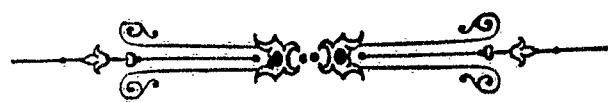


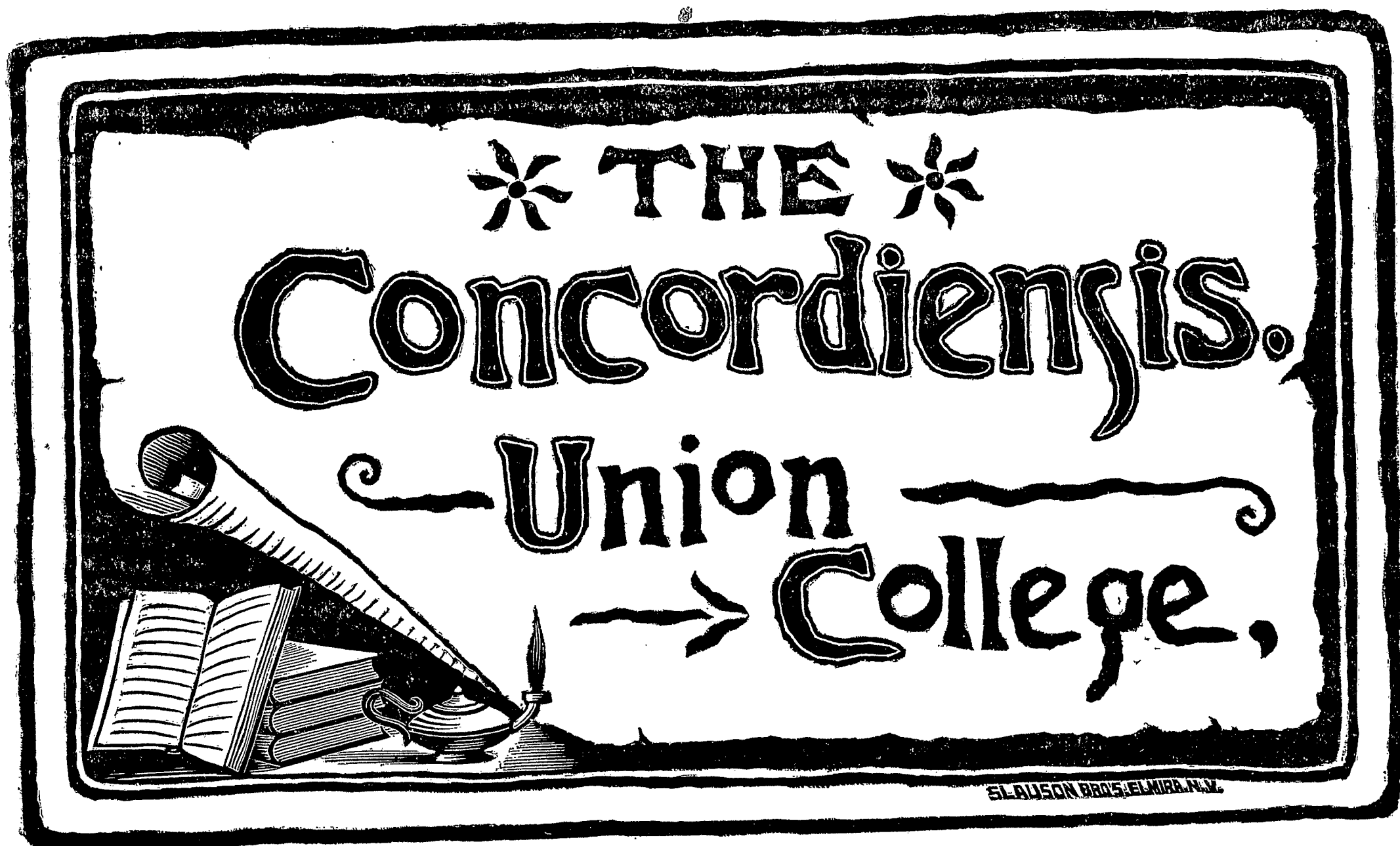
SCHENECTADY COLLEGE

Volume XII.



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SCHENECTADY, N Y.



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THE CONCORDIENSIS.

VOL. XII.

UNION COLLEGE, APRIL, 1889.

No. 7.

LITERARY.

The "Electra" of Sophocles at the Lyceum Theatre, New York.

It is not uncommon for us to think of a Greek play as something dry, uninteresting, "deep" and difficult, and few theatrical managers would have the hardihood to place one on the boards. Nor would any of our "Stars" undertake to "do" the country, as an Oedipus, an Ajax, or an Electra. Nevertheless, Greek plays have appeared upon the stage, from time to time, both in Europe and America, and in the latter country, at least, the performances have invariably been attended with success. This is a significant fact and should go far to convince the thoughtful that the drama of the Greeks, like that of Shakespeare, contains within itself something permanent and lasting—something indeed that appeals to humanity at large, and is for that reason of more than purely local interest. It has been abundantly proven in Germany, France and England, that a masterpiece of Aeschylus could move the men and women of to-day, and it has been shown more than once in America that a "successful Sophocles does not necessarily presuppose a Periclean Athens." In the month of May, 1881, the "Oedipus Tyrannus" was acted about six times in the original Greek, by persons connected with Harvard University. Nothing was omitted that might conspire to render the performance perfect in detail. The result was all that could be hoped for or desired by the most ardent admirer of things Greek. An English version of the play had been provided for those who could not follow the original, and it has been reported that the audience (numbering a thousand at a time) was held "spell-bound, from first to last." "The play is over. There is a moment's silence, and then the theatre

rings with applause." Not long after this, the same play was acted in a French translation at the Theatre Francais, in Paris. The part of Oedipus was taken by a M. Mounet-Sully, of whom it has been remarked that no actor of modern times has so successfully united "all the qualities required for a living impersonation of the Sophoclean Oedipus, in the entire series of moods and range of passions which the part comprises." The test was peculiarly severe, in consequence of the influence which had been previously exerted upon the French classic drama by such writers as Corneille and Voltaire; yet the "success" of the performance received abundant confirmation at the hands of the critics. The representation of the "Ajax" of Sophocles at Cambridge, England, in 1882, is referred to by Mr. Jebb as a new revelation of meaning and power, and certainly Greek comedy lost nothing in our estimation, when the "Acharnians" of Aristophanes was presented about two years ago by the undergraduates of the University of Pennsylvania, in the Academy of Music at Philadelphia.

It is not wonderfully surprising therefore that the recent performance of the "Electra" or Sophocles at the Lyceum Theatre in New York, of which the undersigned was so fortunate as to be a witness, proved to be a most interesting occasion. The *Dramatis Personae* were taken by members of the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts. The text was recited in English instead of Greek and many of the appurtenances and paraphernalia of the ancient stage-setting were discarded. The high-soled cothurnus and the huge mask with its lofty tiara were not needed, and the female parts were acted by women. Indeed, the ancient regulation compelling female characters to be rendered by men, would be, in our day, even in the reproduction

of Greek plays, always more honored in the breach than in the observance. Such omissions and alterations, however, as were made at the Lyceum on this occasion, while they served admirably to enhance the feasibility of the undertaking, did not detract from the artistic excellence of the performance. The Greeks were nothing, if not artistic, and would themselves have been the first to alter, if alteration were rendered desirable by the claims of propriety and good taste. In fact, the performance was especially creditable from an artistic point of view. The scenery, the stage, the chorus and the actors were arranged and disposed in a manner deserving of the highest encomium. Miss Hamilton's conception of Electra was truly Greek, and she played her part with spirit and dignity. The high-born Grecian maiden, unceasingly lamenting the cruel murder of her father, and goaded on to rage by the insults heaped upon his memory; invoking the vengeance of Heaven, and the wiping out of the foul stain upon her House; praying for the return of her long absent brother upon whose strength alone she could rely to secure the retribution which honor and conscience demanded; driven at last to despair by a fictitious report of his death, and maddened by her mother's ill-concealed joy at the news—all this was well sustained, though with an utterance sometimes indistinct and gestures that might have been less violent in places. The subsequent recognition too of Orestes by his sister, was deeply affecting and keenly appreciated by the spectators. There was nothing unusually striking about the acting of the other members of the dialogue, if that of Mr. Platt who played the *παιδαγωγός* be excepted. He was, perhaps, the most natural and *modern* of the five actors, and on that account, at least, commended himself particularly to his New York audience, whatever would have been said of him by the critics who sat, in days long gone by, in the great theatre of Dionysos on the south side of the Athenian Acropolis. His delivery of the lines descriptive of the Pythian chariot race,—one of the finest things in Greek dramatic writing,—procured for him the hearty plaudits of his hearers. The chorus of Argive maidens attired

in the conventional *χιτών* and *ἱμάτιον* were gracefully posed and added much to the general artistic effect, if not to the special interest of the play. Their slow and solemn dances, suited to the dirge-like nature of the choral odes, may have appeared somewhat lack-a-daisical and meaningless to the modern eye. But it must be remembered that the chorus in the "Electra" is more than usually subordinated to the main action, and has little to do but to chant back, in sympathetic refrain, the woes of the Atridae and the miseries of Electra. Its customary function as interpreter and ideal spectator is not pronounced, and the tones of dolorous pitch composed for the occasion by Miss Collins, though admirably in keeping with the spirit of the drama, had a tendency to weary those whose hearts were not readily stirred by the catastrophes of the House of Pelops. And indeed, to persons wholly unacquainted with the history of Greek tragedy, with the simplicity of its aim and its religious meaning, the play may have appeared to be too much in one strain and perhaps a little tedious in consequence. The appreciative spectator, however, holding in view the religious element that made Greek tragedy so important a factor in Greek life, and remembering that the main object of the tragic poet was to portray the religious idea with artistic simplicity and directness, could only have regarded this presentation of the "Electra" of Sophocles in the light of a valuable contribution to the cause of education, literature and art. The ancient drama, like the modern, assumes at once a deeper interest for us through the actual placing of the action before our eyes.

