterized Miss Leonard's application, and readily gave her a place as stenographer in the bank.

Business at this time was unusually good all over the country. The brokers in Wall Street were kept busy, and the speculators on the Board of Trade were in the best of spirits.

Stocks were advancing, and money was plentiful. Thousands of dollars lay idle in the vaults of the Savings Bank, not even paying the small per cent. due to the depositors. The steady advance in stocks led the bank to place a great deal of money in investments of a speculative kind. Mr. McShane had much confidence in the wheat market on the Board of Trade in Chicago. He staked a small part of his fortune on its favorable outlook. Logan & Reymuth, brokers of Chicago and New York, acted as his agents. They kept him posted on the market, and a great amount of Mr. McShane's money was in their hands, with instructions to invest it in stocks, wheat, etc., when notified.

Miss Leonard was doing excellent work. The manner in which she performed her duties was most satisfactory. Her letters were models of neatness and correctness. The work assigned to her was not difficult, yet there was a grave responsibility attached to it. Together with the correspondence of the Bank she attended to Mr. McShane's private business. The following letter was found amongst the mail one morning shortly before Christmas:

"MR. MCSHANE.

"DEAR SIR:—Wheat is steadily declining, and is liable to take a decided fall soon. Shall we discontinue investments? Awaiting an early reply,

"Yours truly,

"LOGAN & REYMUTH."

This news somewhat surprised Mr. McShane. He expected to reap a rich harvest from the wheat market. But his fond hopes were now blasted by disappointment. He decided that he would have an invoice taken of the stock, which he had already invested, and consider whether it would be wise to risk any more money on a declining market. He called Miss Leonard and dictated the following letter:

"MESSRS. LOGAN & REYMUTH.

"DEAR SIR:—Yours of the 20th inst. received. Contents noted. Make an invoice of my money in wheat as soon as possible. I believe there will be a change for the better in the market soon.

"Yours truly,

"JOHN MCSHANE."

The next morning on arriving at his office he found a telegram awaiting him. Its substance was: "Wheat has fallen flat." He now recognized the sagacity that prompted him to dictate the letter, which was sent to his agents on the preceding day. On the table before him lay the letter book, and, through curiosity, he opened it and read a copy of the letter. But instead of "invoice" as he had dictated, the word "invest" had been written. Surely Miss Leonard could not have made such a mistake

in copying it. Yet he knew there was but a slight difference between the stenographic signs of the two words. If it were true, it meant his financial ruin. He took the book to Miss Leonard, opened the page on which he had been reading, and asked: "Is this an exact copy of the letter you wrote yesterday to my agents in Chicago?"

She compared it with her short-hand dictation, and answered: "Yes, sir."

"My heavens!" he exclaimed, "what have you done! You have written my agents to *invest* my fortune in worthless stock. Instead of the word 'invoice,' as I dictated, you have written 'invest.' My utter ruin is the consequence; the bank's credit is lost."

Miss Leonard turned pale; she could not speak or cry out; her dry lips moved, and she turned away.

The letter was now surely at its destination. It was too late to telegraph. She was almost heart-broken. She dreaded the consequence of her mistake even more than Mr. McShane. All the kind deeds, all the assistance he had so willingly rendered her and her poor mother now came vividly before her eyes; and to think that she should bring ruin to her benefactor was more than the delicate nature of the young girl could stand. Mr. McShane did not speak. He stood as though dumb. Margaret, with dry, staring eyes, stood looking out of the window. Across the street she saw a newsboy, ragged, yet happy. His bright face bespoke the joy with which he awaited Christmas; for each newsboy of the city received an invitation to a supper given on that day by Mr. McShane.

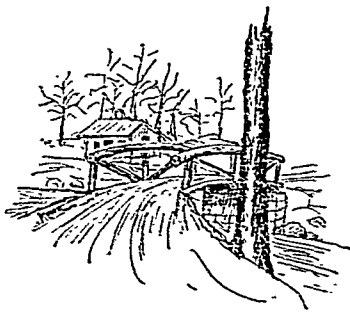
What a contrast between the rich yet sad broker, and the happy newsboy! Truly, wealth is not contentment. A moment of time, and the boy was the richer of the two. His clear voice, crying out: "*St. Paul Morning News*: all about the Glenwood murder; the Third Avenue fire, and the Chicago express wreck!" could be heard distinctly in the Bank. Occasionally he would stop in a business house to deliver a paper to a subscriber, or to sell one to a pedestrian. He soon came to the bank and handed Miss Leonard the daily paper. What a feeling passed over her as she noticed the first lines in the left hand column! In large black letters was the following:

"Chicago express wrecked. All the mail lost in the river."

She read on. It was the train on which the fatal message had been sent. The letter was lost; how fortunately, we all know.

R. C. LANGAN.

Christmas Eve.



T was Christmas eve. The streets of Drayton were aglow with lights beaming from the many store windows. Each merchant seemed to vie with his neighbor in illuminating his shop

in the hope of attracting greater patronage.

Sitting in a sleigh, I awaited my sister who was in a store near by making purchases. Along the streets people in crowds jostled one another. Some, with merry faces, hastened homeward, their arms laden with Christmas surprises; others, empty-handed and of careless mien, were out because it was Christmas time. A few beggars could be seen at the bank corner asking for alms. They, too, would enjoy the festival, for the well-provided passers-by gave liberally. Cheerfulness reigned. Words of good cheer came rippling from the lips of everyone. The newsboy offered the *Evening Journal* with "A merry Christmas to you, sir! Have a paper?"

Sleigh-bells jingled, cutters, filled with merry folk, went dashing by, drawn by spirited horses. The sound of St. Mary's chimes, floating out upon the air, fell upon my ear, calling to mind the message of the angel to the shepherds of Bethlehem: "Glory to God on high, and on earth peace to men of good will." Around me I saw the words verified, and I was still meditating on the heavenly tidings, when I felt a twitching at my coat, and, turning about, beheld my sister Nellie.

"Well, John, how long are you going to leave me standing here with all these bundles?" she said, smiling mischievously.

Alighting, I took the bundles and helped her into the sleigh. Then wrapping ourselves snugly in the furry robes, I gave rein to the impatient horse; and he trotted quickly along over the crisp, snowy ground.

