

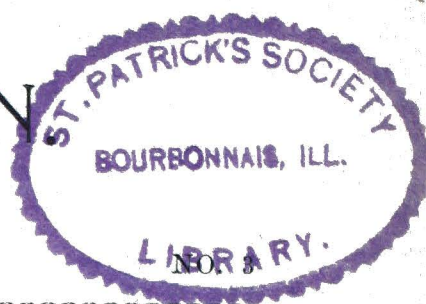
THE VIATORIAN

FAC ET SPERA.

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#3



...lily...



LONELY she sits in her drear attic room,
Poor Lily, this cold Christmas eve,
The thought of the season but adds to the gloom
From her sorrows it brings no reprieve.

But fifteen fair summers have passed o'er her head
And cold, freezing winters their snows.
Alone in the wide world, her parents both dead,
Of her trials 'tis God only knows.

'Oh! God why forsake me,' in anguish the cry.
"My life now I hardly can bear,
Pray grant me the grace on Thy bosom to die.
Or my mind will be shattered, I fear."

And, lo, as she ceases to speak there's a light,
And a vision now bursts on her view,
Fair maidens with garlands and wings all of white
Are floating in bright azure blue.

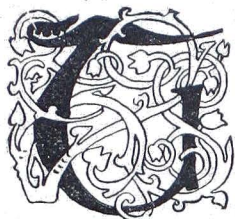
They're singing some glorious heavenly strain
And beckon the maiden to come.
She tries, and they teach her the holy refrain,
When she ceases her life work is done.

Next morning the papers just mentioned the fact,
A girl was found starved in her room.
But how could they tell of the angels' fair act,
Taking Lily to heaven to bloom?

J. H. N.



ANDY.



THE MOST picturesque spot in the old fashioned village of Asabet, is the lane where the old wooden mill stands, whose red boards are partially covered with ivy, and whose huge wheel rolls in a dress of green moss. The mill had been idle for some time when a stranger, an old man named Tom Reagan, came from no one knew where, bought the place and once again the huge wheel started to enliven the scene and make glad the hearts of a number of poor people who now could add a few dollars to their scanty savings. About twenty people were employed in making bagging, and among others, a bright little boy of about twelve years who was a general favorite with all the village people. His name was Andrew O'Donnell, and he lived with his parents who were known as people of great respectability, though now sunk in the very depths of poverty. His father had the misfortune to lose his eyesight some years before the old mill was bought by Reagan, and Mrs. O'Donnell found it so hard to keep the wolf from the door that she was obliged to allow little Andy to seek work as a chore boy of old Reagan. He succeeded in getting employment and it was soon noticed by all that the "old crank," as Reagan was called, took kindly to the boy and generally hurled at him fewer anathemas than he was accustomed to distribute.

One afternoon, about a week before Christmas, Reagan noticed tears in the eyes of the boy and a worried look on his beautiful, pale face.

"What's up now?" sharply asked the old man of the trembling lad. "Please, sir," said Andy in a quivering voice: "Would you let me go home early this evening? My mother was very sick this noon when I went home for lunch, and—" "Tut, tut," broke in Reagan with his eyes flashing angrily, and his arms sawing the air: "You stay right here and mind your p's and q's or get out for good. I didn't make your mother sick and can't afford to suffer by it. I discharged two boys last week for being too fresh and watch out you don't follow them." And with curses on his lips he turned on his heels and walked away. Poor little Andy wept in silence, and when the whistle blew at six o'clock, was the first to bound through the door and hurry home to his afflicted parents. Half an hour after all the help had left the building and old Reagan was locking up his books, he heard his name called by little Andy in two or three piercing shrieks. He hurried to the door and at first could see nothing wrong, but noticing smoke coming from the rear of the building, hurried around to that place and there saw a fire of chips and straw up close to the basement and not far away little Andy lay on the ground white and still. The old man quickly put out the fire, took the unconscious boy in his arms and

entered the mill, where after bathing the white face with cold water and rubbing the little hands vigorously was at last rewarded by seeing the lad open his eyes, and look wonderingly about. At first the child did not realize what had happened; but after a while started up saying:

"Oh! yes, sir, now I remember,—oh! quick, sir, they started a fire in the rear of the mill,—the boys you discharged last week—quick, it will be burned." After telling the boy that he had put out the fire and that they were safe, the old man heard a story of attempted revenge on the part of the boys he had discharged the previous week. They intended to burn the old mill, and Andy, who was on his way to the doctor's, saw and protested, and for his interference was struck on the head with a piece of wood by one of the boys, and he remembered nothing more. The old man was, of course, greatly incensed at the attempt to destroy his property and perhaps life, but was also greatly touched by the generous conduct of little Andy. "And I was so cross to him, this afternoon," he said to himself, after he left the little fellow at the door of the physician. "I must try and make some recompense to the poor boy, and will see that the mother is well taken care of." He then went off to see the proper authorities for punishing the miscreants, leaving Andy to go home with the physician.

The following morning Andy was at his post as usual, and to a question put by Reagan, answered that his mother was much better and that the physician declared she would be all right in a couple of days. "Andy," said the old man, "you're a good boy and I am going to increase your wages, for you deserve it. You are the only one in the mill that would care so much for an old crank as to risk his life as you did. I'm very thankful to you, my boy, and I want you to ask your parents if I may take Christmas dinner with you."

"Oh! sir," exclaimed the boy; "I'm sure father and mother would be greatly pleased to have you come, and I'm glad you thought of it. I'll tell them, sir, and I hope you will come."

When he returned from his lunch that day, Andy brought a neatly worded note from his mother to Reagan saying that she thanked him sincerely for his kindness to her boy and if he would honor their humble home on Christmas day, both she and her husband would be greatly pleased. The old man told the boy he would surely come and on Christmas eve, a wagon stopped at the door of the humble dwelling of the O'Donnells and Andy's mother was surprised to receive two large boxes which, when opened, displayed to view the largest turkey she had ever seen together with provisions and delicacies enough to serve a meal fit for a prince. Of course it was known who the donor was, and the little woman spared no pains to prepare a fine meal for her benefactor, so that when old Reagan appeared at the door on Christmas morning his eyes were enchanted by festoons of evergreen and flowers, and a table whose snowy

whiteness and neat arrangement of cheap but immaculate service, contrasted vividly with the hotel table at which he daily sat.

He found Mr. O'Donnell a fine Christian gentleman whose great affliction had caused his hair to whiten, but had not broken his spirit. Mrs. O'Donnell, a sweet, sad-faced little woman, who showed traces of her recent illness, was kind and gentle, and with her husband made it very pleasant for the old man. After awhile in answer to a question as to Andy's age, Mrs. O'Donnell told Reagan that the boy was not her son, but that of a poor young woman she found, dying on her doorstep, some twelve years ago when they lived in a large city.