The plot of the "Electra" of Sophocles deals with events following the murder of King Agamemnon, on his return from Troy, by his wife and her paramour Aegisthus. The action begins with the return of Orestes, the king's son, from Phocis, whither (according to Sophocles) he had been sent for safe keeping by his sister Electra, at the time of the murder, some fifteen or twenty years before. In his company are his friend Pylades and an old servant of his father, to whose fostering care, as *παιδαγωγος*, Orestes owes his education and

much of that patriotic and filial feeling which spurs him on to the execution of the command of Apollo. The divine decree, which ordains nothing less than the death of Clytemnestra and Aegisthus and the re-establishment of Agamemnon's children in their ancestral home, has already been made known to Orestes through the oracle at Delphi. Orestes, obedient to the decree, carries out his design by means of a stratagem. He and the *παῖδα γυνώσκοντες* approach the palace of the Pelopidae at Mycenae (or, according to some authorities, at Argos,) disguised as messengers, and bringing word of Orestes' death together with the urn supposed to contain his ashes. Electra is all but crushed by the news. Clytemnestra, on the contrary, barely conceals her joy at what she conceives to be her future security, for it was through the hand of Orestes alone that she had cause to fear the execution of Heaven's vengeance and the meting out of the just penalty of her crime. Orestes in his disguise professes to come from Strophius, a friend of Agamemnon, living in Phocis. He gives the urn to Electra who weeps over it. He then makes himself known to her and with her assistance gains access to the palace and the queen. The audience are not permitted to witness the killing of Clytemnestra; but (in the Greek theatre) the corpse was rolled upon the stage in an *ἐκκύκλημα* or *ἐξώστρα*—a semi-circular machine employed to present interiors to the view of the immense audiences assembled in the Dionysian theatre; on the modern stage, it is only necessary to throw open the doors of the palace, and Clytemnestra is seen lying dead within. At this moment, Aegisthus, who has been absent, returns, and the body which he had supposed to be that of Orestes is uncovered. Orestes is standing beside it and commands Aegisthus to enter the palace, where he is put to death upon the body of the queen. Thus the rule, *nec coram populo pueros Medea trucidet*, is observed in each case, and the retribution is thereby made more perfect. To have represented the killing of Clytemnestra and Aegisthus on the stage, in view of the audience, would not only have offended the artistic taste of the Greeks, but might have gained sympathy for the guilty, a result not contem-

plated by the poet. The death of Aegisthus ends (in Sophocles) the troubles of the House of Pelops.

The "Electra" of Euripides and the "Choephoroi" of Aeschylus are founded on the same legend as the "Electra" of Sophocles. But while the three tragedies treat substantially the same theme, they do so from different standpoints. The play of Euripides is not in the serious vein of the other two. In Aeschylus, the subject is viewed from the side of the Celestials, as is the case with this dramatist generally. In Sophocles, it is seen more in its human aspect. The crimes and calamities of the family of the Atridae are, in Aeschylus, the workings of a relentless fate which has its origin in the wrath of the gods at crimes committed, but which disregards, in great measure, the idea of justice. Clytemnestra murders her husband through the influence of the Nemesis that drives on the adulteress to add crime to crime, and Orestes kills his mother at the instigation of Apollo, but is immediately punished by the Eumenides, because of his unfilial act. The decrees of Heaven work above and independently of man's reason and conscience, and man is more of a victim in his wickedness than a responsible being. Sophocles has brought Aeschylus down to earth, and though less grand and terrible, is in one sense more human. Man is more of a responsible being in the *Electra* than in the *Choephoroi*. Orestes does indeed come from Phocis, like an arrow, as has been said, from the bow of Phoebus, but, though executing the direct order of the Archer god at Delphi, he acts from a sense of right and duty, for which he is rewarded, not punished. There is no remorse, as in Aeschylus; no pursuit by the Furies; but Orestes and Electra are re-established whole and happy in the home of their fathers.

The chief interest of the "Electra," however, is not so much in the doom determined for the guilty as in the character of the heroine herself. In Aeschylus, the grand idea is the consummation of Heaven's vengeance by the deaths of Clytemnestra and Aegisthus, and this idea is paramount throughout the Oresteian trilogy; in Sophocles, though the final horror is elaborately worked up, it is rather upon the effect wrought in Electra's mind

through the action of the play that the attention of the spectator is concentrated. Electra's feelings are set forth in full and our interest is absorbed in her unhappy lot, the resolution with which she endures it, and her final relief. Her lamentations, so bitter and prolonged, evoke our sincerest pity. They spring from an abhorrence of her mother's crime, from her hatred of Aegisthus, who has been the means of dishonoring her father's memory, and from hope deferred of the return of her brother upon whom alone she can depend to wipe out the double stain that mars the sacredness of the domestic hearth. She resolves to slay Aegisthus with her own hand when her gentler sister Chrysothemis declines to aid her. The resolve is a noble one, because dictated by Heaven; it has its origin in her exalted conception of the sanctity of home and her sense of that home disgraced. She is no mere victim of a blind fatality, but a high minded Attic maiden contending for right and honor. When she recognizes her brother, her excessive sorrow gives place to unbounded joy and the depth of feeling is perceptible in this rebound of emotion, more fully than at any point in the play; yet her resolution to see that strict justice is meted out to the authors of her woe is only whetted, now that the means of accomplishing her purpose are at hand. This unflinching severity in Electra's attitude, like many other characteristics of the Sophoclean drama, is, no doubt, emphatically unchristian. *παῖδον, εἰ σθένεις, διπλῆν* is her unfeeling exclamation from without as she listens to her mother's death agonies within the palace. Nothing could be more harsh than this, and it is difficult for us to sympathize with such a situation. But the doctrine of Greek tragedy, though resembling in many respects the teachings of the old Dispensation, has but little in common with those of the new. With the Greek, the idea of retribution, slow but inevitable and altogether just, is uppermost. Electra is no uncertain and hesitating Hamlet goaded on by an incorporeal spirit to do a distasteful deed. Her beloved father must be avenged and vindicated at any cost, and those who have been wronged through his death must be righted. It is a law of the heart, as well as the law of God, says Sophocles, and if Orestes

executes the law, Electra interprets it. Any sign of wavering or weakness on her part, therefore, would only mar the nobility of her character as seen in this light, and be inconsistent with the poet's design in tracing the course of divine justice to its accomplishment.

S. G. A.

Chapel Attendance.

American collegiate education has always been essentially, in intent at least, Christian education. "*Christo et Ecclesiae*" is the motto of the oldest and the greatest of American Universities. Yale has exercised a rigidity of religious requirements amounting practically and designedly almost to *denominationalism*.

Princeton, Amherst, Dartmouth, Williams and Hamilton are distinctively Christian in their teachings, some of them even to sectarianism. The Union proclaims herself broadly, but not dogmatically for Christ.

The kind and the degrees of religious requirements have varied materially with time and the individual tendencies of the institution. The Union student of fifty years ago made chapel twice a day. The morning service was at six o'clock and he had a recitation immediately following before he could get to his breakfast. He was a rugged man, too, and has worn well with the world. Possibly his systematic beginning of his daily work in college, has contributed somewhat to his after success.

The Union undergraduate of to-day attends but a single chapel service daily, and that but five days in the week with a liberal allowance of absences. The hour is later and he is enabled to breakfast before the service, still he curses the summons that breaks his morning slumbers. His self assumed superiority exempts him from a half approach to the rigid discipline that governed his father as a collegian. We do not presume to say that our fathers were invariably willing in their response to the chapel summons, but we are certain that the present widely prevailing attitude toward chapel attendance is a growth of recent years.

The tendency of the time in collegiate education, ever present, though manifest in a greater or less degree, is toward the elective system.