We were nearing home; when Nellie suddenly exclaimed: "Why, John, I almost forgot the widow Donnelly, and I should go to see her. Drive by the old bridge road; it won't take long. I have never missed a Christmas eve without calling to see the lonely woman and wish her a merry Christmas. I cannot go to-morrow, for I must sing at St. Mary's Church."

"Certainly! we must not forget her;" and I gladly turned towards the old woman's home.

"John," said Nellie, "let us try the anthem that is to be sung at early Mass."

"All right, sister, start it up."

She began the sweet old hymn, *Adeste fideles*, and I joined in with all the gusto of a happy being.

Gradually we neared our destination. The old bridge was visible in the distance, and from over the river the light in the widow's window gleamed a welcome. More joyously we continued our strain, when suddenly we heard another merry group singing. On coming out of a dark wood we were overtaken by the party whose voices blended in the mirthful song:

"Jingle bells, jingle bells,
Jingle all the way;
Oh, what joy it is to ride
In a one-horse open sleigh!"

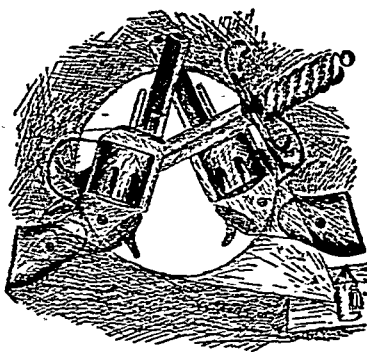
A great wooden sleigh it was, packed full with laughing boys and girls. Onward my horse sped. Behind us came the sleigh, and we soon reached the bridge. It was narrow and old, and had long been considered unsafe for travel; but as it was located on the edge of town, the village trustees were slow to replace it by a new passage way. I feared no danger, and to cross over alone there was none; but the additional weight of the sleighing party might be too much for the old bridge. It was very risky. I checked my horse, in order to let the people behind go ahead; but their noise had startled him, and he became unmanageable. If the bridge were clear all would be well. I could let him dash on; but just then I saw a team coming towards me from the other side. I pulled on the lines. It was useless. An accident seemed inevitable. I looked at my sister. Her face was calm, but her lips moved in silent prayer. She saw the danger and was trying to be firm. It gave me courage. As I approached the team, I recognized it to be the village butcher's heavy delivery wagon. The horses seemed to halt, but it was only for a moment. They, too, had heard the shouts of the merry party and were frightened. I yelled to the children to quiet their noise; but from the babel of tongues, there arose in the air a mighty peal of laughter and song. The butcher's horses backed, came forward, then leaped to the left, when my steed, taking the right side, sped on. The bridge creaked and shook under the weight. On came the sleighing party, still shouting, when the butcher's team, maddened by the approaching sounds, reared and advanced; then, suddenly trying to turn, backed against the railing of the bridge, when, crash! the rotten boards gave way, and down went butcher, frenzied horses

and sleigh—down forty feet to the frozen river. The sound of breaking ice, a splash was heard above the cries of the horror-stricken merry-makers, then silence reigned and I—drove on to the widow Donnelly's. Merry Christmas!

J. J. FITZGERALD.

The Twin That Trusted.

I.



TRAVELLER sojourning in the central part of the State of Connecticut in the vicinity of Hartford has his attention attracted to the quaint village of Avondale.

This hamlet, being only a few miles from the metropolis, presents the usual wearied activity of suburban towns. Insignificant as it may appear to-day, yet in the primitive days of our history it played a conspicuous part.

A half century ago the central figure of Avondale was one Silas Willoughby. As proprietor of the leading general store he became an oracle to which all the "burning questions" of the village were referred. His store was the gathering place for the village politicians after their day's work, and then began the discussion of topics which interested the villagers. Silas being held in great esteem by his fellow-citizens was laurelled with every conceivable office of honor, from Canada Thistle Commissioner up to Police Magistrate. He was the perfect image of happiness; but worldly honors were not the cause of his gratification. However his home and family were, for there a loving wife and two little cherubs ever waited his arrival. No wonder Silas loved those little fellows, for more cheerful twins could not be found. As they grew up, they showed entirely different dispositions. One of them had been named Jabez by Silas, and the other Ambrose by his wife. When they were started to school and their circle of acquaintances grew larger, Jabez grew fond of playing tricks upon his parents and companions; Ambrose, on the contrary, seemed to grow better each day until he was finally held up as a model by the village school master. As they grew older, open-hearted, genial Jabez was as fond of his artifice as ever; his brother, however, seemed to become more demure each day; but Ambrose was also developing into a shrewd and cunning lad. He became the champion trader of the village, always having a large collection of

knives and other trinkets. Indeed he had never been known to come out of the "little end of the horn" in a trade. The boys looked so much alike that it was really amusing to hear them tell their parents of the mistakes the school master or some of the villagers often made as to their identity.

After the twin brothers had gone through the village school it became the intention of Silas to send them to the city to continue their studies. One night he proposed this to their mother; but she would not listen. She said:

"Jabez may go, but Ambrose must stay at home. There is no need of giving him any more education. He is too good for this life, and as he was made for a higher one, he is liable to be taken from us at any moment."

Silas was aware that it would be ridiculous for him to argue. He knew well that, "A man has his will but a woman has her way." So he gave in to his "better half," and contented himself by sending Jabez to Hartford where he remained until he had blossomed into manhood, when he returned home—because of the death of his mother. He and Ambrose tried their best to distract their father's mind from his bereavement, but all their efforts were without success, for his death followed that of his wife in a few months. The twin brothers were nearly heart-broken over the loss of their parents; but they had no time to waste in meditation. The battle with the world was before them, and the hour had come for them to be on the aggressive side. The little fortune left by their beloved father was divided, and they separated with many tears. It being the desire of Jabez to go to some western city, while Ambrose thought success and fortune were sure to overtake him in the State of his birth. Whether they would ever meet again, they did not know, and the departure was made with the greatest effort. If their mother could only hear how her boys turned out she might have turned in her grave with astonishment.

II.

