

THE CAMPUS.

"INTER SILVAS ACADEMI QUAERIMUS VERUM."

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LITERARY.

STARS.

Stars of the night through deep ether beaming,
From Heav'n's distant realms your sparkling rays fall—
A bright sheen of glory your pencils revealing—
Silently flooding soft beams over all.

Onward through space, ever onward your motions,
Worlds without number, and spheres great and small;
Roll ye along like the waves of the ocean—
Chariots of splendor, float onward, all.

Physical beauty marks ev'ry atom
Whether in earth or in planet afar;
With order, law, and infinite wisdom,
The author of nature hath made each star.

None could but love you, jewels of Heaven,
Semblance of diamonds exquisitely bright;
None but adore the God who hath given
Boundless creations which glorify night.

When Time's rolling years our strength shall exhaust,
And the physical form cease to endure,
May the spirit that lives when the body is dust,
A home in the region of stars secure.

ACCURATE THINKING.

Nothing is more imperative in its demands, or more unyielding in its requirements than habit. Every physical or mental operation has a tendency to repeat itself and thereby form a habit; therefore no act or thought is without its influence, and the present condition of any one is the product of his previous life. No one can suddenly change his character or become other than what he is. This can only be accomplished by long-continued and persistent effort, and the older one is, the more there is behind tending with all its peculiar force to control the present, the more difficult will any change be. How important,

then, that a young life start right! This is necessary in the case of a student in his intellectual life, in his methods of study, for these readily crystalize into habit, and dominate his whole life. It is not of so much importance what he studies as how he studies, how much he studies as how thoroughly he studies, and what he studies is chiefly important, as it determines how he studies. Thoroughness should characterize all his work. Loose, careless, slovenly, inexact methods should be shunned as destroying all intellectual vigor and grasp. Flabby intellect, like flabby muscle, is the result of improper training.

The beginner cannot master at the outset the subject before him, but he can comprehend the meaning of a paragraph or sentence, and should hold himself to it until he does. He should see that every sentence represents an idea and should accustom himself to look through the form to the substance, through the body to the spirit, and to lay hold of the thought, to seem to see not the words but the thought, and to make it his own, to forget the words, or that there are words, and be impressed with the conception of the author. This requires an intensity of application, a vigor of thought and a power of concentration that comes only of definiteness of aim and clearness of perception stimulated by a zeal akin to enthusiasm. How many students see in a problem in mathematics anything but signs and symbols, or in a sentence anything but words and phrases, and never become possessed of the consciousness that these are only representations of the grandest truths and the profoundest thoughts? Such students spend their time in a vain endeavor to marshal and remember words and become entangled in a web of their own weaving, or lost in an endless labyrinth of their own construction.

To master the branch of the subject before him must be the aim of the true student, and he should not claim the title unless he makes this both his aim and practice. Accuracy of statement can not be produced without clear thinking and definite knowledge. Loose statements are apt to be the result of loose thinking. No habit can be of greater service than that of clear and accurate thinking and none will aid one more in making something of himself, for this is the essence of manhood, but an essential that so many lack that it distinguishes its possessor.

To walk in a mire or deep snow when the feet never rest on a solid foundation, though fatiguing and distressing, is not so uncomfortable a procedure as getting along without intellectual foundation. To be insecure in one's footing, uncertain of his facts, is to go halting all the way through life.

The successful man in any undertaking is the one who understands his business, who knows what he is about. He may, and often does, know but little else, but he knows that, and his success is the result of thinking while others do little more than guess. A complete understanding of one subject, a clear knowledge of one fact comes like a revelation to the mind guessing and groping and feeling for something tangible and secure. It is like a new birth, and accounts for the sudden development occasionally seen in the case of dull students. They have never known what all the grinding and worry and crowding and cramming meant. The most miserable and wretched feeling one can have is the result of going around pretending to know what one really knows nothing about, and attempting to do what one is not at all capable of doing. Such a one never knows the keen relish of acquisition, the exquisite enjoyment of intellectual activity, the pure delight afforded by work. Work, the humblest as well as the noblest, is pleasure to the one who knows how to do it, while to the bungler and incompetent it is drudgery.

To go through college is a good thing; to know something, to be something, is a much better thing. To guess and dodge and cram one's

way through a course of study is of but little advantage, while its injuries to character and habits far outweigh all its benefits. One term's honest work is worth more than a year's guessing; one year's intelligent study, forming correct habits of thought and work, and laying a foundation of definite knowledge is worth more than a diploma secured by four years' attendance at college. It is too late in the world's history to suppose that a diploma is of any value. It will not buy a coat or a dinner, nor give its possessor distinction. A man is judged by what he is and what he can do. If a boy can not spend time and money to go through college, let him go as far as he can, but let him go right as far as he does go. If he can not master four studies he should take three; if he can not master three, take two; if not two, take one.

"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

There is no mistake about it, one may spend years at school and have less intellectual capacity when he gets through than when he began. Every clear perception is not only itself of great value, but forms a nucleus around which other ideas cluster, a foundation on which to build, or a resting place for a fulcrum by means of which its possessor may move the world. It is an inspiration to the student, and conscious demonstration that he can succeed. The work of many students, in school and out, old and young, is like a series of half-finished dams on a rapid river, which in a few years the stream washes away and leaves no trace of their existence. Everything should be laid under contribution and made tributary to one's improvement. It is as easy to keep the eyes and ears open to every sight and sound as to pass through the world "seeing and not perceiving, and hearing and not understanding."

To be definite and clear, conscious of knowledge and the power it gives, does not produce self-assertion and noisy demonstration, but rather the reverse. He who is conscious of his ability can afford to be modest and undemonstrative, leaving noise and bluster to those whose only capital it is.