The widest advocacy of this system has not spared even the chapel. In June, 1886, compulsory chapel attendance ceased to be a requirement at Harvard. The scheme seemed to work well for a time, but the recent meeting of the Board of Overseers deemed it wise to again compel chapel attendance. The many lesser colleges that are emulous of Harvard's example will doubtless now incline to a more rigid observance of an ancient and confirmed precedent.

So far as we know, there has never been a radical reaction against the chapel requirement at Union. It has merely been modified from time to time, to conform to the varying circumstances, but has never been radically changed. The great fact, at least, of Christianity, has always been dealt with as an essential in a liberal education, as a necessity in dealings with men; for Union has always striven to be a teacher of human nature. Holding to a certain degree of conservatism in educational requirements, Union has said in effect at least, if not in words, that the religious nature of the student if not willing to be ministered to, must be ministered to by force.

But the exact amount of religious benefit derived from the daily service may be estimated at a minimum by a great, perhaps even the greater part of the students. Still, if there is any such benefit, it is pure and unalloyed. There are few enticements to draw us to chapel. We do not listen there to Orphic strains, nor do we nestle in cushioned seats. Music that is at least inconstant and seats that are proverbially hard are our morning portion. There are occasional words of wisdom, but aside from these the service is for some bare religion, but for the more part, we think, bare duty.

Still this duty, even for the irreligious student, is sufficient to justify the attendance. So long as we maintain the supremacy of curriculum work we may, if merely for worldly reasons, maintain the fitness of an early morning service. To many, the chapel service is the fulfillment of an actual religious requirement. To the writer of this article, its greatest value is that it starts him off dutifully and systematically in his morning work. It has habituated him to early rising. It takes him to an early breakfast. It awakens

him to a systematic discharge of the day's duties. He would advocate chapel attendance, if it were merely for its practical training to habits of industry and of healthful regularity. J. I. B.

A Strange Contract*—A Mere Plot.

BY GEO. COMSTOCK BAKER.

CHAPTER I.

OLD COLLEGE CHUMS.

Wilson Bainfret and I had been chums at college—which means a great deal. We had been brothers in the same fraternity—which means a great deal more.

He was a very gentlemanly looking young fellow of about twenty-three. He had what grandfathers call a good head; it evinced a good solid character, and a great deal of natural ability. He was of medium size but well put together, with broad chest and shoulders, and muscular legs. His hair and eyes were brown and in the latter there was a sparkle of latent fun. He had been what is termed a "good fellow" at college, but that was not his only claim to one's friendship. Some men are good fellows but good for nothing else; lazily good natured, they are good fellows simply because that is the easiest way to get along.

Wil had his enemies of course—every man of decided character must have; but they were men, as a rule, whom it was more creditable to have for enemies than for friends.

He was very frank and honest and talked freely with his friends of all his doings; excepting only one subject. He never spoke of his feminine friends, of which he had many, except in the most general terms, and then it was always to say something good of them. If he added another glove to his collection, no one knew from him who the fair owner was, any more than they did who had given him the little pink slipper, or the fan of lemon and orange ostrich feathers.

I remember one day one of the fellows came into his room to borrow a white lawn tie to wear to a ball. Wil was busy dressing and told him

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to look in one of the drawers of the dresser. While rummaging around he found a scarlet elastic fastened with a cluster of daisies in silver, which he held up with a laughing, "Where in the devil did you get this?" to the great amusement of the fellows.

"Where did you find it?" asked Wil parrying one question with another.

"Why here in the drawer."

"I've been looking all over for it, it is the new armlet I bought to keep my shirt sleeve in place," he said as he deftly snapped it on his arm with a comical grin; and that was all that we could ever get out of him on the subject. As a consequence of this reticence he had a host of friends among the sex to whom perfect confidence is of much greater importance than it is to men.

We had agreed before graduation to commence the study of law together in a quite famous law school in the city where he lived. He studied law because he came of a long line of eminent jurists, and had had it literally bred into him; and I because there did not seem to be anything else to do. There was no good business opening for me, I did not like the life of a doctor; and as for being a minister; I am afraid that I could have hardly filled the bill.

CHAPTER II.

THE SAPPHIRE SET IN SILVER.

As soon as I got fairly settled in my new quarters, I hastened to see Wil for I felt that indescribable uneasiness and unnaturalness, which a change of living and of surroundings always produces.

I had no difficulty in finding the house, a large brown stone mansion on one of the wealthy streets. A neat white-capped "girl" (she was over forty) informed me that "Mr. Wil was in the library." He heard my voice and called out, "Come in, old boy, I've been expecting you." He jumped up from the desk at which he was working and gave me the grip. Then followed the usual questions as he lounged in an easy chair with an interrogation point in each eye. So we sat and exchanged vacation experiences, talked of the future and made our plans for over an hour.

At last when we had discharged the greater part of our batteries of news, he suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, by the way, I've got something new to show you." He always "Had something new to show you." It might be a new song, or an etching, or even a new style of penholder; but whatever it was it was new. But this time it was something of more importance. He took out his pocketbook, and extracted from it a wad of fine tissue paper, which he began carefully to unfold; at last he produced a magnificent sapphire.

"Isn't that a beauty?" he said, as he handed it over for my inspection. It certainly was a fine stone and I said so, but I could not help thinking that there was something behind it, so I asked, "Ahem, but may I congratulate you?" "Congratulate me?" he repeated in a puzzled manner and then as he understood, "No it is for myself."

"Oh," I said simply, "So you are going to wait a while?"

"Yes, I guess it will be a devil of a while," he answered with a comical look of despair. "I was just draughting the design for the setting when you came in," he continued as he took a bit of bristol board from the desk. "I am going to have it set in old silver." I examined the design, a quaint antique conceit, which he had handled very well. "It will make a very pretty ring," I said as I handed it back. Wil had always had a passion for draughting, especially designs for jewelry, and the greater part of what he wore in that line had been made up after his own sketches.

The deep cathedral chimes of the clock on the mantel made Wil start and pull out his watch, "By George," he exclaimed, "I did not think that it was anywhere near five o'clock. Have you got anything to do to-night?" "No," I answered, "I was just going to ask you if you had anything on hand for this evening."

"Well, then I'll tell you what we will do. You come down to the jewelers with me, it isn't but a few blocks around the corner, and then come back and take supper with Dolly and I and——"

"Dolly," I exclaimed.

"Why don't you know Dolly?"

"No. How should I know Dolly?"

"Why she is my cousin. Put on your top coat and I'll tell you about her as we walk down town.

CHAPTER III.

DOLLY.

"You see everyone went to Europe this year," Wil began as we emerged from the shadow of the large vestibule and stood on the steps putting on our gloves, "I say everyone, you know that all the relatives I have are father, Uncle Weston and Aunt Louise, and Dolly." He took my arm, an old college custom, and we walked down the street. "Well, as I said," he continued, "they are the only relatives I have; so when they went to Europe they left Dolly with me. She is a pretty little thing and we get along finely together. Of course I don't have to take care of her much as Mrs. Agnes looks after her, and does it as well as her own mother could; but nevertheless it seems strange, I feel like a grandfather."

I laughed at this and asked who Mrs. Agnes was. It is a strange feature of college life, that while one may regard a friend as a brother and know him quite as well; he knows as a rule, very little of his family.

"You never saw Mrs. Agnes did you?" he asked, "No," I answered. "She is a very uncommon person. She is a French lady, I mean just what I say *lady*, for she evidently came of a fine family. She has been in our family as housekeeper ever since mother died, nearly twenty years ago. There is some mystery connected with her past which she would never tell, and we could never imagine what it was. She is about sixty, I should think, and must have been a very pretty woman in her day."

Of course this aroused my curiosity and I asked if there was no clew to her past life.

"No, none whatever; she only receives letters from people whom she has met since she has been with us, so there is no clue by that means. Whatever her secret is it will probably die with her. I have always imagined that she belonged to a fine family in France and that she eloped or something of the sort and they cast her off, or else that her husband deserted her; but of course that is pure imagination on my part. We have

always treated her as one of the family, but she keeps out of sight a great deal of the time, never appearing at the table unless the family is alone. She has her little suite of rooms and likes to take her meals there by herself.

"Did you learn your French from her?" I asked, for Wil spoke that language almost as fluently as he did English.

"Yes, and she taught me many other things besides, sketching for instance. She teaches Dolly French and music now."

"Dolly," I repeated, "I am getting quite impatient to see your fair cousin."

"She will be home when we get back, so don't get impatient," laughed Wil as we entered the jeweler's.

It was dusk when we returned to the house. We threw off our top coats in the hall and entered the library. The room was dark save for a bright wood fire that blazed in the big open fireplace, shooting little arrows of light, which seemed to be dashed into glistening slivers against the brass handles of the desk, and a sword hanging upon the wall. The carved heads upon the old oak furniture grinned hideously in the semi-darkness, and the whole room looked eerie in the half-revealing, yellow light. An honest looking old mastiff who lay basking upon the hearth, opened his huge, black-lipped jaws, and grinned, while he sounded a lively tattoo on the floor with his tail. He soon ceased this however, and lay quietly watching the fire, giving a profound sigh now and then as some former sin of his came to his mind.

