

The Irving Literary Gazette.

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Western Maryland College.

Western Maryland College was organized under the auspices of the Methodist Protestant Church, and incorporated in 1867. It was beset by all the difficulties which surround a young college, and was at first considered an object to be pitied or laughed at by the rival institutions in the state. All said that failure and annihilation would be its lot in a few years. But the men who organized the institution were not visionaries and speculators. They were men of sound business principles, and saw their way through an adventure before they undertook it. They saw the need of a Maryland College. They saw Maryland's people sending their sons to northern states to be educated. They saw that our people were disgusted with the free and easy courses and corrupt management of the so-called colleges of our state. The people wanted a strict, honest college, and so, to fill this need, they organized Western Maryland College. They selected for her site the summit of a hill at the edge of Westminster, and the breezes of the Blue Ridge, sweeping across the rolling country of Frederick and Carroll counties, bear straight to college hill the fresh, life-giving air of the mountains. Nor were the principles of the College less healthy than her site. The prime law was religion and freedom as to mode of worship. Although under the direction of the Methodist Protestant Church, her form of worship is not urged. On the contrary, the student is allowed to attend any services that his parents may wish. As a natural consequence we now have among us Catholics, Episcopalians, Lutherans, Methodist Episcopalians, Methodist Protestants and Presbyterians. So now we find the students almost without exception with healthy, robust frames, and above the average of Christians. As a body they are greatly attached to old W. M. C., and when the state threatened to take away the appropriation the boys who would have had to have gone, spent day after day in painful anxiety to hear their fate proclaimed.

The Original Board of Trustees consisted of thirty-four gentlemen, of whom nineteen are still on the Board; five have withdrawn and ten are deceased. There have been in all fifty-one trustees. The present Board consists of thirty members, of whom twenty-seven are from our own state, one from the District of Columbia, one from Dakota Territory and one from Virginia. The officers are: President, John Smith, Esq.; Secretary, Rev. J. T. Ward, D. D.; Treasurer, J. W. Hering, M. D.; Assistant Treasurer, Isaac C. Baile, Esq.

Next we have a list of all the persons who have been in our Faculty: President and Professor of Mental and Moral Science, Dr. J. T. Ward, D. D.; Professors of Belles Lettres, B. F. Benson, R. L. Brockett, A. M., H. C. Cushing, G. W. Devilbiss, A. M., J. K. Nichols, D. D., and W. H. Zimmerman, A. M.; Ancient Languages, W. H. Zimmerman, A. M., and Rev. J. W. Reese, A. M., Ph. D.; Physical Science, Professors R. L. Brockett,

A. M., S. Simpson, A. M., and Wm. H. Zimmerman, A. M.; Mathematics Professors, Oliver Cox, G. W. Devilbiss, A. M., D. W. Hering, C. E., and T. A. Gatch, A. M.; Preparatory Department, Professors R. L. Brockett, A. M., C. B. Cushing, A. M., A. H. Merrill, W. H. Ogg, A. B., Edwin M. Wilmer, A. M., and Charles T. Wright; Professor of Theology, Rev. Augustus Webster, D. D.; Lecturer on Anatomy, Physiology and Hygiene, J. W. Hering, M. D.; on Civil Law and Political Economy, R. B. Norment, Esq., and on Geology and Paleontology, J. P. Sheahan, M. D.; Tutors, DeWitt C. Ingle, A. B., Lewis A. Jarman, A. B., W. R. McDaniel, A. B., and Joseph W. Kirk; German, Rev. John A. Earnest, A. M., and D. W. Hering, C. E.; Preceptress, Misses Annie S. Hance, Clara P. Newson and Lottie A. Owings; Assistants, Misses Maggie J. Newson and Katie M. Smith; Music Department, Misses Carrie S. Brockett, Maggie M. Cole, Nannie H. Davis, Mrs. Amanda Gatch and Mrs. S. M. F. Jones, Misses Susie H. Joyce, Lydia S. Kesley and Eliza R. Spencer; Governess, Mrs. W. H. Zimmerman.

The gentlemen employed as College agents at various times are Revs. J. W. Charlton, W. S. Hammond, J. B. Walker, J. T. Ward and P. L. Wilson.

The different portions of the world which have been represented at W. M. C., and the number of students from each place, are as follows: Brazil, S. A., 3; Dakota Territory, 1; Delaware, 1; District of Columbia, 25; Kansas, 1; Kentucky, 1; Maryland, 718; Missouri, 1; Nebraska, 2; New Jersey, 2; West Indies, 2; New York, 3; North Carolina 9; Ohio 2; Pennsylvania, 20; South Carolina, 1; Tennessee, 1; Virginia, 21; West Virginia, 10; total, 859; number of graduates, 133; the average attendance since the founding of the College has been 115.

Our debt has been at various times at different figures between four thousand and thirty thousand dollars. In 1878 the net debt of the institution was \$26,580; to-day it is \$5,261. This is a most encouraging record and bespeaks the time when W. M. College will be able to give herself the annuity she needs and so richly deserves.

The College has conferred in all twenty-two honorary degrees. D. D. upon Rev. D. E. Reese, of Maryland; Rev. Geo. R. Barr, of Va.; L. F. Cosby, of Va.; W. H. Willis, of N. Ca.; Rev. J. M. P. Hiecker, of Ark.; Rev. John Paris, of N. Ca.; Revs. John Cowl and John Burns, of Ohio; Rev. J. W. Harper, of Ark.; Rev. H. Jordan, of Ill.; Rev. W. J. Finley, Ky.; Rev. J. C. Watts, England; Rev. Daniel Jones, of Pennsylvania; Rev. J. S. Johnson, Tenn.; Rev. B. F. Diggins, Va. A. M. upon W. C. Whitney, N. J.; Jas. P. Sheahan, M. D., Maine; Rev. Thos. Henderson, Rev. H. C. Cushing and Chas. T. Wright, Md. Ph. D. upon Rev. Jas. W. Reese, A. M., of Md., and Rev. G. B. McElroy, D. D., of Mich.

The following chronological list of historical items is given just as it was found in the memorandum book of our President, Dr. J. T. Ward:

1865—A circular relating to the estab-

lishment of a college in Westminster issued by Fayette R. Buell, Esq.

February, 1866—A public meeting held in the Methodist Protestant Church at Westminster.

March, 1865—The enterprise was commended by the Maryland Annual Conference and an Advisory Board of Directors appointed.

April 17, 1866—The first meeting of the Board of Directors held, advising the publication of a prospectus. This was accordingly issued, announcing Rev. R. Scott Norris President of the Board; Dr. J. T. Ward Secretary of the Board and Principal of the Faculty, and Fayette R. Buell President and proprietor of the College.

August 11, 1866—"Western Maryland", proposed as the name of the College, by John Smith, Esq., of Wakefield.

September 6, 1866—The corner-stone of the main building laid with masonic ceremony, Rev. J. W. Reese, Worshipful Master to the Door-to-Virtue Lodge, officiating.

December 14, 1866—IRVING LITERARY SOCIETY was organized.

September 4, 1867—The first regular exercises of the College were held; opened with religious exercises conducted by the Principal.

From February to June, 1868—*Irving Literary Gazette* was issued.

March, 1868—The act of incorporation was passed by the General Assembly of Maryland, approved by Gov. Swann.

June 12, 1868—The first annual meeting of the Board of Trustees was held, electing John Smith, Esq., President; Rev. J. T. Ward Secretary, and J. W. Hering, M. D., Treasurer.

August 12, 1868—The College property purchased by the incorporated Board of Trustees.

September 29, 1868—The Fundamental Ordinances were adopted by the Board of Trustees.

September, 1868—The Browning Literary Society was organized.

September, 1869—The Theological Department was organized.

1870—An act appropriating a portion of the academic fund of Carroll county for the tuition of eleven students in Western Md. College was passed by the Legislature.

May, 1870—Resolutions in favor of W. M. C. adopted by the General Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church.

February, 1871—An extensive revival of religion at College.

June 15, 1871—The first collegiate degrees were conferred.

June 19, 1871—The foundation of an addition to the main building was begun.

May, 1871—Webster Literary Society was organized.