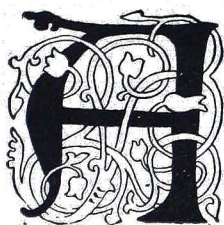
"She was hugging the little child close to her freezing breasts," she said, "and the poor creature could not stand. We took her into the house and tried to warm her, but ere the doctor could arrive she expired. We buried her decently and kept the child as a Godsend, for I was never blest with one of my own, and indeed, sir, he has been an angel to us in our lonely days. We had the mother's likeness taken after death, sir, and a beautiful woman she was, as you may see for yourself," and she handed him a little photograph, which Reagan looked at and suddenly grew pale. He talked very little after that, but kept watching the boy intently, and finally, when evening came on, surprised them all by asking if he could come to live with them. His wish was granted, and the very next day took up his abode in their little cottage, but insisted that Andy should go to school, though he would pay him his wages just the same. Both Mr. and Mrs. O'Donnell protested, but in vain. Little Andy went to school and drew his wages. Shortly afterwards the old man took sick and died. and after his death it was found that he had left everything to Andy. A paper was read, also, which surprised all, but explained everything. He saw in the photograph of Andy's mother his own daughter, whom he had discarded for marrying a worthless scamp. His own wife died of grief because of his conduct towards her only child, and he then tried to find his daughter, but in vain. He hoped God would forgive him for his crime, and would try to make his grandchild happy by leaving him his little all. They buried him beside his daughter, and there Andy and his new parents often go to say a prayer for the repose of the two tried souls.

J. H. N.

"Like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil to set it off."

Shak. I. Henry IV, act 1, scene 2,

MY CHRISTMAS VISITOR.



ABOUT seven years ago, owing to ill health, I was advised to go West. I did so, and spent some time in Colorado. Later I moved down to Texas, where I passed my time on my father's ranch.

My amusement was chiefly the long rides I took on a spirited horse, my company was limited, and this fact meant a great deal to a young man used to social life, and not long from college.

I left home July 10, and had spent all the summer in Colorado, coming to Texas October 15. I enjoyed the pleasant autumn, and with a return of health I had become more active, and for this reason found the loss of company still more trying. I was not entirely alone on my ranch—I had two servants, a husband and wife, both Mexicans. These were faithful attendants, but I lacked in them the company I wished for.

Gradually the holidays approached. I had manifested my desire of going home for Christmas, but my physician advised me to the contrary, saying that the radical change of climate might be fatal to my lungs, which were then stronger, but not sufficiently so to take any risks. I was reasonable enough to see the common sense of this.

I wrote home to this effect, and while I was told of the loss my presence would be to the family's rejoicing, I was urged to wait till the return of warmer weather in the North. I was not forgotten though, and following the letter from home came many gifts and a good sum of money, part of which, the letter suggested, I might use in making a trip to Mexico. I was delighted. I could go to Mexico in all safety. In fact, it would be better to remain there over winter than where I was.

It was now December 20. I thought that I would not go across the border till after the holidays. However, there were some preparations to be made, and I started for the nearest town, some twenty-three miles distant.

Having finished the business that brought me there, cashing the well-developed check among other duties, I went to the leading hotel to have dinner before returning. There I met a very prepossessing young man, dressed well and having the appearance and build of an athlete. We had something in common, for I had now gained in weight and color; my height, dress, etc., corresponded well with those of the stranger in question. Perhaps this fact led the waiter to seat us at the same table. He did so at any rate, and with the usual *abandon* of young persons, we were soon chatting sociably.

I found my acquaintance a good conversationalist, very affable, and as I heard him talk I was greatly drawn to him. He did most of the talking, though he did not assume the air of one who insisted on it as a right.

The upshot of our talk and friendly intercourse at dinner was that I invited him to the ranch to spend the holidays. He pleaded an excuse, but I would hear none and he finally consented to go, though with great reluctance.

Now, indeed, I was glad that I had put off my trip to Mexico. I would have company, and such an agreeable friend, too. I was not long unfolding my plans to my friend, for I had now come to regard him as such. Christmas was not to be the dull day I had thought it would, and though it would lack the sparkle of home, I felt sure that the novelty of playing the part of host to my accomplished visitor would well repay the shortcomings of Christmas on the ranch.

I accordingly made more elaborate preparations for the celebration of the great feast than I had intended, and lest anything should be lacking in the dinner, which after all must be the telling feature, I procured the services of a first-class cook from town. I forgot to mention that the name of my new found friend was Mr. Chas. F. Sand—Charles Francis Sand, of Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. Sand put in a strong protest against my going to such unnecessary expense and trouble to entertain him; but I would hear of no objections.

We spent one day in riding about the stock farm, another we spent in town, and a third in hunting. The days passed rapidly and pleasantly in such good company. Finally Christmas came. The dinner was a success. I proved my ability as a host, and if Charlie, as I now grew bold enough to call him, had, on other occasions, been profuse in compliments, his zeal now knew no limits. His admiration of the dinner was simply unbounded. His ability to qualify anything he liked, in terms of praise, beat all I had ever heard of or read about. I enjoyed his compliments more than the dinner. The only regret that he expressed was that we had not the opportunity of going to church. He believed in enjoying the good things of earth, but one ought not forget that there are other and higher duties. I must say that I felt a little twinge of conscience at this Christian thought, for though I knew that I was legitimately dispensed from attending church, the distance being about twenty-five miles, still the easy way I had passed over the loss, only showed how cold my faith was growing.

But Charlie had other good things to say of the dinner, and my conscience was soon right again. The dinner was good. In spite of the modesty becoming a host I must say that much. We both showed our appreciation by the time we took. We spent nearly the whole afternoon enjoying the delicacies a skillful cook had prepared for us.

I had thought of some plans that would help us to pass the week pleasantly together. But Charlie said no. His stay must be brief. "Of course,"

said he, "I can't promise myself that I shall be so hospitably received and so sumptuously dined everywhere; but you know, my boy, (he was growing more and more affectionate) business is business, and I must be about mine."

"But my dear Charles," I persisted, "you can easily bring up the loss of a few days, and you know that there will be a falling off in trade after Christmas, so that you can enjoy your short rest without loss."

Charlie, so he told me, was traveling in the interest of one of Philadelphia's large wholesale houses. Having so far maintained a good standing with the firm, and having, too, some hope of early advancement, he thought it better to do the work assigned and return speedily to the north.

I assured him that I would be the last one to put any obstacle in his way, and much as I hated to be deprived of his company, I saw the force of his reasons for going at once.

He determined to go on the following day and I made preparations to accompany him to the railway station.

This being our last evening together, I tried to make it pleasant and whatever I lacked in the attainment of an end so desirable he supplied. Every hour I spent with him convinced me of his versatile powers. I voted him the most accomplished and gentlemanly of my acquaintances. We planned meetings for the next summer, and when it came twelve o'clock we had completed plans that meant much to both of us, but to him especially, as he hoped as he said to be able to make things as pleasant for me as I had for him.

