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## STEPPING STONES TO SUCCESS.

Delivered in College Chapel, April 14th, 1887,  
by Mr. J. FRANK SUPPLEE, of Baltimore,  
Maryland.

The peaceful achievements of an advancing and expanding civilization are abashed and silent in the presence of war, and become almost indistinguishable through the lurid smoke of battle.

Against a soldier's greed of fame we put a merchant's love of gain—one is as selfish as the other; both are inspired by love of conquest.

If any young man affects the belief that social position and inherited wealth are the only sure criterions of personal merit, who disdains the occupation of his father because it was mercantile—perhaps, sordid—and gradually expends his energies in declining Latin nouns and conjugating Greek verbs, in the hope of passing for a man of erudition and culture—I take the liberty of informing him that King David was a merchant, and that his son and successor, Solomon, derived the greater part of his wealth from the Indies.

### WHAT IS SUCCESS?

Webster defines it as the favorable or prosperous termination of anything attempted—the attainment of a proposed object.

The world judges men entirely by their success. There is only one place, in the language of Faber, where effort has "kindly recognition given," and that is in heaven. Every one feels an admiration for successful people, which is due, first, to the rarity of continued success, and second, to the immense effort required to obtain it. Your speaker has chosen a topic, therefore, which possesses interest to every one, but particularly, of course, to young men who are just entering into commercial, mechanical or professional life, and it is the intention to endeavor to present a few points drawn mostly from personal observation which may be of service, and serve verily as stepping-stones to enable you to mount higher.

A spectator of a battle scene in his description of the incidents of the fight invariably gives them as viewed from his point of observation. The general tells with sententious manner how HE planned and his troops executed the manœuvres that won the victory. The cavalryman exclaims with pride, "We scattered them!" The sturdy infantry relate how they carried the intrenchment at the point of the bayonet, while the artillery assert that it was their hard pounding and well-directed fire that won the day.

Your speaker would, therefore, solicit your indulgence, if in his desultory remarks this evening he should appear to view matters too much from a personal standpoint; what each individual soldier saw in the engagement is what he remembers, and if the personal pronoun should be used too frequently, your indulgence is humbly craved. The first point which claims our attention is

### DIGNITY AND RELATIVE IMPORTANCE OF MERCANTILE AND MECHANICAL PURSUITS.

The nations which are great in trade excel and take the front rank in arts, sci-

ences, discoveries and in Christianity. England's boast and pride to-day is not so much her hearts of oak and wooden walls as it is the white spreading sails of her commerce and the foremost rank of her manufactures. There is, happily, at present no political question disturbing the serenity of our country, and discussions are now confined to financial and economical questions of tariff and trade. The merchant and manufacturer are at present "on top," to use the slang phrase of the day; their influence is everywhere courted, and bringing as they do sound and well-trained intellect to the management of public questions, they are generally arrayed on the winning side of local and national politics. The chances of at least comparative success are greater in business or manufacturing than in the professions, as there are opportunities offered to the use and development of diverse talents and abilities. May we be permitted to speak of the

### USEFULNESS OF MONEY?

In popular parlance money is spoken of as the root of all evil. The Good Book, however, does not so state it, but assures us that the *love* of money is the root of all evil. Men can use money and not abuse it. They can disburse it for good and for their own comfort without setting their hearts' affection upon it. But whether we use or abuse it, the fact remains that underneath the struggle of life the great desire of the many is to acquire wealth.

Upon an anniversary occasion of a Sabbath school in our city, the speaker, a Reverend Doctor, from the stand asked incautiously the question: "Boys, what is everybody seeking for?" and expected the answer to be Happiness; but, instead, with one voice, they cried out, "Money!" These boys, with the frankness characteristic of youth, came pretty close to the truth.

Again, it is popular to sneer at and condemn the idea of the possession of wealth being a standard of cast in the community; but if we analyze this, distasteful as it may appear at a glance, we may find that there is comfort in it for every one. Where the standard is birth, "an accident of an accident" takes precedence and rules the mass. Those who are so unfortunate as to be of Plebeian birth enter the race of life handicapped with their ignoble parentage; but, as Americans, we have learned to believe that he who founds a line is greater than he who follows, and people who boast of their ancestry are generally like a potato-vine, "the best part of them is under ground."

"All our citizens are on the same footing and a man's standing must be gauged by his own mental and moral worth. All the blue blood in Christendom cannot make up for the lack of brains. We respect the honorable pedigree of any person; but ancestry is a thing of the past, while the descendant is a creature of the present, to be judged by his own merits, and not by the records of those whose bodies have mouldered in the dust." "75 per cent of the successful men of our times belong to families so poor that they had to work most of the time out of doors while securing an education." Everyone if they exercise proper energy and self denial can secure distinc-

tion by wealth, but those who do not boast blue blood cannot be born again physically—if money, therefore, is the prize the race is open to all.

No nation of Europe can go to war to-day without the permission of the holders of the purse strings—the Rothschilds—and, affect to despise it as we may, money is the power behind the throne. It is fashionable in certain circles to affect to despise tradesmen and mechanics and we are told a certain individual, exemplary and worthy in himself was recently blackballed for admission in a social club by certain upstarts who with lofty scorn proclaimed it was because "his father sold things," and a select coterie of Knickerbockers in the metropolis of the nation recently attempted to taboo Gen. Grant as not of correct social standing, that is, their grandfather's having traded rum for pelts and filched the land or Manhattan Island, from drunken savages gives them the right to exclude the ex-president of the nation because his father dealt in leather. A member of Parliament himself worthy, talented, and educated was twitted in debate by a Lord with the fact of his Father having been a butcher—he replied with merited severity—"If the father of the noble Lord had been a butcher, his son would still be slaughtering calves."

The first question which presents itself to a young man who starts in life is the SELECTION OF A BUSINESS, TRADE OR PROFESSION.

It is wise to bestow thought and consideration upon this subject—some young men drift aimlessly without compass or rudder hoping to be wafted by friendly winds into the harbor of success and fortune. Enter into a business, trade or profession, congenial to your tastes or talents, not like a friend who attempted to buy and sell butter and cheese who abhorred both the taste and smell of these almost indispensable articles of food, and never succeeded of course, as he was totally unable to become a judge of the articles. Or another whose business was to act as buyer for a large concern dealing in silks, ribbons, &c., who can't tell crushed strawberry from pea green, as he is color blind, and who has recently changed his connection.

### LEARN IT THOROUGHLY.

Words are inadequate to express the priceless value of an education, not so much to store the mind with facts as to train the intellect and to mould, form, strengthen, and develop it. If you have been denied the privilege of obtaining an education supply the deficiency by the use of every spare moment—your evenings for instance—and never rest until you have at least the ground work of an education in the English branches. The putting of children into business before they have a good education except in cases of necessity is a piece of robbery, cutting off the future income of the man to gain a pittance from his boyhood &c., going into business to young." Peter Cooper, the great philanthropist, deplored his want of early education, endeavored to supply it and did to a measure in maturer years and endowed bountifully Cooper Institute to enable mechanics and business men to correct the lack of educational facilities in their youth. The picture

of Elihu Burritt the great linguist studying a Hebrew grammar tacked up to his bellows while he toiled at his forge, should encourage every American youth to perseverance in literary pursuits under difficulties. Men destined to become great in business, trade or profession generally serve a long and vigorous apprenticeship of some kind to it—expert knowledge is obtained only by experience.

It takes a lifetime to learn a business thoroughly—the world is full of jack of all trades who are masters of none—half-fledged salesmen ignorant of the value and composition of the wares they are attempting to sell. Book-keepers occupying important fiduciary positions, unskilful, incompetent, whose mistakes take more time to correct than their services are worth. Specialists who know thoroughly special departments of business are the demand of the hour. The dying German linguist and philosopher having devoted his whole life to the study of the Greek language regretted that he had not confined his entire attention to the Greek preposition. Or the London toy dealer who resolved to confine his entire trade to dolls heads, refusing to keep any other parts or articles and thereby made a fortune, are cases in point. Napoleon boasted once that the reason of his success was his thorough familiarity with the art of war. Said he, I can if necessary cast a cannon, handle the mounted gun, or even make gunpowder. Recently there was an accident on the Richmond and Danville R. R., a locomotive was disabled by a break in its machinery; it was imperatively necessary to make the repairs without delay; the engineer not being a thorough mechanic was incompetent to the task, when a gentleman, who was a passenger, stepped up, spoke a word to the engineer, doffed his high hat, kid gloves and broadcloth put on a pair of overalls, went down on his knees with hammer and chisel and in a short time effected the repairs and the train moved off. On inquiry it was found he was the superintendent of motive power of another railroad who had learned practically and thoroughly the machinist trade in his youth.

Again, a large cotton manufacturer of our own State, himself a millionaire, sent his sons to England to work in the factory (as day laborers) to practically learn the art of cotton spinning and the thriving village of Woodberry, a model manufacturing town is the result.