June, 1872—The first Oratorical Contest was held between the Irving and Webster Literary Societies.

June 10, 1873—The Alumni Association was organized.

September, 1873—Welcome to Prof. James W. Reese, A. M., Ph. D., on his return from Europe, by the Webster Literary Society.

November, 1873—A revival of religion in the College.

March, 1875—Assessment plan for paying the College debt adopted by the Maryland Annual Conference.

June, 1875—The pavilion in the Grove was first used.

July 4, 1876—The National Centennial was celebrated by a brilliant illumination of the College building.

February, 1877—A revival of religion at the College.

February 22, 1877—The first anniversary of the Theological Class.

March, 1878—An act providing for the free tuition, board and use of books for twenty-six state students was passed by the Legislature of Maryland.

April 12, 1878—A mass meeting of the citizens of Westminster and the vicinity in favor of the College was held in the Town Hall at the suggestion of Rev. J. B. Walker, College Agent.

June 15-19, 1870—The "College Week," giving an account of the Commencement exercises, was published by Rev. T. H. Lewis.

June 14-18, 1880—The "College Record" was published by Lynn R. Meekins.

February, 1881—The *Irving Literary Gazette* (second series) was begun by IRVING LITERARY SOCIETY.

August, 1881—All the mortgages and liens against the College were paid and released, thus cancelling 85 per cent. of the entire debt, through the agency of Rev. J. B. Walker.

December, 1881—A revival of religion at the College.

January, 1882—The Philomathean Literary Society was organized.

August 21, 1882—The corner-stone of the first half section of Ward Hall was laid with religious ceremony, under the direction of the Local Board, Rev. J. T. Murray officiating.

The following distinguished men have appeared before the Societies: Orations, Edward W. Bates, Esq., Hon. C. W. Button, Hon. J. V. L. Findlay, Rev. Thomas Henderson, A. M., Hon. Henry W. Hoffman, Rev. S. V. Leech, D. D., Col. Henry Page, James W. Reese, A. M., Ph. D., two; Rev. S. B. Southerland, D. D., and Major John I. Yellott.

Sermons by Rev. L. W. Bates, D. D., Rev. Daniel Bowers, Alexander Clark, D. D., Rev. H. C. Cushing, two; E. J. Drinkhouse, M. D., D. D., Rev. Chas. M. Griffin, Rev. Samuel T. Graham, Rev. D. L. Greenfield, Rev. Thos. Guard, D. D., Rev. W. S. Hammond, two; Rev. J. L. Killgore, D. D., Rev. J. J. Murray, D. D., Rev. J. T. Murray, D. D., Rev. R. Scott Norris, Rev. T. D. Valiant, Rev. Augustus Webster, D. D.

Readings—Prof. S. T. Ford, Rev. J. G. Norris and Rev. David Wilson, M. D.

Class Honors in chronological order—Valedictorians, Misses Annie R. Yingling, Annie Price, Mary V. Nichols, Sarah L. Whitesides, Ida Armstrong, Laura K. Matthews, Lillian N. Young, Mary V. Swornstedt, Mollie J. Lankford, M. Emma Selby, Laura F. Stalnaker, Laura J. Bishop and S. Nannie James; Messrs. Wm. S. Crouse, H. Dorsey Newson, Thomas B. Ward, Samuel R. Ward, Thos. H. Lewis, R. B. Norment, Jr., Winfield S. Amoss, DeWitt C. Ingle, Lewis A. Jarman, Geo.

W. Todd, Edward L. Gies, H. H. F. Baughman.

Salutatorians, Misses Mary B. Ward, Mary E. Johnson, Alice H. Fenby, Mollie E. Jones, Drucilla Ballard, Jennie M. Starr, Lulu E. Fleming, Lizzie Trump, Flora E. Wilson, M. Kate Goodhand, Gertrude Bratt and Georgie Nichols; Messrs. Henry E. Norris, Wm. P. Wright, Benjamin F. Crouse, Wm. H. Ogg, George W. Devilbiss, L. L. Billingslea, Wilson R. Cushing, Frank H. Peterson, William R. McDaniel, J. F. Somers, Calvin B. Taylor and Joseph W. Kirk.

IRVING LITERARY SOCIETY was organized December 14, 1866.

Its Anniversaries were held on the following dates—First, June 15, 1868, second, June 15, 1869, third, June 14, 1870, fourth, June 13, 1871, fifth, June 13, 1872, sixth, May 2, 1873, seventh, April 17, 1874, eighth, April 9, 1875, ninth, April 28, 1876, tenth, April 20, 1877; eleventh, June 19, 1875, twelfth, April 25, 1879, thirteenth, April 23, 1880, fourteenth, April 25, 1881, fifteenth, April 28, 1882, sixteenth, April 27, 1883. Besides these it held entertainments as follows: February 22, 1869, December 6, 1875, December 13, 1877, December 6, 1878, and January 18, 1884.

Webster Literary Society was organized May, 1871, and held its Anniversaries on the following dates,—First, March 28, 1872, third, March 6, 1874, fourth, April 16, 1875, fifth, February 21, 1876, sixth, March 26, 1877, seventh, March 4, 1878, eighth, April 18, 1879, tenth, March 18, 1881, eleventh, January 19, 1882, twelfth, March 13, 1883, thirteenth, February 20, 1884.

There have been ten Oratorical contests between the Irving and Webster societies in which the following persons were chosen at various times to represent their respective societies:

Irving.—Messrs. E. S. Baile, Daniel Baker, Jr., William W. Burdette, Floyd Y. Chaney, Benjamin F. Crouse, Jno. H. Cunningham, Edwin Devilbiss, George W. Devilbiss twice, Preston S. Devilbiss twice, B. Dorsey Downey, James D. Gwynn, DeWitt C. Ingle, Edward P. Leech, Samuel D. Leech, Alonzo L. Miles twice, J. Weldon Miles, Charles E. Norris twice, Wm. H. Ogg twice, Frank H. Peterson twice, Franklin H. Shaeffer, James E. Shreve, J. F. Somers, S. B. Southerland, Jr., Calvin B. Taylor, Woodland I. Todd, Walter F. White, and Charles T. Wright.

Webster.—Messrs. Franklin T. Benson, L. L. Billingslea, W. H. D. Ford, James A. Duffenbaugh, W. F. Elgin, E. Oliver Owing, George O. Garey twice, Philip T. Hall twice, Franklin B. Harris, Samuel R. Harris, Philemon B. Hopper, Clinton B. Jarman, Lewis A. Jarman twice, Bradley W. Kindley, Joseph W. Kirk, T. Hamilton Lewis twice, W. R. McDaniel, C. B. Middleton twice, Clarence F. Norment, R. B. Norment, Jr., Clarence L. Seabrook, Jno. J. F. Thompson, Joseph A. Weigand, Abram W. Wright, E. L. Gies, W. W. Dumm and Lynn R. Meekins.

The Browning Literary Society was organized September, 1868, and held its Anniversaries as follows,—First, June 14, 1869, second, June 13, 1870, third, June 12, 1871, fourth, June 13, 1872, fifth, June 16, 1873, sixth, June 15, 1874, seventh, June 14, 1875, eighth, June 12, 1876, ninth, June 18, 1877, tenth, June 17, 1878, eleventh, June 16, 1879, twelfth, June 14, 1880, thirteenth, June 13, 1881, fourteenth, June 12, 1882, fifteenth, June 18, 1883, sixteenth, February 28, 1884.

Other entertainments and soirees were held December 27, 1870, February 10, 1871, December 20, 1871, May 10, 1872, May 16, 1873, March 20, 1874, Decem-

ber 28, 1874, December 21, 1875, December 28, 1877, December 18, 1878, June 6 and 7, 1879, December 19, 1879, October 22, 1880, December 21, 1880, February 11, 1881, December 16, 1881, December 15, 1882.

The Philomathean Literary Society was organized January, 1882, being the youngest of our societies. Its first Anniversary was held in the College Chapel May 5, 1882, and Second April 6, 1883.