We stood for a moment upon the threshold, watching the play of the firelight, and then walked in towards a big easy chair which was drawn up before the fire. I happened to glance towards it, and saw protruding from its cozy depths a neat little slippered foot and slender ankle, which swelled into plumpness and then roughishly hid under a shower of white laces.

Wil gave a suggestive cough; I looked up and he beckoned to me, not thinking that I had seen her. "Isn't she pretty?" he whispered.

I tiptoed up to where I could see into the chair; I never saw a prettier, or a more charming picture.

Nestled cosily in the sleepy leathern depths with her head resting upon one plump little arm was Dolly. Her long black hair hung unfastened about her shoulders partly hiding her face, and glistening in the shifting fire light like strands of ebon glass. Her cheeks were brown, but not so brown as to prevent the roses of health from bursting into full bloom upon their velvet surface; and through her half-parted lips one could see her little white teeth. Her long silky lashes lay upon her cheeks, half shaded by one dimpled hand.

"Asleep," whispered Wil, as he seated himself upon the arm of the chair, and bending down he kissed her full upon the lips. She moved a little and made a little sound, much as a kitten purrs when carressed, but did not open her eyes. She rested her head upon his knee and took his hand.

"Dolly, I want you to meet my friend, Mr. Walters," said Wil, with a twinkle in his eye. If she had been moved by a spring she could not have got out of the chair quicker than she did, and as she stood blushing upon the hearth rug I heard her whisper to Wil, "You great goose! Why didn't you tell me that there was someone in the room?"

It was a very trying situation for a young girl, but she composed herself with wonderful facility, and advancing gave me her hand. "It seems as if I had known you for a long time Mr. Walters, I have heard Wil speak of you so often you know," she said with a smile. I noticed that she wore one of our fraternity pins and spoke of the fact, "Oh to be sure," she said, glancing down at it with an air of pride. "Wil gave it to me on my last birthday."

"Shall I tell how many times I whipped you? One for each year," asked Wil teasingly.

"Oh, you just wait, your birthday comes pretty soon now, won't I get even with you!" she answered as her black eyes snapped.

"Shall I come down and help you?" I asked, for I liked to hear her talk.

"Oh no, I can manage him alone," she stepped slyly up to Wil who was still sitting upon the arm of the chair, and gave him a little push which sent him into it with undignified haste. "See how easy it is," she laughed as she ran to

the door. "Excuse me, Mr. Walters, I must dress for dinner," and she ran lightly up the stairs.

"She is a great Dolly and no mistake," laughed Wil after she had gone, "How the fellows will rave about her when she gets a few years older." "She will be quite a little flirt I imagine," I observed. "No, I don't think that she will; I think that she will be very popular, but I think that she will stick to one fellow."

"You will be rather lonesome when she goes away."

"Yes, I will," he admitted frankly. "I have not had the least trouble with her since she has been here; she has not even been homesick, or if she has she has not shown it in the least. She is always jolly and full of fun—and she knows just when to stop."

"How old is she?"

"Just sixteen."

CHAPTER V.

THE CONTRACT.

Sympathy and pity for anyone in trouble, had always been strong points in Wil's character, and they were naturally of double strength if the person happened to be a girl; and they then ascended in direct proportion to her good looks. He enjoyed life thoroughly and wished everyone to have just as much fun out of it as he did. So it was comparatively easy to account for the deep friendship which existed between him and Bessie Willowsby.

John Willowsby was a very rich man; a speculator, who cared but for two things in this world; his bank account and his name. He was a hard man, his tenants and employees said, who ground down to the last dollar. If his wheat speculations caused the poor man to pay more for his bread, he sneered. "It was not his fault, he had started in life without a dollar to his name. If they were poor it was their own fault." But he had not always been a hard-hearted money-worshipper; there had been a period in his early life when he had been as generous and noble-hearted a man as ever breathed; this was when his lips, which now only opened in grim command, had plead his cause in cupid's court where a young girl sat as

judge. In those days he was what is called a good business man, but he had not acquired the habit of crushing beneath the weight of his gold, all opposition which lay in his path to commercial supremacy. But another suitor had taken the prize; a very handsome fellow who knew all of the poetry of love, but who lacked the brains to make his moderate income meet his numerous bills. John Willowsby's heart was deeply touched at this defeat for he honestly loved the girl. He plunged into business with renewed vigor and tried to forget his bereavement, for bereavement it was to him, in the complex mysteries of debit and credit. His former leniency to his debtors relaxed, and hard lines began to form upon his massive face. He made several bold ventures and suddenly found himself a very rich man; but it was a bitter mockery. The chink of gold could not take the place of the music of a wife's voice. The lines upon his face grew still deeper, his square jaw took on a more resolute expression, and there came a hard steely glitter into his eyes, like the reflection of the sun upon leveled rifle barrels.

Then suddenly a star arose upon his horizon. His rival died leaving his widow with any amount of indebtedness. He renewed his suit and was accepted in sheer despair. Then he returned to his old self; he knew that his wife did not love him, and he determined to win her love by sheer manliness; then just as suddenly as his star of happiness had arisen, it set; leaving him in the awful darkness of despair.

In two months from the time of his marriage Bessie was born. It was an exchange of souls, for as one came to take up its allotted period of existence upon the earth, the other was called to solve the mysteries of the Great Hereafter. At that hour died John Willowsby's belief in a God of Mercy. "The devil reigns upon earth and I will be his aid," he muttered in that awful hour, and from that time he was never known to smile.

He was not outwardly cruel to Bessie for he valued his reputation too much for that. He gave her all the advantages that a rich man's daughter should have, but in his heart he hated her and she knew it. She was a constant reminder to him of his successful rival, and he regarded her as the cause of her mother's death.

"You are John Willowsby's daughter," he said to her often, and he cared not what she did or what became of her as long as she proved a credit to him. He had resolved that she should marry a rich man's son and upon that account he looked with favor upon her friendship with Wil; but he made it very disagreeable for any young men of humbler means who had aspirations in her direction, and forbade many of them the house.

Strangely enough she did not show many traces of this almost inhuman life of hate, except that her passions went to extremes. She either adored or despised.

In their school days, Wil and Bessie had gone through all of the phrases of "Calf love" as Finck calls it; and it seemed to act as an inoculation against any sentiment tenderer than friendship in later years. Wil knew that Bessie was very pretty, that she had deep blue eyes and rich masses of light brown hair which gleamed golden in the sunlight. He knew that her lips were small and red; that she had a soft, warm, cosy, little hand; that her feet were small, and that her ankles were trim, and that she had a very pretty little way of showing them occasionally; but he never thought of her in any other light than that of a very pretty—well, let us say cousin.

He "Ran over to see Bessie," very often. He told her his plans, and she gave him a little womanly advice now and then, and twitted him about his girl friends; while he discussed the good and bad qualities of her admirers, and helped her to circumvent her father when the chance offered. They went to balls together when they could not go with anyone else, and altogether it was a pretty clear case of Platonic friendship.

The first thing Will did when his ring was finished was to take it over to show it to Bessie. She came down in a very becoming little blue dressing sack with a girdle of ribbon, looking particularly sweet and rosy.

"Good morning, sir," she said, as she entered very theatrically, bowing and smiling as if she were addressing a very distinguished man.

"Howdy," said Wil, as he held out his hand. She took it and as she did so she snatched the

pin out of his scarf, a little gold bug, with an opal body and ruby head; and seating herself in the corner of the sofa proceeded to fasten it in the front of her dressing sack which was pinned together with lace pins.

"Just what I wanted," she said, as she surveyed her swelling figure complacently, and then looked up into his face, "Thanks."

"Well, I like that," exclaimed Wil, as he seated himself upon the arm of the sofa, "Give me my pin."

"I won't do it, you have got lots of them, and I need this one to fasten my sack together with. Where is your daisy pin, and the diamond one, and the skull?" Wil did not answer and she continued, "Given them to some girl, I suppose, well it serves you right, now you can go without. Oh, what a pretty ring!" she exclaimed, as she caught Wil's hand, "Take it off and let me see it."

Wil handed it to her and as he did so he regained possession of his pin. She was too busy to resent so she merely placed her hand over the place where it had been fastened.

"It's an awfully sweet ring," she said, as she held it up to the light, "I suppose it is for me," with an arch smile.

"Well hardly, what do you want, you little pig? You have got four rings already."

"Yes, I know, but I want this one too."

"Oh, really, well I will sell it to you seeing that I am hard pressed for funds."

"How much do you want?" she asked as she extracted her purse, "I have got seven dollars, a button hook, three postage stamps, and some samples."

