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Box 408.
'Tis sweet to hear the Sabbath bells
Ring out across the lea;
And all my soul responsive wakes
To their sweet melody.

'Tis sweet to know that every note
Proclaims God’s wondrous love,
And tells how he doth condescend
To look from heaven above
And pity sinners such as we,
And offer up his son,
That whose’er believeth him
Might never be undone.

Their notes are always sweet, but now—
What is the theme they ring?
It thrills my soul and wakens some
Responsive echoing string.
First, one bell swells upon the breeze,
Another then—then three;
A moment and a fourth begins,
And joins the melody.
And somehow those four chiming bells
No discord make to me;
Tho' diff'rent each, they blend and join
In one sweet harmony.

What matter tho' in rival towers
Of varying creeds they swing?
Some power has linked their notes one
Through all the years to sing. [song
One song that, as the cycles pass,
Its sweetness shall not lose;
And as I sit and listen to
Their blended tones, I muse.
Shall we say we alone are right
And all the world is wrong?
Nay, rather let our voices swell
In one grand, glorious song;
Let creeds and factions be forgot,
And this our only thought—
That God is God, and we are his,
By Jesus’ life-blood bought;
Till o’er the world—north, east, west,
From mountain to the sea, [south,
We see God’s people one in mind
For all eternity.
Then ring, ring out, ye Sabbath bells,
O’er woodland vale and lea;
And to all people sing the song
Ye’ve sung so well for me.

SEPT., 1892.
A FORTNIGHT IN DRESDEN.

One of the most charming places in Europe—certainly one of the most beautiful cities in Germany—is Dresden, the capital of the kingdom of Saxony. It is delightfully situated in the edge of the mountain region of south east Saxony, and lies on both sides of the Elbe, the two parts of the city being connected by three enormous stone bridges which span this beautiful river. Above the city the river is shut into a narrow, winding channel, and the mountains rise up very abruptly on either side, but below the city the valley of the river widens out very considerably and from the level plane, a mile or two from the river, rise the mountains in long graceful slopes.

If you were in our own “land of the sky”—Asheville—and should take a train on the Western N. C. R. R. coming this way, in a few minutes after leaving the city you would round the end of Beaucatcher and immediately enter the lovely Swanannnoah Valley which bears a striking resemblance to the valley of the Elba. The chief difference in appearance is that while in Western N. C. the mountains are wild and for the most part densely wooded, those in the valley of the Elbe are in a high state of cultivation, or laid out as pleasure grounds and kept with as much care as Central Park in New York, the whole area being dotted over with magnificent villas, with here and there a stately old castle.

Dresden is not noted for its commercial activity being outstripped by a number of German towns inferior to it in size, but it is pre-eminently a residence city, not only giving employment to a hosts of artists and affording to a large number of students from various parts of the world opportunity for studying art and music, but being the home of a great many people of wealth, who have been attracted thither by the salubrity of its climate, the picturesqueness of its scenery and the charm of its social life. The remainder of the inhabitants—the entire population is a trifle more than a quarter of a million—are for the most part the shop keepers, artisans, and so on, who cater to the wants of these artists, students and pleasure seekers.

Of the foreign element, which is unusually large, the great majority are English and Americans, and these are so numerous that one sees English and American faces at every turn, and hears them chatting with each other in English so much that he almost forgets that he is in a foreign city. They have taken possession of large portions of the city called the English and American quarters respectively, in which the streets and houses are especially
handsome and living is proportionally dear.

During the past summer it was my good fortune to spend a fortnight in Dresden and its environs. The morning after I reached the city I started out for a preliminary ramble (as I always did on reaching a new place) in order to "see how the land lay" and feel somewhat at home. In getting this first impression of the place, the thing that struck me most, I believe, was the marked contrast between these "quarters" and the rest of the city. Some days afterwards I met a German lady, a member of the Baptist Mission church, who lived in the American quarter, and when I asked for an explanation she replied that she liked the quiet Sundays—And, indeed a quiet Sunday is a luxury rarely enjoyed in Germany.