For the greater part of these points we are indebted to the notes of Dr. Ward. He keeps a diary from year to year in which he records every incident of his life. In it he has recorded with some exceptions every text he ever heard announced, every person he has met, every thing concerning the College, and in fact a complete record of his daily thoughts and actions. Every section is fixed in precise order and has an alphabetical index affixed. It is the complete history of his long useful life.

Characters.

Honor needs no encomium, and a good character wants no eulogy. In the loom of life character's praises are woven into its very warp and woof. Character needs no mordant to fix its color like that tapestry—reputation.

Reputation is not character. We are apt to be misled by some illusion, which, presented to our minds, inflames them with a popular delusion. But, upon sober reflection, the mind rids itself of this mirage. "When the mists have rolled away" from our mental vision the reality comes before us, and the drapery that has enshrouded the object that has so long deluded us is "rent in twain," and the object then is seen as it is. There is then no white robe to throw around its form to screen it from the scrutiny of a mind inflamed by a gross imposition. It is then put to the test, and it is when the test is applied that we see that reputation is not character, but character may win reputation.

Reputation is the side shown to the world; character is the man's real nature. It is what he is in his own family. Character is the threads that compose the garment, while reputation is the outside gloss.

A man may have an irreproachable reputation but a spotted character. Look into the Senate Chamber of that man if you can. The door opens. What a sight is presented to the eye! The floor is covered with serpents. Their hissing is terrible. Fire flashes from their glaring eyes. The windows are covered with cobwebs. Vipers are crawling up the wall and hang hissing at those below. The counsel chamber of that man is a den, a very hell of snakes. The cobwebs at the windows are the only thing that prevents the beholder on the outside from seeing the fierce, glaring eyes of the demons within.

The reverse may be the case. The heart of that man may be a Paradise. Beauty and goodness may be enthroned there. Love shines in his eyes. Words sweeter than honey flow from his mouth. Above all, the fear of his Creator is there.

That which is forced is not character. Character is the man himself. It is the base on which reputation rests. Reputation is a species of fame, "and fame," says Carlyle, "we may understand is no sure test of merit, but only a probability of such; it is an accident, not a property of a man. Like light, it can give little or nothing, but at most may show what is given; often it is but a false glare, dazzling the eyes of the vulgar, lending by casual, extrinsic splendor the brightness and manifold glance of the diamond to the pebbles of no value. A man is in all cases simply the man, of the same intrinsic worth and weakness, whether

his worth and weakness lie hidden in the depths of his own consciousness or be trumpeted and beshouted from end to end of the habitable globe." This is true. Circumstances may change its form, culture improve its quality, but character still remains character. Clothing may change the appearance, but it does not make the man.

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
That man's the gowd for 'a that."

There is a strength, a power in character, which is not to be lightly esteemed, or whose value is not to be computed at so many dollars and cents. Benjamin Franklin owed his success to his well-known integrity of character. The personal character of Alexander I., of Russia, was said to have been equal to a constitution. Montaigne was the only one of the French gentry who kept his castle gate unbarred during the wars of the Froude. Roger Sherman possessed such a remarkable character that Fisher Ames said of him: "If I am absent during a discussion of a subject, and consequently know not on which side to vote, I always look at Roger Sherman, for I am sure if I vote with him I shall vote right." Such was the strength of character of Bernard de Palissy, the Huguenot potter, distinguished for his knowledge and talents, that the threat of the French king, Henry III., to surrender him to his enemies unless he renounced his religion, had no effect on him whatever.

Character may be and is of different sorts, yet it may be good character. It may be like the various orders of architecture. It may be simple and strong like the Doric; high and sharply pointed, like the Gothic; simple and majestic, like the Ionic; or unornamental and simple, like the Tuscan. Let it belong to any one of these orders, or let it combine them, so that it is good character it will stand the test of fire, and, like gold, will be the brighter for the fire, which has freed it from some of its dross.

Good character needs to borrow no jewels, no flowers, no crown to add to its charms. It has its own gems, its own diadem; character is beautiful in its simplicity, and in its simplicity grand, sublime.

A character that will stand the storm is invaluable. Its good will last until time becomes eternity, until the spiral is lost in the circle. Deep down in the heart of man, although covered with the rubbish and the gloom of darkness, there is a respect for character true and tried. Whoever possesses a good character stands on high vantage ground, with the whole plain lying before him, and he can say whether he will pitch his tent toward Sodom or not.

A father may not have a fortune such as the world calls a fortune, yet he may have a good name. The father can leave his son this and the whole world to make his fortune in. With such a fortune let the boy fight the battle of life. If the son make good use of his legacy he shall have his reward. When he has fought the battle and it is over he shall "cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees" that line "the river of the water of life, clear as crystal proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb."

He who has a good character should guard it well, for a precipice is before him, and a wrong step may hurl him into a fathomless abyss. He may find himself in the Maelstrom before he is aware of it; in avoiding Scylla he may be swallowed outright by Charybdis. Nor need that which causes him to make a misstep be something great; it is more likely to be some trifle. Indeed, so great an influence do little things exercise that we can scarcely call them little. That which at first seems small in its results is tremendous. Goethe says:

"Would'st know the whole? Then scan the parts;
for all
That moulds the great lies mirrored in the small."

There is nothing that needs more care than character. That which is worthless no one desires, but for what is good, pure and true all have a longing. Character is such. If it is lost it can never be regained; once gone it is gone forever. You behold a glorious sunset; Heaven's Artist has made a penciling on the canvas of the skies; it cannot be described; it is a dark cloud with red border, then paler red, then silver and gold, the sun sinks lower and lower; the picture grows dimmer and dimmer until twilight comes; darkness deepens; the mists rise in the valley and rest like a mantel on the mountain; the picture then is seen no more. So it is with character.

The taint of character may be forgotten like cast off clothes that have been deposited in an old chest in the garret. The rent can only be darned.

"It is the age that forms the man," says Macauley, "not the man that forms the age." Great minds do indeed react on the society which has made them what they are; but they only pay with interest what they have received. Not only is man more or less the creature of circumstances, but is also, to a greater or less extent, the creature of his surroundings. There are certain tendencies that operate to produce certain results. Hence it is we find certain characteristics predominating in the different nationalities. Of the Yankee, Lowell says, "Put him on Juan Fernandez, and he would make a spelling-book first, and a salt-pan afterwards." What is true of the Yankee is equally true of all nationalities, each has its distinctive characteristic. This, also, may account for the dominance of particular traits in individual character.

A man's character is not formed in a day. Each day simply adds a link in the chain of life; and character is not complete until life ends. Take the life of any man—George Washington, Gustavus Adolphus, Cromwell. At the beginning of life he is not what he is at its close. The Cromwell of 1650 is not the same as the Cromwell of 1640, though he is still the same man. Man enters life; circumstances operate on him, man acts on circumstances. Man forms morally as he does physically, successively. Though there is, at all times, a large amount of originality, though the individuality remains the same how changed are his sentiments and opinions. Each man's life is not complete until he has gone

"To the islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter."

So it is with character. Each man's life is a character. Each life a volume. What a library Eternity must have!

To obtain a good character, first, do as Beecher says, "Select good parents," and next obey their commands. "Honor thy father and thy mother." Having determined a course of action, which you believe to be based on a good principle, adhere to it with an unwavering decision and integrity of character. It is not well for a man, when assailed, to seek public vindication for what his actions deny. Opposition will show the true character. Pope says,

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well thy part, there all the honor lies."

And when you are "drifting with the tide out into the ocean; when your bark is bearing you to

"That undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveler returns;"

the knowledge of possessing a good character will smooth the voyage over the dark, rolling river of death. HOMUNCULUS.

On the day of victory no weariness is felt.

The Mission of the Dewdrop.

Essay Delivered on the Anniversary of the Brown-
ing Literary Society, by
MISS EUDIE RICHARDSON.

All things were made for a purpose, and one which is worthy of the greatest effort on the part of the instrument by which that purpose is wrought out. In the busy world around us everything must accomplish the end for which it was created or the aim of its existence is unattended, and it is cast aside as useless. The happiness of man depends upon the completion of the task assigned him; for who can be truly happy when there is within him a sense of duty neglected? Life is said to be well or misspent, according as its opportunities are used or abused; and if we would seize upon all our chances to improve both ourselves and others, how much better off would all be.