"I could not take that, but as I see that you really want the ring I will sell it to you for fifty kisses." Wil expected that this would close the discussion and that she would throw the ring at him for his impudence. But she evidently read his thoughts, and knew that he was, to use a technical phrase, "bluffing"; so she said in a defiant tone as she looked him straight in the eye, "I will take you up."

Now Wil *was* in a pickle; but he put on a brave front and tried the last resort.

"All right, I am to have one every day and I will take the first one now." He put one arm

over her shoulder and around her waist so that her head rested upon his shoulder, and bending his head looked down into her face. He expected that she would flinch but she returned his gaze steadily and a trifle defiantly. He bent his head lower, lower, expecting that she would withdraw from the contact every moment. Suddenly he sprang to his feet and began to talk about the weather. The maid had entered with a card.

"Oh, pshaw," said Bessie petulantly, "I don't want to see him. I'll have to dress and everything."

"Who is it?" asked Wil.

"Mr. Allsonby."

"Well, I don't want to see him either," he exclaimed, "I'll go out of the side door through the library," he said as they passed through the heavy portieres which divided that room from the drawing room.

"No, don't go. I have got something to tell you. Just sit here in the library and read the papers until he goes; he won't stay very long."

"All right," he answered, and Bessie ran upstairs to put on a waist."

Allsonby belonged to a certain class of men whose eyes, like the ruby glass used by the photographer, are non-actinic. The pure, white light of Heaven was sifted when it passed his eyes. It lost all of the Heavenly blues, the soft yellows and violets, the cool, refreshing green. The light which passed into his soul was the scorching, glaring, red light of lust. He openly boasted of his numerous *laisons* and he had probably compromised more women than any other man in the city. He neither respected purity or believed that anyone possessed it; and the most innocent gesture, look or word was used by him to confirm his theory. Yet he was a society man and was received everywhere, partly on account of his wealth, and partly because he possessed, in a remarkable degree, one of the first essentials of an accomplished *roue*, personal magnetism. Girls, who in his absence mentioned his name with loathing, would when this strong influence of his was exercised, submit to, and perhaps even enjoy his caresses. He had upon one occasion made some suggestive remarks at the club, about Dolly's staying at

Wil's; and Wil, who had chanced to overhear him, had caught him by the throat and choked the most abject apology out of him. So it was perfectly natural that they did not care to meet.

Wil sat in the library for some time with a paper before him, but he was not reading. He was wondering what the outcome of that very unique contract, which he considered half seriously and half jokingly, would be.

Suddenly he became aware of a little scuffle in the next room and heard a panting scream from Bessie. He sprang to his feet and tore aside the curtains just in time to catch her in his arms. Behind her was Allsonby, who recoiled at this unexpected apparition; his heavy sodden face distorted with rage and baffled passion. Wil stood with the girl in his arms and gave him one look. The fellow shrank from that blazing gaze and slunk away, while Bessie clung to him as a child awakened from a nightmare clings to its mother.

"Did he hurt you Bessie?" asked Wil, anxiously.

"No—not physically," she sobbed.

Wil bent and lifted her in his arms as if she was a baby, carried her to the sofa and held her upon his knee and petted her until she lay quiet and contented, but weary from nervous exhaustion in his arms.

From that time dated their love for each other. That one incident was the means of bringing out latent forces which years might not have developed. Whoever claim's a man's protection claims his love by the implied confidence; and what greater blessing to a woman than a strong man's arm in time of need?

CHAPTER VI.

AFTER CLOUDS, SUNSHINE.

After this things went on very smoothly for several months. But although nothing of importance happened, there was a gradual change. Wil and I devoted ourselves strictly to business hours, and became well grounded in the principles of law, and also grew to be closer friends—if that were possible. I spent a great deal of my time at Wil's, talking law with him if he was at home; and when he was not, which happened to be the case very often, as he spent

the greater part of his leisure time at Bessie's, I found it very pleasant to sit and chat with Dolly in front of the big fire in the library where I had first seen her. She was growing older, one could easily see that, but each day seemed only to add new charms. She had made wonderful progress in her music under Mrs. Agnes' patient and skillful instruction, and sang charmingly. Altogether I preferred to spend an evening alone with her than with most of the young ladies of my acquaintance; for she was jolly and unaffected, and very frank and honest, two qualities not generally found in society girls of the present.

But the world has never seemed to be the same to me since one fateful day in January. It seems as if upon that day, in a few brief hours, happened the events of a life time. I look back upon it now as a vague dream.

In the latter part of this afternoon of which I am speaking, I sat down in my room to smoke a pipe and read the papers. The first thing that caught my eye was this head line in the cable column—

SUNK IN THE BRITISH CHANNEL!

It was a terrible disaster in which one of the channel steamers had gone down in a fog with all on board. I carelessly scanned the details but the paper dropped from my nerveless hand and the room swam around my bewildered brain as I read the following names in the passenger list:

BAINFRET, MR. ASTOR A.

BAINFRET, MR. WESTON L. AND WIFE.

I seemed to have lost all muscular power, I sat as one stunned with a heavy blow. "Does Wil know? Does Dolly know?" were the thoughts which ran through my mind. At last I arose and hurried to Wil's house. Yes, they knew; for as I opened the door I could hear Dolly sobbing upon Mrs. Agnes' breast. Poor little girl, how my heart bled for her!

In the library I found Wil. He was sitting in a large chair, his legs stretched to their utmost length and the muscles contracted to rigidity, as a man strains under the surgeon's knife. His face was raised in helpless, blank appeal to high Heaven. It was an awful sight and I was afraid lest his nerves would give way under the terrific

strain. He lowered his eyes as I entered, but they had a glassy, horrible stare; they were leveled at me but did not seem to see me, he stretched forth his hand as does a drowning man and I pressed it in silent sympathy. As I stood there the full knowledge of human helplessness came to me with crushing force. Suddenly a thought struck me. I withdrew quietly and hurrying across the street, I rang the door bell. "Tell Miss Willowsby that Mr. Walters wishes to see her immediately," I said to the maid, and then I paced the parlor restlessly until she came down. I told her what had happened as quietly and as delicately as I could.

"My poor boy," she cried, as the tears ran down her cheeks, "I must go to him at once."

"Certainly," I answered, "I think that you can help him."

"My poor boy," she whispered, as she knelt at his feet a moment later and put both arms about his neck, "My poor, poor boy." He stretched out his arms and took her to his heart, and burying his face upon her breast, the scorching, seething tears which had threatened to burn their way into his brain found exit. I firmly believe that this and this only, saved his reason.

"You are all I have in this world now, Bessie," he said as he composed himself. Thus the first shock passed away. Death is an awful thing, but who can measure its horror when it robs one of all of the relatives one has upon earth?

I sat in the parlor hoping that I could be useful in some way, and thought. Death had clothed Wil with immense responsibilities for one so young. He was the sole surviving member of the family with the administration of two large estates upon his hands beside the guardianship of Dolly. "Would he be able to do it? I thought that he would, but was a great responsibility. Presently Mrs. Agnes came down stairs and entered the room. "How is Dolly?" I asked involuntarily. "She has cried herself to sleep, poor little thing," she answered, "Oh, Mr. Walters, this is terrible. Where is Wil?" I told her what I had done and she nodded assent. "The best thing you could have done," she said, "leave them together as long as possible. If he loves her, and I think he does, she can

comfort him as no other living person can. Mr. Walters if you are a praying man, pray for the poor souls in this house to-night."

At this same time another tragedy had happened. John Willowsby had failed. However strong a man may be he is powerless as against superior numbers. A combination had been formed against him and the strong man had fallen. His struggles were mighty, and his fall the fall of a giant, the whole country had heard and felt the shock. With halting steps and drooping shoulders, the deposed commercial king ascended his door step. There was an unearthly glitter in his deep set eyes, and a hollow mocking smile upon his lips. "They calculated well," he laughed diabolically, "I am too old, too old to begin again. But I can die. I can die." A white-faced servant opened the door. "Where is Elizabeth?" he cried, "Where is she? She will be glad to hear of this, she hates me, ha! ha!" and his horrid laugh sounded through the reverberating, dusky hall. "She went over to Mr. Bainfret's," whispered the frightened maid and fled.

"What!" he thundered, "What! My daughter visiting a man in his own house!" He strode across the street and opening the door walked into the library where Bessie still sat upon Wil's knee.

"So this is what you do when I am gone," he thundered, as he crushed her tender arm in his fierce clutch, "you visit your paramour in his own house do you? If ever you enter my home again I'll have you kicked from my door as I would a dog! By God, I've a great mind to strike you down where you stand!" and he lifted his heavy cane. Wil had been too stupefied to speak before, but now he sprang forward and thrust the man to one side. I will never forget the look of intensity upon his face as he hissed, while his hands clenched and his whole frame shook with fury, "Go! you hound, before I kill you where you stand!"