### BUILD UPON A GOOD FOUNDATION.

The spectacle was recently afforded in New York of a rich young man who spent the major part of his fortune in erecting a private residence, which after its occupancy was rendered untenable by the sinking of the foundation, and had to be torn down, its owner unwisely expended all that he could afford in its erection and its ruins are to-day a monument to his folly in failing to secure a good foundation to build upon. "Every great and permanent success is founded upon the rock of honesty." Some one once asserted in Boston that no one could do business and succeed on strict principles of honesty and honor—a painstaking statistician upon examination ascertained that 99 out of every 100 merchants failed once during their lifetime in that



city. The question then is, could the average be much worse than it now is? Our cousin German has said—"Honesty was the best policeman"—this at least is true as honesty is the policeman that keeps many men square, but we believe that it pays to be honest both in this world and for that which is to come. It is said that John Jacob Astor as he leaned against the linden tree that shaded his humble home in Germany, contemplating for the last time the scenes of his youth previous to his departure for America, resolved upon three things that he would live by in his new home—first, he would be honest, second industrious, third he would never gamble. The memory of his palatial fortune and works of benevolence are too fresh to need further mention. Viewed solely from a worldly standpoint there are three cardinal points without which no man can achieve any great success in business, he must possess.

#### GRIT, TACT AND PUSH,

three short, Anglo-Saxon, easily understood words. First, Grit. You can feel the rocky, flinty nature of the word as it passes through your teeth. We say a man has "sand in his craw" when we wish to convey the idea that he is a game chicken. In this word are combined the elements of courage, endurance and patience. Wellington had more grit than Napoleon had heroism, and he defeated him at Waterloo and changed the geography of Europe. History tells us that the British soldiers at Waterloo stood and received the enemy's fire without an answering shot, patiently waiting for orders to open battle. The hurtling bullets whistled through their decimated ranks, soldiers were falling on every hand, the only command was "close up ranks," until the time came to fire, when, with steady aim and death-giving force, the volley rang out from the levelled muskets, and the French recoiled in horror, driven back by the grit of the Anglo-Saxon race.

The lamented Garfield said "a pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck." Luck is an *ignis fatuus*—you may follow it to ruin, but never to success. He that will can. Strong men have wills; weak men have only wishes. Whatever disadvantages you may have, if you have also a will to work, you may checkmate them and win true success. The great orator, Sheridan, having failed badly in his first speech in Parliament, exclaimed with emphasis, "It is in me, and shall come out." Lord Erskine, who at his death was Lord Chief Justice of England, was previous to his study of law a poor sailor. Practice in law came to him but slowly. He had a wife and children who were literally in want. A case was put in his hands by a poor farmer who was about to be dispossessed of his land by a rich and powerful Earl. On the trial of the case in court, through the wealth and influence of the noble plaintiff, the case was decidedly against the poor man. The Lord Justice stood up to deliver the decision, which, of course, would be adverse to the defendant, when Erskine sprang to his feet and advanced directly in front of the judge, and with uplifted hands said, "I demand to be heard. You are about to give sentence against a poor friendless man who is oppressed by a noble Earl, and I demand that justice be meted out to my client," and in an hour's speech he held the court spell-bound by his eloquence and force. It was his first appearance in any case of importance, but his reputation was made from that day, and he reached the highest pinnacle of fame as a jurist and lawyer before his death. Some one asked him afterward how he mustered courage to make such an appeal to the court. He answered: "I knew my chil-

dren were hungry at home, and I imagined I could feel them tugging at my coat and saying, 'Now is your chance, papa; strike for bread!'"

Stephen Girard lost three fortunes before he commenced his final permanent acquisition of wealth. When adversity overtakes a man with grit he bows to the storm, but does not go down under it. We see the mighty wind sweep through the forest of oaks, the sturdy trees bend and groan under the pressure of the tempest, and we think surely they will never stand erect again; but the storm passes and we see the majestic oaks towering towards heaven with their straight trunks and sturdy limbs unbroken. Adversity is a school for men of grit; they learn in it a lesson of snatching victory from defeat, success from disaster. Men with yeast powder in them will rise; they can't be kept down. The ruin which overtakes so many merchants is due not so much to lack of business talent as to lack of business nerve. The ability to say no is what most men lack.

#### TACT

is another name for common sense, which is so called, we suppose, because it is uncommon, just like 12-mile island in Lake George is so named because it is 14 miles from the head of the lake. Genius has been defined as the ability to concentrate one's whole energies on the work in hand, whatever it may be. This is one of the elements of tact. No matter how unforeseen the circumstances or forbidding the outlook, the man of tact discovers a way to success. Before the flames were entirely subdued, the enterprising merchants of Chicago had notices tacked up on the ruins of their palatial stores—"Gone to New York to buy a fresh stock of goods." Comprehended under this term is the whole race of what we call smart men, bright men, men of enterprise.

How interesting is the story of the successful laying of the first telegraph line in the world, which ran, you will remember, from Baltimore to Washington. Morse, the inventor, spent three-fourths of his appropriation and only laid his pipe line to the Relay House. It was his intention to encase the wire in metal pipes and lay them underground. Ezra Cornell, who was superintending for him the digging of the ditch, discovered the trouble and expensiveness of the method, said why not run the wires on poles and use insulators, which was done. The whole world knows the result, and the tact of Cornell rewarded him with a fortune much larger than that of Morse. Judgment as to future or coming value of events and inventions is another evidence of tact. James Talcott, the millionaire commission merchant of New York, perceiving that it was the intention of the government at the commencement of our late war to clothe the troops in blue, immediately purchased all the blue cloth in the country and contracted for the future supply, and thus made his first start in the world. Peter Cooper foresaw the prospective increase in railroads, built the first locomotive, and immediately after started a rolling mill to make iron rails. After the discovery of the telegraph he promptly commenced the manufacture of iron wire, and supplied all that was needed. While many were predicting failure to both these enterprises, his tact and judgment enabled him to properly estimate their importance. A ready answer is sometimes a stepping-stone to position, as it illustrates a man's tact and ability to use untoward circumstances. The present Adjutant-General of the State of Pennsylvania, when an applicant for the position was opposed by some, who informed the Governor that his drinking habits unfitted him for the

position, although in every way qualified by experience as a soldier and tactician.

In the Governor's reception room in the presence of a number of candidates for the position and their friends, the executive, turning to the gallant soldier suddenly said "General do you drink?" "No thank you, don't care for anything just now your Excellency." His ready repartee secured him the position.

The third indispensible requisite is

#### PUSH,

which is another word for energy, work, fixedness of purpose, enterprise, go-ahead-iveness. Application succeeds and leaves behind it monuments, while talent languishes and dies wrapt up in its own self-complacency. If men could soar on the lazy wings of genius to success many would undertake the aerial flight.

"The heights by great men reached and kept,  
Were not attained by sudden flight,  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night."

Horace Greely has said every man has one chance in his life to make a fortune and it is well known that one step on the ladder of success secures another. Success therefore is not the result of accident, luck, unusual mental endowments, aid of friends, but rather the legitimate and necessary sequence of industry, perseverance, energy, clearness of perception, oneness of purpose, fixedness of effort, and strength of will. Do your work, be not afraid of toiling with your own hands, self trust is the first secret of success. The late Mr. Gray, of Boston, was once twitted with having been a drummer. Well, said he, "Did I not drum well?" If your business therefore is to black boots, make them shine. Dignify your calling by your devotion to it. The scripture says we should be not be slothful in business, but fervent in spirit, and exclaims: "Seest thou a man diligent in business, he shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean men."

We will next consider

#### LITTLE THINGS IN BUSINESS.

A gentleman who visited the studio of a prominent sculptor, remarked to him on one occasion—"You have done no work upon yonder statue since I saw it a week ago!" "Yes I have," said the artist, "I have rounded out the arms, touched up the profile of the countenance, put more expression into the face, &c." "Ah," said the visitor, "these are trifles." "You are right" he replied, "but trifles make perfection and perfection is no trifle." The Scotch have an expression, "Many mickle make a muckle," and it is little leaks that sink the ship, little sins that destroy the character, and little extravagances that drain the purse. It is therefore that by strict attention to daily routine that men succeed and grow in business.