We retired with the agreement that we should start at 8 a.m.

I passed a pleasant night; slept well and did not awaken until 7 o'clock. It was time to be about, so I dressed hastily, and hearing no noise in Charlie's room, I knocked at his door. There was no answer. I rapped again. Still no response. Then I tried the door. It opened easily and I walked in. Charlie was not there. I supposed he had gone down stairs, and I began to think I was rather slow, so I hurried down.

I asked for him. No one had seen him. I began with some anxiety to search the premises. There was no trace of Mr. Sand anywhere. I went back to his room. All his effects were gone. I went to my sitting room, just off my sleeping apartments. There were signs of disorder there. My desk was not in the good order I was wont to leave it.

The hunt then took a serious turn. I missed my watch. My diamond, a present from home for the Christmas, could not be found. Just then Benito, my servant, came up to tell me that our horse was not to be found.

Well, there is no use of prolonging the agony. Mr. Sand was gone—so were my horse, a valuable diamond, a gold watch, and about four hundred dollars in cold cash.

I turned all kinds of colors, felt all sorts of passion move me, said things that would not meet the approval of the church or good society. But I was

very much alive to the fact that I had been buncoed. I thought myself the easiest farmer that had ever been approached.

Sand. That name brings up queer memories. Charles Francis Sand
And he was from the city of "Brotherly Love." M.



JANE'S CHRISTMAS.



WHAT shall I do? exclaimed good Mrs. F——. — She always said this on returning from the dingy rooms occupied by Jane, the seamstress. In her errands of mercy, she visited many a home. All the poor knew her. Her beaming countenance reflected the joy she felt for the neighboring poor. But when she returned from a visit to Jane, she always looked sad.

That evening, as many a time before, her husband said to her: "Why don't you leave those people to their fate; they are too proud, and not worth the trouble you take for them." To this her invariable answer came: "I can not abandon them; think of their poor children."

Jane, the seamstress, as she was called, was a diligent woman. Up with the dawn, sewing, and sewing still, long after all the lights in the little street in which she lived had been extinguished. While her husband worked she had been happy; but since the poor man was confined to bed by a severe illness, poverty had made its appearance, and with it Jane had suddenly changed. A tired and violent expression took the place of the peaceful, contented look which formerly was hers. With the coming of sorrow she also neglected its great comforter, God, and, sad to say, far from being grateful to those who helped her in her troubles, she entertained but sentiments of distrust toward them, so that a great many charitably inclined had abandoned her in her sad condition, rebuked by her suspicious and rough ways. Mrs. F—— was the only one who persevered. By her gentle manners and kind words she strove to touch the heart which others had in vain besieged with prayers and petitions; God alone did she importune with ardent supplications.

It was Christmas eve; for the last week Jane thought of nothing else. She sewed with feverish haste, with fury, but there seemed a singular contrast between the slow march of the work and the wild activity of the seamstress. "I shall never be through," thought she, "alas! this Christmas will, I fear, be as sad as the last."

Before going to bed, the children had hung their stockings on the mantel-piece. With firmest confidence and gravest disputation they marked out the place where Santa Claus would deposit his precious gifts. They had even looked up the chimney when the wind blew, thinking their guest was coming. "Let us stay up and see him," they had said.

Hardly able to control her tears, the mother at last carried them to bed. Yes, she would wake them when he came, but they should sleep first.

All was now silent. While working, the mother glanced at her little ones, then at the fireplace, and her needle ran on more feverishly than ever.

At last her work was done. She runs to the store. It is still time! She can see the bright lights shining in the window and the clerks busily engaged with numerous customers. She enters out of breath, but hopeful. A gesture stops her; it is too late! The owner indeed is there, but the time to take work is past; tomorrow is a feast day; let her wait till the day after. "You would render such a service to me if——," she began. But they are busy and heed her not. She slowly walks away, leans against the door, turns as if to enter again, then, stifling a sob, mechanically walks towards home.

"Back so soon?" says her husband. "Yes, I'm back." She sits down, unwraps her work, and simply says: "I was too late."

At the same moment the Christmas bells joyously peal through the midnight air. While listening, the mother's eyes are fixed on the little stockings hanging before her. They seem to plead with her and she sees the children awake, run to the mantel, put their little hands down to the very bottoms of the stockings, and then, unable to believe that the Infant God has forgotten them, look through the cinders on the hearth as they had done the preceding year. She sees them turning towards her. Nothing! Oh! what a day of sorrow it would be when the two little heads at the window would see the more fortunate children with toys, etc. The poor mother feels this keenly. The bells continue to answer each other from all parts of the city.

"Oh, God!" she exclaimed, "and still men say there is a Providence!"

But, there is a knock at the door. A shadow appears; it is Mrs. F—. She quickly enters, bows to Jane, goes straight to the children smiling in their dreams and kisses them. Then opening her basket she places toys and candies in the tiny stockings and bowing herself out says sweetly: "I must go for I have little stockings waiting for me at home."

Quickly the effect is felt by Jane. Her children are remembered. They will be happy. The joyful mother whose soul, so long and severely tried, softens under the power of such goodness. Tears flow fast; relief has come. Bitterly she regrets her distrust of Providence. Joy and repentance come together.

There was not a happier mother, or children more pleased, at the village church that eventful Christmas, than was Jane and her two smiling girls.

Thus does He who sent angels to guard the treasure of Bethlehem watch over His little ones at Christmas time—for He wills that joy and peace shall mark the day when He Himself came as a child to dwell amongst men.

R. P.



ONE CHRISTMAS EVE.



I HAD labored earnestly for the company's welfare, as an operator, on one of the great railroads in the west, and my good services had thus far met no recognition. I had just been thinking of my years of trying toil, and had almost said that these heartless corporations did not care for a man and would never willingly give him promotion. I had all but said this when I heard my "call" sounded on the instrument. I answered it promptly. It was a message of personal importance and in substance said that my presence was required at headquarters. I was instructed to take No. 6, which would pass at 4:30 p.m., and was further told that a substitute had been provided and would come from a small station west of Elton. He would come on No. 3, arriving at 1:17 p.m.

Elton, the place at which I was located, was one of the innumerable country stations having a grain elevator, a few houses, and a broad expanse of prairie, as its only sources of attraction. There was little business done and I was operator, station agent, ticket seller, baggageman, and of course, a person of much importance with the simple folk who love to hang around a railroad station. I had much spare time and I devoted some of it to reading, this chiefly on matters pertaining to railroad work. I considered myself well informed on my duties, indeed, I thought and, perhaps not rashly, that I was well fitted for a far more important place than the one I held. I was certainly a man of moderate views, not a leader, and it was well known among the operators that I was set against unions and strikes. All this flashed before me and I could not for the life of me get any suitable explanation of the message just received.

However, I must go to meet the officials. That was clear; and I prepared for the journey. At 1:17 my successor came. He could give me no news as he had no reason assigned for his own transfer, although he considered it a promotion.