The sun had just sunk below the western horizon on a cold wintry day in the city of St. Louis. The walks were crowded; the streets were full of hurrying vehicles; the business houses were having an extraordinary trade, and the actions of the thousands of pedestrians indicated that it was a day not of the ordinary routine. The fact of its being Christmas eve accounts for the bustle in the stores and the jostle on the thoroughfares. What an opportunity is presented for the study of city life in its varied phases! What different thoughts do the last rays of the setting sun suggest to the minds of the passers-by? Their countenances readily answer the question. Many look happy,

probably in anticipation of the pleasures that await them during the evening; others display their uneasiness in every feature.

An observer stationed in front of the Commercial Block at about 5 p. m. might have noticed a man who had passed the half mile in the race of life, come sauntering down the steps. His downcast eyes, wandering look and unsteady gait indicated that his thoughts were far from his surroundings. Our attention is attracted towards him, and we ask of the porter at the door who he is, and are informed that his name is Jabez Willoughby, President of the Second National Bank. After reaching the walk he steps into a carriage, and is driven to one of the most fashionable hotels of the city. Though it is Christmas eve and everybody seems to be happy, yet for him it is a night of misery. He is thinking of the happy old home at Avondale, of his loving mother and kind father long since departed, and of his brother Ambrose, whom he has not seen or heard of since they parted at the old homestead years before. He has made every effort to locate him, but all his efforts have proved futile. The realization that at this very moment Ambrose may be suffering from cold and hunger comes upon him and makes him sick at heart. He is now in the enjoyment of all the comforts that riches can procure; but he would willingly sacrifice them for the old days at Avondale. At an early hour he goes to his room, and there sinks upon a sofa and ponders over the past. At a late hour he retires, after earnestly praying that his brother might be free from wretchedness. Sleep seems out of the question; but after an hour of tossing he finally dozes.

If Mr. Jabez Willoughby had been awake about midnight he might have heard some one picking the lock of his door. This personage is certainly no new hand at his chosen "profession," for the lock yields in a comparatively short time under his dexterous efforts. After quietly opening the door and entering the apartment he closes it with as great silence. Then he draws a dark lantern and a revolver from his overcoat and makes himself ready for any surprise. Every action of this midnight miscreant indicates that he is an adept in his "profession." His calmness, courage and quiet movements indicate a most careful training and abundant practice. After removing his shoes he is ready for any surprise. It would probably be expedient to introduce the reader to Mr. Ambrose Willoughby. He turns the slide of his dark lantern, and flashes the light around the room. But hearing a noise as if some one were stirring in the bed, and turning the light full upon his face, he starts back in astonishment, saying: "'Tis he." However, he does not lose his poise in this moment

of amazement. By this time Mr. Jabez Willoughby had awakened, and in an instant the intruder may be detected. After putting the revolver in his pocket he makes a spring for the bed, and embraces his twin-brother once again. The astonishment of Jabez is so great that he can hardly believe his eyes. What an opportunity for an artist! The silvery moonbeams light up the scene, and there upon the bed sit two men in mute astonishment. Their beards are alike, and are streaked with gray. One wears a heavy bath robe and a night cap, the other a heavy ulster and a slouch hat. Nearly thirty years have passed since they last met, and yet they bear the same resemblance to each other as they did at the old fireside.

After a long conversation about the homestead, which it is not necessary to repeat, Jabez said:

"But how came you into my room at this hour of the night?"

Ambrose had expected this question, and, with his usual ingenuousness, had prepared for it.

"Well, I came West on business, and was coming out of a real estate office this afternoon when I recognized you among the passers-by. I did not think it would be romantic enough to meet in such a place and at such a time, so I followed you until you came to the hotel this evening. After you had gone to your room I told the clerk all, and said I wished to surprise you, and kindly lent me a key to your room.

"You always were so romantic and childish, dear boy!" said Jabez.

Ambrose looked the picture of innocence.

"Tell me," said Jabez, "what have you been doing all these years?"

"Well, after our departure I bought a grocery store in a neighboring town and did a thriving business for years. But with the introduction of this 'free lunch' system into this country my business began to increase so rapidly that my customers ate up all the profits while making their purchases. I disposed of the grocery store about five years ago, and through the advice of a friend I purchased an interest in a nutmeg factory in New Haven. I had at last found my fortune. We did a very good business up to the passage of the McKinley Bill, which placed a duty upon all imported nutmegs. This duty served as a new impetus for our young industry, and we did such a thorough business last year that I had accumulated a small fortune and bought the entire plant. It is unnecessary for me to say that it was with the keenest interest I watched the progress of the presidential campaign. I fully realized that the election of Mr. Cleveland meant that the tax on nutmegs would be removed; and this would crush this industry yet in its infancy.

The news of the triumph of the Democratic party was a severe blow to me; but after recovering from its effects, I started out in the hope of finding a purchaser for my factory. After a month of fruitless search in the East I came West in the hope of making the sale. Having visited Indianapolis, Cincinnati and Chicago I came to St. Louis, and was seeking a certain capitalist yesterday when I saw you."

Jabez listened to these details with the utmost interest.

"Well, Ambrose," he said, "I am delighted to hear of your success, and I might say that fortune has favored us alike. When I came to St. Louis I started a book-store and failed—people don't read in St. Louis. I then went into the Second National Bank, and my advancement was rapid until in a few years I became cashier. But I don't understand how it is that you are unable to dispose of such a prosperous industry. I think if I were to see the factory so as to be able to describe it accurately that I would be able to sell it very readily."

At this remark a smile appeared upon the face of Ambrose, and he slapped Jabez on the back, and said: "I have it now. You are working too hard at the bank. The mental strain of your position is gradually dragging you down to an early grave. A rest would have a wonderful effect upon you. Now I have a proposal to make to you. Suppose you go down to New Haven and look over my factory, I will act as cashier of the bank during your absence. Years of separation have not changed the resemblance which we bear to one another, and hence no one will be the wiser for the temporary change."

Jabez clasped the hand of Ambrose, saying: "It is a capital idea, and I think I shall start at once."

With these words he got out of bed, and they exchanged clothes. Then Jabez said:

"Oh, I forgot to give you the keys to the bank and the combination to the safe and the necessary instructions to fulfil your duties as cashier."

The next half hour was spent in giving these details, and the twin brothers parted for the second and last time.

III.