The first practical precept is

#### EARLY RISING.

In spite of all the old saws about the early bird and the fact that it served the worm right for being up so early and it is only those who go fishing who want worms. It is a self-evident proposition that the early hours of the day are the best as a man's head is clearer and his faculties more wide awake than later in the day. Peter Cooper for 20 years rose with the sun, lighted the fires in his glue factory before the arrival of his workmen, and then acting as his own superintendent, salesman, agent and book-keeper, did his own work and built up a factory which realized him \$50,000 a year. Another necessary element is

#### PUNCTUALITY.

Geo. Peabody, his biographer tells us, was prompt and methodical in all his business habits, and appointments of business with him were sacred and religiously kept. If a man failed to keep an appointment

with him he was severely reprimanded and if the offence was repeated a prompt severance of business relations was the consequence. If your note is due pay it at 10 o'clock, don't run the fearful risk of waiting until the last minute and rush breathlessly to the bank to pay it at 3. Some one said to Lord Nelson, "Oh! it is only a quarter of an hour and will not be missed." The great sailor responded quickly, "The success of my life is due to the economical use of quarter hours." A remarkable incident of punctuality is related of a Mr. Scott who was a commercial traveller in Great Britain, his engagements were made months and even years ahead and he was never known to fail to keep an appointment until the day of his death. On one occasion a traveller at an inn was handed the bill of fare by the servant to order dinner, he remarked, "Can I not have some of the duck which I saw cooking as I passed the kitchen?" "No," replied the servant, "that was ordered by Mr. Scott six months ago, to be served at 2 o'clock to-day." "But Mr. Scott is not here," retorted the traveller. "But he will be," said the waiter; and while they spoke a conveyance drove to the door from which Mr. Scott alighted at 10 minutes of 2. Another practical precept to observe is

#### ECONOMY.

It is not what we make, but what we save, that counts. Any one can make money, but it takes a smart man to keep it. Macawber's admonition can be quoted here. He said, substantially, "Income £10, outgo £10 6s.; consequence, debt, disaster. Income £10, outgo £9 6s.; consequence, health, happiness, perspective wealth." Out of debt is out of danger. The percentage of saving throughout life is what one starts with. If we save 20% of our income when we have an income of \$500, we will probably save the same percentage when we receive \$10,000 per annum. Economy is a habit which must be acquired, and comes natural to but few men. Horace Greely said a young man entirely dependent on his own labor who does not save \$100 by the time he is 21 years old will probably carry a poor man's head on his shoulders to his grave. The only road to wealth is self-denial. We must eschew tobacco, drink and other luxuries, and pay as we go, if we wish to accumulate a competency. Cigarette smoking dudes are considerably below par at present, and are not wanted anywhere. An excellent aid to economy is to keep a cash book of daily expenses. The items, when added together at the close of each week, aggregate a formidable total, which has a tendency to check extravagance. Your speaker is connected in business with a gentleman who exhibits, with commendable pride, a memorandum of private receipts and expenses running through his whole business life, commencing with a fund of \$65, saved at 15, which has increased until at 35 it is now \$250,000.

The next practical precept,

#### AN ATTRACTIVE BUSINESS ADDRESS SHOULD BE CULTIVATED.

Politeness costs nothing but amounts to a great deal—acquire, by practice, a straightforward manly attractive manner, "Swaviter in modo, fortiter in ree" (Gentle in manner, resolute in deed,) is an admirable motto for a young business man. The different characteristics of the business men of the four cities of the Atlantic Coast has been tersely described as follows—In Boston, the first question of a stranger is:—What do you know? In New York:—What are you worth? In Philadelphia:—Who's your Grandmother? In Baltimore:—How are you? Glad to see you!

Another practical precept is the necessity of cultivating



## DISCREETNESS,

which is a rare accomplishment. Don't talk too much. Many a time has your speaker heard what the world termed splendid talkers regret with bitterness their inability to stop at the right time. Men talk their way into your good graces and then talk their way out. As the old Dutchman said: "Too much ish plenty." Some people are like long-necked bottles—the less they have in them the more noise it makes coming out. When you talk, talk to the point, and when that is reached shut up and give somebody else a chance.

It is related that a certain prominent operator in flour having secured information after labor and expense that flour would probably advance, owing to circumstances of which only he had knowledge, to \$10 a barrel was accosted by a fellow broker on change who said, "Will flour probably advance soon?" "Yes," said our indiscreet friend, "I expect it will bring \$10 a barrel before long." I should like to see a man, said the broker, who would give \$10 for 50000 bbls. "I will," quickly retorted our friend. Well said the broker I only said I wanted to see the man who would give that price for the quantity and I have seen him. The information was thus unconsciously given away and our friend failed to reap his expected harvest from the advance. A merchant of our city rushed up to a leading bank a few days since with anxiety written on his countenance and exclaimed to the Cashier, "I must have \$3000 to-day. He didn't get it although he was in excellent standing with the bank as the sharp-sighted cashier detected in his manner evidences of financial insecurity. Another practical point to be noticed is,

## PERSONAL APPEARANCE SHOULD BE LOOKED AFTER.

Dress neatly, tidily. Neat men are proverbially neat in their work. Keep your hands out of your pockets during business hours. The West Point cadet has no pockets in his uniform, to prevent him carrying his hands in an unmilitary manner. No fault is more common among young men in our city than this unsightly habit. CULTIVATE CAREFULNESS IN BUSINESS CONTRACTS.

Endorse for nobody. Many men have sacrificed their fortunes and wasted their substance by their inability to say no to all requests for endorsement or bond. People will make the most unreasonable requests of you. An individual requested your speaker to go upon his bond for \$10,000 with whom he had scarcely a speaking acquaintance and of course was courteously and politely refused.

Acquire an exact use of business language—concise and to the point. Scrutinize carefully all legal and other documents. Many a man has signed away his fortune without knowing it until too late to undo the mistake. The proprietor of the McAdoo Hotel, Goldsboro, N. C., intending to write for a French-plate glass 22x33 inches ordered it 22x33 feet. The agents of the manufacturer telegraphed inquiring if order was correct. The answer was "fill order as directed." The consequence was when a plate of glass of this size was landed in Norfolk having been brought with great difficulty upon the deck of a ship from France, it was found the covered bridges and tunnels upon the Railroad forbid its transportation inland, and it now lays on the wharf a costly monument to the want of carefulness of the purchaser.

## CHARACTER BUILDING

is a daily work. Our smallest actions are the subjects of observation. Out of little things, words spoken, principles owned, deeds or acts performed or omitted, you build up the character of a man and make

up your opinion of him. Not more than one in ten of the young men now engaged in mercantile or mechanical pursuits mean to succeed. Their thoughts during business hours are not upon their work, but on other things. Many work only for their present stipend and never bestow a thought upon their future or the permanent business interest of their employer. The immortal Bard has said: "There is a time its tide of men's affairs, which taken at in flood leads on to fortune." Disraeli has recently added, that "the secret of success is to be ready for your opportunity when it comes." Most men are not ready, and having failed to school and train themselves the golden prize slips from their neverless grasp and eludes them. A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, the wise man has said centuries ago; and this good name is the result of daily character building. When a purchaser desires excellent cutlery to show him the Rogers stamp upon the blade is sufficient, for experience has taught him that this manufacturer has secured a reputation for his goods which he is bound to sustain. No one thinks of examining the quality of Wamsutta muslin or counting its threads under the glass. Its world-wide reputation is sufficient.

## WORRY KILLS MORE MEN THAN WORK.

When you leave the store, office or workshop, leave the work behind you. Don't inflict upon your friends after business hours business talk; in other words, don't smell of the shop. Herbert Spencer says Americans need to preach the "Gospel of Relaxation." Rest by change of toil. Engage in works of benevolence, charity and religion; assist in Sabbath school, church and other work for the uplifting of mankind; cultivate a civic pride. Take an interest in your city, "Beautiful Baltimore," she has been termed by many visitors. Assist the public-spirited men who are endeavoring to place her in the front rank of American cities. Let us have done with the talk of its being a wooden town. Talk up your city. The opportunities for advancement of young men here are equal to those of any other city in the nation. The same self-denial and toil which would advance you in a strange city in the West will promote you here. In conclusion, be a worker. Sometimes we envy the beautiful butterfly as with careless freedom it flits from flower to flower, and we overlook the busy bee rushing past, carrying in a straight line to the hive the honey which it has gathered by tireless toil. But soon the summer sky gives place to the dull, leaden hue of winter; the withering winds and descending snow freeze the poor butterfly, and it falls lifeless to the ground. Meanwhile the bee revels in the honeyed sweetness which its industry had gathered before the advent of winter.

We must work out our salvation, both for this world and the next, with fear and trembling, for there is a future in which success is everlasting, and our world with its business is a strain, our lives a chord in the symphony of the universe. If we wish a type of manliness and a being to imitate, let us take the highest model known to man. Let us make Christ Jesus our pattern, who was a type of energy, manliness and suffering unequalled in the world's history, and take the words of Longfellow as a text:

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant,  
Let the dead past bury its dead;  
Act, act in the living present,  
Heart within and God o'erhead.

Application is the price to be paid for mental acquisition. To have the harvest we must sow the seed.

He who lacks strength must attain his purpose by skill.

## Personalia.

Contributions invited. That which you would like to see in this department, let us know by letter, postal card or personally.

At the recent meeting of the Maryland Annual Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church at Easton, Md., the following appointments were made among our old students. THE GAZETTE extends to each its best wishes for success in their respective charges:

'71. Rev. Thomas O. Crouse, Centreville, Md.

'71. Rev. Wm. J. Neepier, Oxford, Md.

'74. Rev. C. S. Arnett, First Church.

'74. Rev. W. R. Graham, Chestertown, Md.

'74. Rev. W. W. White, Heathsville, Va.

'75. Rev. J. A. Weigand, Milton, Kent county, Del.

'75. Rev. J. M. Yingling, Fawn Grove, Penna.

'79. Rev. E. O. Ewing, Quantico, Wicomico county, Md.

'80. Rev. W. H. Stone, Felton, Kent county, Del.

'82. Rev. H. L. Elderdice, Broadway M. P. Church, Baltimore, Md.