If the unsuccessful student would only stop and look around him long enough to see why he is failing, and let himself down to where he can touch bottom and feel that he is on solid footing, and determine to go only as fast as he can go understandingly, he would begin to feel how much real pleasure there is in study, and exchange his present dread for love for books. The right kind of a student finds his enjoyment in his intellectual pursuits, while the poor student looks elsewhere for his, or is ever oppressed with the burden of unlearned lessons. The difference is not one of capacity, but of habits of thought and methods of study.

SELF CONTROL.

There is in the human mind an intense love of the strong. Power is the principal source of the sublime. It more than delights—it awes and fills with admiration. The mighty engine, the swift lightning and the thundering cataract are sublime, because they exhibit power. Man looks at them and feels his own insignificance in their presence. And yet to inspire awe, power must be controlled, otherwise it terrifies and fills with dire dismay. The sight of the steam engine, moving speedily over the track, drawing after it the whole train of cars freighted with human life and valuable merchandise, never becomes old or common. The workman will cease his work every day to watch it, and when it has passed he resumes his task with the thought, power is grand when it is controlled. But suppose the engineer falls asleep or neglects his duty, the power of the engine is robbed of its grandeur, and it becomes a thing to be feared, and almost to be hated. The workman looks at the frightful wreck of life and property, and then he knows that the charm of power lies in its being strong, yet controlled. Who is to blame for the wreck? The engine? No, you say, the one who ought to have guided its power.

There is a wonderfully good cheer in an open fire. As the business man comes home at night, he loves the hearth that glows for him. But

when he comes near and finds his dwelling all ablaze, no longer does he love the power of flame, for it is fast spreading beyond the power of control. Yet the flame is not to blame. Man is reverent to the power of electricity, and he gladly makes it his messenger while he can control it, but when it slips from his guidance, and becomes the forked lightning, and shivers the hardy oak of his field, or makes ruin of his habitation, O how he bows with fear before the power he can not control.

You may sometimes see a man who bears all the elements of a noble manhood, yet whose character is a wreck. He commands no respect from his fellows; he deserves none. He does not even respect himself. What is the matter? Is he to be blamed? Why more than the engine, the fire or the lightning? Evidently, because each man has the ability to control his own power, and if he does not, he himself must suffer. He can do what he wills to do. His will is an engine, moving with it all his appetites, passions, personal habits, and everything about the man. He is an engineer. He must be constantly on duty, for if he falls asleep, there is danger of a wreck that is almost sure to follow. There is no sight more terrible than an individual who has lost control of this power; he goes headlong on until he rushes over a great precipice into utter destruction.

A man who does not control his temper is despised by all who come in contact with him. His words are foolish and wicked, his actions silly and base. He receives no respect. Some one has said that an angry man turns himself wrong side out for other people to laugh at; and the Word often mentions "The wrath of fools." Some people fancy that it is an exhibition of power to become angry. So it is, but it is that dangerous kind that is a bitter curse. Men often give us as an excuse for wrong doing, "I was mad and could not help it." A poor excuse. Shame on the man who does not control his temper. However, to be self-possessed implies more than simple control of temper. It implies a perfect mastery of all one's emotions. The person who

laughs when it is inappropriate, who sneers at the mistakes and misfortunes of others, who disturbs in places of worship, the one who whispers (or talks aloud in chapel,) who pays no attention during a recitation, who uses two legs of his chair instead of four, who pushes or crowds in the hall, in fact, who does anything that a person of refined taste and manners should not do, says by his actions, "I have no power of self-control—pity me. I need a master. I am like the horse, I have great strength, but some other man must put the bridle upon me to guide me aright, or I shall use my strength for ruin." He needs pity. He must be helped and controlled, but self-help is the best help, and self-control is the best control. There is no nobler sight on earth than an individual who is master of himself. He carries with him an air of dignified, controlled power that fascinates you from the first. He is happy, for his habits are well fixed, and he inspires all who meet him to try to lift themselves above themselves. These self-poised people have strong and violent passions, but have them in subjection. It is not that we want people without passions, but that we want them controlled. You can not help loving the black-eyed mischievous little boy, full of tricks, better than the one who is always a sober, staid, little man, and when they become men, the one who has the strongest feelings under the best control, will make the best neighbor, friend and statesman.

She is the best mother who, in her girlhood, was full of gayety, mirth, and girlish impulses, if by self-discipline she has learned to become patient and forbearing.

It requires self-control to perform the most common things of life. To rise from our comfortable beds these cold mornings, to preserve order in our bureau drawers, to keep our business accounts strictly correct, and to be polite and kind to our fellows. But it must be strictly observed in these lesser duties if we wish to attain it in the greater. We must rule our feelings or they will rule us. It is a great thought that each person may be an emperor, whose empire is himself, his own will.

TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE.

And there was the little thought-bark struggling in the great unknown deep, with its course directed towards the far-away shore, striving to know how it was on that other side.

Its owner had been reading, and a beautiful sentence had impressed itself on the mind, and on the undercurrent of thought to which it had given rise, the bark had floated out to sea. All the rills and streams and rivers of thought which flow through the continent of life, find their way, if their course is traced, to this great deep which is wrapped in mystery.

Save only the message once borne across its waters by the Son of the King who rules in that country, no tidings have ever come to us. And none other ever will, for this royal Messenger told us so, and bade us not spend our time in longing and seeking to know more of that land than He had told us.

Strange that we are so slow to heed messages plainly given. But in spite of His command, little barks are ever gliding down these streams of time, thinking to find somewhere on this ocean at least an olive branch from the eternal shore.

This is the sentence that had been read: "There's a great song forever singing, and we're all parts and notes of it if we will only let God's hand put and keep us in tune."