The next day, being Christmas, the bank was not open. On the following morning a messenger was sent to the hotel to ascertain the cause of Cashier Willoughby's non-appearance. On hearing the answer that the Cashier had not been seen since Christmas eve the paying teller being of a suspicious nature, went to the safe and tried the door, and it yielded and swung on its hinges. Investigation proved that all the coin and currency had disappeared, but no bonds or commercial

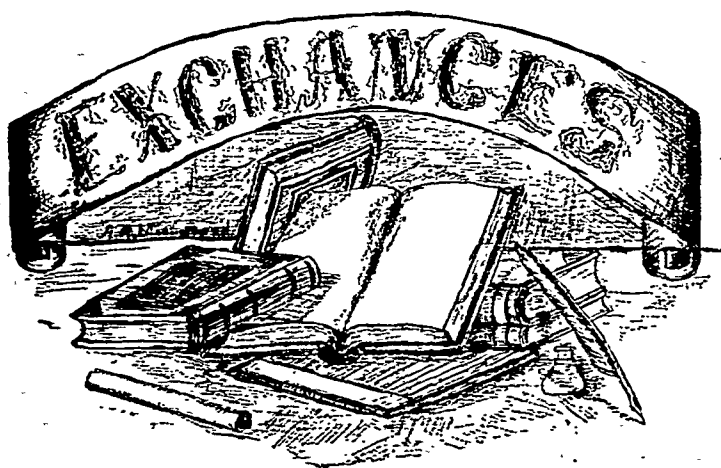
paper. Everybody was in excitement at the bank. The police were notified, and the news was telegraphed to all the principal cities of the country, giving a description of Jabez Willoughby. Imagine that person's surprise when, nearing the city of Philadelphia, a detective stepped up to him and made him a prisoner. He was taken back to St. Louis.

At the trial he told his story but it was all in vain. It was as weightless as that of Rip Van Winkle after his sleep on the mountain, and the general impression was that he had gone crazy. The jury who tried him sent him to jail with a recommendation to mercy because of weakness of mind. It was supposed by the public that he hid the money and in his derangement had forgotten where he put it. A few weeks after the bank robbery, the following paragraph might have been seen in a leading San Francisco paper:

"Last night one of the through trains of the Central Pacific RR. was wrecked, within about eighty miles of this city. Three persons were killed. One of them cannot be identified. He is a smooth-faced man of about fifty, and carried a valise which, upon investigation, was found to contain half a million dollars. As his identity is not known the money will go to the state."

Thus was the life of Ambrose Willoughby brought to an end.

ALBERT E. DACY.



There are few men who sit down to a Christmas dinner with a happier conscience or a better appetite than an exchange-editor. His virtuous character and industrious disposition are probably the correct explanation of this fact. We have looked into our hearts and we have written—that exchange men deserve good holiday dinners. Our Christmas wish is that they may get them.

We must bow our acknowledgments to the *Highlander* and the *Mt. Angel Students' Banner*

for their graceful tributes to the SCHOLASTIC Staff. We are not like Uriah Heep—we are not so "umble;" we like a little *rouge* when it is put on not with a white-wash brush, but with an Angel's quill.

Under the caption of "A Mecca for Wesleyan Students," the *Wesleyan Echo* celebrates the munificence of the woman who made the college library possible. Thus will the good a woman does live after her.

There is no exchange upon our table which writes better editorials than the *Campus* of Allegheny College. They have the best qualities of a great editorial paragraph—snap and point.

The *Manitou Messenger* has always been a source of pleasure to us. Its motto particularly delights us. Other papers have ordinary mottoes which may be read and understood at a glance. But, "Fram, Fram, Cristmenn, Crossmenn" is not so vulgar. It never loses its freshness, its novelty. Every time you see it you can make a new guess at its meaning and always be as far astray as ever. It may be naughty (it *has* a sort of blasphemous sound), or it may be poetical and religious. The motto, we have said, is puzzling, but the *Messenger* is bright and lucid enough.

We take pleasure in announcing to our readers, that we have made the *Annex* smile—not a villainous stage-smile, with the teeth showing through, but a sweet, little, soft smile like a baby's. Under the benignant influence of this sweet "baby" smile the ex-man writes a column of the most charming infantile gush in which he rubs his hands in a pleasant fashion, and blandly tells the good people of Monmouth that we have slaughtered their grandfathers and are now thirsting for new gore. We are sincerely anxious to assure the patrons of the *Annex* that we will *not* stab them in the dark, or shoot them from afar, or poison their coffee or their *tea*. We will *not* steal their possessions, nor bewitch their cows. Our incantations are *not* responsible for this infernal weather, nor will the Pope swoop down upon our free Government. As to bigotry, the *Annex* is not at all intolerant, but only the most unbiassed, learned, pious, charitable, little paper in all the world. Success to the tolerant *Annex*, and perdition to these "Blankety-blank" bigoted Catholic sheets!

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, December 20, 1892.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at N. D. University.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

—To Very Rev. Father General, our beloved Father Founder; to our esteemed President, the Rev. Father Walsh; to the devoted officers and Faculty of our *Alma Mater*; to all our kind readers, the SCHOLASTIC extends its greetings with best wishes for

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

—We are happy to note that Father Lambert, of Ingersollian fame, and an LL.D. of our *Alma Mater*, has begun the publication of a new Catholic weekly—the *Times* of Philadelphia. There can be no speculation as to the success of this venture. It will forge ahead to the very first rank of journalism and be a power in the discussion of all questions of the day. The name of its editor was a promise which the first number of the *Times* has fulfilled. If Ingersoll needs any more shaking, he may be assured of it now.

—In presenting ourselves in holiday plumage we desire to give public acknowledgments of the kind services of Prof. Ackermann to whose skill and taste we are indebted for the artistic cover under which our effusions appear. The wonderment of friends, no doubt, will be great to see the SCHOLASTIC in a new cover; but—there it is. Mr. Frederick E. Neef, of the Staff, and class poet of '92, has proved himself invaluable as a draughtsman, and his talent is well displayed in the two largest headings of this number, especially that which appears on the first page. To the others also who contributed their share of illustrations we express our sincere thanks.