'83. Rev. John M. Gill, Eutaw M. P. Church, Baltimore county, Md.

'83. Rev. J. W. Kirk, Crisfield, Md.

'83. Rev. J. W. Norris, Accomac, Va.

'83. Rev. S. C. Ohrum, Amelia and Chesterfield.

'84. Rev. F. T. Benson, Mt. Tabor.

'84. Rev. B. W. Kindley, Leipsic, Del.

'85. Rev. S. F. Cassen, Deer Creek.

'83. Mr. H. F. H. Baughman, principal of the Crumpton High School spent the Easter Holidays in our city.

'83. Rev. S. C. Ohrum recently spent a few days at *alma mater*, and preached in the M. P. Church, Sunday night, the 17th inst.

'83. Mr. A. D. Brockett is engaged in mercantile business in Alexandria, Va.

'83. Prof. J. A. Crowther is in charge of high grade school at Savannah, Ga.

'81. Dr. Geo. Y. Everhart was in Westminster on the 11th inst. He has a large practice in Weathersville.

'85. Prof. F. McBrown, Principal of the Uniontown High School, comes down to see us quite frequently. He was here on the 11th inst., and also on the 20th and 22d, to attend the teachers' examination.

'85. Mr. Columbus Day has charge of a school in Browningsville, Montgomery county, Md.

'85. Mr. W. H. Eichelberger is with the firm of John H. Fallin & Co., wholesale dealers and jobbers in manufactured tobacco, cigars, pipes, &c., and grain commission merchants, at 119 W. Lombard street, near Light, Baltimore.

'83. Mr. F. W. Elgin was among the recent graduates of the University of Maryland in the School of Medicine. He was married on the 21st ulto., to Miss Estelle White, of Poolesville, Montgomery county. We extend congratulations.

'85. Dr. T. Jesse Shreeve, who is enjoying a large practice in Uniontown was present at the semi-centennial.

'86. Mr. E. H. Etchison is practising medicine in Gaithersburg.

'86. Mr. J. L. N. Henman recently spent a week at W. M. C. He is teller of the First National Bank in Brunswick, Ga. While here he made many new acquaintances among the boys. The wish of all is for another visit from "Jack."

'86. Mr. Geo. C. Erb, who is pursuing

a course in Theology in the Reformed Seminary at Lancaster, Pa., was home during Easter.

'86. Rev. E. T. Mowbray, of Hunts, Baltimore county, was at the college on the 19th inst.

'87. Mr. Jas. A. Melvin graduated from the University of Maryland School of Medicine, on the 22d ulto.

'87. Mr. S. A. Boucher was among the recent graduates from the College of Physicians and Surgeons.

'88. Mr. Gilpin S. Woodward spent Easter in Westminster. He is clerking in the Kent Iron and Hardware Store, Wilmington, Del.

'89. Mr. E. L. Bowman, of Baltimore, came up to attend the semi-centennial.

'83. Mr. R. L. Linthicum graduated from Jefferson College, Philadelphia, on the 5th inst. Mr. L. won the gold medal for the best anatomical preparation. He was a former editor of THE GAZETTE. Congratulations.

## Exchanges.

For several issues our exchange column has been crowded out for lack of space. In the future we hope to be able to recognize some of our exchanges each month.

On looking over many exchanges which come to our "sanctum" from month to month, we are pleased to observe the fact that there is much improvement in the general excellence of their "make up" both as to the matter contained in each and attractiveness in appearance.

The College World is a semi-monthly which is always welcomed by THE GAZETTE. It is never consigned to the waste basket with unbroken wrapper, but its columns are perused with interest.

The Roanoke Collegian comes to us from its home among the Virginia mountains. It is one of our best exchanges.

An article entitled "The Ideal character" appears in the Heidelberg Journal. The writer tells us that the shadow on the dial plate has moved back when such men as Napoleon, Nero, and Attila come upon the scene of action. That the moral views of Socrates, though often profound, yet lack ideal enthusiasm, and the finest poetic visions of an ideal character are connected with surroundings of their authors, their finest sentiments floating in a region of unapproachable theories. The author in the tersest of English, shows us that the "Lowly Nazarene" holds the foremost place as the benefactor of the race.

In The Portfolio (Ont) are to be found many excellent articles, one of which is, "Single Poem Poets." We hope that fair Augusta may soon favor the Portfolio's columns with another article of similar merit.

We welcome the Kentucky University Tablet as a new venture in college journalistic enterprise. If the first two issues are in earnest of its future, we feel safe in saying that its friends will not allow it to be doomed to tread the wires of Fate, as did its ill-fated predecessor. Kind friend, we hope you may "laugh and grow fat." Now, don't think we wish to kick and cuff you, but are not your editorial comments a little too severe, when you endorse the following from a contemporary in application to your own students: "This is the most cadaverous, woe-begone, hollow-eyed looking set of students to be found at any college in the United States, etc." We pass over your remarks relative to the curators and a college's being so accommodating as to cheat itself, and come to that part in which you so imperatively demand a waiting room. You say, "Line it with boiler-iron if you

[SEE LAST COLUMN SIXTH PAGE.]



THE  
**Irving Literary Gazette**

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To whom all communications should be addressed.

WESTMINSTER, MD., APRIL, 1887.

To Our Friends.

A large number of sample copies of this issue of THE GAZETTE will be sent out to friends of our college, whom we wish to consider this as an appeal for their subscription. The benefits of a college paper to a student have been discussed so often in these columns that it is unnecessary to make mention of it here. However, we will say the advantages to the student are well balanced by the advantages to the subscriber. Here, we do not mean to say that our efforts in the literary field are the highest, but we do pride ourselves in our efforts and may we even venture to say our success, in obtaining for publication good lectures, orations, &c., such as those given by the members of our Faculty and by Mr. Supplee. (See first page.) We know our efforts have been appreciated by the comments we receive from our many exchanges, which has given to us our standing in College Journalism.

We might give a number of clippings from exchanges to verify our statement, but we would refrain on the ground that we are taking the stand of many college papers in not copying the comments of others, thinking it to be nothing more than "Blowing your own horn." Every member of the church should take his college publications. It keeps them posted on the doings of the college, the progress of her seats of learning. The subscription price is small, and surely will not hurt any, while the good it will do cannot be measured. It will encourage your students and spur them to better work, knowing that the circulation is wider. Your paper may fall into the hands of some one who may be induced to come to W. M. C. His course may be the result of saving many souls. This is not imagination for such things are known to have occurred. Many college papers complain of the too little aid they receive from their friends. It stands on record as much a disgrace to those who should aid, and neglect to do so, as those who conduct the publication. Every one knows what expense it is to pursue a college course. Students cannot be expected to take the money out of their own pocket for the publication of a paper. Friends, come to our aid, send us your subscriptions, we ask only for money to pay our printer. Send us along with your subscription the names of likely subscribers to whom we

may send copies of our paper. We will be grateful for all kindness you may confer on us, and thank you for past patronage.

It is not our intention, as *The Portfolio* of our College may suppose, either to rival or to vie with it as to which shall get out the best issue; but it is our intention always to get out as good an issue as we possibly can. We do not think that it is necessary, or even proper to make an editorial out of, whether it is advantageous for two monthlies of the same college to publish the same week, when such matters can easily be attended to otherwise. Such an editorial can not be interesting to readers, and the space occupied by it is, without doubt, wasted. We can be seen at any time for the arrangement of such matters, as we are always near. You wish the paper to be published fifteen days apart, and say that the advantage is two fold. They are as follows:

"First: If rivalry does any good, its fullest benefit is certainly not obtained by immediately preceding or succeeding one another. Time should elapse, so one could reflect upon the sentiment of the other, in order to consider them in the next publication."

"Second: Many subjects, especially in the local columns, must be treated by both, and it is not at all desirable that the same manner of treatment should be in each. Think, for instance, what a ludicrous effect it must have upon our subscribers, to read the same things in both papers and it must necessarily be so if one is in the press when the other is issued."

In regard to the first, as we have said before, we do not wish to be a rival, and besides, it is not our object to have articles in THE GAZETTE that will occasion unfriendly editorial remarks from *The College Portfolio*. The second is somewhat inconsistent with your desires. We think, if you desire to vie with us, it would be a good plan to have the same locals. People can judge better between the merits of two articles on the same subject, than when on different subjects.

Our time of issue is about the middle of the month, and any one looking at our advertisement, will see the same. We do not desire the last of the month as our time of publication, for, if such were our desire, we would so have expressed it in our advertisement. It is true we may not come out precisely on the fifteenth, yet it is our desire to come as near that time as possible. Sometimes it is impossible to come out when we desire, and very few monthlies do. Perhaps you may sometimes find it so. "Live and learn," and what you do not understand inquire into, but always be careful. We are willing to meet you in any thing that may pertain to the benefit of the college, but we desire to publish THE GAZETTE at a time thought best by us.

Fishing.