It was Christmas eve, passenger traffic was somewhat heavier than usual.

I spent some time in giving my successor an explanation of business at the office and with him checked up the ticket account.

News came that No. 6 was thirty minutes late, this meant a delay of explanations, and I must confess meant also an increase of my anxiety. I was not a married man, but I had an aged mother depending upon my help and I could ill afford the loss which enforced idleness would impose. One can never tell how secure his position is, and while I had nothing to reproach myself with, imagination was only too actively bringing up plausible reasons why I had incurred displeasure at headquarters and was now being brought there to explain some loss the company had suffered and to hear reasons assigned why I could no longer be employed by the corporation.

No. 6 finally came. It was a heavy train, and was making poor time. It was forty minutes late. My journey took me to Sidney some thirty-five miles distant, and the schedule time between Sidney and Elton was one hour. I should have been there to meet the general manager before he left his office. I had hoped, too, if I heard no unfavorable news, to return on a later train and spend Christmas day at home with mother. I wanted to spend the day with her. Then, too, there would be a visitor there in whom I had more than a passing interest. All this I might have to forego. I was not consoled by these reflections. The more I thought over the situation the more nervous I grew.

We had gone about half the distance to Sidney and were nearing a crossing at which all trains stopped. Gradually the rumbling sound of stopping was heard; the train slackened speed and finally came to a standstill. I was growing more and more apprehensive, and I wondered, in my impatience, why we delayed, for it was nearly twenty minutes since we came to the crossing and there were no signs of moving forward. I was now sure that I should not see the manager till morning. This meant a night of anxiety and pain. It spoke only too plainly of a Christmas day spent from home—no mother's smile and no—well I could not help it, I would write and explain all. Still the train did not move.

It was now dark and snow was falling fast. This would bring greater difficulties, for it would be much harder to move the heavy train, and the rest of our journey was to be made up a heavy grade.

I could not rest; I must get off and find out the cause of this delay. I went out and found that the engineer was laboring to repair a break in his engine, and was a little consoled to learn that he had just succeeded in doing so and was ready to move on. I started to return to my car. The train was just moving out. In going back I was still intent on my mission and its probable outcome. I thought of little else, nor saw the culvert just in front of me. But I found it, for I was suddenly aware that I stepped into a hole, and down I went, not far, but quite violently. I was dazed. I had sustained some bruises and a

sprained ankle. I hastened to extricate myself and tried to catch the moving train. In vain; it had now cleared the crossing and was moving rapidly away. There would be no other train going west till 2:15 a.m. This was a fine condition to find myself in! Now truly did the demon of despair seize me; a thousand harrowing griefs possessed my soul. Surely disgrace and ruin confronted me. The picture of a weeping mother and a saddened—but she was young and her grief must needs be transient, for light-hearted youth can throw a rosy hue of hope over the most sorrowful event. No, she would not be most afflicted; mother would suffer most in my ruin and disgrace.

What was I to do? I had, it is true, given notice of my coming, had notified headquarters of the advent of my successor, had even made report by telegraph of the standing of my office, which the new man had confirmed. I seemed indeed to have acted properly and in the most business-like way. Still, here I was, twenty miles from the general office and without the means of getting there, and, worst of all, without any satisfactory explanation of why I was there—and this, too, on Christmas eve.

I knew that farther on there was a depot, at which few trains stopped, but which would, no doubt, furnish shelter. I limped over the road and found there was a light, a fire, and there, too, I found a human being. Lonely as the situation was, a young woman kept the office at night. She saw me looking through the window, for I went there to signal her, when I found the door locked. She came rather reluctantly to the door, and, being informed of my accident, admitted me to the waiting room.

I explained as best I could what had befallen me. The woman was a stranger to me so I did not tell her anything further of myself. I knew from other sources that she had been at this post only three weeks, so I felt sure that she could not know me. I did not care to introduce myself under the circumstances.

I soon found that I was not severely hurt, that my ankle was not near so badly sprained as I thought and that a few scratches was the extent of my wounds. But I had lost my train and had only my fears for company. The operator's confidence growing to some extent, she returned to her office where I heard her "call" sounded. She was instructed by the chief dispatcher regarding the movement of a "special" that would run through that night. Then I noticed that she called another office. I easily followed all this but was not interested, I had my trouble and was taken by it entirely.

My attention was suddenly attracted by hearing the call of my old office. How familiar it sounded! I heard the answer too. Then I followed closely. My successor, I soon learned, had more than a mere friend at this station; that was only too plain. They liked each other very much, though the telegraph and telephone wires are not ideal means for the transmission of the tender sayings of lovers. To their credit they did not prolong this sugared conversation.

The lady began to tell of her visitor and she gave out a strong suspicion that she was not at all impressed by me. I was a big red-headed man with a scratch over my eye—that had been explained as an accident—but my red hair, and the bad temper it implied, lent me no prestige. My clothes were torn; besides I had a wild look, and the more she saw of me the more she was convinced that I was a desperate man. I looked it. Besides she had now some seventy-five dollars which had been paid into the office that day for freight charges. Perhaps I knew this, and indeed my knowledge of it might be the very reason why I was there. She had a revolver, but she knew she never would have the courage to use it. What would she do? All this time, she goes on, I am watching her most closely—studying her every movement. But at least George (this was the paragon who had my place) would know what had happened he would know that she was true to her trust—true to the last. She telegraphed all this.

Now here was a mess, indeed! Of course I could explain to her who I was tell her that I knew all that she had just said over the wires—could assure her that I was a friend. But then I thought of the mortification that she would suffer. No, I did not want to punish her in an attempt to lessen her apprehension. No, I would wait.

Finally I asked her whether there would be a train for Sydney before the regular one. She explained that there was a "special" but she was informed that it would not stop. She had just heard that it was due here at 9:30; it was now 9:05. But she explained that, like all trains, it would stop at the crossing; perhaps I could board it there. It was easy to see just what this meant. She would know soon whether I was really desirous of going or whether I was simply killing time, till I should have a better chance of killing her and plundering the office. I said I would try to catch that train and she gladly let me out and saw me go down the track.

I waited for the train and this time I was more fortunate. As I was known to all the trainmen of my division I had no trouble to get on the train, though I soon learned that I was on the general manager's private car and that that officer was on board.

The events at the station had so amused me that I had forgotten my fears and I went boldly forward to meet the official, feeling strong, or perhaps desperate enough just then, to hear my fate whatever it might be.

The gentleman was a mild-mannered, kindly disposed person of middle age. His smiling face served to reassure me. He greeted me warmly, though he expressed a little surprise that we should meet there. I related briefly my experience of the past few hours, which the manager heard with no small delight, and he laughed very heartily when I told him of the episode at the station.