Although man is the Creator's noblest work, yet it is not for him alone to be honored and approved of by Him; for nothing which God has made, no matter how small and insignificant it may seem to us, is beneath His notice. Even the little dewdrop as it falls from heaven has a mission to perform, and though executed by such a comparatively small agent, it is as important as any other wrought out by far greater and more conspicuous means. Were this little thing dependent upon some announcement of its appearance and efforts to brighten the world, no one would be conscious of its existence, for the shadows of evening conceal its approach, and while at its work no sound is heard. It does not appear at the time when the world is astir with business, while every one is thinking and planning to promote his own welfare, or when the bright sun is shining, for then it would be consumed before there would be any visible results to speak for its labor, but when toil has ceased and the weary laborers sit down to rest their tired limbs and enjoy the pleasures of home on a calm summer evening, then it comes silently but surely on its errand of love. As it approaches the earth some flower or plant receives it as a welcome guest, knowing that the cooling influence of the little diamond drop will refresh its heart burning from the heat of the rays from the sun. While drinking in the life-giving draught the flower becomes satisfied with the sparkling water, and folding its petals, droops its head and sinks into repose which gives it strength to re-open when the sun rises again, in order that it may become bright and beautiful for us to look upon.

The work of the dewdrop does not stop here; it goes farther down than the blossom; it reaches the roots of the plant and causes them to grow deeper and deeper into the earth, that they may draw nourishment therefrom to make the stem strong to bring forth fruit when the blossom falls, and this fruit sustains human life. Thus the little dewdrop does two-fold good—makes the plant strong and aids the flower in obtaining that beauty which so delights us. True a dewdrop is only a little thing, yet look at the result of its efforts. Such little things are not to be despised. Were we to undertake to mention all the good that such a little thing as a dewdrop is capable of doing and does do, we are afraid the recital would bring a blush of shame to the cheek of more than one person, to think that they, with all their advantages, do not scatter as much brightness in the world as the dewdrop. Well might they learn a lesson from it. While in existence it diligently pursues its task regardless of whatever else may be going on around it. Are people like it in this respect? Ah, what a different world this would be if such were the case! Look around you and see what

a vast field of labor spreads out before your eyes; look around you and see the poor, degraded outcasts, who perhaps need only kind words, which are the dewdrops of love, from a tender and sympathetic heart, to lift them from their fallen position and give them one more opportunity to redeem themselves. Can you gaze upon such a picture and then fold your hands and say you have nothing to do? Would you not feel happy in realizing that you had assisted some struggling one to make the best of his or her life? Certainly you would. Then go to work; you have a mission, and the power to execute that mission; why do you not take advantage of the opportunity when it is offered? Although you may not be able to do as much as you desire, yet follow the example of the dewdrop and accomplish what lies in your path. Because you cannot be as brilliant as the sun, do not think that your unpretending labor will be unappreciated. Continue your work in the sphere allotted you, and as surely as you follow the path of duty and perform your task to the best of your ability, sooner or later will appear the results of your efforts, for "No star ever rose and set without influence somewhere, who knows what earth needs from earth's lowest creatures." If you neglect your part, you may find when it is too late what you could have done towards making yourself and others better. You may see when it is beyond recall what has been lost by your inattention, and then the feelings of your conscience-stricken heart will find vent in the saddest of all words—"It might have been." If you know your duty, happy are you if you do it.

We, as students of this college, are no exception to the general rule. Our work lies before us, and it is to prepare ourselves to do our part well and make our reputation in the world. In addition to our other efforts, we have formed ourselves into societies for the advancement of literature. How we have succeeded after years will tell. We are comparatively little; but a little dewdrop in the great world of literature: yet if we accomplish our mission, we will be rewarded in some manner; and when the light of knowledge is spread over the earth and the two conditions of mankind are compared, our fellow-men cannot help admitting that

"No earnest work,
Of any honest creature, however weak,
Imperfect, ill-adapted, falls so much
That it is not gathered as a grain of sand
To enlarge the sum of human actions used
For carrying out God's great ends."

Cypriote Antiquities.**The Rich Harvests Archaeologists are Reaping.**
From the London Graphic.

Cyprus has yielded a rich harvest to archaeologists of late. The mass of antiquities brought over by General Di Cesnola—the authenticity of which, by the way, is undergoing so searching an investigation in New York—was an earnest of the treasures awaiting further laborers in the same field, and within the last eighteen months two distinct series of excavation have been carried on by England, producing valuable fruit. While Mr. George Hake was busy for the South Kensington Museum, where the main portion of his collection may now be seen, Herr Max Richter was at work privately for Mr. Newton, of the British Museum, with great success.

Though, as he asserted birthplace, primarily devoted to the worship of Venus, the island in classical times seems to have paid considerable devotion to Artemis, judging from Herr Richter's finds at the temple of the Moon Goddess at Achna, in the district of Famagusta. There he unearthed a vast quantity of busts and figures of Artemis in stone and pottery, cu-

riously illustrating the influence of the different styles of art and the gradual development from the early archaic type to the purer forms of Greek culture. Asiatic influence predominates in the earliest works, notably in rude heads, strongly suggest Buddhist deities. A few rare vestiges of Phœnician taste are visible in several somewhat mummy-like forms; while one graceful, full-length picture belongs to the true Greek school. At first this figure was believed to represent Aphrodite Urania; but further research has proven his identity with Artemis, numerous similar heads having been found. Artemis appears, also, with the lyre or accompanied by her dog; and many of the larger figures hold birds or lambs. The singular high head-dress, or "modius," crowning the majority of the busts, comes from Asia Minor, and is borrowed from the Goddess Cybele. Besides the representations of Artemis herself, numerous rough idols, painted bright yellow, were found in the temple—evidently relics of the old Brauronian festivals in honor of Diana. These festivals took place every five years in the Attic City of Brauron, where girls from five to ten years of age were consecrated to the goddess, and invariably wore saffron-hued garments. Moreover, the children's playthings were dedicated in the sanctuary.

But these relics of Artemisian worship, interesting as they are, are hardly so important in an archaeological sense as the curious perfume vessels which represent Hecate Trimorphos, and are the first of the kind ever found. As goddess of the three kingdoms—earth, sky and water—Hecate or Proserpine was usually represented, in archaic fashion, with three heads or three figures; but the second vessel of the group, unfortunately imperfect, shows the divinity in her fourfold character, as guardian of the four elements—heaven, earth, air, and water. Even now the Cypriotes use similar vessels for charms against the evil eye, which they consider can be averted by Hecate's influence, though the deity herself is no longer carved on the vessel. By calling Hecate Luna, the ancient often confounded her with the true moon goddess Diana, and this belief accounts for the presence of these emblems in the Temple of Artemis. Some curiosities found on the same spot are no less precious; and one in particular, the fragment of a sacred pine tree of Atys, has also never been found before, although frequently mentioned by classical writers.

Achna, however, was not the only site explored, for at Salamis Herr Richter was lucky enough to unearth the first large building of Græco-Roman period known in Cyprus—a bath belonging to a gymnasium, and in excellent preservation. On excavating the remains he further found in the Exedra, or recreation hall, the first mosaic picture discovered in the island. This mosaic is believed to represent Orpheus charming the animal with his lute, but the painting somewhat resembles the play of Hamlet, with Hamlet left out, considering that Orpheus himself is missing. However, the animals are tolerably perfect. Apparently the pavement was broken in very early days, and was then covered with a layer of common material. Coins of the Emperors Michael and Arcadius were dug up in the bath, besides two Byzantine lead seals and a beautiful bronze mirror, bearing in relief Athene with the Gorgon's head, surrounded by her favorite olive garland.

During these last researches Herr Richter staved at the old monastery of St. Barnabas in the plain where the ancient city of Salamis formerly stood. But in the early Byzantine style, the monastery is full of interest alike from an architectural and

historical point of view, for beneath the neighboring chapel of St. Barnabas is a tomb where, according to church tradition, the body of the Cyprian saint was found after many years. Owing to this discovery the Cyprian Church was granted independence, and to this day the Archbishop of Cyprus signs his name with red ink and bears an imperial eagle on his seal and an imperial globe and cross on his crosier.