Fishing is one of the exact sciences. That is to say, it is an exacting science. You laugh, of course you do. Nothing

else could be expected of a novice. Sit all day in a 100 degree sun under a broadbrim, or allow the rain to deluge down your back half a day while you sit on a stone egg-size, with the piscine silence all unbroken. Broken ripples, Pisces, only living token, waiting—Oh! a very Job patiently waiting for a bite, and you will know somewhat of the art. Experience like this will increase your appreciation of the nicety of throwing a line, just so it will twine lovingly around the overhanging limb. Then, as a big Leviathan bass darts off savagely with your line, reel him in to find yourself going pish, splash, plush, while your companions wonder what Undine has bewitched you—taking a cold water bath at such an unseasonable hour, and driving the bass away so unceremoniously. Stranger, there is a fascination about this science, whose nomenclature is not NaCl, although it has much to do with H<sub>2</sub>O. After having been duly trained in the rudiments, you will be prepared for the second degree of the piscatorial science. To be brief, stranger, this is simply buying another man's luck. The chestnut bell rings, the curtain falls, and the lone fisherman calls after the retreating apparition;—Sonnie, keep out of Canadian waters, or there may be a revised edition of Jonah and the whale circulated. From the shadows echo answers:—You're a her-  
ring.

LOCAL.

Easter!

Little Peter!!

Palm Sunday!!!

"Lay on, Macbeth!!!!"

The old cry—"Give me a chew of tobacco, mine is just out."

Mr. Mitchell spent April 1st in Baltimore, visiting relatives and friends. He goes down quite often now. Who is it, Harry?

A certain Theologue, accounting for the extraordinary brilliancy of a classmate, exclaimed—"No wonder he is smart, his mother was an Irishman."

1st W—"Lets take a tramp this vacation through the country." 2nd W—"How?" 1st W—"In an ambuscade." Without doubt the 1st W. was expecting to encounter Indians.

Our boys took part in the parade at the Semi-Centennial of Carroll county on Easter Monday. They were acknowledged to be the leading feature. They caricatured the Faculty.

We seem to have a heathen among our students. One of them went out gunning, and, making an altar, offered up his game on it to the gods. Will some good missionary come forward?

We have an "asparagus debater" in our midst who says—"I was not sent to school to study, but to be kept from getting married."

Miss H.—"Prof., is it because the negroes absorb all the heat that they are black?" Prof.—"No: it's because they absorb all the light."

College Student—"Good morning, Miss M.; will your dog bite?" Miss M.—"Oh, no: he's got a delightful disposition."

Our campus is beginning to look neater, since the steward is having it cleared of everything not intended to be there.

Soph. (out surveying)—"I am monarch of all I survey." Prof.—"Well, Mr. P.,

that isn't much." Said Soph is so ashamed of himself that you can't get him to touch the compass again.

The Sophs. commenced their surveying excursions on the fourth. There's lots of fun in surveying, tramping over fields, &c.

At a darkey debate, witnessed by us at Union Hall, this town, one debater gave his reason why man loves woman as follows:—"What man would not love his own bone?"

It is time that some of the boys are beginning to make country excursions. This is a delightful way to while away our recreation periods. Let's form a club for this purpose. We think it would be a good idea.

In German: Prof.—"Mr. W-l-n, who is the author of this piece?" Mr. W.—"Humboldt." Prof.—"Who was he?" Mr. W.—"He was a German author, and discovered the Pacific." Go up head.

Below will be found a correct score of smiles between a lady post-graduate and a boy—March 26th, 8; 27th, 10; 28th, 25; 29th, 40; 30th, 50; 31st, 65, &c. Since then they have been increasing by geometrical progression, and it would be impossible to keep a record.

Wide pants are now in vogue. They originated among the Seniors. Any one wishing to know how to be in style, will do well to read carefully the following: Place yourself before a mirror; part your hair; take a razor in your right hand and shave away. If you don't make a mash it is not our fault.

The tariff laws of the United States were overhauled by four of our Seniors on the 25th of March, as to their being right in principle and beneficial in operation. After being discussed very fully on both sides, Miss Edith Richards, who drew the conclusion, decided in favor of the affirmative. On the same occasion Miss I. B. Pillsbury, in a very masterly manner, rendered on the piano a very fine selection from *Lysberg*. The following were the contestants in the disputation: Affirmative—Mr. H. H. Slifer, Mr. N. H. Wilson. Negative—Mr. Paul Combs, Mr. Dent Downing.

The secret of the success of a certain junior in the preparation of his recitations, has at last been discovered. He has what is known as a panoramic picture frame, i. e., a frame that mysteriously produces a new picture every few days. It hangs directly over the head of his bed, and he seems to be endowed with more and more inspiration at each change. While this is private and very valuable property, yet it is a curiosity, and as an amusement for the students of Ward Hall, this is one of the greatest. The admission has been placed at a nominal sum. Secure your tickets early in order to avoid the rush.

The dilemma of a certain lady Soph. can better be imagined than explained, when she "accidentally," yet so effectually locked herself in her room that a locksmith had to be sent for in order to secure her liberty. Girls do not push so hard against the door the next time.

Prof. S. Simpson has been invited to deliver the annual sermon at the Thompson School, Silver City, N. C.

One of the collegiates, rooming at the Seminary recently dreamed that ten lean cows were in a field before him, and ten fat cows were in another field, and that the ten fat cows jumped into the field where the lean cows were and swallowed them. \$00,000 will be given to the person who can interpret said dream.

The Lecture and Junior Themes of April 1st were fine, and the several subjects treated were, as far as we can judge, handled in the best manner possible. Prof. Me-



Daniel's lecture on Rene Des Cartes was a masterpiece, executed in the Prof's. own clear and pleasing style. We are always sure to be entertained and instructed whenever he has a lecture before the students. After the lecture Miss Madge Slaughter performed on the piano "Poet's Harp," from Mendelssohn. Themes—"Causes, Conduct and Results of the War of 1812," by Mr. H. D. Mitchell; "The Sphere of an Educated Woman," by Miss C. W. Phœbus; "Samuel Johnson," by Mr. J. M. Radford.

Friday afternoon of the 15th was the scene of another disputation, by the Senior ladies. Subject: "The right of suffrage should not be abridged on account of sex." Affirmative—Misses E. M. Adams, H. E. Dodd, L. L. Hill; negative—Misses S. N. Abbott, E. C. Handy, Georgia Harlan; conclusion—Mr. H. C. Stockdale. From the standpoint of spectator we could not see much difference in the force of the arguments on either side. They were all very good and ably put, and both sides received applause from the students. Mr. Stockdale gave his decision in favor of the negative, and so the ladies will not vote as yet. We were agreeably pleased.

On the 31st of March Mr. Henry Dixon Jones, Prof. of Elocution in Harvard University, delivered in College Chapel a pleasing and instructive lecture on elocution. Mr. Jones is well-known as an elocutionist of rare power, second to none. On the evening of the 1st of April, he gave an entertainment down town. The house was packed, and we don't believe that any student was absent unless through sickness. We would be highly gratified, and much benefitted, should we ever again have the pleasure of listening to Mr. Jones.

Drs. Ward and Lewis of this College attended the fifty-ninth session of the Maryland Conference of the M. P. Church at Easton, Talbot county. The Conference met on the 6th of April and continued until the 13th. On Friday the 8th, Prof. Rinehart, our instructor in instrumental music left for Easton, and on the following Saturday evening gave a complimentary piano recital to the Conference. A communication from the board of trustees of this institution, requesting the endowment society to waive the priority of the mortgage upon our College to the extent of seven thousand dollars, to enable the said board of trustees to negotiate a loan upon mortgage to an amount not exceeding said sum for the purpose of erecting a building necessary for the growing demand of said institution, was adopted. As the number of our students is increasing, we shall need more room, a larger chapel, larger dining-room and dormitory for the ladies. It was also suggested by Dr. Lewis that the building be heated by steam and lighted by electricity. These improvements will be begun as soon as possible.

Mr. J. Frank Supplee, of the firm of Dan'l Miller & Co., Baltimore, entertained us on the 14th with a plain and practical lecture on "Stepping Stones to Success." It was the most instructive lecture we have ever listened to for a long time. It was full of precepts, which, if carried out, would insure success to any one. We give the entire lecture in this issue.

Down the campus, not long since, might have been seen a certain Senior wandering, wandering as in quest of something; something, he knew not what? No. He knew, you bet. Do you suppose for one instant said Senior would dress in his best, swing his dudish cane, wear out three pairs of shoes, and put on the air of 'some punkin' looking for nothing? No, not he. He isn't built that way. After pacing up and down the grove walk for some hours (we will not say how many), his face put on

an angelic expression, as a fair one drew up in a carriage, to which was attached a 2.40. With one mighty bound he springs into the place for No. 2, then, in his own words, commenced "the most delightful time" of his life. Some of the ladies, from whom he tried to hide, saw him, and it somewhat marred his pleasure. When he returned we do not know, but it was rather late, as we waited until 10 p. m. for his return. Next day he was sick. Advice—don't get excited.

FOR SALE.—A Scholarship in the Western Maryland College, entitling the holder to 1½ years in the collegiate department. The present owner having no immediate use for it, will sell at a discount if applied for early. For further particulars address Philip H. Myers, Box 191, Westminster, Md.