Then came his turn. He informed me that I had no cause of alarm, that

he wanted to tell me that I had been appointed chief train dispatcher, and that henceforth my place would be at Sydney. "But," he added immediately, "you need a little rest after the trials of today, and I shall relieve you from duty till January 2." I thanked him heartily, as inwardly I sent up a grateful prayer to Him whose coming was for peace—and whose great goodness loves to show itself, in the holy Christmas time, by sending peace to men's troubled hearts.

I was grateful, too, for another reason: An increase of salary, it was more than twice my former one, would enable me to keep *two*—but then I did not intend to speak of this. One of my first acts in my new position was to procure a "day office" for the young woman I so badly scared while waiting for the train at her station. She has only the kindest words now for the "big red-headed man."

E—.

Christmas



Bells.

"THE turmoil hushed, celestial springs
Of music opened, and there came a blending
Of fragrance, underived from earth,
And that soft rustling of invisible wings
Which angels make on works of love descending,"
— Wordsworth.

THE VIATORIAN.

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BOARD OF EDITORS.

J. I. GRANGER,	P. F. DANIHAR.
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The Christmas holidays begin on Wednesday, December 22, and end Wednesday, January 5, 1898. Students are required to return on this latter day under pain of forfeiting all honors on commencement day. There may be a reason, in particular cases, why students should not return on time. Of the validity of such reason the authorities are the judge. Do not, then, trust to a flimsy excuse for delaying your departure. "Stand not on the order of your *coming*, but *come* at once."

The distance that separates one holiday from another is, as a rule, tedious to the student. His wistful gaze reaches to the looked-for day, and it comes slowly. But a few events thrown in here and there serve to bridge the chasm, and lo! the day is here!

And now the beautiful, hallowed Christmas time approaches. It will soon be upon us. Not too soon, for we have awaited it with eagerness, and its presence is not to be a mere dream,

but something real, wherein joy shall come to us while we are seeking and, let us hope, procuring it for others.

Perhaps these are not the exact feelings of any one, but why should they not be? Why should not such sentiments fill the breast of every one? Are they not thoroughly Christian, Christian as the feast itself, which reminds us of the advent of Him, at once the Creator, and through redemption, the re-Creator of all men?

Truly the greatest happiness here below comes from the thought of some good done. What can inspire such soul-filling thoughts as the reflection that we have been instrumental in making some one happy, and that, too, on the day when the world received the heritage of peace through the coming of its Savior?

No feast day offers so many occasion of spreading this all desired and desirable thing called happiness. How many there are who may be cheered by our kindly words—how many benefitted by some small, but heart given gift. Parents will have first claims on our remembrance, and gratitude renders their claims irresistible. Then there are brothers and sisters, who shall not have forgotten us and whose thoughtfulness can get ample reward, only in being themselves remembered.

Christmas! What a meaning its sound brings. When we shall have exhausted our vocabulary and the mind shall have grown weary in its

thought of suitable expressions to qualify it; when the imagination shall have felt its fires die out in a vain effort to lend color to a description of the beauties and glories of this day, then must the heart supply what thought cannot give, as we feel that the grandeur of this holy time does indeed lie too deep for words.

'Tis really a season of heroic doing and giving. If divinity became human to save and uplift fallen man, why should not humanity become divine in the practice of genuine charity towards his fellow-men? Not in the cold act of reaching out a mere gift or toy to gladden a childish soul, nor in the still colder formality of wishing a "Merry Christmas"; but in the expression of genuine sympathy, for which so many yearn and whose absence makes more lives sad and disconsolate than could poverty, sickness, or any mere material loss.

If there be one thing more than another that has endeared Christmas to men, it is this, that it has always been associated with family joy, reunion. Not all the whims and passions and false aspirations of man can rob this holly time of its legacy of joy. Be as inconsistent as we may, the feeling is born of the day, and every nation, every religion, even men without religion look to it as a time when they can find happiness by making others happy; though they see not or will not see that there must needs be something not of earth that lends en-

chanting glory to this first and greatest of days.

And we who have been gone from the loved fireside these four long months shall return soon to that hallowed shrine and in the old place meet the ones who give love and light to the Christmas board. Our joy to meet them will not equal theirs at seeing us. We have not longed for the meeting as they have, the expectant ones at home. Our wish to be at home has not the pure unselfishness of a waiting mother or sister. But between now and then we shall think over the reasons why our meeting should be a delightful one and why we have much more to be thankful for than others. We shall think, too, how we may lend our little efforts to make some one happy and succeeding we shall date all future joy from this happy time and compare all happiness with that we felt during the holiday season of 1897-1898.

BOOK NOTICE.

THE WORST BOY IN SCHOOL, by M. J. A. McCaffery, New York, 1897; G. W. Dillingham Co. Price 75 cents.

It is one of the healthy signs of the times that able writers, seeing the poor literature—often the foulest stuff—put forth for the young, are making heroic efforts to supply this crying need.

The book whose title we give above is one of the latest, and one that deserves attention, being sure to please not only the young, but even the old boys.

The story is told in verse, of a very dignified, if not a highly artistic sort, and is well told. One's interest does not flag, and while making due allowance for poetic fancy, the two characters given prominence in the tale are well drawn. The story is founded, we are informed, on an incident that really happened, and relates that James Grey, the hero, and "the worst boy in school," having reached the limit of his depredations at school, was about to be expelled. He is brought before the principal. He can say nothing in defense of his conduct and the dread sentence of expulsion is about to be pronounced. Suddenly there is a flutter in the lower end of the room and George Bowne, a small boy comes rushing up to tell the mighty principal:

"You can't expel Jim!

Why, Jim saved my life at the risk of his own

While the rest of the fellows would all let me drown."

This, of course, needs an explanation which George dramatically gives in telling how "Jim" had saved his life while they were swimming.

The part describing this act of heroism is graphically told, and, not wishing to deprive the reader of his pleasure of reading it, we shall simply say that George's story is too much for the principal, and Jim is not expelled.

The one who will risk his own life to save a friend's, has good qualities. Jim had his—had many, and the grace extended by the master worked favorably, so much that Jim became the model boy. A year later, George

Bowne gets the prize as "the best in his class," but the fullness of joy came when the teacher said:

"For good conduct, hard study, observance of rule,
This prize to James Grey, the *best boy* in school."

The book will make one of the best Christmas gifts for the young. The story is very interesting—the language choice and idiomatic, and the work appears in a most attractive form. M—.

MAGAZINES.

Murphy's magazine is a delightful new acquaintance and we wish it the success it deserves. Our students who desire a magazine cheap in price can do no better with a dime than invest it for *Murphy's*. There is an order about the magazine that is of great assistance to those who desire to come at once to the department in which they are interested. "Cyclists corner" will entertain all wheelmen, while the impressionist will find a department for himself, treating of things of national importance. There is a woman's corner, and one for the book reviewer, while its "timely stories" contains real little gems. "The Beautiful in Nature and Art," by Helen E. Drew, is an instruction and well illustrated article in the November number.