And the rill of thought which led the little craft to sea ran somewhat as follows: What a strange sort of musical instrument human nature must make. Each person would have to take the place of a wire whose vibration is to help swell the great chorus. And a singular power these wires are endowed with for being used for such a purpose, for each one may decide for himself what tone he will utter, or at least try to utter; whether he will strike the true note for which he was constructed, and which his better nature always teaches him to strike, or whether he will try to so change his structure as to produce another tone whose sound seems sweeter to him than that which he was to yield. A vast number of the wires do endeavor to change their

structure, but never wholly succeed, so they must constantly be discords, and the tones which they should have given must be lacking. And the thought which was so beautiful at first began to grow unreal and visionary. It seemed as if even God's hand must grow weary in trying to get such an instrument in tune. Could it be that he would seek to strike only those keys which would give true notes and leave the others out? But this was contrary to the word He sent us about Himself. Must then these discords be sounded in His dwelling place? But all is harmonious and beautiful and true there. How could it be on the other side? And so the bark was vainly striving for some distant view. Shortly, however, it concluded that it would be wiser to reverse its course, and try to do all in its power to lessen some little part of the discord here—especially to make its own tones clear and right.

The practice prevalent in society, of falsely sending to the door to callers the word "Not at home," is often justly decried. And yet infinitely more untruths are told in trying to make the inner self, the real person, say "At home" in the surroundings with which the hands, at the instigation of false motives, have labored to place it. In all classes and conditions of life this is done, as unhappy homes, hungry eyes, and longing, restless hearts testify, on the one hand, and on the other hand, the feelings bordering on the ridiculous, mingled with pity and disgust, with which the world sees men utterly incapable trying to fill chosen positions. All these classes send out cards to the little world in which they live, for a reception, on which they think is neatly written "At home," etc.; the world receives and reads the word "not" underlined and in plain letters placed before the other words, and wonders what it means; and each would-be host wonders why his reception is a failure.

What matters it to a homesick person how magnificent and attractive the home of his friend may be in comparison with his own? He can never be happy there. What matters it to an ambitious barn-yard fowl that the eagle may soar towards the sun? The fowl could not do it, try

he ever so hard. But what of it? Who wants eagles around a barn?

How quickly, in contrast to all these classes, can be distinguished the people who are true to themselves; whose life-boats are directed along the shores of time, seeking out its safe bays and trying to lead there others who are in danger of being wrecked along the rugged cliffs, thus always gaining strength and skill, so that when they are called to sail over to the farther shore they may cross safely; people whose life-chords when they are struck by the Master-hand give forth full, pure tones; the people who live at home.

And don't you remember when at different times you have met with some of these and have been touched with that sort of magnetic influence which they always bear about them, how you were some way conscious of a thrill of feeling like that with which you always recall the dear, old home—not some place where you have boarded, or some rented house in which you may have lived—but the homestead, "the dearest spot in all the world?" To every one some talent has been entrusted, and it is by using this, and this alone, that others may be gained. No one may neglect his own, and then by merely doing as his neighbor does hope to gain his neighbor's reward. Such a one reminds us of Emerson's expression of man as "ordinarily a pendant to events, only half attached, and that awkwardly, to the world in which he lives." But true people "appear to share the life of things, and to be an expression of the same laws which control the tides and the sun." Like the wild rose,

"We all have a place and a mission assigned us,
Though it be but to grow by the side of the way."

SOCIAL CULTURE.

An apple may have been kissed by the sun on one side and made ever so beautiful, while if the other, hanging in the shade, is green, sour and knotty, with regret that this is not so fair as the other, we cast it away and select one whose sides are equally developed, but which is far inferior,

perhaps, as a whole, to the sunny side of the rejected one.

Some characters are grandly developed on many sides but sadly deficient on the rest. Observation shows that the least cultivated side of most characters is the social side. Do not understand me to say that they are unsocial or disagreeable. I mean that their social character is uncultured, needs educating and polishing. Young people are fond of a good time, and many think they are having it when they are mistaking a rollicking, boisterous, girl-and-boy play-spell for a social hour.

The tact and knowledge how to entertain people in a proper, unstudied manner, so as to cause them to experience pleasure, and leave them with an impression that they have had an exceedingly pleasant time, is possessed by few people, either as a natural gift or as an acquirement.

We like to see a speaker polished in manner and address. The tendency of the day is to fastness; eat fast, drive fast, write fast. The tendency in writing and public speaking is to a rattling, banging style, abounding in adjectives and modern slang phrases. But the style most lasting and appreciated by the cultured and talented, is the polished one; thoughts expressed in original yet chaste language.

A man may be quite perfect in literature, in science, in oratory, and have an uncultured social character. He may be a Cicero in the forum, an Agassiz in science, or a Milton in poetry, and still socially be a bore to himself and others.

If he is a star in the firmament of his profession, or a money king, he will be admitted to the best social circles, for "knowledge is power," and all the world doff their hats to Old Gold when he passes, but he is a bore still, for he does not know how to treat his fellows.

How many can combine wit, sense, nonsense, propriety and the numberless other elements that make up social conversation? It takes experience, energy, an even temper and kind-heartedness, to pass an every-day examination in the social course. To be master of arts in all the outs and ins of social life; to be able to do just

the right thing at the right time, requires a drill of longer duration, and evinces more cultivation, than would result from a thorough course in a German University.

Though we admit that society conversation is non-intellectual, yet we are forced to acknowledge that it requires intellect to attain its mastery. Many a man who is an intellectual giant, does not know how to touch his hat or pick up a lady's handkerchief. He can grab hold of the edge of the brim, or place his hand at right angles to it; he can get down, not stoop, and clumsily pick up her handkerchief; he can sit in the parlor, but his hands and feet are a nuisance, and his posture is enough to make one fear that he is going into spasms. He cannot carry on a conversation, he either gets prosy or lengthy or cannot think of anything at all to say.

Think of Edison, the champion inventor of all time since the flood. He is as much at ease and as graceful in society as an elephant would be on a trotting course. He has ripened all one-sided.

A diamond in the rough is valuable, but a polished one is more so.

A scholar is admired, but a polished, socially-cultured one is much more admired.

Obsequiousness is not gallantry. Attempted wit is often-times simply vulgarity. Studied grace ceases to be graceful, and forced agreeability is not agreeable.