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WILLISON & MOORE, - - EDITORS.

WESTMINSTER, MD., APRIL, 1884.

One of our professors in a recent address before the Irving Literary Society, said that a student's life is divided into three different spheres, which were as follows: His duty to himself, his duty to his college and his duty to the literary society of which he is a member. This should be evident to every right thinking mind; but many times do we see the boy utterly careless of the duties imposed upon him. When he enters college he seems to think that he will gather all the information he desires breathing the air surrounding the college, or from the mere association with the men of learning. While much may be picked up by mere intercourse, nevertheless it is all superficial and has no real solid information for its basis. Every boy should feel that he has a duty to himself to perform, and he should strain all his dormant energy into action. But probably the question may be asked, What is the duty to himself? In the first place, the boy should fully realize why he comes to college. Surely his parents do not send him to school in order that he may spend his time uselessly and leave college with his mind no more developed than when he went. Surely they do not send their boy off from home in order that he may learn to spend the almighty dollar. He is sent for a better purpose, and it should be his earnest endeavor upon his entrance to discover that. Let him begin by forming carefully his habits, laying out for himself his daily duties, and striving to accomplish them. Every student, when he first begins his college course, seems to be possessed with an enlivened dread of his professors, and as a consequence he pores over his studies with no other purpose than to escape the class-room criticism. In this condition he is little suited for the good work that will be of such service. After this has worn off he finds himself likely to take a pretty high stand in his class; there is a mania of a different kind takes possession of him. He looks forward to the medals and honorable distinctions bestowed upon the studious boy at the end of the year. He sets to work to win as many as possible. While this appears at first sight very commendable, nevertheless its tendency is to disable the student during his whole course. When he repairs to his studies he has but one thought in his mind—to win distinction at the end of the year. With this purpose he does not seek the depths of his different studies, but has only

one ambition, and that is to make a good appearance before his professor, and to leave the impression that he understands his recitations. This, of course, is productive of great injury to the student, and he is apt to leave college at the end of his course with his head crammed full of unmeaning forms and superficial knowledge. Take, for instance, such a study as general geometry or calculus. A student, on account of the many formulæ used, may by tolerably close application prepare himself so that a very creditable recitation can be made. But such an understanding of these books will be of little use to him, and will be forgotten unless he understands from whence the formulæ are derived and upon what process of reasoning they are based. But this is but one branch of the subject. Next follows, What is a student's duty to college? First of all he should carry out the laws imposed upon him. Let him seek to gain the good will and good opinion of his professors, who are placed over him. Do not understand us to mean that he should use any deceit in carrying out this purpose, but let him pay attention to his books and observe the proper rules and regulations, and the teachers' affections will follow as a consequence. Besides this there is another duty towards our college. It should be the duty of every boy to give as good a name as he honestly can to his college abroad. There is a tendency, especially among our own schoolmates, to depreciate the true worth of the college by telling little things that act as food for the gossip's hungry stomach, and by mentioning and enlarging upon the deficiencies of some professor who does not happen to be a general favorite. This is decidedly wrong, and we will perceive it as such if we will only think for a minute. Every word we speak that hurts the reputation of the college detracts by an equal amount from our own intellectual standing, for here we are getting our learning and from this institution we expect to graduate and begin actual life with a diploma upon which is inscribed her name. Therefore let us be careful always to speak well of our college. The third division of the student's life was duty to his literary society. It is thought by no few persons that this branch of instruction is of more benefit than any other that is received at school. While we cannot grant this much importance to it, nevertheless we cannot and would not undertake to veil the many benefits, for in the literary society the boy learns to put to use the theoretical knowledge of the class-room. Here he is not only taught how to think, but how to express his thoughts. Here he is taught that self-possession that years of the class-room would not give him. Every boy should be proud of his society and love and respect it as a parent. If these three duties which our professor so happily mentioned were faithfully performed, a harvest of good sound knowledge would be garnered in every boy's mind, and his parents would feel that their money had not been spent in vain upon their boy.

Send us Alumni matters of interest.

One more month has passed away, and brought us upon the April issue. Father Time has cut another swathe in the harvest field of life. He has cut down all that was in his pathway. The weed, the nettle, the green blades and the ripe grain, have shared a like fate before the remorseless scythe of this impartial and relentless harvester of life. Yet despite all the numerous events marking his progress, the journey over the field of college life seems to have flown happily and without a sorrow. It only seems like a week or a fortnight since we entered upon the field in September, and the studies of the year, interspersed with Christmas, Easter and other holidays, seems like a fleeting dream. It seems like we must rouse ourselves from this trance-like state and find ourselves in '83. Our labors call us back to ourselves, and we realize that we are actually living in April, 1884, and that Commencement is but a few weeks off. With what eagerness we look forward to that time when we shall leave school for home or labor, and yet what sad hearts we carry with us when we think that we are parting with friends dear as brothers, perhaps to meet no more. "Home is where the heart is," and the man or boy we love is our brother as truly as those holding that position by ties of blood. For years we have lived with our room-mate, for years we have confided in and comforted one another, for years we have been accustomed to come to our room and there find one another; in fact, for years we have lived more as a single person than as two individuals. To-day we know this, and when we clasp hands and say good-bye, we know that on to-morrow we will be as dead to one another. The grave could scarcely separate us more effectually than this parting. 'Tis sad to think of this; but lo! as we gaze upon the picture of our college life all changes, and we see before us an unfamiliar experience, in which we can scarcely recognize our existence. All the hard study, all the sharp words of our teachers and fellow students, die away in a glamour of brilliancy, like the stars fading and dying away in the clear, beautiful rays of the rising sun. All that we see is the pleasure and happiness that fell to our lot. The memory of anger is swallowed up by the joy of reconciliation, the memory of failure by the gratification of success, all the sorrows are lost in the great memories of joys. Our school life seems one broad lake of happiness, and the afflictions like ripples, which only serve to reflect the light upon the surrounding water. This is especially so if we have done our best all along. Let us profit by this and begin life earnestly. Life is but a great school, and our lessons are but begun when we leave our alma mater to battle with the world. Let us all make a good beginning next summer, bearing in mind that "Well begun is half done." Let everyone do his best, and when we all meet again we will compare and see who has the most glowing record.

From year to year, and, we may say, from week to week, we hear of the disasters and loss of life occasioned by the burning of

large buildings having insufficient fire escapes. Still we do not heed the warnings and often enact the old phrase, and shut the stable door after the horse is stolen. Our main building is a perfect fire trap. If a fire were to break out in the front portion, the students rooming in the addition would be absolutely cut off from all escape except by leaping from the windows which would in most cases result fatally. We wish to call the prompt attention of our trustees to this. It only takes a glance to perceive the great peril in which we are placed and the necessity for prompt action to contrive some kind of an escape. At but a small expense ladders could be secured similar to those in general use in our cities. A ladder having a hook on one end by means of which it could be attached to the window sill and long enough to reach to the next floor might be placed in each hall. This would remove all danger of loss of life for in a few minutes the ladders could be fixed in place and afford a means of exit. This matter demands the immediate attention of the authorities and unless the want is filled may result in a serious loss of life.

Personals.

Henman has gone to Highland Falls to prepare for his entrance to West Point in June next.

Horace G. Cowan, who would have been a graduate with the class of '85 at the recent meeting of Maryland Annual Conference, was ordained minister and sent to Dinwiddie county, Va. He informed us during his late visit, that he is much pleased with his parish.

Rev. H. C. Cushing, who was for some years Vice President of our College, now has a church in Atlanta, Ga.

Samuel F. Casson, who was a member of the Class of '85 until his Sophomore year, has been assigned by the M. P. Conference to Anne Arundel county.

E. A. Warfield, of the Class of '82, who is a graduate of the Theological Seminary, of this place, has been assigned by the Conference to Harper's Ferry as his first charge. Mr. Warfield has considerable talent, and is the first graduate our Seminary turned out. We congratulate him upon his brilliant start, and wish him success in the performance of his ministerial duties.