—The SCHOLASTIC records with deep regret the death of Mr. ALFRED B. MILLER, Editor of the *South Bend Tribune* and one of the leading and most highly esteemed citizens of our neighboring city. He departed this life on the evening of the 10th inst., after a brief but painful illness. Mr. Miller was born in South Bend in 1840, and the record of his career presents an example of that integrity of purpose and amiability of character which form the upright citizen and the

true gentleman. He was possessed of those gifts of mind which enabled him to rise superior to an ordinary education, and successfully engage in the field of journalistic literature. His love of country was shown, with the bravery and loyalty characteristic of the true soldier, during his three years of active service as Lieutenant of the 21st Indiana Battery in the War of the Rebellion. His kindness of heart made for him a wide circle of friends extending to all with whom he came in contact.

Mr. Miller was the life-long friend of the venerable Founder of Notre Dame, and always manifested a friendly interest in the progress and development of our *Alma Mater*. His presence at the society reunions and the various exhibitions at the University was always the source of the greatest pleasure to the Faculty and students, and it seemed to be his delight to attend and give expression to his appreciation of the effort of the boys. The sad news of his death was, indeed, received with sorrow by all at Notre Dame. We respectfully extend to the bereaved family our sincere sympathy in their great affliction.

Book Review.

SONGS AND SONNETS, AND OTHER POEMS. By Maurice Francis Egan. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

When Mr. Egan published "Preludes," some years ago, the critics wondered what would be the fuller music of which such sweet, strong notes were but the herald. Cardinal Newman, Longfellow, Steadman and Gilder, however, plainly told Mr. Egan that much greater things were expected of him. "Songs and Sonnets" more than realize these anticipations. From the first page to the last there is not a poem within the dainty covers of the book that is not radiant with fine, strong lines, full of poetical thought clothed in the best poetical expression. For many years Mr. Egan has shared the honors of the sonnet with Richard Watson Gilder and Thomas Bailey Aldrich. It is not surprising, therefore, that the sonnet form should predominate in this volume. In no book of poems produced by an American can there be found so many strong sonnets. The temptation to quote from them is almost irresistible, but then where and how could one stop? In fact, it is almost a defect in Mr. Egan's work that his poems are so uniformly meritorious. There are so many good things that one loses the pleasure of surprise at finding them. He is his own severest critic; and he has denied place to many poems which his admirers will rank among his prettiest pieces. Mr. Egan is really a Greek by nature, and an American only by accident. Even during his college course he manifested a warm admiration

for Theocritus, Moschus and Bion, who are the best representatives of the idyllic spirit among the Greeks. It is well, perhaps, that he did so; for a man of Mr. Egan's temperament could not be entrusted to safer formative influences. That Mr. Egan himself looks up to Theocritus as, in some manner, his master is shown by the fine sonnet which he addresses to the Greek poet, and by the frequent references to him in his other poems. The Pre-Raphaelites have not been without their influence upon him; but it was the Pre-Raphaelitism of Tennyson, not that of Rossetti.

The publication of this volume is really an important event. The sneer at Catholic literature is no longer possible; its reproach is taken away. Mr. Egan's song is a voice from the uppermost blue; and if a laureate were wanted for our country to-day, no better choice could be made than our own genial Professor-Poet.



BY F. B. CHUTE.

—George Lancaster, (Law), '92, is a real estate man in Chattanooga.

—Otto Rothert is clerking in his father's big tobacco store in Louisville.

—Mr. S. P. Davis, of Constantine, Mich., visited his son Frank of Brownson Hall on Saturday.

—John M. Manley (Law), '92, is doing well in the practice of the law in Sioux City, Iowa.

—Rev. John Duemig, of Avilla, Ind., paid a short visit to friends at the University last week.

—Nick Sinnott is said to be making lots of money now. He is in a law office at The Dalles.

—Mr. W. J. Murphy and wife, of Minneapolis, visited his brother, Fred Murphy, of Brownson Hall on Monday.

—A most welcome visitor last week was Mrs. Napoleon DuBrul, of Cincinnati. Her son Orville accompanied her.

—Mr. Patrick Cavanagh, our old and ever-welcome friend from the Windy City, visited his son Tom the other day.

—Rev. J. M. Toohey, C. S. C., St. Vincents, Ind., Rev. T. L. Vagnier, C. S. C., Earl Park, Ind., and Bro. Marcellinus, C. S. C., Director of St. Columbkille's School, Chicago, were welcome visitors during the week.

—Where are the boys who wrote our last special number? Yes! They called it "A Staff Social." Let us find them. Of course you all remember Fitzgibbon. He is the fellow that always used to have a new theory in his head, don't you remember? He wrote the introduction to the "Social." He occasionally spoke French, too. Well, Fitz. is sailing on smooth water in the great metropolis of Ohio, Newark, and once in awhile he looks at a law book.

It will not be hard to find Lou Chute. If you inquire at the University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, you will be told that he is digging into the mysteries of "Legal Twistings" with as great an avidity as he used to when he played *freeze-out* with the boys in the law room, and now and then, in the hidden hours of the night, strolled down the avenue with the Colonel and Hughie under some pretense or other. You know that Lou is an attorney at law, but has not entered an office yet.

Well, did you ever! If you want to hear some more stories, just go and see Hank at Woodstock. Hank was to have been here this week. He has been in Europe, don't yer know, and has just returned, don't yer know. With a stock of fables, "Anglo Maniac"—no reference to Hughie—of the entirely new and full of as much English as the three hundred and ninety-nine associates of Ward McAllister, he will first ask you how much time you have to spare, and will then pick out a story that will exactly fit to your answer. Why, you remember Hank! His last name was Murphy. He wrote "Jack."

The next Chicago directory will have at least one more prominent name in it. It will read, "O Neill, Hugh, Attorney at Law, Corporation lawyer for Weigley, Buckley & Gray." If you go down Michigan Avenue, any Sunday afternoon you will most likely see one of Chicago's best turn-outs gliding along with two occupants. One of these will be Hughie. His friends are increasing so rapidly now that it will be impossible to say who his companion may be.

Many years ago a small lad entered the Minim department. He lived on. The fire of seventy-nine scorched his innocent brow. Time passed on, and the white hairs of age spoke for the number of years spent in Notre Dame's classic halls. In '92 the "Old Set" wrote a work and named it "An Echo from the Past." This is a masterpiece; and now "Mr. Johnnie" is studying the art of binding books. You all know who "Mr. Johnnie" is. "And his name was" McGrath. The old boy, we are glad to say, is prospering and helps materially the firm of R. S. Peale & Co., Chicago.