In this preliminary ramble I found that there was enough to see in the way of merely external beauty to keep one busy for weeks. In point of architecture Dresden has risen to considerable distinction in recent years, having been for so long the home of Semper, one of the greatest German architects of the present century. Many of the public buildings and churches, as well as some private edifices, are well worth careful study. One of the most interesting parts of the city is on the left bank of the river, near the western end of the Bruhl Terrace. The Hof-Theatre, by Semper, is one of the most magnificent theatre's in Europe, and occupies the site of the old theatre by the same architect which was burned down in 1869. It is adorned with statues of distinguished men and other sculptural ornaments, and the interior, which is capable of accommodating two thousand spectators, is gorgeously decorated with wall and ceiling paintings by eminent artists. The Zwinger, which contains the picture gallery and a number of museums, collections of casts, coins, drawings, scientific instruments, models &c., is one of the most interesting structures in Dresden, although it is only a small part of the original magnificent design. The museum forms the western wing of the Zwinger, and was designed by Semper. In the same neighborhood are the Royal Palace, two of the finest churches in Dresden, and various other buildings of interest. The Bruhl Terrace, which extends along the river for more than half a mile, is a favorite promenade and commands a fine view of the river and of the mountains above the city.

The picture gallery at Dresden contains one of the four finest collections of paintings in existence, and, of course, I spent there, first and last, a good many hours. The most famous picture in the whole gallery is Raphael's "Sistine Madonna," which occupies a room to itself, and which is seen every day by great throngs of people who
linger there by the hour to be thrilled by the marvelous beauty of this great masterpiece. A large curtain has been rolled back, and the Virgin, with the infant Jesus in her arms, has just stepped out of heaven upon the light, airy clouds, and seems to stand so far out from the canvas that one is kept uneasy, in spite of himself, for fear she will take one more step and be down on the floor beside him. She has a very striking face, with its calm, serene expression, and magnificent, soulful eyes. The child, on the other hand, has a half-frightened expression, and, I believe, on the whole left a bad impression on me and detracted from the beauty of the picture. But this is quite in harmony with what I had so frequently brought to my mind, that those who are so anxious to magnify the Virgin generally find that they have little room left for the Saviour himself.

Going up the river from Dresden the mountains become loftier and much picturesque and bear such a striking resemblance to the Alps that, for more than a century, this region of country has been called Saxon Switzerland. The mountains are almost entirely of sandstone, and are frequently quite rugged and picturesque, the rocks in many places assuming the most grotesque shapes. The general appearance of the country is somewhat peculiar, as the mountains are mostly isolated peaks of solid rock dotted over the region so thickly that, from an elevated position, one may see a number of them at once. Although these mountains run up to a considerable height, they are generally narrow and run so that they may tower up above the one on which you stand and be so near that with field glasses the trees, the rocks with their fantastic shapes, and even people, are plainly visible, thus giving a magnificent short-range view and still not cut off much of the distant prospect of charming valleys and gentle slopes which lie far beyond and which fold into one another so gracefully. From the summit of the Bastei, perhaps the finest point in Saxon Switzerland, one gets a view of several miles of the Elbe, including some of the most picturesque parts of it. Climbing out on a ledge of rock and leaning over an iron railing, we could look almost vertically downward upon the river hundreds of feet below us and watch the little steamers go by crowded with gay pleasure-seekers who looked like little dwarfs standing on the decks and waving their handkerchiefs at us.

I made a tour of several days through these mountains, traveling, of course, on foot, and during this time was thrown with a number of Germans, especially young men, and found it an unusually favorable opportunity for studying them. I found several who were economizing and saving money in order to
try their fortunes in the New World, while all of them were more or less interested in America and took advantage of every opportunity of studying English that offered itself.

It is always amusing to hear one speak a language which he is just learning, and if I made sport for the Germans I sometimes got a little fun out of them in turn. A difficulty with the languages is that there are a number of words which sound alike but have different meanings. For example: *Bekommen* means to get, but its sound suggests the English word *become*. So, when Mr. M., the pastor of the Baptist church in Dresden, wished to tell me about going to the mountains on horseback, he said: "I *became* a horse and started off to the mountains, &c." As we had already been on our feet eight hours that day, and were plodding our weary way toward the nearest inn, I suggested that if he had the power of thus transforming himself into a horse, he could save me the toil of the remaining two miles walk.