The man turned with a sneer upon his face, and as he left the room he turned with a mocking laugh, "I hope that you will enjoy your amour."

Wil had kept his self control, but I could not keep mine, and I can scarcely recall an event which ever gave me so much pleasure as I

experienced in kicking the old reprobate out of doors.

"What is to be done!" I asked, for this unexpected turn of events had confused me.

"Send for our minister," Wil answered.

* * * * *

Just as the last flashes of light from the sinking sun flew across the silent earth, the minister voiced the solemn words that made Wilson Bainfret and Bessie Willowsby man and wife.

At the same moment a dull report was heard. John Willowsby's sin stained soul had gone to meet the awful vengeance of Infinite Justice.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SAME OLD STORY.

Four years had passed. Wil and I had gone into partnership, and already stood among the prominent young lawyers of the city. The healing hand of time had kindly obliterated the horror of those fearful hours, and Wil was as happy as in the old days; while Bessie was the happiest of young mothers, and found new joys daily in the mysteries of love; love which had been to her as a sealed book all through the days of her life. Despite my remonstrances they had named their baby after me, and I stood sponsor for the chubby little rascal, who kicked and yelled like a good fellow as the name was given him.

Dolly had grown into a fine woman; and Mrs. Agnes, perhaps a little more snowy-haired, had the same sweet, kindly smile and called herself the baby's step-grandmother.

I found Wil alone in his library one evening and hastened to ask him a question which I had had upon my mind for a long time.

"Wil I want to ask a favor of you."

"Certainly, old boy, what will you have?"

"You are Dolly's guardian."

"Yes?"

"Well, I want to marry her—"

"The devil you do," he exclaimed, as he jumped up and began to laugh, as if he thought it was an excellent joke.

Just then Dolly came in and I unconsciously took her hand. Wil extended his hands over us and exclaimed, "Bless you, my children, bless you," and then dropped into a chair and

rolled and kicked with laughter, while Dolly and I escaped to the parlor.

In a moment his wife came in to see what the matter was, as he was waking the baby. "Why, why," he gasped as he led her to the parlor door and pointed at us, "Those two kids want to get married," and he went off into another spasm of laughter.

(The End.)

A Communication.

Mr. Editor:

I notice in your March number on page 90, in a valuable article, the following, to which I except: "While to the idle man anything is tiresome, and life does not seem worth living except it be seasoned with vice—that certainly does seem to give it some relish." This article was written by some one without experience or observation of the claimed pleasures of vice. I deny that vice furnishes true pleasure. Like the hilarity and noise of intemperance, its enjoyment does not satisfy. My witness is Solomon, who tried all things. Some students do not wait for passion, but follow the devices of their natural appetites. Such an article is misleading to them, at least. I claim all healthy natural desires are intended for gratification, and the time and place generally comes for moral gratification—no use to court vice.

Its enjoyment is too kaleidoscopic. Wait for the opportunity of moral and christian complete satisfaction at least.

JAMES H. CAMPBELL.

Toledo.

Notes.

✓ Hon. Chas. Emory Smith, '61, editor of the Philadelphia Press, has been elected Honorary Chancellor for 1889.

The Rev. Dr. T. S. Hamlin, '67, of Washington, D. C., will deliver the Baccalaureate Sermon.

→ THE CONCORDIENSIS. ←

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EDITORIAL.

THE delay in publishing this number is due to the difficulty in obtaining a correct account of the Rochester banquet.

* * *

WE ARE presuming enough to believe that, for those of our readers who are interested in the study of the classics, we present them in this issue of THE CONCORDIENSIS articles that will be to them, from an intellectual standpoint, exceedingly palatable. Lovers of the Greek drama ought certainly to enjoy Prof. Ashmore's article on the "Presentation of the Electra of Sophocles."

* * *

DESPITE the fact that Union has no chair of History so-called, the students, and especially the Seniors, have reason to congratulate themselves upon the advantages which they really do enjoy. Prof. Perkins has succeeded in inspiring most of Seniors with something of his own

enthusiasm for the History of American Politics, a subject which, fascinating in itself, is made more so by his highly instructive lectures. Prof. Wells and his didactic method of telling a story need no introduction to our readers. His present course of lectures on the "Current History of the Pacific Slope" in addition to being instructive, have the added, but no less important quality, of being delightfully interesting.

* * *

CONSERVATISM came very near proving the ruination of Union in the past, and the fact that this same conservatism has at last yielded to the demands of progress, is the surest guarantee that the friends of the old college have of its future existence and prosperity. We feel that we are brushing against the sharp corners of popular prejudice when we commend the manner in which the Freshmen conducted their cremation. Our commendation would be warmer, however, had the ceremonies been entirely dispensed with. The slavish observance of old customs on the part of the many, simply because they are old, shows far less moral courage than the independent defiance of these customs by a manly few. There are some, we trust, among the students, who will join in expressing the hope that the barbarous manner of cremating Algebra has received its death blow at Union.

* * *

NO LOYAL Union man in the class of '89 can afford to cut himself entirely loose from the apron strings of *Alma Mater* when he steps down from the commencement stage. He should make it his first duty after locating, either temporarily or permanently, to cast in his lot with the Alumni organization of his district. Should there be none, he should at once set himself about organizing one. There are few states, or few parts of states, where a sufficient number of Union men cannot be collected to form a strong and influential organization. Following are the names and addresses of the secretaries of the Alumni associations so far organized, to whom applications for membership should be presented. The Alumni Association of New York, R. C. Alexander, 23 Park Row, New York. The Alumni Association of Albany

and Northeastern New York, J. M. Mosher, 386 Hamilton street, Albany, N. Y. The Alumni Association of the Northwest, William P. Williams, 115 Home Insurance Co. Building, Chicago, Ill. The Association of the State of California, Wm. W. Britton, Oakland, Cal. The Association of the Genesee Valley, James G. Greene, Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

COLLEGE NEWS.

Base Ball.

—The games thus far show that the college has fully as strong a nine as last year and that with improvement in base running we will probably have the leaders of the league.

—The season opened with the first in the series of class games. It was played by '90 and '92 and the Juniors won by a score of 9-10. Carroll and Mc Donald for the Juniors and Mc Queen and Pickford for the Freshmen, were the batteries.

—The second game was played by a team from the upper classmen against one from the lower classmen. The lower classmen were defeated 36-6. Nolan and Mc Donald filled the boxes for the winning teams, while the regular Freshmen battery was played by the lower classmen.

—On Friday, April 19th, the college team played their first game together and defeated the Albany Law School nine, 28-1.

RIDGEFIELD 8; UNION 4.

The next day the regular college team crossed bats with the Ridgefields at Albany. It was the first game in which the men played in their regular positions and was composed of, Mc Donald, pitcher; Rhinehart, catcher; Pickford, first base; De Puy, second base; Mosher, third base; Little, short stop; McQueen, right field, Smith, centre and Hunsicker left field. Mc Donald, '90, was elected captain of the nine.

The game was close and exciting, being played very evenly during the greater part. The battery work on both sides was good; Mc Donald striking out seven men, while the Ridgefield pitcher struck out only three.

"Crematio Olneii

'92."

At about six o'clock on the evening of Tuesday, March 26, an open wagon, in which was a covered object having strong resemblance to a coffin, was driven to Middle Section, South College, and hardly had it stopped when about twenty Freshmen, each carrying a club, appeared on the terrace. Four of them took the coffin (for such it was) from the wagon, and, guarded by the others, (who meanwhile glanced menacingly at three Sophomores who were standing on the North Section stoop) carried it up to a room on the second floor. Here, until eight o'clock, the coffin lay in state, and was visited by several upperclassmen.

At about eight o'clock the Freshmen changed their minds about starting from Middle Section, and after breaking in the door of an empty room in South Colonnade, the coffin was carried there. From this room, at about ten o'clock, the march was taken up, the class appearing without a man absent, and each one wearing a white head-piece, and a white gown on the front of which was painted in black, a skull and bones, and on the back a large "92."

At the request of President Webster, the old custom of marching around the city was given up, and after marching around the campus a couple of times, fire was set to the coffin in front of the round building. When the crowd had calmed down a little, and when the shower of odoriferous eggs, decayed apples, etc., had diminished some, E. O. Smith, the orator of the evening, began his oration. His first words were a sign for another discharge of vegetables, and so numerous did they become that it was necessary for the speaker to be surrounded by some of his classmates, to afford him enough protection to enable him to speak. At the conclusion of the exercises the Freshmen received the congratulations of the Sophomores, and went away relieved, knowing that the worst of their Freshman life was a thing of the past.

The following were the

MAGISTRATI.

Grand Marshal, A. R. Perkins; Assistant Marshal, C. T. Loebenstein; Chaplain, C. W.

Trumbull; Orator, E. O. Smith; Poet, W. E. W. Robinson; Drum Major, J. V. Wemple.