That fellow who said he would have one hundred thousand at thirty-five is still among the living. He is out East at Cornell. You know Electrical Engineering is to be his profession. That is what he is studying for now. If he cannot keep up to his saying no one, who is not the son of a Gould, can. Bennie Bachrach can still hold low bass notes, and continues to play on his flute. The romantic story of "A Radical Cure for a Great Malady" was written, as you all remember,

by the classical grad. of Ursa Major fame. Alvin Ahlrichs is now the lion of Cullman's society. It is even whispered that he is to take to the stage again, and one of his principal parts will be to restab Cassius. Alvin is doing well.

But where is that fellow who made his "First Trip" to Chicago. Frank Vurpillat has not informed any of us as to his whereabouts. But if he is in Winamac,—and we have good reason to believe he is,—there is one more leader in that town now than there was last year. Will some one kindly inform inquiring friends what Frank J. is doing?

"Hesperium rapide properat vanescere litus."

Of course everyone recognizes — the first thing in this. Old boys, come back and study Fifth Latin or First German if you wish to renew relations with this Latin poet. He has the same duties as he had last year, except that he is no longer across the lake.

He who wrote a "Tale of the War" can no more be addressed as Will.

The poet of the "Sea" is back with us.

E. DuBrul is alive and kicking, while Roger B. Sinnott occupies Nick's old room, No. 46. Fred Neef is still the artist for the SCHOLASTIC, and though he has not written a poem for this issue, he has done much to help others along. Of these three the first two are becoming law makers, while Fred Emil makes poetry, studies art, and dips into science.



BY J. HENLEY.

—Merry Christmas!

—A Happy New Year!

—Will Aloysius wait until Thursday?

—"Willie" says he is not a Robb(in).

—Make it five-handed, and let me play.

—Tim, as usual, says it is four for ranks.

—Francis says he would like to get his "poi.

—Jimmie has proved himself an expert caricaturist.

—"Jerry" got the record in the Minims' toboggan slide.

—The Harmony Club will reorganize after the holidays.

—"Poverty Flat" is the scene of a great many battles.

—"Home, Sweet Home" is now the favorite among the boys.

—Texarkana says it takes 63 gallons to make a hoghead in Texas.

—Jack wants to know if the dormitory is a place to practise singing.

—The trio with their "Lackawana break" made the very corridor ring.

—Captain C. made a fowl tackle at the football banquet Tuesday afternoon.

—"Spike's" pitiful tale, entitled "The Lateness of the Hour," had its effect.

—The windy Foster-boy of the mob needs to be cultivated on a chicken ranch.

—"Spike" says: "Book me for a week." The "colonel" is to advance the deficiency.

—The Junior football eleven had their photos taken by Father Kirsch on Monday last.

—Will K. says that "Spike" has a very forcible way of cleaning out his munchausen.

—Mr. J. Cumisky was called home to New York city on Monday on account of the serious illness of his brother.

—In regard to that historic essay on the "Dollar," Richard says there are others that could have written it.

—The members of the Athletic Association were the guests of the Crescent Club Wednesday evening. It was enjoyed by all who participated in it.

OFFICIAL.—Stamps collected up to date Dec. 15: Brownson Hall, 45,250; Carroll Hall, 37,170; St. Edward's Hall, 7,200; Friends by mail, 130,000.

—On Sunday, the 10th inst., the members of the Leonine Society of Holy Cross Seminary gave a musical and literary entertainment to a select circle of friends.

—One of our young friends from the Buckeye State strenuously objects to gunpowder as a substitute for tobacco, and says it was a close shave for his mustache.

—GREETING:—The students of Carroll Hall extend to all the Faculty, Professors, Prefects and Brothers, the wish that they may enjoy a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

—One of the members of the Band is hard at work on a new ballad, entitled "Skipped by the Light of the Moon." He says he has the music for the first verse, but fails with the chorus.

—Erin's great bard muses:

"Who has not felt how sadly sweet
The dream of home, the dream of home,
Steals o'er the heart, too soon to fleet,
When far o'er sea and land we roam?"

—The Columbians are flourishing again this year under the leadership of Prof. Neil. They are discussing the play they are to put on the boards for St. Patrick's Day, and the prospects are that they will out-rival the play given last year.

—There is a probability of a game of Rugby with the Hillsdale team in the spring. Captain

Bolt, of the Hillsdale team, informed Captain Coady that he would like very much to have a spring game, and we think he should be accommodated.

—The competitive drills have again been inaugurated in Co. B. Last Sunday morning there was a very exciting drill, and the last three contestants, A. Rumley, G. G. Zoehrlaut and T. Finnerty, had a hard and well-fought contest, Rumley finally winning the drill. The medal is to be kept by him during the holidays.

—Capt. Coady, of Co. A, informs us that after the Christmas vacation he will hold competitive drills for non-commissioned officers, and later on will hold drills for the gold medal for the best-drilled private, which promises to be closely contested. He has held several "drilling downs" during the past two weeks, and the boys showed great proficiency in the manual of arms.

—A Brownson Hall youth found a SCHOLASTIC on his desk Sunday afternoon with the words "———, 500 lines;" and immediately started to write them; but as he began to write he also began to get mad; and when he had about fifty lines on his paper, he put the SCHOLASTIC in his desk and said he would see the Prefect before he looked at them again. But on looking around him he found all his neighbors laughing, and of course knew he had been the victim of a huge "goak." It was cruel indeed.

—The billiard tournament in the Brownson reading-room ended Sunday afternoon. The contestants were Messrs. Coady, Joslyn, Farrell, Stanton, Whitehead, Marckhoff and Harris. The tournament consisted of seven four-handed games, the one having the highest percentage of the games played being awarded the prize. Farrell won first prize, a cue worth \$4, and R. Whitehead won the second prize, also a cue worth \$3. After the holidays there will be a struggle for supremacy between Messrs. Coady, Joslyn, and Farrell.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW:

- What became of the mustache club?
- What is the matter with that eye?
- Who Joe writes to in Kentucky?
- Who will win the cake walk, and why Captain F. does not compete?
- Who is custodian of the tooth-pick?
- Who hit "Innocence" in the eye?
- Who the Hillsdale boys called centre ush?
- Who found Charley Ross?
- When the six-round-go-as-you-please between Hoss-car and Napoleon will occur?
- When "Spike" reformed?
- Who got Dan's oysters?
- Why Harry "pulled" his opera glasses on the flute?
- When the crowd around a football game will keep off the field?
- Who the vinegar "inspectors" are?
- Who steals the butter from "Fatty's" table?
- Why boys who go to a musical concert continually chatter, much to the discomfiture of all around them?