Miss Marietta Holly, the distinguished humorous author known as "Josiah Allen's Wife," has just finished her new book "Samantha at Saratoga," in the inimitable mirth-provoking style of "Samantha at the Centennial," "Betsey Bobbitt," etc., and has sold the MSS. for a good round sum to Messrs. Hubbard Bros., of Philadelphia, who are employing the best humorous artists in the country to illustrate it, and propose bringing it out this spring at a popular price by subscription. Miss Holly spent all last season amid the whirl of fashion at Saratoga, and takes off its follies, flirtations, pug dogs, low neck dressing, etc., etc., in a style that is overflowing with richest humor, and must create a great sensation.

Joseph Howard, Jr., the widely known journalist and intimate friend of Henry Ward Beecher for the past fifty years, is engaged upon a life of the great Preacher and Orator, which will no doubt be the standard work, as Mr. Howard's intimate relations with Mr. Beecher, and his justly won popularity as a writer, are an assurance of a work of peculiar interest and value. We lean the work is to be brought out by Hubbard Bros., at an early day, and will no doubt be sold by subscription.

Messrs. Editors—Allow me, as being somewhat implicated myself, to make a short reply to a communication to the gentlemen from the ladies in the last issue of the *College Portfolio*:

Ladies—You ask us why we returned the napkins and rings. You should be satisfied that you ever got them again. It was only by special action of the "Clique," and my earnest pleadings in your behalf, that the napkins and rings were ever returned. Had we known that you even had other napkins, we certainly would not have returned them. Not because we wanted them ourselves, for we did not dare use them, life is too precious; but because we would have been doing a kind act for civilization. We returned them, judging from the napkins, that you did not have others. We would have thought you would be ashamed ever to mention those napkins, especially when you have others (by report, we have never seen them). You are in a sorry predicament, and we sympathize with you. We will keep the affair quiet, because we would not for the world have your condition known. As to calling us thieves we overlook; we consider the source. We will report your case to the missionaries.

A GENTLEMAN.

THE BROWNING ENTERTAINMENT.

Without doubt we witnessed on the night of the 15th of April one of the best entertainments ever given in College Chapel. Browning Literary Society has lost none of her fiery zeal of the past, if any thing, her literary attainments are fast approaching the zenith of perfection. The entertainment consisted of three parts, viz: First:

the literary part, consisting of the President's Address by Miss Jennie F. Wilson, Vocal Quartette, by Misses Wilson, Franklin, M. Shriver and Gore; Anniversary Essay, "Shun delays, they breed remorse," by Miss Carrie Mourer; Piano Solo, entitled Jems of Scotland, by Miss Jennie F. Wilson. Miss Wilson in her address gave to all a hearty welcome. The quartette was fine, and its execution was charming throughout. The essay showed much thought, and was full of well rounded periods. The solo was very good, both as to its selection and to the skillful manner in which it was rendered. Miss Wilson is at home when seated at the piano, and her manner while performing is of grace and familiarity.

The farce entitled "The Mouse Trap," by W. D. Howells, and a piano duet by Misses A. Shriver and S. Wilmer occupied the second part. Miss C. Mourer, as Mrs. Somers, a young widow, acted her part to perfection.

She was a brave woman yet the presence of a mouse shattered her nerves terribly. Yet it was not the mouse, but the "idea." Mr. Willis Campbell, her betrothed, in the person of Prof. Rinehart, could scarcely have been better. His mouse test for woman's courage got him into serious trouble, from which it was no small job to extricate himself, and place himself in his betroth's esteem, as formerly. Mrs. Roberts, Mr. Campbell's sister, was ably sustained by Miss Laura Taylor. Mrs. Curwen, Bemus and Miller, friends of Mrs. Somers, enlivened the occasion by their screams in the persons of Misses F. Malhorn, M. Shriver, J. McKellip respectively. Miss Fannie Grove shows us, in the character of Jane, the servant, that nice effect domestic as well as their mistresses, and the manner in which her squeals rent the air was a "striking illustration."

We come now to the third part, without doubt the most interesting and entertaining part of the program. It consisted of an Operetta by Luigi Bordese, entitled "The Crown of Virtue." The characters were as follows:

The Countess.....Miss Jennie Wilson  
Catherine Durand—the grandmother.....Miss A. Shriver  
Rosette.....Miss Maggie Stem  
Rose.....Miss Georgie Franklin  
Little Peter—the drummer boy.....Mr. A. T. Moore  
Jenny.....Miss Laura Taylor  
Miss Sallia Wilmer.....Pianoist.

Miss Wilmer was excellent as pianoist, and we congratulate her that she did so thoroughly bring out the excellencies of the music.

The singing was fine throughout, and we think such as would do credit to any one. We take the following synopsis from the program:

Scene on the village green—Who shall be crowned queen?—Chorus, "Happy and Fair"—Duet by Rose and Rosette, "Mistress of the Birds"—Enter Little Peter, beating the drum—Is interrogated concerning the question in dispute—Sings a song—Chorus, "With Joy We Crown"—Enter the Countess in meditative mood—Catherine approaches and sings, "Speak, oh, Speak"—Song by Countess, "Flower of My Heart"—Enter Rose, Rosette, Little Peter, Jenny and Children—Trio, "Behold Us To-Day," Rose, Rosette and Countess—Letter received by Rose and Rosette—Important news disclosed—Countess embraces her long-lost child—Chorus finale, "Joy and Delight."

The characters were well sustained in every respect. Catherine Durand's soft sweet voice in the song, "Speak, Oh, Speak," portrayed very touchingly her feelings, and her sorrow that she might have to part with Rose and Rosette. The Countess was much affected by Catherine's song, and in the solo, "Flower of My Heart," poured forth the love for her child whom she had not seen for years. The Trio, "Behold Us To-Day," was simply grand, and it received long and highly pleased acclamations from all present.

Little Peter, who was dressed in uniform, did finely, and brought forth exclamations from the ladies such as these, "isn't he sweet!" "O, how cute!" The others deserve much praise for the assis-

tance given by them to those taking the leading parts. We were highly gratified with the success of our sister Society, and wish that she may ever be successful in after years, both in obtaining laurels equal, if not greater, to those of the 15th, and proclaim in the ears of ignorance their motto, "Vita sine literes mors est."

THE WEBSTER ENTERTAINMENT.

To-night, (April 22d,) Webster Literary Society held their Anniversary. Part first consisted of the President's Address and Anniversary Oration. Mr. Burgee welcomed all, both by word and action. Mr. N. H. Wilson's oration, "Liberty as seen by Lafayette and Bartholdi," was excellent and showed fine thought throughout. Part second consisted of a drama, "Above the Clouds;" the *Dramatis personæ* were as follows:

Philip Ringold, "Crazy Phil," a Mountain Hermit.....Paul Combs  
Alfred Thorpe, a City Nabob.....I. G. Michael  
Amos Gaylord, a Country Gentleman.....L. Irving Pollitt  
Howard Gaylord, his son.....W. McA. Lease  
Titus Turtle, a Gourmand.....Amos Burgee  
Curtis Chipman, "Chips" in the Rough.....H. G. Watson  
Nat Taylor, Thorpe's Protege.....J. B. Whaley  
Grace Ingalls, a Young Artist.....Miss Mollie H. Hoppie  
Hester Thorne, Gaylord's Housekeeper.....Mrs. Wm. H. Vanderford  
Susy Gaylord, Gaylord's Daughter.....Miss Mary B. Shellman  
Lucretia Gerish, "so romantic".....(Miss) Chester Ames

We have not the time to discuss the merits of those participating, as we go to press to-morrow morning, so we give the synopsis of the play.

SYNOPSIS:

ACT I—Scene—Room in Gaylord's house. Grace and Howard discovered conversing. Susie interrupts. Howard tells of the "Hermit of the Mountain." Phil's agitation at sight of Grace. Chips was "just going by." Naylor spoils Chip's chance. Amos thinks Hester a "Sister of Charity." Hester tells her story. Thorpe is welcome and so are his friends. The different tastes of Titus and Lucretia. Turtle's secret. Hester will make no condition with Thorpe. Gaylord's hasty departure. Phil and Thorpe meet at last.

ACT II—Same scene—Evening. Phil Tells Howard the history of his past life.

"So the farmer found a wife,  
His mother found a daughter."  
Nat and Susy have a tete-a-tete. Chips won't be cut out without a wrestle. Turtle in a scrape. Miss Lucretia, "so romantic." Phil's troubled rest. Amos clears up the mystery. Thorpe's plea for mercy. He is baffled. Phil "will believe." Nat and Chips "shake." Lucretia finds "her Titus." "The light of love upon our pathway, with heaven's help, we will triumphantly lift ourselves Above the Clouds."

The whole entertainment was a great success. We congratulate our brother society, and wish them all the success possible in their literary work.

Translated from the German.

I think of thee,  
When through the grove  
The nightingales  
Warble their sympathies.  
When dost thou think of me?

I think of thee  
In the glimmerings,  
Of the evening twilight,  
At the shady fountain.  
Where dost thou think of me?