A truly polite gentleman is as polite to his washerwoman as to his lady love; he will go just as far out of his way to carry an umbrella over an old woman as a young one; he will speak in as suave a tone to a poor person as to a rich one. A truly polite lady is as much a lady to her mother and brother at home as to her society leader and lover; she does not use slang nor try to attract attention; she dresses in good taste, she is thoughtful of her inferiors, respectful to her superiors, yields gracefully to the wishes of others in small matters that jar against her own; she is candid, unaffected, exerts herself to make others happy, talks without being bold and is a refined, womanly woman.

If self-possessed, though awkward and igno-

rant, our awkwardness and ignorance are not so conspicuous. A lack of being so throws us into confusion and doubles and magnifies our errors and discomforts.

In the far-ahead shadow-land of perfect mastery in any study, is a mountain, difficult, towering before our mental vision. And instead of distance lending enchantment, in this case distance enhances difficulty, and the mountain looms insurmountable and at an infinite distance. If far ahead, at the mountain's base, we see a fellow traveler, or, better yet, we see one resting in self-assured repose upon its summit, we are disheartened of success, shamed at our own distance and disconcerted by our own lack of self-mastery, and we shrink into ourselves and are lost among the cobwebs and stumbling stones of our own littleness and imperfection.

But in the midst of the desert land, between us and the mountain top, is a babbling spring, whose waters, if we drink of them, dispel discouragement and make the remaining way short and easy. That spring is self-possession. And we do not lose ourselves in ourselves after we have drunk of its helpful waters.

Self-possession is the expression of unseen will-power, that force within us that steers the ship and keeps us from the sand-bars on which countless numbers shipwreck in all stations of life, especially in the shallows of social life.

WEB BUILDERS.

Web builders are of various kinds and the most common is the spider. We have all seen this wonderful but not pleasant looking animal, and no doubt watched him at his work. Ever since the ill-fated Arachne was transformed into a spider by Minerva this animal has spun its web, built its cocoons and nourished its young. From a thousand spinnerets in its body exude as many threads with which the spider spins his web. What a beautiful picture of faith he presents as, attaching his web to some object, he launches off into space, and those thousand threads uniting into one keep him, without fail, from falling. With geometrical precision he forms his net and

prepares for his morning meal. There in the centre he lies motionless while the breezes sway his hammock-like web with gentle undulations. Anon a fly buzzes that way, and as his wing touches the web it holds him fast. Silent no longer, his enemy glides along the silken rope, and carefully avoiding the struggles of the insect throws a cord about his neck; not satisfied with this the spider spins another thread and planting himself firmly, with those nimble hind feet rolls the fly over and over till his wings are completely pinioned; then with those venomous mandibles ends the life of his victim and sucks the juices of his body at leisure. His breakfast over he may return to his nest or swing awhile on the web. Should he wish to move across a stream or from tree to tree, he takes advantage of the wind and casting off his web watches with evident satisfaction as it floats away, until it comes in contact with the desired object, and then walks leisurely across, in utter defiance of all laws of architecture.

Though the thread of the spider's web is so fine that 4,000,000 of them are required to make a filament as large as a single hair, there is another animal which spins a web many times smaller;—his name is man. From earliest youth to extreme old age he is always building webs. Though, like that of the spider, they are continually being swept away, yet he continues to build them unceasingly.

Sometimes he calls the structure a castle in air,
Sometimes it is plans for the future most fair,
Sometimes they will stand when his life is no more,
Sometimes they will fall ere the moment is o'er.

But whether of long or short duration, there is always a place for the builder in the centre. Franklin built a web on which he ascended and plucked the lightnings from the hand of Jove. Edison is spinning webs that will reach into the far future and live in after ages. The lawyers build webs and catch many a victim; and doctors, merchants, all follow in their train. Some spin them for wealth, others for power. Sometimes they entrap the grandest objects, and often their designs are not realized. One man builds a web that places him in the president's chair, another a web that makes his fellow man a slave to his appetite; one a web that leads to a noble life, while that of another degrades all who are caught in its meshes. But the brightest web we know of is one that floats in the sunlight of love on the breeze of time, till it fastens to the throne of God, and then methinks I see the builder walking up the cord, on which the dew of prosperity is hanging like tears of joy, not alone, but leading a poor blind fellow by his side.

THE CAMPUS.

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EDITORS:

H. L. CAMPBELL,
HATTIE A. LINN, A. M. SHELLITO,
O. B. MOSS, EMMERY M. WOOD.

JUDD. A. WANN, *Business Manager.*

Address all communications to THE CAMPUS, Meadville, Pa.

No anonymous communications will be noticed.

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In our October number appeared an ode to Abraham Lincoln, a poem which has found its way into elocutionary works, and which was written by local talent and a regular writer for the CAMPUS.

The Richmond (Va.) *College Messenger* criticised it, as being only moderate poetry, and, as they thought, "might have been wisely substituted." Now they were at perfect liberty to criticise it, and no offense was taken because it was criticised; but owing to an editorial note appended to an eloquent, manly plea for fraternal relations between all sections, and patriotic interest in the General Government on the part of the Southern youth, our exchange editor thought that the defect might not rest in the poem as much as in the spectacles through which the editors reviewed it, and strongly hinted his feelings. For this we have been accused of waving the "Bloody Shirt," in an editorial whose phraseology is beautifully sarcastic. We dislike to hear of this garment being unfurled, and have no sympathy with the person who is guilty of it. It is, likewise, in very bad taste to charge it upon any one unless the case be very clear.

Nothing sectional or political has ever appeared in the Campus, and it was, therefore, exceed-

ingly discourteous for the editors of the *Messenger* to make the charge, as their columns are, by no means, free from gougings and probings at old sores. In the editorial referred to occurs the following language: "We do *not* say forget the *past*, (Italics theirs, Eds.) Were we for one moment to forget or depreciate our sleeping heroes, surely calm, peaceful Hollywood would swarm with sheeted dead ready to rebuke our base recency."