John M. Gill, who held the territory now occupied by Mr. Warfield, has been sent to Harford county and has charge of part of the field known as the Belair Circuit. Mr. Gill is a rising young preacher, and has a brilliant future before him.

J. W. Norris, of '83, has been sent by the Conference to Howard county. Mr. Norris has been and is yet pursuing a course of instruction at the Theological Seminary, preparatory to taking charge of his work soon. Jesse is a staunch society man, and has proven himself to be one of Irving Literary Society's best friends. We are sorry to see him leave us.

Little Nell—"Mamma, what is color blind?" Mamma—"Inability to tell one color from another, dear." Little Nell—"Then I dess the man that made my g'ography is color blind." Mamma—"And why, pet?" Little Nell—"Tause he got Greenland painted yellow."

Love is a severe critic. Hate can pardon more than love.

Locals.

"Tempus fugit" sternly reminds us that Commencement is fast approaching.

Mr. Sl—says that the angles in similar triangles are *respectfully* equal.

Clinton wishes to know how to solve an example involving an *eight-sided square*.

"Vita sine litteris mors est" a theologian translates—"Literature without life is dead."

Jimmy says a circle is a straight line bounded by a point.

Sh—wishes to know when the blue bells will be out. Pretty soon my sweet youth.

Burgee has been confined to his room by that incorrigible disease the measles. He is out again.

Dr. Ward has been ill some time, but we hope that the warm weather will bring him over to see us regularly.

Junior B. translated "O Venus, regina Cnide," "O Venus, king of Snider." Oh ye gods and goddesses!

The students hooked the knives and forks some time since and one of our lady Freshies cut her meat with her scissors.

Mr. William T. Andrews, of Washington, was up to see his son Harry, and in the short time he was here became quite popular among the boys.

"Bring me some di-hydra-monoxide to extricate the silicate of Aluminium from my equine's pedal extremities." Pretty sentence for a lady Junior.

Dicky says he can break twenty-nine glass balls out of possible twenty-eight. Bring out your shootists.

Preserve this issue of the *Gazette*. It will be of use to you for reference in the future.

The ladies once more parade the grove and we poor boys are obliged to walk around it to go down town.

Soph. W. is very delicate. He cannot walk down town and back without stopping on the way to rest.

How doth the gentle dropping rain
Blast every opening bud;
And fill the farmer's heart with pain
And fill our streets with mud.

This is a Junior effusion. So excuse it. When Soph. W. next starts to escort a lady up the street he should make sure she is at least an acquaintance.

Miss Sadie Kneller, '85, recited before the State Temperance Alliance; in Baltimore, on Tuesday, April 15. She is a splendid reader and speaks well for W.M.C.

Freshman St. while home a few days ago, kissed a lady fourteen times over the garden gate while parting. Send us the record of some of your osculatory champians.

Prof. R. "Mr. E. can you scan the lesson?" Soph. E. "I don't know sir. I *skun* it the other day." So much for a wise fool.

Senior B. had better pull down the blind before he embraces a lady next time. The boys did not intend to look but their eyes proved refractory.

Prof. in math—"What is your theorem Mr. S.?"

Freshie. "A circumscribed polygon inscribed in a circle, sir."

How these geometries do change.

Cowan an ex-member of the Class '85, paid us a visit a few days ago. He seemed to be in excellent health and spirits.

We call especial attention to the advertisement of S. T. Clark & Co., bicycle dealers, Baltimore, Md. They are straight forward business men and will give satisfaction to all. Call and see their stock.

Our subscribers seem to have overlooked the request we made in our last issue. The paper must have money, and every subscriber should see that he is not in its debt.

"Please Miss Lottie! just a minute! She is angry with me and I want to tell her something," O how pathetic! Our owl shed tears when he beheld the unspeakable anguish depicted on the Sophie's face when he uttered the above.

The following notice was handed to us in the rainy weather:—Lost—A young man. Hair light. Age about twenty. When last seen he started to dive across the streets of Westminster but was not seen to rise to the surface of the mud. Information concerning him or part of him will be received with thanks at the office.

Messrs. Colbourne and Tippet, '84, and Mr. Forest, '86, of St. John's College, have visited us during the past month. We were glad to see them, and hope that the students of any of our sister colleges will call when they are around this part of the country.

The College did not have a float in the Carnival this year. The boys desired to be among the people to see and talk with any of their old acquaintances who were in the city.

Mr. H. H. Baughman comes up to see us frequently. We wish all of our ex-actives who live near would come up and see us. We would be very glad to hear from or about any of the ex-members who reside out of Westminster.

Mr. M., a gallant Soph, after escorting to her home in Westminster one of our lady Juniors, lingered for a little tete-a-tete on the front steps. But lo! Mr. M. takes a sudden departure! He explains thus—"Egad, I heard her mother call her."

Fresh. to Lady Junior—"Miss F. who has been talking to Miss S. since I have been away?"

Lady Junior—"If you will *hook* some cake for me at supper, I will tell you."

Mr. White has moved down town. He boards at Mrs. Starr's, on corner of Bond and Main. He is much pleased with the change, and particularly because he is free from obligation to be in bed before ten. He says he will be glad to see his friends at any time.

One of our Preps, a few days ago, was much astounded by receiving a note from his fair one containing the following few but meaning words—"I am no longer yours. Call at 3 p. m., for explanation." Rumor says he went promptly.

In our last issue we omitted the scholarships of the following counties: Harford—Amoss H. Greenfield entered Sept. 1878; left Dec. '80. S. Nannie James entered March 1, '81; graduated June '83. R. Moore entered Sept. '83. Now a Freshman.

Howard—C. E. Beeraft entered Sept. '78; graduated June '82. J. M. Denton entered Sept. '82. Now a Prep.

Kent—Miss M. C. Meredith entered Sept. '79; graduated '82. Miss Katie McKee entered Jan. 83. Is now a Junior.

Junior to his Soph room-mate—"Blow the lamp out, C."

Soph—"That'll be a pretty hard thing to do. You had better try it. I suppose you would have better success, as your breath is the stronger."

The Junior elevated the Soph on his pedal extremity, and now "they never speak as they pass by."

The lady Junior who made such a strenuous effort to bestow a sweet and bewitching smile upon that sad and eager Soph, had better make certain next time that there is no stool near, over which she

might fall. Our owl saw it but could not help her.

One of our Freshies being thrown into a sentimental mood by the moonlight nights of late, was called "Richard" by a certain lady. He protested against the coolness and said "Don't call me Richard, call me Dicky." All right Dicky, our owl heard it, and we will profit by the advice.

While the gentlemen and ladies were convened in the parlor during the Easter holidays they were startled by the advent of a chicken through the open window. The ladies were startled, but after a short chase the intruder was expelled. It seems strange that the chickens should be flying around at this time of night, but when we ask our owl for an explanation he only looks wise and wont tell even us the cause.

The boys made a kite the other day, and having a strong breeze, they cut holes in the tops of some straw hats and put them on the cord. The ladies kindly dedicated one of their last summer straws for this purpose. The wind blew the hats up against the kite. There is always a good breeze blowing across our hills, giving us air fresh from the mountains.

At last, we sincerely hope, Spring weather has gained a secure hold upon us. We have passed through probably the most changeable weather in the last month that we have ever experienced. Warm weather, cold weather, cloudy weather, pleasant weather, and every other kind of weather have visited us in irregular order.

Annan Galt, brother of S. A. Galt, a former student, visited us a few days ago. He was introduced as James Douglass, of Garrett county, a new student. The way the boys talked society was a caution. One of the students walked him down to the post office before breakfast and gave him much salutary advice concerning the joining of societies. When the young gentleman appeared in drummer's outfit, with his satchels, more than one boy felt sold.

Some of our boys exhibit a decided partiality for certain historical characters. Junior B. likes to peruse records of the late ruler of Hanover. L. M. B. prefers the Earl of Dorchester. Mr. Downing thinks Somerset the richest and most interesting field. "William Henry" pursues the annals of Westminster Abbey. "Jimmie's favorite historical character is the Earl of Warwick. Frank likes Washington. Harry likes to read the stories of the frontier. Gilpin W. is going to enlist soon and take his departure for the wild West. E. T. M. likes the Earl of Kent. Theologue S. thinks Queen Anne the model.