—THE ST. CECILIANS:—On Saturday last the St. Cecilians unfurled their ensign, "Homeward

Bound," at the annual celebration in honor of the patronal festival of the Rev. President Walsh. At 4 p. m. promptly the University Orchestra rendered an exquisite overture, and was followed by the Philharmonics in a grand chorus. Then came addresses to President Walsh from the representatives of the different departments. J. F. McKee, '93, spoke in behalf of the students of Sorin and Brownson Halls. Greetings from Carroll Hall were tendered by James Tong, '95. Nor can we forget Master LaMoure who, in the name of the little Princes of St. Edward's Hall, appeared in an appropriate address that lost none of its charm in its delightful reading. After this the curtain rose on one of the oldest and most popular plays of the Society's *repertoire*—"The Recognition." The following is the

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Duke of Spoleto.....	M. Prichard
Riccardo, his Squire.....	J. Lanigan
Prince of Macerata.....	J. Hack
Barto.....	J. Rend
Antonio, his son, a boy.....	J. O'Neill
Balthazar (Arbalester), friend of Antonio.....	J. Barrett
Stephano, Teacher of Antonio.....	E. DuBrul
Leonardo, a Soldier.....	A. Coolidge
Gratiano } Pages, friends of Antonio	E. Dorsey
Lorenzo }	O. Bergland
Giacomo, Squire to Bartolo.....	R. Slevin
Fabino, Governor of Montefalco.....	J. A. Browne
Reginald, Officer of the Prince of Macerata, G. Johnson	
Paolo, a Jailer.....	P. Walker
Zucchi, a Blacksmith.....	A. Lynch
Andrea, a Squire, of the Duke.....	A. Rumley
Marso, a Soldier.....	B. Oliver
Silvio, a Courier.....	C. Meyers
Pietro, } Attendants of Bartolo. { J. La Moure	
Beppo, }	J. Strauss
Vincento, }	J. Sullivan
Alphonso, }	M. McCarty
Piccolo, }	W. McDermott
Arlando, Officer of the Prince.....	P. Dion
Alberto, } Citizens. { G. Sweet	
Gabrini, }	F. O'Brien
Castello, }	W. Nichols
Rossi, }	H. Mitchell

All who took part reflected credit upon themselves and upon the Reverend President of their Society, Father Morrissey, who helped them well to construe the meaning of each impersonation.

We regret that owing to a series of annoying accidents, unavoidable delays, etc., we cannot give a more fitting report of this celebration. All unite with the Cecilians in the expression of their best wishes to Rev. President Walsh, on his patronal festival, for many years of health and strength to continue his wise direction of *Alma Mater*.

—The Temperance Society held its second regular meeting in the penmanship room on Sunday evening last. About one hundred availed themselves of the opportunity to attend and hear a few words of wisdom from the lips of Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C. He told what man's position in life was, and how the evil of intemperance would degrade him from this place. He also showed by statistics the increase of crime caused by those afflicted with the liquor

habit. At the close of his address three signified their intention of joining the society, and Rev. President Walsh gave them the pledge for one year.

—Bro. Paul tendered the officers and members of the Football teams of '92 a "Saratoga touch-down" in the Senior refectory Tuesday afternoon, the table being set for about fifty. Bro. Paul said he regretted very much that President Hoynes could not attend on account of ill health, and complimented the boys very highly for their achievements on the field during the past season. He was followed by Rev. Mr. Burns in a very facetious address that provoked much laughter, and his reference to the individual player was applauded heartily. Prof. Kivlin also spoke a few well chosen words to the team of '92.

—MOOT-COURT.—The case of *Atkinson vs. Taylor* occupied the attention of the Moot-Court during the past week. John Atkinson, a boy fifteen years old, attended the Concord District school, and the teacher, Taylor, whipped him for not having his history lesson. Rufus P. Atkinson, Atkinson's uncle, brings suit for \$300 damages, and says that Taylor "did beat, bruise, wound and ill-treat and do other wrongs to plaintiff." The jury is composed of Messrs. Tratt, Colby, Brady, Roper, Dinkle, and Ryan. Several witnesses were examined for the plaintiff, but the defendant will not conclude until Saturday evening. The attorneys are Messrs. Cullen, and McCuddy for plaintiff, and Messrs. Brown and Hennessy, for defendant.

—The ninth regular meeting of the St. Aloysius' Philodemic Association was held last Sunday evening. The reading of a humorous poem by Mr. H. O'Donnell formed a most delightful number of the programme. The debate on "Compulsory educational laws as unjustly invading parental rights," was then opened on the affirmative by Mr. M. Quinlan; he was followed by Messrs. H. Ferneding and J. Kearney, who adduced a few able arguments in behalf of the negative. E. DuBrul closed the debate with a very lucid explanation of the question, granting that compulsory education was unjust, but stating that the laws themselves meant but compulsory instruction. J. McCarrick, spoke on the negative and the Rev. Director rendered the decision in favor of the affirmative. The question was discussed still farther with much enthusiasm.

—GENERAL ORDER NO. 1:—The first dress parade this session of the Hoynes' Light Guards occurred in front of the main building on Thursday morning last, and both companies made a very neat appearance, and executed the manual of arms with precision. At the close of the parade the following order was read by Captain F. Chute of Co. B:

ORDERS NO. 1. H. L. G. December 15, 1892.