R. E. C.

---

**ALFRED TENNYSON.**

In the realm of literature many have attained eminence, but few have reached the height to which Alfred Tennyson rose.

He was born August 5th, 1809, at Somersby, Lincolnshire, England, and died October 6th, 1892.

As his birth was an event that distinguished the opening decade of this famous century, so his death is among the sad occurrences of its closing one.

He was descended from noble ancestors, and his father was a scholarly clergyman, from whom the young Tennyson received that early cultivation of mind and heart that fitted him for the prominent place he was to fill in life. The home of his boyhood was one where books were plentiful and learning was held in high esteem. The Tennyson family of twelve children produced three poets, but Alfred stands above them all as a literary man.

At five years of age Tennyson composed his first poetic line without knowing it, when with outstretched arms, he said: "I hear a voice that's speaking in the wind."

In due time he attended Trinity College, Cambridge, where he had as school-fellows, such men as Thackeray and Hallam.

At eighteen years of age he published the first productions of his brain and pen. It was the joint work of himself and his brother Charles, and has little merit, as it is dull and lacks originality.
Two years later, however, he won the "Chancellor's Medal" by a poem entitled, Timbuctoo," the first of his writings in blank verse to appear in print.

In 1830, "Poems Chiefly Lyricai" appeared, and "Poems" published in 1832 showed his genius as a poet; but so severe was the criticism passed on them that for ten years he remained silent. But in 1842, that silence was broken by lofty strains that made the singer famous and gave him a reputation as the first poet of his age.

Two poems of great merit followed: "The Princess," a medley, which was his first long poem, in 1847, and three years later, "In Memoriam," the third great elegy in the language, written in memory of his intimate friend, Arthur Henry Hallam. Many regard this as his masterpiece.

Two other important events of his life occurred during the same year, his marriage to Miss Emily Sellwood, and the bestowal of the merited office of Poet Laureate at the death of Wordsworth.

"Maud, and Other Poems," in 1855, was not favorably received, but "The Idylls of the King," published in 1859 and in 1870, elicited an outburst of popular applause, and has since been illustrated by the painter's art and translated into foreign tongues.

Among his works of 1864 are some finely finished poems. "The Holy Grail" came out in 1869, and after that time the Poet Laureate turned his attention to writing dramas, some of which are quite popular, as "Queen Mary," published in 1875, and "Harold," in 1877.

In old age his pen was not inactive: "Becket," was produced in 1884, "Tiresias," in 1885, and "Locksley Hall—Sixty Years After," in 1886.

A very popular collection entitled "Demeter and Other Poems," appeared in 1890, and later still, that lovely gem, "Crossing the Bar."

Tennyson wrote a great deal of poetry in his long and quiet life, and while it cannot be denied that many faults appear, especially in his earlier writings, yet it must be allowed that the magic of his pen has built monuments grander than any the hand of man can construct of bronze or marble.

His vivid imagination is shown in the beautiful pictures he paints in his poems. Nature in her various forms, the joys of home, the relations of man to man and of the creature to the Creator, forms the subject-matter of his poetry.

The following may show his fondness for the voices of nature:

"Sweet is thy voice, but every sound is sweet;
Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn;
The moan of doves in immemorial elms
And murmuring of innumerable bees."

Or this from "In Memoriam" may indicate his devotion:

"But, what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry."
There is running through it all a harmony and melody which display the music of the poet's soul. He is artistic and original, and abounds in Saxon forms so expressive of the tender emotions of the writer and the pathetic scenes he pictures to the admiring eye.

While many have criticized the poetry of Tennyson, many others have tried to imitate his style.

The biography of the great poet would be hard to write at present, as he has but lately lived; and his life, retired from the popular gaze, was marked by few events suited to arrest public attention. If we would know his biography, we must read his poetry.

He never knew that "eternal want of pence" from which most poets suffer; but, like Virgil, found favor with royalty and was a man of means besides. In 1883 he accepted a peerage and became Baron D'Eyncourt.