Easter holidays have come and gone, and now the next milestone on the College course is Commencement. Easter Monday was a big day in Westminster, and the town was filled with visitors. Lavender gloved dudes escorting haughty dudines were mixed and commingled with the rustic couples sauntering along hand in hand, or leaning against a friendly house watching the procession, while one arm encircled "half the world." Many of our old students were in town, and as we walked down the streets we saw at every point the beaming countenances of W. M. C.'s old students. Among the others we noticed Misses May Nicodemus, '81; Alverda Lamotte, '82; Mary Myers, '82, and Georgie Nichols, '83; Messrs. C. E. Stoner, '82; L. R. Meekins, '82; Calvin B. Taylor, '82; Louis Sellman, E. H. Norman and J. D. Gwynn, '85; J. R. Hunt, '86; J. T. Hering, '83; Herschal Lamotte, '86; A. L. Miles, '83; J. H. T. Earhart, '82; T. A. Myers, '85; L. M. Kuhns and I. P. Diller.

A certain lady Junior having to write

her monthly essay, and being indisposed, asked a gentleman friend to write it for her. After closeting himself and tearing his hair for awhile, he produced the following poetical wonder, a copy of which was handed to the editors:

TAFFY PULLING.
The feats of men of ancient days
Were praised by poet's pen,
Their bloodiest deeds were sung in lays,
And loved by the wisest men.

Now why should not in modern times
Deeds of innocence and mirth
Receive the sanction of my rhymes,
And praises for their worth.

But to be plain and not too long,
I'll tell you what I mean:
The subject of my little song
Was lately a college scene.

For since the veto on the pies
Has stopped our eating them,
One of the girls that's pretty wise
Fixed up a plan—ahem.

The worst of all, the work it took,
(Oh! how it pains to tell.)
Hooking the syrup from the cook,
When on the steps it fell.

But not dismayed at this bad fate,
We tried and got some more;
About this time we heard Miss Kate
Coming quite close the door.

We rushed up stairs the other way,
And fixed our spoils to cook.
So jolly did we spend that day
We hardly thought of book.

One of the girls was kind enough,
While in the evening joys,
To knock a great plate of the stuff
Down to the hungry boys.

But now I ask of those who may
At first disapprove our fun—
Now don't you think that you could say
You'd like to have seen it done.

And is it not the best for girls
To make this and give one another,
Than to receive from boyish churls
That curious, tasteless other.

Miss Emma, daughter of Dr. C. W. Benson of Baltimore, is at the College on a visit to the family of her uncle, Prof. B. F. Benson.

Prof. Joseph M. Newson, a former Professor at W. M. College, died in Westminster on April 7, in his seventy-seventh year. He gained considerable notoriety as a teacher, and newspaper editor and publisher in North Carolina and Pennsylvania.

On the evening of April 18, a large audience assembled to witness the drama Entitled for the War, under the management of the Webster Literary Society of our College. It was held in Odd Fellows' Hall and every seat was filled. The cast of characters was as follows:

Robert Truworth.....	E. T. Mowbray.
Wilder Rowell.....	B. A. Dumm.
Hosea Jenks.....	H. H. Slifer.
Hiram Jenks.....	L. M. Bennett.
Crimp.....	A. H. Billingslea.
General Grant.....	C. H. Wright.
Lieutenant Colonel Boxer.....	J. A. Melvin.
Gaylie Gifford.....	Miss M. B. Shellman.
Mrs. Truworth.....	Miss Mollie Hoppie.
Mattie Truworth.....	Miss Louie Cunningham.

Between acts two tableaux representing a camp scene before and after a battle, and the entertainment closed with a laughable farce entitled "Wanted! A Male Cook."

Messrs. Billingslea and Mowbray deserve especial mention. The latter portrayed the darkey to perfection. All the ladies were excellent, and the whole was a grand success.

AN ICE WELL.—In boring for water near Snake river, about forty-five miles from Dayton, Or., recently, a stratum of frozen earth was encountered at a depth of fifty-five feet. Passing through this for five feet, numerous cavities were found, from which cold air came in gusts. The escaping air at the bottom of the well can be heard roaring at some distance. It is not possible for any one to hold his hand over the well for any length of time without freezing it, and a bucket of water let down into the well was frozen over in a few minutes. Work on the well has been abandoned on account of the cold.—*San Francisco Bulletin*.

Men, like bullets, go farthest when they are smoothest.

Browning Society Entertainment.

[Reported for the Irving Literary Gazette.]

The Browning Literary Society held its fifteenth anniversary in the College on March 24th. In a half hour after the doors were opened the building was filled completely, the aisles being occupied by those who had come too late to obtain seats elsewhere. The Faculty and their families were seated in front, while the other Societies of the College occupied the seats just behind. Promptly at 7.30 o'clock the curtain was raised, showing a neatly and tastefully decorated stage. The programme was opened by a tableau, called "The Fire-Worshippers." Miss Minnie Jones stood behind the altar upon which the fire burned, and the worshippers, forming a half circle, knelt in reverence, while the colored lights, of which the fire was composed, gave a beautiful coloring to the scene. Next followed the President's address, by Miss Sadie Kneller. After extending a hearty welcome to the Faculty and Societies and complimenting the latter on their success during the past year, she spoke of her own Society and showed it to be in an excellent condition. Then followed a vocal duet, entitled "Our Beautiful Mountain Home," by Misses Bell and Wilson. This was rendered in clear, sweet tones, and was much appreciated. The next in order was a reading, entitled "The Schoolmaster's Guests," by Miss Ames, after which followed a tableau, called "Feramorz and Lalla Rooh. Feramorz, A. C. Willison, was reclining with his guitar beside him at the feet of Lalla Rooh, Miss Sadie Kneller. The soft notes of the guitar and the becoming costumes of the participants made this a scene of great beauty. After this came a short play, entitled "Evangeline." The cast of characters was as follows:

EVANGELINE.....Miss Ames
BENEDICT, Father of Evangeline.....Miss J. Wilson
BASIL, Father of Gabriel.....Miss F. Trenchard
GABRIEL LAJEUNNESSE.....Miss B. Pollitt
FATHER FELICIAN, Priest.....Miss M. Jones
RENE LEBLANC, Village Notary.....Miss B. Leister
BLACK ROBE PRIEST.....Miss R. Edelin
INDIAN GUIDE.....Miss M. Galt
SHAWNEE WOMAN.....Miss E. Richardson
NUN.....Miss G. Stouffer
ABESS.....Miss Sadie Kneller
HIS MAJESTY'S ENVOY.....Prof. A. H. Merrill

The play passed off very pleasantly and showed much feeling. The characters were well sustained, taking into consideration that the girls were compelled to take boy characters. Part I was concluded with an instrumental solo by Miss Jennie Wilson. Part II opened with the anniversary essay, by Miss Eudie Richardson. She chose as her subject "The Mission of the Dewdrop." The essay was a good one, and showed much thought. Then followed a vocal duet, entitled "Polly Hopkins and Tommy Tompkins." This was sung by Misses A. and M. Shriver, two of the youngest members of the Browning Society. The amusing words and good singing made it very enjoyable and occasioned a round of applause. The next on the programme was the tableau of Bluebeard in three scenes. Scene 1st represented Bluebeard, J. W. Moore, giving the keys to his wife, Miss Belle Leister. Scene 2nd showed Fatina standing in an attitude of terror, gazing at the ghostly heads of Bluebeard's former wives. Scene 3rd showed Fatina rescued by her brother. Then followed a rehearsal, entitled "A Little Girl's View of a Hotel," by Miss Sadie Kneller. Miss Kneller has the reputation of being best reader in the College, and we can safely say that the rendering of the above convinced many of her elocutionary ability. After this came a galop, entitled "Waves of the Ocean," by Misses Richardson and Bell, after which the programme concluded with a humorous play, entitled "A Court Scene of the New Era." The cast of characters was follows:

Judge.....Miss Boyd
Counsel for Defense.....Miss Ames
District Attorney.....Miss J. Wilson
Clerk of the Court.....Miss A. Trumbo
Sheriff.....Miss E. Reaver
Prisoner.....Miss G. Stouffer
Forewoman of the Jury.....Miss R. Edelin

WITNESSES FOR PEOPLE.