I think of thee  
With sweetest pain,  
With anxious longings  
And hot tears.  
How dost thou think of me?

O think of me  
Till our union  
In better stars  
However far removed,  
Think only of me.

Volapuk, the new universal language, is within the reach of the English speaking people. Prof. Kirchhoff's abridged grammar has been adopted to our use by Carl Dornbusch. Any one desiring to indulge in the new language may do so "comfortably."

Judge Albion W. Tougee thinks the present century has had three great apostles of the beautiful—Carlyle, Ruskin and Beecher.

Judged by his titles Prof. Max Muller is probably the most distinguished man in England to-day.



For The Irving Literary Gazette.

### The World Moves.

Galileo's dictum, "That the world does move," is true in more senses than was meant by the great Italian philosopher. His declaration astounded the world, and gave the first correct ideas of the movements of the earth, very inadequate conceptions of which were entertained at that time. The world moves socially, politically, materially and morally, this movement is progress, when rightly viewed.

Theories become obsolete, nations perish, but over their ashes humanity marches right on to victory and to universal peace and happiness, when the forces of material nature being all subjected to our service, the earth shall be overspread with the radiance of light divine, and its inhabitants enjoy the felicity of unbroken concord.

To us the world has surely moved; we are not what we were; the finger board of our destiny has been changed. We are to strike out on a new course, for which only fire-tried people are fitted. America is not what she was. The flood of time has rolled the savage from the face of the land. The forest has fallen before the hardy sons of toil. "The council fire has been extinguished, and the war dance no longer echoes along our hills and valleys." The Indian lover no longer bows down in savage simplicity at the fair one's feet, and woes his dusky mate. Liberty in church and state has come forth to charm mankind, and the rays of science and philosophy are shed abroad in the land. The warlike sons of Indian glory sleep in their country's tomb, never to rise again, but that fate is not decreed to those who now tread where the wigwam stood, the council fire blazed, and the war whoop was heard. The red man has retired before the foot of his more intellectual rival, the conquering Saxon.

The world has moved too fast for the savage. The days of papyrus rolls and birch bark writings have passed. To-day every man is furnished with beautiful volumes made to suit the popular needs and wants of the millions. In the past only the rich could afford to own those books which to-day every man may possess. Among the ancients knowledge was confined to the higher orders of society. Only princes, nobles, and men of rank were permitted the proud privilege of becoming acquainted with arts and literature of the time. They ruled the ignorant as their subjects and their slaves. The multitude were cruelly excluded from the benign influence of learning. The great mass of mankind were at the lowest bottom of that stagnant gulf of ignorance which is always repulsive, but under which burning thoughts of intelligence are found. Few ever rose from the servile bed of degradation to vindicate the cause of down-trodden humanity. Thus mankind was held under the yoke of bondage for thousands of years. It remained for another race, another people, another country, to snatch from the few the rights and liberties of the many; to elevate the lowly and defend the cause of freedom in the true sense of the word. In the past we heard of the rights of the titled and the wealthy; now, of the peasant and the laborer. Then the poet sang of marbled halls, of magnificent palaces, of majestic towers, of princely heroes on the field of combat; now the muse delights to sing of quiet homes, of lovely virtues, of humble and unobserved victors who win many a triumph silently in the great battle of life. The battle has been fought and the victory won. True heroism has successfully defeated the opposing elements of civilization on thousands of hard-fought battlefields, and has given us the most beneficial results.

Freedom has been purchased; lightning has been snatched from Jupiter's thunderbolt, and now carries thought flashing across the globe; steam has been harnessed, and every sea is made white with the sails of commerce; numerous lines of steamships have connected the Old World with the New, forming rapid transit for the exchange of products with foreign countries; the educating newspaper is hurled to every man's door with almost lightning speed. The "wails from the islands of the sea," the "groans" from the banks of the Brahmapootra and Ganges, the thralldom of "Afric's sunny daughters" have at last been heard and heeded. Christian benevolence is the angel of peace and good-will to man. It knows no limit; it seeks far-off heathendom, carrying glad news to the crowded isles of Japan, cheering the "Celestial brother" with words of comfort in his home in the densely populated cities and districts of that ancient empire, penetrating the jungles of India, elevating and christianizing the Buddhists and the followers of the great Brahma, and even treads Africa's burning sands, and tells to Madagascar's cannibals that there is a God. "No longer is the goddess of science content to dwell in hidden temple, to walk in sylvan shades, to grace only the privileged characters." "She has left the fabled shrine and has visited the humblest minds."

Some one has said—"So great are the facilities for an education, that only fools die for want of wisdom." If we are ignorant we must bear the blame of ignorance. All can be great who have a will to be great, for "Heaven helps those who help themselves."

Some parts of the world move faster than other parts. In this, the most enlightened nation of the world, there are places where the genial influences of learning and the bright sunbeams of hope have scarcely ever found their way. While the rest of the world was making rapid strides in civilization, and fast approaching the zenith of perfection and human happiness, we, the people of the South, "contented ourselves with tilling the soil."

A late Congressman, who stood high in the councils of the nation, made use of the following expression: "We have no great cities, no proud navies, but we have to show as an outcome of our system what no other people can show—a race of immemorial savages redeemed, elevated, christianized, until fitted for freedom." Slavery was a hindrance to us while a blessing to the Negro.

For four long years we were tortured by civil feuds and domestic strife in which deeds of daring were alike performed by the Blue and the Gray.

A dark cloud hovered over our land, the distant mutterings of thunder were heard, governmental quietude and allegiance to the national government were shaken throughout the length and breadth of the continent. The war gates of indignant mars were throw wide open and thousands of Federal soldiers swarmed on every hill top, and all the cruel horrors of war visited our Southern homes. Dixie was invaded by the conquering hosts of countless millions. In vain did the brave sons of Southern soil bare their bosoms, for it was but to die. A few remain to cry aloud to us to awake, arise, and shake off our lethargy.

Such is the history of the past of our country, but chivalry cannot boast of better models of stainless, dauntless manhood, or fairer, purer, better, sweeter types of womanhood. We were wrong, but there is yet hope; for the wild flower blooms in peace above the crushed and mouldering skeleton on the once crimson field of battle. The dove of peace has again flown across

our land, and peace and prosperity once more rule.

We must work. We must go up or down. No man or nation can stand still. Everything in God's universe is forever moving; it is the eternal law of nature, we cannot change it. Our idols must be pulled down, false pride thrown away, and the resources of our country developed. We must unfold the diversified interests of our broad land rather than seek the professions; for along their shores there are said to be many a stranded bark and wrecked life.

The wheels of progress are forever on the move, and if we fail to perform each day's duty, the world in its rapid revolutions will leave us behind.

Every one has a special mission in life, and if he fails to perform it, the world is worse by it. Work is the true path to honor. Work generates force, and force is the power that moves the world.

If one would be great, he must do great and noble deeds. No better advice can be given than to walk the path of duty. The fortunes of the world have never been won by fools nor lazy men. "Away from public gaze in some back laboratory or workshop may be found the humble working men who move the world." Of all the sins of the human race there are, probably, none to be compared to indolence. The lazy man is of no use in this world, and there is just as much probability of the moon's falling into the Gulf of Mexico tonight, as to suppose for one moment that such a sluggard can ever find a home in the vaulted realms of the New Jerusalem. The Bible tells us of no place prepared for such men in that bright land.

Life is too short to rest, too much to do to be idle. Men make themselves what they are. The men who have revolutionized the world were men of inflexible will and unceasing toil. The history of all great men demonstrates the fact that luck is all a miss and only another name for success. To-day men are not admired because their fathers were great. Toil is the great lever power of greatness. Men are not admired for their brilliancy, but for their capacity for labor—the force they have at their command. All our men of worth and merit come from the homes that taught their sons to dig and delve, to suffer and be strong.

Hard work and a determination never to stop till success crowns all our efforts, are the fixed, unchangeable principles that move the world. Those who work hardest, say least, and endure to the end, are the ones who figure in the world's theatre. Those who are unworthy of the positions they seek only to disgrace, may succeed for a time among the illiterate. Presumption, brass and ignorance are not the motors which rule the land, but intelligence, power and force are the iron wheels of progress.

What has raised so many men from the lowest dregs of society to the highest positions of honor and trust in the nation? What has caused the American nation to hold itself up as the grandest model of governmental greatness the world has ever seen? What has sent the rough country boy, with a book under his arm, plunging barefooted along the road to fame? Have the gods so ordained that only the chosen few, "the elect," are to be great men in Israel? Nay, verily. A gigantic engine of wonderful dimensions has wrought mighty things on the face of the earth. Toil, force, get-about-and-do-something have converted the barren wilderness into a paradise. We see the same law of force in all nature. The earth in obedience to the law of force and progress is always in motion, with her sister planets and attend-

ing satellites, all whirl in space around the sun with the same velocity, the same regularity, as when dropped from the hands of the Creator. The sun with the myriads of other suns—those stars which we see away out on the dim borders of creation—all move around a common centre, which may be the throne of the Deity himself, without haste, without rest, all move on forever.

VIVIAN-JUNIUS.