Men of all the ranks of life read his verses and were delighted; but Alfred Tennyson is no longer among men, and the Anglo-Saxon race mourns his loss.

When the Angel of Death summoned him to come up higher, his hand was resting on the pages of Shakespeare, while the soft light of the Harvest Moon fell upon his couch.

ENOC ARDEN.

Peter Bayne says of Lord Tennyson, that "he can select with the ease of magic the word that is, of all others, the best for the purpose."

Very plainly does he show this in "Enoch Arden," which a critic has pronounced "one of his most finished and successful works."

The story opens with three children playing by the sea-side:—two boys and a girl, they were. Years pass on and childhood gives way to manhood and womanhood.

The young men both love Annie Lee, but Enoch is her choice.

Enoch and Annie woo and wed, and children grace their home. But Enoch falls from a mast and is injured. After weeks of suffering, he is well again; and, seeing the need of greater means that he may well support his loved ones, he takes passage on a vessel bound for China. He meets with success, but on the return the vessel is wrecked, and he is left upon a lonely island.

The years go by and Philip Ray, the slighted lover, asks to have the privilege of aiding the family of the absent sailor. After Enoch has been away for years, Philip proposes to the lady of his early love, and, after repeated delays, is accepted.

Enoch is finally picked up by a vessel and brought back to England. He finds his old home for sale; and wanders to the port where the sad story is told him by the innkeeper.

He does not make himself known but creeps up to the house of Philip at evening, and gazes on the homeliike scene within. Then he turns away, and, like the hero determines
not to destroy the happiness of the home.

After a year, fatal sickness comes, and he relates the whole story of his life, binding the inn-keeper, however, not to let it be known until after his death.

The hero dies, and the little port honors him with a costly funeral.

The poem is beautiful and pathetic. The poet's skill is shown in narrating Enoch's woes and presenting the fine traits in the hero and the other two leading characters. Some fine passages are those suggested by Holy Writ, as:

"Cast all your cares on God; that anchor holds. Is He not yonder in those uttermost parts of the morning? If I flee to these, Can I go from Him? and the sea is His, The sea is His: He made it.

The simplicity of the poem, its melodious flow of verse, the happy choice of words, and the masterly touches in picturing home and human affection afford to the reader a lovely and charming production of literary genius. G. F. H.

---

CIGARETTE SMOKING.

That cigarette smoking is an evil all admit, but we feel sure that few appreciate fully its fearful effects or prevalence. To our minds cigarette smoking is not only a pernicious habit, but a national danger, an evil already vying with intemperance, and a menace to our country's manhood, both physical and intellectual. It will be the aim of this article to incite serious thought on the subject, as the first step towards remedying the evil.

Let us first consider the effects on the body of cigarette smoking. Volumes of testimony could be adduced showing the terrible effects of this habit.

At West Point, no one is admitted as a student if he is a cigarette smoker. Sometime past a young man was standing the entrance examination. To the usual question, "do you smoke?", he answered "no". You can't deceive me, young man", said the old examiner.

"Haven't I noticed that coating on your tongue, and that yellowish tinge on your lips and fingers? We don't want you," It takes a clear mind and a strong body to go through the curriculum at West Point, and experience has proven that the smoker is unequal to the strains.

Laflin, the champion athlete of the world, takes a column and a half in a newspaper to express his abhorrence of the habit.

Year before last the President of the Eastern (Base Ball) League said that what most injures players is "women, whiskey, and tobacco."
Doctors everywhere condemn the habit as hurtful and even dangerous, and this, although themselves smokers.

Cigarette smoking, keepers of insane asylums tell us, is a frequent cause of insanity. The other day we read of a boy of twelve years being a raving maniac as the result of cigarette smoking.

Almost every disease is induced by smoking.

General Grant, as is well known, died from cancer of the tongue, caused by smoking. Heart affections, lung diseases of every kind are caused by smoking. The lungs become coated with nicotine, the blood is imperfectly oxidized, and, in consequence, the whole body is enfeebled and made liable to disease of every kind.