This is rhetorical, it is eloquent. That they should admire their heroes—for they were brave and gallant—is natural and proper, and no one is going to find fault with it. But, when such language is used to depreciate the force of a patriotic plea to young men by a patriot like Bayard, we begin to suspect that their judgment is not wholly dispassionate. And, when they further declare "that devotion to or respect for the General Government as at present administered, is by no means an essential constituent of genuine patriotism," our judgment is that their feelings have the better of them. This language may not savor of what is vulgarly called "Bloody Shirtism," but it is the kind which breeds discontent and revolution, and we are, therefore, not astonished at the *Messenger's* declaration, since it holds this sentiment, "that to us the future has more of fear than hope." This could be tolerated in a partisan journal, but is inexcusable in a college paper. It is so far from having a soothing and healing effect upon the Nation's wounds that it is a sorry thing to encourage it among students. But these eloquent strains are as the babbling of the brook compared with the roaring of the cataract, when with one hand they reach for our scalps, and with the other apply the keen edged blade of sarcasm. We like a good thing and rather enjoyed this; but we wish to impress upon the *Messenger* that it should see to it that its own garments are clean, before it charges its neighbors with having dirty ones. We deny waving the detestable rag, and after their illiberal and unpatriotic talk, their impudence in imputing it to us is sublimely diabolical.

STUDENTS make a grave mistake when they think that their class-room work and other readings forbid their giving attention to the current news of the times. The majority of students have no knowledge, not even an idea, of what is taking place in the world around them, while they may ever have what they think more important, a good knowledge of the history of ancient peoples.

In the societies the masses desire such questions for debate as, Was Brutus justified in killing Cæsar? Is war ever justifiable? &c. &c. *ad infinitum*. They object to questions which interest men and women in the active walks of life, and which are of great moment to nations and civilization, on the ground that they know nothing of the day's doings. Their plea for ignorance is want of time, and yet these same students find time to wade through volumes of ancient history and general literature. They would have a better understanding of history, were they to watch it in its formation and growth. They would know more of the motives which influence men, and be more practical and less theoretical.

It is often said that men who never see inside of a college are more successful than college men, and this is used as an argument against collegial training. These men are educated by the proper use of the current news, and know men and things. The college man comes out with his musty, monastic opinions, which are not of this nineteenth century, and finds no place for them, and no one to listen to them.

Such palpable ignorance of current affairs is inexcusable. It is the duty of every student to acquaint himself with the doings of the world. It does not take the time that many suppose to read a daily paper even. All local news and correspondence which relate to minor topics, such as tree planting, farming, dairy business, &c., need not be read by the student. Men in business must be posted in all that pertains to it. Were the man who has a prosperous business to dispense with the trouble of acquainting himself with the ups and downs of trade, and to devote his time and energies to his customers and stocks,

he would soon find that the prosperity which he had, has flown. If the man who is in a prosperous business cannot continue in it without keeping himself posted, how is the young man, though a collegian, to get into business, unless he is posted?

Herein is where so many college men fail. The world passes judgment upon their first attempts and judges them from their knowledge of, and acquaintance with, its ways. If they are not well posted, they fail in the first attempt, and judgment goes out against them so that it is barely possible for them to retrieve their former position. The careful perusal of a good news paper is a good thing for any one, and we are sorry that any authority should discourage it. Remember that it is not by many roots and theorems that you will succeed, but by your adroitness and knowledge of the best means.

It is not only a source of satisfaction, but a compliment paid the college, that the sprightly Dailies of this city keep correspondents to write up the college news. This is a good thing, and no one is going to be so foolish as to object to it. But certain things find their way into these papers, which it would be better to leave out. *Drill to-day*, and *what Dr. Bugbee said in chapel* have long since been worn thread-bare, and are the height of monotony. And these almost daily parades of where and when and how the ladies walk, and where and when and how they go and return, furnish the *Ultima Thula* to all the detestable wishy-washy jejune and despicable servility which make up the columns of the official organs of royalty itself. The ladies are sufficiently able to take care of themselves, and, having no need of a corporal's guard do not even relish the idea of the presence of a vigilance committee. If they should desire notoriety, they possess qualifications by means of which notoriety of a much higher quality can be attained. There is certainly college news enough without this, and, whenever there is not, let there be none.

THOSE persons who would have the columns of the CAMPUS devoted wholly to *jokes*, might

get up a club for the *Hawkeye* or *Danbury News*. Judging from what we have heard him remark, we feel somewhat warranted in saying that one of the Professors would be only too glad to carry the list for subscribers.

We much prefer to peruse an article or an essay than *Jokes* and there are even good people of like tastes, whom we shall continue to accommodate in spite of such ridiculous criticisms,

EDUCATIONAL.

It cost \$15,000 to educate Rev. Joseph Cook.

The first College journal was published at Dartmouth in 1800.

The salaries of the professors at Yale have been reduced 5 per cent.

The students of Oxford are becoming Roman Catholics in considerable numbers.

Two Indians from Indian Territory are among the students of Union College.—*Ex.*

About half the students at Harvard and Yale enjoy the luxury of a private servant.—*Ex.*

The East Texas University has been founded at Tyler with accommodations for 500 students.

About fifty children of the Sioux tribe are attending school at Hampton, Va., Normal Institute.

A History of College Secret Societies is being prepared by Mr. William R. Baird of New York City.

Wesleyan College, Middletown, Conn., has received \$800,000 from a wealthy New York merchant.

The German Universities cost the State \$2,500,000 per annum. There are 1,300 professors, and 20,226 students.

The first Chinese child's magazine has been started in Shanghai. It is published monthly, with illustrations, and is but fifteen cents a year.