We wish Father McLanghlin would write just a little oftener than he does, for his "In Darkest Chinatown" in *Donahoe's* last number, is as good a cure for the blues as has yet been our lot to meet. Besides being a very in-

structive and thought provoking article, "The Religion of Don Quixote," by Rev. G. Lee, is an article that would grace the pages of the finest book printed, while "The Season's Change," by Mary F. Nixon, is truly as beautiful as it is short.

The features of the *Cosmopolitan* the past month are "Beauty and Charm in India," by Julian Hawthorne; "The Castle of the Thane of Cawdor," by Ellen P. Cunningham, and an interesting story by Julian Gordon, entitled "Mrs. Clyde."

The *Rosary* magazine, as usual, stands in the front rank of monthlies, and among many fine articles in the November number are three which we must specially mention. They are: "Blessed Albert the Great," by Rev. M. M. O'Kane, O.P.; "Adelaide Anne Proctor," by Richard Malcolm Johnson, and "Fr. Ryan," by Louis B. James. The beautiful poem by F. N. New deserves better treatment than it received at the printer's hands. We dislike to see a fine poem beginning at the foot of a page.

In the *Catholic World* of November Anthony Yorke has a very interesting paper, entitled "Be Ye Cultured." J. Arthur Floyd shows the result of deep research in "The Church in Great Britain Before the Coming of St. Augustine." J. J. Morrissey, A.M., M.D., regales us with a fine paper on "Modern Fiction," and Jos. Clark has such a sweet song on "Pictures of Ireland," that, in dreams, we see the old land again, "A many a time, a many a time."

Among the noticeable essays in the *Reading Circle Review* are the following: "The Mission of the Lay Catholic," by Rev. J. T. O'Reilly, O.S.A.; "The Christian Education of Children," by Bishop McQuaid; "Chaucer," by Thos. O'Hagan, M.A., Ph.D., and "Paintings, or Mural Art of the Roman Catacombs," by Eliza Allen Starr.

The *Ecclesiastical Review* for November treats of the "Religion of Shakespeare," and does so very ably. The paper on "Round Dancing" is likely to cause some comment in society.

The features of the *Century* are: "An Imperial Dream," by S. Y. Stevenson; "The Growth of Great Cities," by Roger S. Tracy; "Mozart," by Edward Grieg, and other articles by equally well known writers.

McClure's has "Impressions of America," by that most polished of all French critics, Ferdinand Brunetiere. Charles A. Dana's "Men and Events of the Civil War" is refreshing, while able stories are given by such masters as Robert Barr, Ella Higginson and Anna A. Rogers. N.

ST. CECELIA'S DAY.

The fine arts must needs find a home in educational institutions. Everything capable of cultivating and refining man is sought in such places and an education means simply an appreciation and knowledge of the "arts." Chief among these in its world-wide power of educating and refining, is music.

The church—that is the Catholic church, she of Rome, harmonious in the grandeur of her doctrine and ritual, whose working is the splendor of the exalted order and truth, born of God, is of all institutions the most apt to love and foster the divine gift of song, which unfolds to man the heavenly secrets, neither rite nor doctrine will tell.

In her catalogue of saints the church can point to those, who, to a sublime and heroic love of God, joined exalted excellence in some art or science. Run the gamut of the arts and find her children first and greatest among those chosen few who have rid themselves of corporal baseness, that the soul might manifest itself in painting, sculpture or song. Find in that list, too, a chosen patron who wins us not more by his art than by his virtue, and the most ethereal and spiritual of these ennobling arts has as its exemplar one of the fairest of earth's daughters—the angelic Cecilia.

November 22, her feast, should be loved and kept by those in whose heart there is room for harmony; and all, or nearly all, love music—hence the day is man's day, the world's feast.

We have always revered the day and kept it befittingly in this institution; but the anniversary just passed will, no doubt, be placed as the most memorable of the many we have celebrated.

A charming program was arranged and creditably rendered. Everything on the list was good, and lost not in

the execution. The orchestra never played better, the singers must have practiced with the birds, so melodious was their song.

Miss Rosa Lécour, of Kankakee, gave us two vocal selections, both beautifully rendered. Mr. and Miss Campbell, also of Kankakee, charmed everybody with their two exquisite violin and piano duets. Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Morel were greatly enjoyed in their classic pieces, Mrs. Morel outdoing herself in a selection from "The Barber of Seville." Master A. Hansl and Rev. E. L. Rivard, C.S.V., D.D., never so effectively blended their fine voices as they did on this evening. The quartette, in the selection from Donizetti's *Elixir d'Amore*, lent humor to the program, otherwise gravely dignified. Mr. J. H. Nawn was very fine in his role as he is in every one he assumes.

But the *piece d' resistance* was the lecture on "Music," by the Rev. C. P. Foster, of the Sacred Heart church, Joliet, Ill. The reverend gentleman needs no words of commendation to those who know him, and we understand how ineffectual would be any effort of ours to give our readers a resume of the beautifully eloquent address of Father Foster. We shall not attempt it. Suffice to say that in its every part it showed a thorough knowledge of the subject, was made up in scholarly form and pronounced in the classic English of which the worthy priest is a master. The following is the complete

PROGRAM.

PART I.

- Overture Fete des Roses, Munkelt
College Orchestra.
Solo and Quartet from Elixir d'Amour.....
..... Donizetti
Dr. Dulcamara.....
Mr. J. H. Nawn.
Vocal Solo—"Le Gondolier de Venice".....
..... Schubert
Miss Rosella Lecour.
Vocal Solo—Inno-di Preghiera Iacovacci
Rev. E. L. Rivard.
Lecture—Music.....
Rev. C. P. Foster.

PART II.

- Instrumental Duet—
Violin..... Miss Campbell
Piano..... Mr. Campbell
Vocal Duet—"Italia"..... Branzoli
Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Morel.
Vocal Duet—"Invocation Esclavage Afri-
cain"..... Gravier
Master A. Hansl and Rev. E. S. Rivard.
Grand Final Chorus—"Esclavage Africain"
..... Gravier
College Choir.

PERSONAL.

—Rev. J. M. Scanlan, assistant rec-
tor of the Cathedral, Chicago, in com-
pany with Mr. J. Kelly, visited the
college last month.

—Revs. W. Hackett, Kankakee,
Ill., and D. O'Brien, paid their re-
spects to the president during the
month.

—Mrs. B. McDevitt, Chicago, and
Mrs. M. Cunningham, Memphis, Tenn.,
visited Willie and James Cunningham,
of the juniors.

—Master James Murphy had the
pleasure of a visit from his mother,
aunt and sister recently.

—Mr. and Mrs. F. Fanning, Chi-
cago, visited their son, Lloyd, of the
minims, not long since.

—Rev. J. J. Cregan, C.S.V., has
not lost his interest in this institution.
He has brought us two new pupils
since September. Such disinterested
zeal ought not to be forgotten.

—Revs. T. J. McDevitt and W.
Kearney, Chicago, spent St. Cecelia's
day at the college.