Mary Henrietta Harding.....Miss E. Richardson
Jeannette Anderson.....Miss B. Orndorff
Evangeline Prouditt.....Miss L. Bell

WITNESSES FOR DEFENSE.

Mrs. Kalopothakis.....Miss B. Pollitt
Seraphina Sappho.....Miss M. Jones
Resignation Scroggs.....Miss A. Stutely

This play represented the court when woman shall have obtained the superiority over man, and was very laughable. This was the best feature of the entertainment, and fitly closed the programme. We congratulate the Browning's on their signal success, and assure them that the Society has won new laurels on its fifteenth anniversary.

German Student Duels.

The Brutal Combats Carried on in the Universities of Germany.

In a letter to the *Saratogian* Dr. W. Stillman describes the student's duels of Germany. There are, he writes, three kinds of duels known to German students. One is called the American duel, another is the "sable mensur," and the third is the ordinary mensur, in which all the person is protected except the face and head, which are pecked away at with a small flexible blade. The eyes are safe behind iron spectacles, and there is really almost no danger. In the first kind one almost dies. Lots are thrown and one must destroy himself. In the second, the danger is midway between the two others. Three of the principal arteries on either side of the body are protected, likewise the eyes, but the chest, arms, head and face are left to the mercy of the heavy, villainous looking saber. One blow through the unprotected heart and a man's dueling days would terminate. The different kinds of dueling represent many grades of insults. To call a fellow student an "ignoramus" is all that is required to demand the second kind. The first is largely reserved to settle precedence in love affairs, though of course the maiden never marries the survivor. I was invited to attend a "sable mensur" recently in Berlin as a guest of one of the corps. Taking the elevated road to the outskirts of the city we found the clans assembled in a quiet "brier local" on a great square. Representatives of the student corps in the university were there—red caps, blue caps, green caps and black caps. Our arrival was none too early, for no sooner had our coats been laid aside than the assembled students and guests solemnly arose, took their beer mugs in their hand, and filed in stately procession past the bar and into the long adjacent room, called by courtesy "a hall," which is hired by the corps together for dueling purposes. It was patriotically decorated with German flags on the walls, and pugilistically with saw dust on the floor, which had been cleared. At either end of the room was a stalwart young gladiator, with Teutonic features preparing for the contest. On the chairs, close at hand, were lint, surgical instruments and sponges. Around were medical students, seconds, officials, sympathizers and on-lookers. Every one was expectant, and the garçons passed around the beer.

Presently the combatants were brought up facing one another, their sword arms held aloft by attendants. The seconds took their places, and the blue cap was removed from the head of the tall student who looked mad, and the red cap from the head of the pale student who looked calm. They were dressed only in shirts, trousers and shoes, and stood in position with one

hand held behind. The points of the duellists were discussed, and the garçons passed around the beer.

Everything was ready. The sabers were crossed. The word was given, and the seconds cried "loose." The blades flashed, there was a succession of clashes and a vigorous whirling of sharp steel through the air. Suddenly aloud cry of "halt" is given. There is a pause, and the student who looked mad has lost a piece of his skin and shirt-sleeve together. A surgeon stanches the flow of blood, and the garçons pass around the beer.

With the same formalities the contest begins. The atmosphere is cut into many giblets. The pale student puts the most science, his antagonist the most force, into his blows. The former is cool and clever—the blood of the latter is mounting. The fencing is done with increased energy. Again a shout. They stop. The pale man has a scratch on his right cheek—the tall man is losing some of his angry blood from a deep cut on the left side of his face. Again more sponging—this time longer—and again more beer. This sort of thing must be kept up fifteen minutes, actual fighting time or till one is killed or disabled. On the whole, I had rather see an amateur dog fight. Again they are at it, still more earnestly. Again the blue cap gets a gash, and his shirt-front is covered with blood.

This is not serious enough to stop the brutal nonsense, and the final bout is begun. The saber of the pale student revolves with the speed and precision of a fly-wheel. They come so close that the hilts of the swords hit. The tall man is angry and in pain the other steady and watchful. Suddenly there is a horrible moment, when the sabers miss the contact and sweep hissing through the air, and you expect to see a head decapitated. A step forward. A shout. The seconds knock the blades up. The head of the tall man drops upon his chest, and shows a ghastly gash through scalp and forehead, and the blood trickles down upon the saw-dust. Some one cries "fuenf minuten" (five minutes), and the "sable mensur" is at an end. You heave a heavy sigh of relief and are thankful that no one was killed outright, and the garçon passes around the beer.

Blanker than Blank Verse.

Here is a poem, which you may publish in your paper," said a young man, with eyes in fine frenzy rolling as he entered the editorial door. "I dashed it off rapidly, in an idle moment, and you will find it in a rough state, as it were. You can make such corrections as you think necessary."

"Ah, much obliged," said the editor. "I will give you a check for it at once."

"You are very kind," said the contributor "I will be delighted."

"There you are," said the editor, handing him the check.

"Many thanks," exclaimed the young man, "I will bring you some other poems."

When he got to the door he suddenly paused, then came back.

"Excuse me," he said. But you forgot to fill up the check. You have not written the date, nor the amount, nor have you signed your name."

"Oh!" said the editor, "that is all right. You see, I have given you a check in its rough state, as it were. You can make such corrections as you think necessary."

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sep83-1y

Tidings.

There are 7060 American students in the German Universities.

A friend of Yale College, whose name is not known, has donated \$50,000 to that institution for the purpose of building a Dormitory.

There are 327 students at Adelbert College of Western Reserve University.

Four scholarships of \$50 each have been permanently endowed at Hamlin University by Rev. David Tice.

249 students are enjoying the free tuition of Lehigh University in South Bethlehem, Pa.

Dr. Milton Valentine, President of Pennsylvania College, has been elected Professor of Didactic Theology and chairman of the Faculty of the Theological Seminary at Gettysburg.

Lafayette College has 289 students.

Harvard has not beaten Yale in foot ball since 1875 but has defeated Princeton twice since then; in the spring of 1877 and a second time last fall.

The Blair Educational Aid Bill has passed the Senate.

In the Cambridge-Oxford University race on the Thames, April 7th, the Cambridge crew won by two lengths.

Wittenberg College, Springfield, Ohio, has an endowment of \$150,000.

Sir William Thompson, the distinguished scientist, who occupies the chair of natural philosophy in the University of Glasgow, will deliver a series of lectures on "Molecular Dynamics," in October, at Johns Hopkins University.

Dr. Ezra Abbot, Bussey Professor of New Testament criticism and interpretation in the Divinity School, Harvard University, died at Cambridge, Mass., on the 21st ult.

The Harvard Board of Overseers has concurred in the abolition of Greek, both ancient, patriotic and modern.

Mrs. A. T. Stewart is building a new college in New York to cost \$4,000,000.

Rochester Theological Seminary has 87 students.

The sum of \$25,000 has been raised to build an observatory on the top of Ben Nevis in Scotland.

The Andover Theological Seminary has 41 students, representing 17 Colleges and 10 States, while Nova Scotia and Turkey are each represented by one student.

Mr. Gooderham, of Toronto, has given a million dollars for the purpose of establishing a Methodist University. This is the largest donation for educational purposes yet known in Canada.

Oberlin has a library of 20,000 volumes.

Dickenson College has an endowment of \$301,840.

The total enrollment in the 17 Royal Universities of Italy, for the scholastic year 1880-'81, was 10,592 students. Of this number the Universities of Naples and Turin had 2,851 and 1,651, respectively.

Charles Langheimer, Dickens Dutchman, three fourths of whose life was passed in prison, and whose second nature was to steal, was buried in the Potter's field, Philadelphia, March 20th, 1884.

The old home of Lamartine, in Paris, and the chalet presented to him in 1848 by the city is for sale.

Victor Hugo passed his 83 birthday a few weeks ago. He is enjoying good health, and received his visitors calmly.

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