The following "Resolutions" were drawn up, signed by the committee of arrangements: E. O. Smith, G. F. Mosher, G. H. Furbeck, J. V. Wemple, C. S. Hart,

WHEREAS, Al G. Bra has been associated with us for six consecutive months, and

WHEREAS, We feel indebted to him for the infinitesimal increment of knowledge obtained, and

WHEREAS, His characteristics have been the root of an imaginary influence over us. Therefore be it

Resolved, That, though we bow in all humility to the decree of our all-wise faculty that has eliminated from our number such a square, equable and demonstrative comrade, still our hearts are wrung with anguish at the thought of our loss.

Resolved, That, as a mark of respect, we attend his funeral in a body, suitably clad, and bearing the emblems of death.

Resolved, That according to a wish expressed in his last illness, his body be cremated.

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be transmitted to his heart broken classmates, to the Garnet and the Scotia papers for publication, and be finally deposited among the archives of the class.

Doings of the Alumni.

The first annual banquet of the Union college alumni association of the Genesee valley was held at Powers hotel on the evening of the 18th inst. Previous to the banquet a meeting was held, at which the following officers were elected: President Oscar Craig, '56; vice-president, Franklin M. Comstock, '76, LeRoy; secretary and treasurer, James G. Greene, '84; executive committee, Dr. David Little, '55, Rev. Dr. Nelson Milliard, '53, Dr. Porter Farley, '62, G. B. Y. Warner, '68. At seven o'clock the members and several invited guests, in all about forty, sat down to the banquet.

After the elaborate menu had been discussed Rev. Dr. Nelson Millard shortly before nine

o'clock, assumed the duties of toastmaster, and the intellectual feast was begun. Dr. Millard spoke in high terms of President Harrison E. Webster of "Old Union" and of her songs and traditions. A song to "Old Union" was sung with a will, and then President Webster responded to the first toast of the evening, "Old Union."

"As I look back at Union," said President Webster, "I think I can see that there was mismanagement. I can say that there is nothing of the old trouble there now. I shall work with the same earnestness as of old to build up the college. I wish to put myself on record as saying that I thought years ago that I was right when I was connected with Union college. You know, of course, that owing to those former difficulties, Union lost much of its prominence. When the position was offered to me last May I was very doubtful of accepting it. But I went back to the old college to look around, and I confess that I could not help going back. Under Dr. Nott the influence of the alumni amounted to little. Now an alumni association has been formed in New York with great success, and also one in Albany with equal success. Subsequently I went out to Chicago, where a meeting was held and an association formed. This association in Rochester is the fourth. I think others will be formed in Buffalo, St. Paul and other cities next year.

"Now certain changes are about to be brought about in the college. We shall establish a regular course for those desiring certain degrees. The curriculum will be largely revised. We have the classical, scientific, engineering and Latin scientific courses. We intend to build up more thoroughly the classical course. I think that is by far the best course." In closing his remarks he paid a compliment to the faculty as being highly efficient, and dwelt on the religious teaching that under him would characterize the college.

Professor George D. Olds responded to the toast, "The University of Rochester." "I had the pleasure," said Professor Olds, "of being associated with President Webster during four of the five years in which he was with the university here. He has the faculty of reaching

very sound conclusions by very unorthodox methods. I think it was at the university here that that process of evolution in his experience was brought about which fitted him so admirably for the presidency of Union. His student life, the burning of the midnight oil, the smoking of the student pipe, the old warrior characteristics, are all left, as indicated often to those who know him well. But his greatest characteristic is to govern and to teach.

"The power of the alumni of colleges is rapidly becoming more and more to be felt. There is a personality that we all feel in our college institutions. We call it our *mater*, and we love it. We owe our alma mater everything."

"I was a graduate of Rochester. I have been a professor here for four years. I believe in it. I hope my own years will be associated with it to the end. I trust that the alumni of Union will stand by their alma mater. We hail this promise of revival in Union college. I feel like giving three cheers and a tiger for 'Old Union.'"

Charles E. Fitch, a regent of the university of the state of New York, who had the misfortune not to graduate at Union, but who enjoyed the influence of Mark Hopkins, was next introduced. Mr. Fitch said his recollections of Union college were mainly confined to the classic shades of Givens hotel, in which he had passed many royal hours. "The truth is," said he, "in my time Union college by New England college men was looked upon rather with a feeling of contempt. I suppose we thought New England colleges were something of a higher type than New York colleges. We used to think Union was a sort of Botany Bay kind of college."

I do not think Dr. Nott was so wholly wrong as he has been thought. Many young men he made into true American citizens. I challenge any one to find a brighter array of men from 1804 to 1864 than are in the catalogue of Union. It seems to me that there stand forth pre-eminently three or four college presidents whose memory will last forever. I may name Francis Wayland, Mark Hopkins and Eliphalet Nott among these. I am a graduate of Williams college, but I am a citizen of the state of New York, proud of her commercial position but

prouder of her intellectual institutions. But a little south of us has been built a great institution within a few years. We have our smaller colleges, and now I believe we are to have a revival of the next to the oldest college in the state, old Union. It was not my good fortune to know intimately this new president of Union college until he was about to vanish from us, but I find that he is a scholar—the right man in the right place.

Other toasts were; "The Sphere of Union in Educational Work," Professor Edward Hayward, Clyde; "Union College in Medicine," Dr. David Little; "Union's Legislators," the Hon. S. K. Williams; "Our Guests," Dr. C. A. Dewey; "Union in '28," J. D. Husbands.

Letters of regret were read from Oscar Craig, the Hon. George F. Danforth, Joseph O'Connor, George E. Mumford and others who were unable to be present.

The following are the By-laws of the Association:

ARTICLE I. NAME.

The name of this Association shall be the Union College Alumni Association of the Genesee Valley.

ARTICLE II. OBJECTS.

Its objects shall be the promotion of social intercourse and good feeling among its members, and the advancement of the best interests of Union College.

ARTICLE III. MEMBERSHIP.

Any person who is, or at any time has been, a President, Member of the Board of Trustees or Member of the Faculty of Union College; any person who has received, or been entitled to receive, the diploma of Union College; any person who shall have been a student at Union College, in any course, for the period of at least one collegiate year and shall have left in good standing, residing in the Seventh Judicial District, and the Counties adjoining thereto, shall be eligible to become a resident member of this Association.

Any person similarly qualified, residing without the territory above named, shall be eligible to become a non-resident member.

ARTICLE IX. DUES.

The dues of members of this Association shall be one dollar per year, payable annually on the demand of the Treasurer.

Locals.

- Are you on the nine?
- The Seniors are looking for work.
- There was a general college recess on Good Friday, April 19th.

—President Webster has taken the seniors in history of civilization for the term.

—Caution: Spring fever is very prevalent and very contagious, its symptoms are, a loss of interest in study, failure in the class room, and extreme fear for the future.

—The Freshmen made their plug hat parade through the streets the first day of the term, April 9th. They are now fearless in their appearance with the cane and high hat.

—Two class games of base ball have been played on the campus this season, '89 defeated '92 with a score of 26 to 9 and '90 won a game from the Freshmen. Score 9 to 10.

—The following seniors have been appointed for the Commencement stage: Cameron, Carroll, Conover, Culver, Furman, Hanson, Harder, Nolan, Simpson and Washburne. The valedictorian cannot be announced until the first of June.

—Two musicals, one April 25th and one May 16th, will be given under the auspices of the Ladies' Musical Union of Schenectady, in the college chapel. Tickets are for sale at the college office, and will be sold, at the reduced rate of one dollar for both concerts, to students.

—Professor Wells, who returned from the West at the beginning of the term, lectures every Tuesday and Thursday, on the general subject, The Pacific Slope. His lectures are extremely interesting and are delivered to the senior class in particular, but the town's people are most welcome and many of them attend.

—The Field day of the Inter-Collegiate Athletic association which will be held at Island Park, Albany, May 23d, and which is regarded with so much of interest by our athletes, will be under the entire charge of Union College. Union men should do their utmost to distinguish themselves among the prizes, this may be done by persistent practice and proper training, for we have some good men who lack only in this important particular. The colleges that are represented in the Association and which compete are Syracuse, Hamilton, Rochester, Madi-

son, Hobart and Union. Following are the entries which will be open until May 15th:

100 Yard Dash,
220 Yard Dash,
440 Yard Run,
880 Yard Run,
1 Mile Walk,
1 Mile Run,
Putting 16 lb. Hammer,
120 Yard Hurdle, (10 flights, 3 ft. 6 in.)
220 Yard Hurdle, (10 flights, 2 ft. 6 in.)
Running High Jump.
Running Broad Jump.
Pole Vault.
2 Mile Bicycle,
Lawn Tennis Singles,
Tug of War (team of 4 men limit 600 lbs.)

Personals.

✓'60. Samuel R. Thayer has been nominated by President Harrison to be minister to the Netherlands.

✓'60. Frank Loomis is general counsel for the N. Y. C. R. R.