Captain and acting Major L. P. Chute, Co. A, resigned and resignation accepted. 2d Lieutenant P. Coady, Co. A, commissioned Captain Co. A; 1st Lieutenant T. Coady,

Co. A, resigned, resignation accepted; Corporal F. Schillo, commissioned 1st Lieutenant and assigned to Co. A; 1st Lieutenant J. J. McGrath, Co. B, resigned, resignation accepted; 2d Lieutenant C. Scherrer, Co. B, commissioned 1st Lieutenant and assigned to Co. B; 2d Sergeant E. Scherrer, Co. B, commissioned 2d Lieutenant and assigned to Co. B; 2d Sergeant N. Luther, Co. B, resigned, resignation accepted; 3d Sergeant G. Gilbert, promoted 1st Sergeant and assigned to Co. B; 4th Sergeant J. Tong, promoted 2d Sergeant and assigned to Co. B; 1st Sergeant E. Ellwanger, Co. A, resigned and resignation accepted; 2d Sergeant E. McGonigle, Co. A, resigned and resignation accepted; 3d Sergeant J. Scallen, Co. A; resigned and resignation accepted; 4th Corporal V. Magnus, Co. A, resigned and resignation accepted; 3d Corporal L. Thome, Co. A, resigned and resignation accepted; 1st Corporal H. Cheeney, Co. B, resigned and resignation accepted; 2d Corporal F. Thorn, Co. B, resigned and resignation accepted; 3d Corporal Arthur Funke, Co. B, resigned and resignation accepted; 2d Corporal W. Lindeke, commissioned 2d Lieutenant and assigned to Co. A; 4th Corporal Alfred Funke, promoted 1st Sergeant and assigned to Co. A; 4th Corporal E. Dorsey, promoted 2d Sergeant and assigned to Co. B; 5th Corporal R. Slevin, promoted 3d Sergeant and assigned to Co. B; Private T. Quinlan, promoted 2d Sergeant and assigned to Co. A; Private G. Carter, promoted 3d Sergeant and assigned to Co. A; Private N. Luther, promoted 4th Sergeant and assigned to Co. A; Private D. Hilger, promoted 5th Sergeant and assigned to Co. B; Private G. Funke, promoted 1st Corporal and assigned to Co. B; Private G. Johnson, promoted 2d Corporal and assigned to Co. B; Private G. Sweet, promoted 3d Corporal and assigned to Co. B; Private P. Stephens, promoted 4th Corporal and assigned to Co. B; Private J. Marre, promoted 5th Corporal and assigned to Co. B; Co. C, has again organized and Private M. Quinlan is commissioned Captain. Private T. Quinlan, is commissioned Lieutenant. Competitive drills held in Co. B, won by J. Rend, C. Zoehrlaut and A. Rumley. Membership Co. A, 45; Co. B, 65; Co. C, 25.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Bolton, Brown, Burke, Carney, Correll, Cummings, Combe, Coady, Crawley, Chute, Dacy, Dechant, DuBrul, Ferneding, Flannery, Elannigan, J. Fitzgerald, C. Fitzgerald, Hannin, Jewett, Joslyn, Kearney, Keough, Langan, Maurus, Monarch, J. McKee, F. McKee, Mitchell, McCarrick, Neef, O'Donnell, Powers, Quinlan, Ragan, E. Scherrer, Schillo, Schaack, Sinnott, Schopp.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Barton, Baur, Burns, Brady, Brinen, A. Corry, Chassaing, Colby, Coady, Cooke, Cullen, R. Corcoran, Crilly, Casey, Carter, J. Corcoran, Chidester, Delaney, Devanney, Donahoe, Dinkel, Dempsey, Eyanson, Foley, Fardy, A. M. Funke, Feeney, J. Flynn, E. Flynn, O. Griffin, Hermann, Hennessy, Hoepe, Healy, Hesse, E. Harris, Hagan, Henley, Hudson, Isbell, Jacobs, Kerker, Kennedy, M. Kenny, Kearns, Krembs, W. Kirby, F. Kenny, Kintzele, Karasynski, Kunert, Luther, Leonard, Libert, Marmon, Murray, D. Murphy, Meibers, T. Monarch, D. Monarch, F. Murphy, E. Marckhoff, R. Marckhoff, A. Marckhoff, Magnus, McCuddy, McFadden, McCullough, McDermott, McCarthy, O'Connor, O'Shea, W. O'Neill, Priest, Pulskamp, Prichard, Peake, Perkins, Pomroy, Patier, Quinlan, Rice, E. Roby, M. Ryan, Ring, Stanton, Schueler, Smith, Spalding, Stace, Tinnen, Tratt Whitehead, Walker, Wilkin, Weaver, Welsh.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Allen, Bergland, Barrett, R. E. Brown, O. Brown, R. Brown, J. Brown, Bennett, Berles, Blumenthal, Bachrach, Bixby, Baldauf, Burns, Breen, Brennan, Cornell, W. Creedon, R. Cox, Carter, Chauvet, Clendenin,

Connell, E. Coolidge, A. Coolidge, Cavanagh, Cullen, Dorsey, Durand, Druecker Ducey, Dannemiller, Dixon, DeLormier, Evans, Franke, C. Furthman, E. Furthman, Fossick, Funke, E. Gilbert, L. Gibson, N. Gibson, Gerd- ing, Gonzales, Gerdes, Hill, Hittson, Hurley, Hathaway, Hargrave, Hoban, Hickey, D. Hilger, A. Hilger, Heiz- man, Howell, Jones, Jonquet, Krollman, A. Kegler, W. Kegler, Kutina, Kuehl, Kindler, Kinney, Klees, Lanagan, Lee, J. LaMoure, W. LaMoure, Lambka, Lantry, Lohner, Langevin, T. Lowrey, Loser, Louie, Ludwig, Lippman, Lane, Levy, Maurer, Mitchell, Mattox, Maternes, E. Murphy, Maguire, L. Murphy, Medalie, J. Miller, L. Mil- ler, Mills, Moss, Miles, Moore, Monaghan, R. Miers, C. Meyers, McDermott, McDonald, McCarrick, J. McPhil- lips, J. A. McPhillips, C. McPhillips, Nolan, Nichols, O'Mara, F. O'Brien, W. O'Brien, J. O'Neill, Oliver, Pim, Reis, Rumely, Rend, Ruppe, Repscher, Romero, Reber, Renesch, Sievers, Sweet, Stern, W. Spalding, S. Spalding, Slevin, Spiegel, Sullivan, Schaack, Sparks, Segenfelter, Strauss, Sharp, Strassheim, Schroth, Shillington, Tong, Taylor, Trankle, Thome, Tempel, Treber, Wolf, Wagner, Walde, Wensinger, Welty, Waterman, H. Wilson, R. Wil- son, Whitehead, Washburne, N. Wietzel, B. Wietzel, O. Wright, D. Wright, Yeager, York, Zoehrlaut, Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

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