—Masters John Carroll, W. Harris,
Lester and Ray Armstrong spent
Thanksgiving at their respective
homes.

—Mrs. Campion spent a day with
son Albert, of the senior department.

—A letter from Jas. C. Keefe, '94,
Kentland, Ind., informs us that he is
employed as bookkeeper for his father,
but that he intends soon to go to Chi-
cago, where he will enter the whole-
sale store of J. V. Farwell & Co. From
the same source, we learn that Travis
Dailey, '94, is a full fledged doctor.
We wish the gentlemen every success.

—We were delighted recently by
the visit of Rev. Father Hilary, O.S.B.,
Sacred Heart College, Oklahoma, Ind.
T., Rev. J. B. Libert, Macomb, Ill.,
who came to the college under the
care of the Rev. Hugh O'Gara
McShane, Chicago, Ill. The reverend
gentlemen were the guests of Rev.
Dr. Rivard, C.S.V., and Dean Beau-
doin during their stay.

—We learn from the *Michigan
Catholic* that Rev. Paul H. Williams
has been given charge of Roseville,
Mich., with the mission attached

thereto. We hope our friend will attain the fullest success in his new charge.

FOOT BALL.

ST. VIATUER'S, 36—YOUNG MEN'S LYCEUM, 0.

November 7 the Young Men's Lyceum team of Chicago were defeated on the college grounds by a score of 36 to 0. The visitors were as heavy as the college team, but showed a lack of practice and team work, while the contrary must be said of the college eleven; their work was of the snappy order and soon told against the beefy line of the Chicago boys. The game was characterized by the usual brilliant playing of the College men behind the line. Walsh, Daniher and Moore rarely failed to gain their yards, tearing large holes through every spot in their opponent's line. Quille at quarter passed the ball splendidly, interfered well, and tackled fiercely. Brennock on left end played a brilliant game, making several good runs. The Lyceum team had several ex-collegeans on their line, and at times played in great form, holding the College team very well, however, the continual assaults finally weakened them and it was easy sailing for St. Viateurs after the first half. Daniher made three touch-downs, Walsh 1, Moore 2, and Brennock 1, from which Walsh kicked four different goals.

The line up:

ST. VIATUERS.	YOUNG MEN'S LYCEUM.
Armstrong.....	center.....McMahon
Harkins.....	left guard.....(Capt.) Lee

Legriss.....	right guard.....Murphy
DeForge	right tackle
Kearney.....	left tackle.....Daniher
Paterson.....	right end.....Murray
Brennock.....	left end.....O'Brien
Quille.....	quarter back.....McCabe.
Daniher.....	left half back.....O'Hearn
Moore.....	right half back..McDonough
Walsh (Capt.)....	full back.....Clancy

ST. VIATUERS, 24; GARFIELD ATHLETIC CLUB, 0.

As the shades of night were descending on the college gridiron, November 14, eleven mud bespattered and worn out athletes representing the Garfield Athletic Club of Chicago, marched from the field to their dressing rooms telling each other how the score happened to be 24 to 0 against them. The Garfield Athletic club was reinforced by five players from the First Regiment team of Chicago, and came determined to win or die trying. They played a magnificent individual game, but did not play together, frequently fumbling the ball on account of not knowing the signals. They were also very poor in their interference, permitting their halves to run unguarded, making them easy tackles for the college men. J. Shewbridge, the star back of St. Ignatius college in '93, '94, and '95, played left half back for the Garfields, but did not show up as well as expected. Too much praise cannot be given the college team for their magnificent work; they all played star games, tackling hard and well when their opponents had the ball, frequently getting the Garfields behind the line, and when the ball was in their possession getting into their interference quickly, and always making

over the required distance. Their interference was the finest ever seen on the grounds. Time and again they swept around the Garfield's ends, mowing down the attempting tackles, and making forty to fifty yards before being brought to the earth. The feature of the game was the run of eighty yards by Brennock for the first touch-down. With the ball in Garfield's possession on our thirty yard line, our boys held for down and the ball went over. It was then that Brennock went around the end and with the ball tucked snugly under his arm ran the entire length of the field and placed the ball behind the posts. Moore also made several splendid runs, often carrying three or four of the Chicago boys with him for ten or fifteen yards.

Walsh's line rushing was superb; nothing could stand his terrific onslaughts; he was always called upon at the third down when a good game was needed and he never failed to go the distance required. Daniher made several fine runs, one a forty yard sprint on a long pass. Patterson and DeForge tackled well, and got down the field fast on punts. Kearney's playing at tackle was often cheered; he repeatedly smashed the Garfield's interference and captured the runner before making a gain. The old reliables, the center and guards, were as immovable as granite balustrades. When the Garfields attempted to pierce them they always lost. Their first three attempts convinced them how useless it was to go that way, and they then changed their tactics. Brennock made

2 touch-downs, Daniher 2, Moore 1, and Walsh 1. Walsh kicked two goals.

The line up:

ST. VIATUERS.	GARFIELD A. CLUB.
Armstrong.....	center.....
Harkins.....	left guard....
Legriss.....	right guard.....
Kearney.....	right tackle.....
De Forge.....	left tackle.....
Brennock.....	right end.....
Patterson.....	left end.....
Quille.....	quarter back.....
Daniher.....	left half back..
Moore.....	right half back..
Walsh.....	full back.....

ST. VIATEUR JUNIORS., 10; MOMENCE
HIGH SCHOOL, 20.

Thursday, Nov. 18, the junior team went to Momence and lined up against what was supposed to be the high school eleven, but which was composed of several members of their first team, and were defeated in an exciting game by a score of 20 to 10. The College team put up a great game considering the odds against them, and at the end of the first half the score stood 10 to 0 in their favor. In the second half, however, the Momences determined to win at any cost, intentionally crippled a few of the College's best players, and then resorted to every dirty play imaginable in order to gain their yards, holding the tacklers. Tripping, throttling and slugging were freely indulged in, (the umpire, of course, not seeing them). By such means they secured 20 points and the game. It is just such players as the Momences and their foul, dirty playing that causes the game to be looked upon with such disfavor, and brings it into disrepute. The playing of Cahill, Car-

son, Hansl, St Cerny and Riley was worthy of veterans. The line-up was:

JUNIORS, ST. V.	MOMENCE.
Sanasack.....center.....	Moore
Cahill Callahan...r. guard.....	Clarey, J
Tinette.....left guard.....	Swanson
Caron.....left tackle.....	Filmore
Weber.....right tackle.....	Enright
Rooney.....right end.....	Garey
Patton.....left end.....	Emerson
Hansl.....quarter back.....	Morgan
Carson.....r. half-back.....	Juinbeault
St. Cerny.....left half-back.....	Hardesty
Riley...full half-back.....	Crosser

ST. VIATEURS, 0; NOTRE DAME, 60.