Trinity College claims to have a man who has made the best amateur running broad jump on record. Distance, 20 feet, 11 inches.—*Ex.*

Fifty years ago 40 per cent. of College gradu-

ates in the United States became clergymen; now the percentage is only 17.—*University Courier.*

We learn from the Catalogue of Vassar College that "Persons calling on students must present letters of introduction from their parents or guardians."—*Ex.*

Indiana has a school fund larger than that of any other State in the Union. It has increased \$40,000 within a year, and now amounts to \$8,007,095.—*N. E. Journal of Ed.*

A student at Iowa University has recovered \$300 from the democratic judges of election because of their refusal to let him vote there in October.—*Ex.*

Students who transgress the civil law in Germany are not tried by the civil authorities, but are judged and sentenced by the University authorities. It is a serious thing there to be brought before the Faculty.

There are 274 Colleges and Universities under denominational influence. Of these 15 are Lutheran, 47 Methodist, 37 Roman Catholic, 32 Presbyterian, 8 Episcopalian, 31 Baptist, and 14 Congregational.—*Pa. Coll. Monthly.*

A novel educational enterprise is the Woodruff Scientific Expedition which will spend 18 months in a voyage around the world. Pres. Clark of the Agricultural College, Amherst, has the affair in charge. It will accommodate 250 students and cost \$2,500 each.

A Professor of Classics and Comparative Philology and Literature is wanted in the University of Australia. Salary £1,000. Here now is a chance for some one of our enterprising American scholars. Apply to Arthur Blythe, 8 Victoria Chambers, Westminster, London, S. W.—*Christian Union.*

The alumni of Lafayette College have determined to endow permanently the Chair of English and Comparative Philology. It is proposed to honor Prof. Marsh, who has faithfully served the College for years, and who is one of the foremost philologists in this country, by giving it his name.

PERSONAL.

'76 W. P. Eckels is teaching at Spartansburg, Pa.

'68 Rev. Lewis Wick is preaching at Espyville, Pa.

'66 Rev. W. W. Painter is stationed at Titusville, Pa.

Wesley Cowles has gone to Iron City College, Pittsburg.

'77 Wayne Whipple is now at his home in Sægertown, Pa.

'76 W. O. Allen is proclaiming the gospel at Sugar Grove, Pa.

'57 Rev. Z. W. Shadduck is at present pastor of the M. E. Church in Greenfield, Pa.

W. A. Nason who was here a term last year, is now attending school at Townville, Pa.

'71 Frank O. Marvin now occupies the chair of Engineering and Astronomy in Kansas University.

F. H. Powers, S. W. Hover, F. M. Albaugh and G. L. Beringer are attending Mt. Union College this term.

'80 Miss H. A. Linn taught the classes of Arithmetic and English Grammar with marked success, last term.

W. T. Waters, who left here in '75, after nearly finishing his course, is now in the mercantile business at Watertown, Tenn.

Rev. S. E. Winger, who is remembered by many as a student here two years ago, is now preaching at New Bethlehem, Pa.

C. E. Wheeler, who left here in '74, has since graduated at the Ohio Wesleyan University, and is now studying law, in Pittsburg.

A. H. Leitch, a student in '71 and since then employed in a photograph gallery in this place, is now residing in Dayton, O.

'78 L. L. Davis is studying law in Pittsburg. He shows his appreciation of Meadville and its fair maidens by frequent visits here.

Robert D. Campbell, for several years a mem-

ber of the class of '76, was married a few months ago. He is a Clarion county attorney.

'74 Rev. J. W. Miles maintains his loyalty to Allegheny by frequent visits. He is still stationed at Liberty Street M. E. Church, Pittsburg.

'76 Prof. J. S. McKay delivered an illustrated lecture on Physiology, at a Teachers' Institute lately held in Cambridge, Pa. He is teaching in the Indiana, Pa., Normal School.

After extensive travels through Germany, Italy and Switzerland, Chas. Bonner who attended Allegheny two years ago, has returned and gone into the mercantile business at Tionesta, Pa.

During vacation Dr. Bugbee visited his daughter in Cincinnati, Prof. Williams went to his home at Coshocton, O., and Major Hess visited some army friends in New York.

The following students have been carrying on protracted meetings during vacation, viz.: James Thoburn, '81, at Reno, Pa.; John Dawson, '82, at State Road, 4 miles east of Meadville, and M. F. Compton, '83, near Franklin, Pa.

Dr. James E. Silliman, of Erie, who graduated in the class of '71 at Allegheny College, was married Nov. 4th, to Miss Hattie J. Mehaffy of that city. The Doctor has hosts of friends in this city who will be glad to hear that Miss Mehaffy has got such a good husband.—*Crawford Journal*.

TABLE.

—A Yale student to another who is unwell and in bed: "Well, old chap, are you sick?" "*Sic sum*," was the quick response.

—Why is the Freshman Class like Shetland Island? Famous for its ponies.—*Pa. College Monthly*.

—There's a metre dactylic, there's a metre spondaic,

There's a metre for a laugh and a groan;
There's still yet a metre by no means prosaic,
'Tis to meet her—by moonlight alone!

—One of our professors remarked the other day that Noah was a Chinaman, and the original

ancestor of the moon-eyed Celestials. We can easily imagine the ancient mariner standing on the poop-deck of the ark, and remarking as he reflectively chews the end of his pigtail: "Velly much shower. Heap washee, washee."

—A quaint writer says: "I have seen women so delicate that they were afraid to ride, for fear of the horse running away; afraid to sail, for fear the boat might be upset; afraid to walk, for fear they might fall; but I never saw one that was afraid to get married, which is far more riskful than all the others put together."

—Tutor—"Come now, Mr. B., give me a familiar example of Hogarth's line of grace. Can't you think of it? It's a curved article that you see every day."

Mr. B., (desperately) —"A—a pretzel!"

—Political economy.—At Serajeva a water-carrier was moving up and down among the men, crying, "Water for one piastre!" when a fragment from an exploding shell knocked one of his buckets to pieces. "Water for two piastres!" he instantly began crying.