### Exchanges.

[CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.]

think it necessary; but give us a sitting-room."

Do you think your readers are interested in all this? Would it not be better to have a committee confer with the faculty, and not make such matters unnecessarily public. Too many college papers devote their valuable space to matters which could be attended to with more satisfaction to all parties concerned, if right efforts were only used in attempting to bring about beneficial results. Fresh in our mind is an instance of two of our contemporaries, discoursing at length on a subject that was altogether of a private nature, which no person could possibly appreciate or be interested in, apart from curiosity to know why the editors should devote so much space to a matter which could be settled in a personal interview of only a few minutes. Possibly, it may be the dude editors, from their lofty plain of conceited intellectuality and "social highness," decided that it would be condescending to carry out business propriety in the management of a college journal.

Let's throw away our petty prejudices and follow the Golden Rule. Make the interests of our institutions identical with our own interests; on the other hand, let the curators and all others do their part too. All these outbreaks in colleges have an origin. Some one is to blame, usually the pupils, but teachers are not always without their faults.

The Southern Collegian for March sustains its already enviable reputation as one of the foremost college publications in the country. It is a most excellence exponent of the fact that school boys can sometimes, at least, deal with questions of national interest, and that the so called embryo statesman is not so much in the larval state as is sometimes asserted. The fact that that great soldier, scholar, and Christian gentleman, Gen. Lee, was once president of the institution from which you hail; and that the gallant Jackson once drilled your cadets and by his rigidity and exacting methods in the class room taught them lessons of courage and true manhood—these alone are sufficient to ensure you a welcome from all who regard the two great heroes as without superiors in the annals of war.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges for March and April:—

Southern Collegian, College World, Yankton Student, Lutherville Seminarian, The Campus, The College Portfolio, The Portfolio, (Ont.) Howard Times, Pennsylvania College Monthly, The Speculum, The Holcad, The Echo, The Undergraduate, The Bellevue College Star, The Fisk Herald, Academy News, The Washburn Argo, The Stylus, Delaware College Review, Academy Trio, Haverhill Life, High School Times, The Acamedian, Ottawa Campus, The Chironian, Convent Echo, The Hesperus, Heidelberg Journal, The Cue, The Pine Knot, Davidson Monthly, Kentucky University Tablet, The Wolf Hall Banner, DeLand Collegian, Academy Belle, High School Student, Church Hill News, Carroll News, High School Bulletin, Buchanan School, Room and Play Ground, Fordham Monthly, College Message.



For The Irving Literary Gazette.

**Who Realize the Pleasures of Life?**

God has chosen that we should be made aware of all surrounding and material things through our senses, but he has left it for man to choose to what extent he will become knowing of worldly matters. It remains for man to decide whether life shall be a valley of sunshine, glittering with delicious golden fruit and musical with the merry ripple of its sparkling brook; or a barren desert, presenting but one view as far as the eye can see, and devoid of colors and all beauty. In childhood how narrow, though happy, is life; but as years grow upon us, how incomprehensibly wide is the field, affording exercise for the cultivation of our senses and material for the great store house. The deeper we penetrate into the vast wilderness of nature, the more astounded we become at the variance of its scenery, the sweeter become the pleasures enjoyed beneath its overhanging boughs.

What treasures have been wrenched from the coffer, mother nature, in the past century; and, yet, what lost treasures remain to be recovered and new ones to be discovered! Who can estimate or who would venture to say what science and labor will reveal to man the coming century? Who shall have the future honor of discovery, and who shall enjoy the fruits thereof?

Will it be those who improve every opportunity offered them for their cultivation, or those who show animation only when seeking to purloin the results of honest labor?

It may be said: and, indeed, often is said, that, since "the world owes all a living," the indolent enjoy the fruits of toilsome labor as well as the laborer; but, when he has reached "his journey's end," deep will be the regret of him who adopts such a motto. It may be added here, that mottoes with their strict observance constitute the basis of life, successful or unsuccessful.

It is by the same senses through which we experience exhaustion of labor and the pains of affliction, that we are apprised of that which is pleasant and agreeable. The laborer in the field toils from morning till night during the warm days of summer, while the idler spends his time lounging in the shade; taking strolls or, if fortune has been so lenient as to give him wealth and luxury, in taking rides to the field, where he may see the man, whom he almost considers beneath his notice, toiling apparently for the pleasure of the idler at the expense of his own discomfiture. But while it seems thus, is life really more to the loungee than to the laborer? It often seems that the toiler envies the ease or wealth of those who have nothing to do; but how often, when he has ease and wealth at his disposal, do we find him while his "companions sleep, toiling upward in the night" and striving for something that may prove beneficial to his fellow-beings and endear him to them when he is "no more."

For an instance, we may go back so far as the Roman Empire. Diocletian, who, by his abilities and out of ambition, raised himself to the highest honor of a Roman citizen from hard manual labor, passed his closing years in privacy and the cultivation of his garden. And it is said of him, when requested by his old associate in office to resume his position of magistracy and power, he would not forego the pleasures of private life and home toil; and invited his ambitious friend, Maximian, but to come and see the fruits and vegetables cultivated by his own hands, growing in the garden, if he would learn why he (Diocletian) refused.

Diocletian, in what some would term a disgraceful state, aspired to become wealthy and powerful; but, when wealth and power

lay in his grasp, moulded at his will, he views the responsibility of his position, the dangers that encircle him; and he yields his power to others that he may resume what he once considered disagreeable and lowly work. Who could measure the joy of this man when he attained what he sought after passing through much peril, and found a haven in private life? This may show that wealth and power are worthy our aspirations; and that, when once attained, if properly used, joy cannot fail to follow as a result.

Who can enjoy the fruit of toil as the husbandman does? He works hard physically, gives strength for the nourishment, earns the fruits and receives them in due season, and none know it better than he. The farmer, also, provides for the indolent, as well as for those who give him an equivalent; but does this indolent class enjoy the provisions made by him as he does? No: the commonest food is sweeter to him than dainties of dainties is to the worthless millionaire. And then, too, to increase his contentment, the intelligent farmer knows his own productions are as pure and unadulterated as nature can make them. If you would see a happy man, visit this same farmer; and let him take you to look at his growing crops. If your occupation is other than a farmer, you see no beauty in the scene and give careless answers to his inquiries, while his heart swells with pride and gratitude. But, again, let a farmer visit some scientist friend who has spent years of his life in revealing and trying to reveal secrets to mankind, and let him be taken into his friends laboratory. The pride of years of mental toil are shown him, but they appear to him nothing more than what he sees every day of his life.

Now take a peep into another sphere of life. Wherein does the ambitious student find recompense for the vitality spent in the mid-night hour? Why does he often drag himself to a premature grave? Surely he is compensated in some way, or he would not thus live out a seemingly wretched existence. At first his efforts seem spent in vain and devoid of all pleasure, except the satisfaction of knowing that he is doing what will be useful in life, because he was taught so from infancy. But as his mind begins to expand, as he probes the problems of nature, new beauties and pleasures of life open up to him; the veil is removed and nature appears before him in all its magnificence, and allures him on to fame and glory. As he toils, so is he rewarded. Nature's ways are intricate and rugged, and her fruitful valleys are only reached by diligence and perseverance.

Each must enjoy the fruit of their own toil. None know this better than he who has striven and succeeded; and, on that account, the results of his efforts are priceless and afford him unbounded joy.

We then draw the conclusion, expressed mathematically; joy : toil + grief :: life : God + nature. ALLI QUIIS.

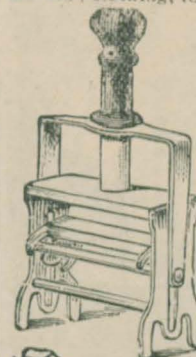
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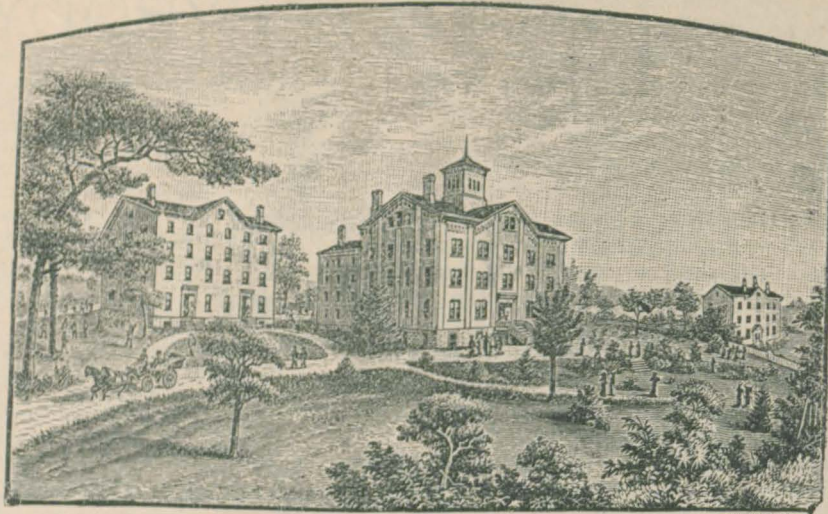
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