Saturday, November 20, the Notre Dame eleven defeated the college team, on the university grounds at Notre Dame, Ind., by a score of 60 to 0. The college eleven, accompanied by a small crowd of loyal rooters, made the trip to Notre Dame in a special car via I. I. & I. Ry, arriving at the university Saturday noon. After a hearty reception by the Reverend President Father Morrissey, refreshments were served, and then, under competent guides, the many beautiful buildings of the university were visited.

At 2:30 p. m. the teams faced each other, and it was evident to all that St. Viateurs were inferior in weight, the Varsity line averaging nearly twenty pounds heavier. For the first five minutes, the college team offered a spirited resistance to the heavy backs of the Varsity, but after that, although playing a plucky game, they were unable to stop the runs of Farley, Schilla and Mullens, and at the end of the first half the score board registered 22 to 0 against us. The

second half was a repetition of the first. Farley, left end for the Varsity, distinguished himself in this half by making many long runs, often without interference. His playing was undoubtedly the star feature of the game. Mullen, aided by fine interference, also made several runs for thirty and forty yards. When time was called at the end of the second half, the score stood 60 to 0, and we had the small end.

Our part of the game can be easily told. When St. Viatuers had the ball they made several good games through Notre Dame's lines and on two occasions had they not unluckily fumbled, would have scored, as they had the ball near the Varsity's ten yard line. Walsh played his usual brilliant game, and Kearney earned much applause for his fierce tackling. However, we have no excuse to offer, we were beaten fairly, and in a good clean game. The Varsity simply outclassed us in weight and science. Although regretting such a large score against us, we are consoled somewhat by the fact that a good football team did it.

In the evening, the students of the university entertained the visiting party in the Brownson Hall reading room, and all reported an enjoyable time. Speeches were made by Father Cavanaugh, of Notre Dame; Col. Haynes, and Capt. Mullens, and then a musical programme was given. At its conclusion Father Ryan of St. Viateurs, thanked the Reverend Fathers and students of the university for their kind reception. The homeward trip was uneventful; the team arrived

at the college Sunday, somewhat bruised and sore from their hard game, but having nothing but kind words for the faculty and students of the great University of Notre Dame. The line up:

NOTRE DAME.

ST. VIATEURS.

Farley.....left end.....Brennock
Murray.....left tackle.....Kearney
Neizer... ..left guard.....Legris
Eggeman.....center.....Armstrong
Swonk.....right guard.....Harkins
Schella.....right tackle.....DeForge
Mullen, (Capt)...right end.....Patterson
Watersquarter-back.....Quille
Luin.....right half-back.....Daniher
Fennessey.....left half-back.....Moore
Kegler.....full back...Walsh, (Capt.)

 ROLL OF HONOR.

The Conway awarded for highest average in both courses was equally deserved by W. Breault, P. Geraghty and M. Miner. Drawn by M. Miner.

The Guilfoyle medal awarded for the best composition in the rhetoric classes was equally deserved by M. J. Brennan, D. Hayden, J. O. Calligan and P. Geraghty. Drawn by D. Hayden.

The Lesage medal awarded for the highest average in French Literature went to E. Marcotte.

The gold medal awarded in the classical course was equally deserved by P. Dufault, D. Hayden, F. Milholand, M. Morrissey, C. McCoy, J. O'Callaghan, M. O. Toole, T. Perdue and W. Riley. Drawn by D. Hayden.

The first silver medal awarded in the classical course was equally deserved by J. Armstrong, M. Brennan, L. Brisvert, E. Graveline, N. Lamarre, D. Maher, F. McPherson, P. O'Connor, L. Rivard, J. St. Cerny, V. Stepps, A. Stanel and H. Marcotte. Drawn by E. Graveline.

The second silver medal awarded in the classical course was equally deserved by Art. Caron, C. Donehue, A. Goudreau, L. Kroschowitz, E. Henneberry, P. O'Toole and H. Prost. Drawn by H. Prost.

The gold medal awarded in the commercial course was equally deserved by W. Carey, J. Clennon, H. Lacharite, E. Labeau, R. Nugent and M. Soran. Drawn by H. Lacharite.

The first silver medal awarded in the commercial course was equally deserved by H. Bouchard, R. Fay, J. Frechette, C. F. Flannagan, J. Fitzgerald, J. Hogan, W. Northway, F. Riley, A. Sanasack, J. Donellan and T. Sonichson. Drawn by R. Fay.


The second silver medal awarded in the commercial course was equally deserved by E. Carroll, C. Meehan, J. Murphy and W. Vinette. Drawn by J. Murphy.

The gold medal awarded for good conduct in the Senior department was equally deserved by J. Armstrong, M. Brennan, P. Geraghty, J. Granger, P. Dufault, W. Granger, E. Hayden, M. Hayden, L. Kroschowitz, P. Dube, M. Miner and W. Perdue. Drawn by J. Granger.

The gold medal awarded for good conduct in the Junior department was equally deserved by W. Breault and L. Rivard. Drawn by L. Rivard.

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## VIATORIANA.

—A 38 vs. eggs.

—Aristocratic tramps.

—That limburger banquet!

—I have a bean in my knee.

—He also has his bodyguard.

—I'm a regular dummy, I am!

—If you smoke it once you die.

—You can't tell when I'm mad.

—I was once engaged already.

—Adieu! adieu! my squirrel, adieu!

—You ought to have seen Modjeska act!

—Say, fellows, let's bring a kid along.

—Is this Chicago? No, it's only Tucker.

—“He lifts a curbstone a block in length.”

—Game legs + black eyes = Momen-  
ce.

—Why does his face contract when we say ice?

—Why don't you get a couple of side boards?

—All right, all right, why don't you josh a fellow?

—Say, the gravity of your face attracts my hand.

—I say, fellows, let us wait until the lights light.

—Dr. Leibnitz refused to don the Milwaukee miter.

—Rooting is a hoggish employment, fit for pigs only.

—Raise the window a little lower.

—“The poor little insignificant creature that I am.”

—Such soft and mellow notes sound like the moaning of a cow.

—He was a professional curbstone lifter. Why do you laugh?

—After the first comes the next, and after that the other next.

—“Biggest in the city; free turkey all day!” How his eyes twinkled.

—Say, I remember what you told me; let me make all the touch-downs.

—You boys don't need to go to the sink for water, ye have springs in your beds.

—Professor: How can you decrease the friction of the air upon the body?  
Student: Polish it.

—Student: How do you make an entree? Professor: Why, by going out one door and coming in another.

—The brass band is now ready to play for concerts, balls, parties, etc. For further particulars apply to manager.

—In the billiard room: First Voice—  
Dat vos a scratch! Second Voice—  
No, sirr! Sabetti don't vos say so alreatty!

—Inquiring philosopher to wizard of the poop—“What do you think of Kent?”

“Oh!—he's a queer fellow.”

—“Please, sir,” the ingenious youth asked of the pedestrian on south State street, “could you point out a first-class cheap hotel to me?”



Founded 1869



Chartered 1874

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