—At the "earnest request" of several young men, we publish the following information: "There is nothing so tends to shorten the lives and to injure the health of old people, as the practice of sitting up late, especially when there is a grown-up daughter in the family."

—Class in German—Prof.: "Mr. S., you may translate the following sentence into German: 'He ran around the corner.'" Student: "Er lief um der—der—" Prof.: "Es ist weiblich." Student: "Oh! yes, Er lief um die weiblich."

—Junior, in Latin recitation: "*P. Scipio equestri genere natus.*" Publius Scipio was born at a horse race.—*Dickinson Liberal.*

—Scene, Greek recitation.—Prof.: "Next," Mr. H., (who has flunked repeatedly) "Not prepared." Prof.: "Well, please come up front. Front seats reserved for spectators."—*Beacon.*

—Edgar Fawcet wishes "that man could make love like a bird." He does, Edgar, he does like a goose.—*Hisp.*

—A Freshman says that suicide is from *sui*, to kill, and *cide*, thyself.—*Bowdine Orient.*

—Neat translation that of Persius, *puellae hunc rapiant*: "May he live in a perpetual leap year."

—Billy: (Moderately) "Can you tell me, Professor, in the case of the somnambulist, of whom—er—you were—er just now speaking, whether he first had—er—the dream and—er then acted upon it, or whether the dream and the action resulting from the dream, if—er—I—er may so express myself, were simultaneous, without any conceivable length between them—i. e., both happening—er—at one and—er—the same time?" Prof.: "That's it—that's it."—*Dartmouth.*

—Prof. (in Physiology): "Mr. Y., have you ever put your head on any one's breast and listened to the heart-beats?" Mr. Y. (blushing): "Yes, sir." Mr. Y. couldn't see why the class laughed.

—Prof. in Physiology explaining the use of fish as producing brain material. Smart Soph.—Prof., "if an idiot should eat a whale would he become sensible?" Prof. "I couldn't say; *but you might try.*"

One of our brilliant preps. tells the Prof. in Mathematics that a minus sign is a perpendicular line placed horizontal.—*Transcript.*

Senior.—"When a man is intoxicated, does he see two objects at once?" Prof.—"I—well, I don't know—. A part of my education, I am sorry to say, has been neglected."

—The other day the Professor of German asked an unregenerate Junior what the gender of a certain noun was. The Junior quickly replied: "I think it is neuter, sir. At any rate, it is neuter me." We predict a grand future for that junior.—*Ex.*

—"Nature abhors a vacuum," remarked the philosophic prep., as he quietly stuffed his inner man from the Professor's back fruit orchard. "Force is an agent that causes motion," murmured the Prof. as he rose up out of the weeds and gently caressed the prep., over the ten foot fence on his pedal tip.—*Wabash.*

—A certain junior is in the habit of amusing himself during recitation by tenderly stroking his few sprouting responsibilities. The other day, the Professor, seeing that his mind was thus diverted from its proper work, gently reminded him that he was "devoting too much time to *side issues*.—*Olio*.

Vassar College girls have a secret society, called "Vassarians," and any member who forgets her dignity and slides down the stair-railing is fined thirty-one peanuts and a stick of gum.—*Ex*.

Almost equal to the Pleiades of our own college.

Prof.:—"What would be the consequence if the circulation of the blood were not involuntary?" Lady Senior, promptly: "It would then require all our time to take care of the heart." Class applauds, and the involuntary circulation in the young lady's countenance grows very active.—*Chrestomathean*.

ALL AROUND THE CAMPUS.

His
Prof. **2** W—.
mark.

Upwards of 260 students now enrolled.

Prof. in Zoology—What attributes place man at the head of the animal kingdom?

Student—Reason, speech and *mental aberration*.

Prof.—Name the humors of the eye.

Student—Vitreous humor and *gastric juice*.

It is quietly whispered around that Major Hess will have time to hear a recitation in Tactics this term.

Prof. Nathan Sheppard, who is now lecturing in Boston, will probably give two months' lectures, and drill in public speaking here in the Spring.

A number of lectures from prominent speakers will be given here before the close of the present year.

Forty callers were received at the "Home" New Year's day.

The fire at the Hall the day college opened, although doing little damage, should be a warning to all rooming there.

A boarding club on the co-operative plan has been started outside of the Hall.

Only about seventy-eight in Chapel the first morning. Too soon after the holidays.

A number of students here for the first time this term.

The Phi Kappa Psi Symposium announced in our last was a

grand success in every particular and was spoken of in the most flattering terms by the city papers.

Dr. George's lecture here on Dec. 12 was attended by a large and appreciative audience. The Dr. may be sure of a good house whenever he visits this city.

Under the auspices of the Philo-Franklin Literary Society, Bishop Foster will lecture here on the evening of February 20. His subject is "The Spirit Forces of the Universe."

Prof. Williams (unmarried) says of the Ladies' Home "It is the place where the sunshine was born."

The Athenian Literary Society at the present rate of progress will soon be equal in surroundings and standing to any of the college societies. The room is now furnished with a fine carpet and chairs, curtains for the windows, &c. A formal dedication of the hall will be held January 17th with the following programme: 1. History of the Society, J. W. Moore. 2. Objects of the organization, Y. T. Cozzens. 3. Dedicatory oration, Dr. Bugbee. Invitations will be issued to as many as can be accommodated for the occasion.

The Declamation Contest of the Philo-Franklin Society for the Chambers Prize was held in the college chapel on the evening of December 13th. The competitors were nine in number, all fine speakers, the performance being pronounced by the judges and audience as a superior one. The prize was awarded to W. G. Warner.

The last exercise included in the Ossoli course of lectures was given Tuesday evening, Dec. 17, comprising readings and music. The audience present was a large one and they were well repaid for their time and money, the performance being a very fine one.

The Philo catalogues are ready for distribution.