✓'67. Tunis S. Hamlin is pastor of the Church of the Convent in Washington. It is at this church that President Harrison, the Vice-President and most of the Cabinet worship.)

✓'79. E. P. White has been appointed city attorney of Amsterdam, N. Y.

✓'83. Gilbert spent a few days lately in Schenectady.

'88. Mac Murray is engaged in the real estate business in Troy, N. Y.

✓'90. Carmichael is clerk to the sheriff of Montgomery County.

Clippings.

—Johns Hopkins has just one co-ed.

—There are, in the world, 2,750 different languages.

—Five men have been suspended from Brown for cribbing.

—While Bismarck was in college he fought twenty-nine duels.

—Harvard is to have a new dormitory which will cost \$200,000.

—Lafayette has forty-two candidates for positions on the ball nine.

—Over \$700 was cleared by the Junior class of Columbia at its promenade.

—Ben Butler will address the Alumni of Colby at the coming commencement.

—No smoking is to be allowed, henceforth, within the precincts of Columbia.

—Lehigh students have petitioned the Faculty for a fixed number of cuts a term.

—Over a thousand dollars have been raised for a base-ball cage at Dartmouth.

—Two of the seniors at Rochester University are engaged in writing an operetta.

—Harvard professors are given a year's vacation, with full pay, every seventh year.

—Brown is to spend \$2,000 for base-ball, of which \$1,300 was raised at the first meeting.

—Ex-President Hayes is expected to deliver a series of lectures on political economy at Oberlin.

—President Patton, of Princeton, proposes to raise \$200,000 to found a hall for political economy.

—The University of Toronto proposes to send a base-ball club on a tour of the American colleges.

—The ladies of Harvard Annex have challenged the Columbia "Co-eds" to an eight-oared race.

—The photograph of the students at Cornell is the largest group ever taken, containing over 1,100 faces.

—Professors at Harvard lock their lecture-room doors five minutes after the hour, to prevent interruption.

—The trustees of Princeton have given Dr. McCosh a pension of \$2,500, whether engaged in his duties or not.

—The Seniors, at Williams, have at last decided to have the usual class-day exercises, and have elected their officers.

—The University of Pennsylvania will erect a dormitory at a cost of \$125,000, which is to be the largest in the United States.

—Yale has accepted the challenge of Cornell to a four-mile race on the Thames river at New London. Psotta will stroke the Cornell crew.

—A professorship of physical culture, with an endowment of \$2,000, is to be established at Amherst, in memory of the late Henry Ward Beecher.

—Johns Hopkins has succeeded in raising the \$150,000 necessary to tide over the difficulties caused by the failure of the B. and O. road to pay interest on its shares.

—This year Hobart College will publish a decennial catalogue. The yearly catalogue is out and shows the number of students to be two less than the number last year.

—Methylbenzointhoxyethyltetrahydropyrididinecasboxylate is the chemical terminology for cocaine, and is the longest known composite word in our, or any other language, thank goodness.

—An attempt is to be made to enable students to secure the degree of A. B. at Harvard after a course of only three years. It is thought that many students, who desire to improve their time, can do in three years what is now done in four.

TIT FOR TAT.

He timidly climbed up the brownstone steps,
He timidly rang the bell;
He felt that this visit might be his last,
But why so he could not tell.

As he stood at the door the winter wind
Whirled in the streets about,
But above its roaring he heard her say,
"John, tell him that I am out."

As the door was opened with stately mein,
He said to the butler tall,
"Pray, go to Miss Jones with my compliments,
And tell her I did not call."

—*Exchange.*

—In order to discover the real weight of the much repeated argument that intercollegiate contests are detrimental to good scholarship, the President of Cornell University has been keeping a record of men who engage intercollegiate sports. He finds that they are, as a rule, stronger both mentally and physically than those who do not engage in such exercises.

'T WAS EVER THUS.

A gallant oystdr loved a sponge,
In the depths of the dark blue sea,
And the sponge which the gallant oyster loved,
Was as fair as a sponge could be.

But the sponge the oyster's love disdained,
With a manner most cold and curt,
To feel that his love by a sponge was spurned
Did the pride of the oyster hurt.

Fate came at last, the sponge caught cold,
And she died of memb'rous croup,
While the gallant oyster, who loved the sponge,
Found he was in the soup!

—*Williams Weekly.*

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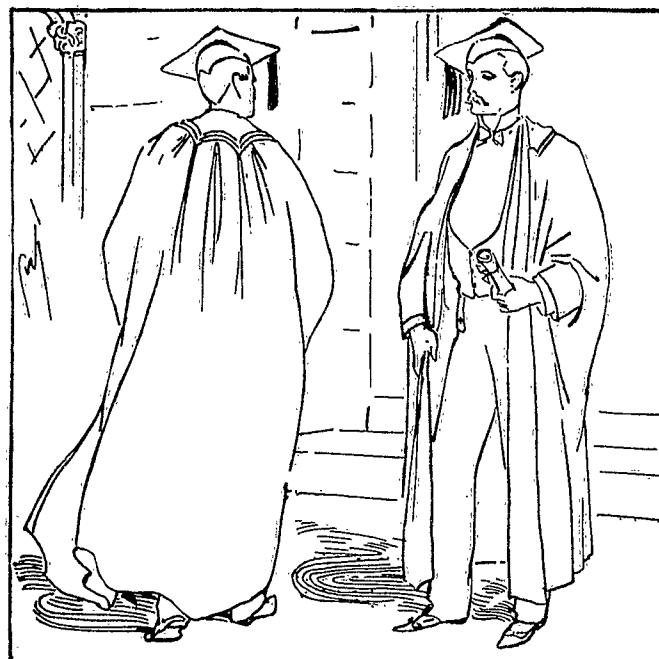
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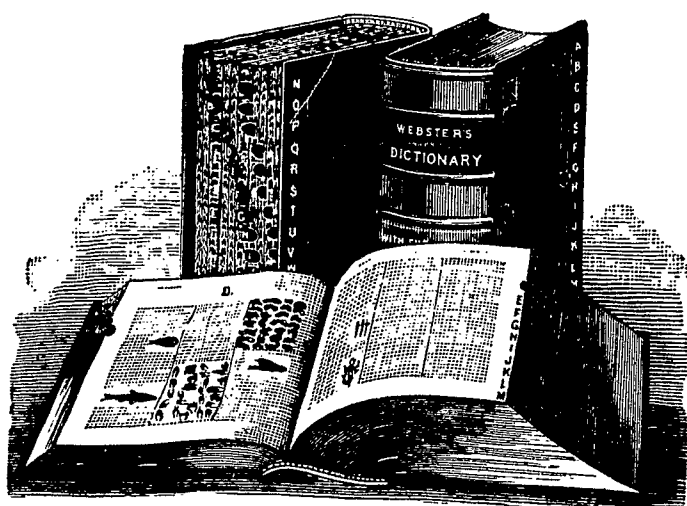
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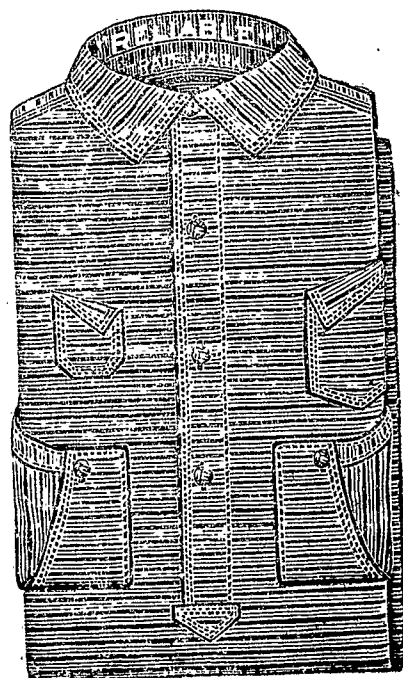
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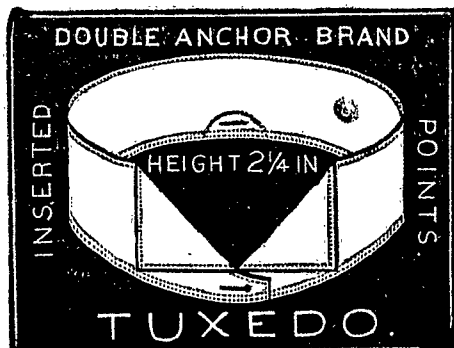
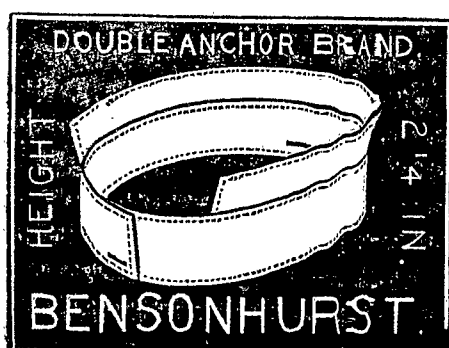
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