Two Juniors, near the close of last term, called upon certain young ladies, and that they might stay the longer turned their watches back just one hour. They don't call there any more.

Mr. A. H. S— went sleigh riding with a young lady during vacation. After some time they returned to town on foot. For particulars we refer you to the aforesaid.

The holidays passed most pleasantly with those students who remained in Meadville.

One of our Seniors must be very devoted to a certain young lady as he is always By (h)er.

The Keystone declamation prize of Allegheny Society will be competed for Tuesday evening, Jan. 14. An able and interesting performance may be expected.

"A. C. E." thinks it very strange that one of the professors should openly and in chapel take exception to his method of preventing disorder in chapel.

At the close of Miss Boice's reading a Senior eagerly inquired whether she were a *Miss* or *Mrs*.

Students rooming in Culver Hall are strictly prohibited from using kerosene for starting their fires.

Miss M. Frances Boice, of Philadelphia, gave a reading in the college chapel on Saturday evening, Jan. 4. It was highly

credible. She exhibited the highest art in her performances in the naturalness with which she executed the several selections. Miss B. proposes to form classes among the students and among ladies and gents in the city. Her success in other cities insures her success here.

Meetings were held in the chapel each evening during the week of prayer.

"Don" now has some one to sing for him and is happy.

Subscribers for the CAMPUS will confer a great favor on the Business Manager by paying their subscriptions as soon as possible. Subscribers in the city can pay the funds at Clark & Chesbro's or Ingham & Co.'s book stores. Those living abroad can send by letter to J. A. Wann, Meadville, Pa.

Mr. Fleming has organized a class in "short hand" and will give instruction in that branch throughout the year.

One member of the Senior class blushes considerable upon being asked where he spent his holidays. We congratulate you, our brother, upon your success thus far. Now bring *her* around and introduce the class.

REVIEWS.

We have received the first number of the *Teacher*, a monthly paper for educators. It is very neat in appearance, and shows considerable promise in its composition. The articles all seem to be sensible and practical. We wish it success. Published by Eldredge & Brother, Philadelphia.

A bill on compulsory education in Pennsylvania, drafted by Superintendent Wickersham, has been received with the request that we suggest any amendments we desire. Any of our readers can have the draft and make what suggestions he chooses.

Wood's Household Magazine, which has always been a valuable and popular monthly for the home circle, is now taking quite a step forward. With the advent of the New Year it will be enlarged to 100 pages and otherwise greatly improved. It is warmly recommended by those who have read it, but we will quote only one comment. "*Wood's Household Magazine* is an intellectual and moral educator."—*Christian Advocate*.

The World, published every day in the year, is sent by mail, post-paid, at \$10.00, or \$5.50 for six months. The Monday issue, whose second page is devoted to the Book Reviews and COLLEGE CHRONICLE, is sent separately at \$1.50, or 50 cents for four months. All subscriptions should be addressed to

"THE WORLD, 35 Park Row, N. Y."

EXCHANGES.

The *University Magazine* (Pa.) has a column entitled "Penn and Pennsylv Sketches."

We are gratified to see that our exchanges appreciate the CAMPUS, both by the favorable notices they give us, and also by the paragraphs they copy from our Local and Educational departments. But in this connection, allow us to mildly suggest that it might be proper to give us credit for such appropriations.

We take pains to make our educational columns reliable, and freely offer their information to the public; but when we see articles of some length copied *verbatim* with no acknowledgment, it is unavoidable to "form an opinion" of the papers doing so. We will mention no names at present, hoping "A hint to the wise, etc."

The *Kenyon Advance* gives us some excellent editorials in the last number. "Indifference" is an earnest appeal for a "higher tone of manhood" in the college. We admire the writer's vigorous enthusiasm. We need some such editorials in other colleges. The article on "Electioneering" strongly,—possibly too strongly,—points out the evils of society and fraternity "electioneering." The paper on "Reading Aloud" ought to be read aloud by every student, and would not harm a few others. The *Advance* deserves credit for the practical nature of its articles. We would advise more general college news than it contains.

We have desired for some time to notice the *Pa. College Monthly*. It certainly presents some excellent points. The contributed articles are above the average,—both in regard to the interest of the subjects, and the ability with which they are treated. The locals are abundant and spicy, and the general news are carefully selected. The *Monthly* differs from other College papers in the composition of its editorial corps,—one editor being chosen from the faculty, one from the alumni association, and one from each of the literary societies.

The *Southern Collegian* from Washington and Lee University is one of our new acquaintances. It approaches nearest to a literary magazine of any of our college exchanges, containing about 60 pages exclusive of advertisements. Time has been lacking to review it carefully, but what we have read has given us a favorable opinion of the *Collegian*. It will be a welcome visitor.

The *Oestrus* is a weekly new-comer of 5 pages from the University of California. Its avowed aim is to combat secret fraternities. We will say nothing about the worthiness of this object, but consign it to the tender mercies of the *Syracusan*, another new exchange, conducted by the fraternities of Syracuse University. Each has its merits; but perhaps we would offend the one by praising the other, so we abstain.

That we have not heretofore noticed the *Trinity Tablet* is not from lack of appreciation. Its neat appearance alone would commend it to our favor. The quality of its paper and the beauty of its type are unexcelled. One thing seems to embarrass the editors, and that is lack of space. Even with the frequent issue of supplements, they still seem to be cramped. If the *Tablet* were larger, more space might be given to literary matter, which is highly desirable. The last number contains an incident in verse entitled "The Biter Bit, or the Bitter Bite," which is illustrated by cartoons. This seems to be a new experiment in college journalism.

The *Critic*, which is published by the Hopkins Grammar School at New Haven, compares favorably with many of the papers from our large colleges. One plan of the *Critic*, we think, deserves commendation. It offers prizes for the best essays sent them for publication. The benefits resulting therefrom are evident, and we see no reason why college papers may not as appropriately and conveniently give such prizes as literary societies.

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