By actual trial it has been demonstrated that the capacity of the lungs is diminished one half by smoking. No one, then who wishes to excel in anything requiring the lung power can afford to smoke. One cannot smoke and be a good athlete.

But terrible as are its effects upon all, it is upon the young that cigarette smoking tells most fearfully. Let a boy of say ten years, start to smoking and smoke until manhood. His body will be dwarfed a third.

The boy smoker has his lungs enfeebled, hence his blood is not properly oxidized; his stomach is disordered, and so his food does not digest properly. Thus the young body finds itself deprived of both food and air, and proper growth is impossible.

Now let us notice the effects on the mind. The cigarette habit effects mind as much as body, and its effects on the former are as much more to be dreaded, as mind is of more importance than body.

The presidents of our best colleges say that the smoker rarely does well, as regards either recitations or examinations. At Richmond College, the proportion of those who smoke to the total number of students is much larger than the proportion of smokers in the graduating class. This observation may be extended to Greek medalists, etc.

I am convinced that quickness of thought is lessened by smoking. This is especially observable in the case of games requiring quickness of thought. For instance, I know a man who sometime ago was the champion checker player of the State. Since that time he has smoked incessantly, and now, although he has kept in practice, he plays a very ordinary game.

It is but just to expect that the mind will be enfeebled by this habit. The mind always suffers from an enfeebled body.

In this case the effects are similar to those experienced when breathing the poisoned air of a crowded house. In the latter instance the mind becomes relaxed, thinking is slow and different. And why? Because the blood is not sufficiently oxidized. But this is precisely the
case with the smoker, and so we must expect the effects to be the same.

Much could be said on the moral side of this question, but space allows few words. Looked at from any standpoint, smoking is a sin.

The smoker has no right to weaken his powers of mind and body, to shorten his life, to transmit to his descendants the effects of the habit and a tendency to it. Every cigarette is a sin against one’s self, against others, against one’s Maker.

All that I have said of smoking in general, applies with double force to cigarette smoking, for in this case, the smoker is poisoned not by nicotine alone, but by three or four other poisons, by the opium with which the tobacco is flavored, the arsenic, etc.,

I close with a quotation from a writer in one of our leading magazines.

After pointing out that Americans by reason of their nervous temperament, are the most inveterate smokers, he said:—‘‘Americans must stop smoking, or in a few generations we shall be a nation of dwarfs.”

N. N.

THE STORY OF A DIME.

We exist in the midst of associations of which our knowledge is comparatively meagre. If we were enlightened concerning the externals, with which we come in frequent contact, we would often be observant when it is our wont to be listless, and appreciate when we are wholly indifferent. The traveler loitering in the shade of the “Charter Oak” never dreamed the secret of the tree that spread its branches protectingly over him.

Men move hurriedly and somewhat indiscriminately in some of the vocations of life, but inform them they stand where valor has wrought accomplishments and bravery left its impress, and they stand in silent admiration of the examples which they are privileged to emulate. What is apparently insignificant is often a centre of importance. Careful observation along the highway of human existence will attest the fact.

History secure in the memory of men is sometimes partially buried in oblivion, and indeed the masses pass thoughtlessly through life in the enjoyment of privileges which a hardy ancestry won by perseverance and privations. A due cognizance of the fact that all our associations have a history will increase our regard for them and
THE STORY OF A DIME.

impart an additional zest to the minor affairs of life.

A short while ago the writer held in his hand a dime whose scarred features evinced signs of a tempestuous journey through the vicissitudes of a quarter of a century. It suggested consideration and ushered in a train of thoughts, forcing me to the ejaculation: "Speak, silent monitor, and unfold an account of the wanderings through the mart of exchange." It was non-communicative, and, beyond its appearance, gave no account of itself.

Though in a sense a witness to many notable changes, reformations and inventions, it steadfastly held its own counsel and kept within its metallic grasp all objects of an inquisitive solicitation. Slightly abashed but nothing deterred, the inquirer determined to attempt its biography from present appearance. Gentle reader, lend your attention, and it shall be yours to decide whether the wanderings of the dime are worth perusal.

Passing hurriedly over the period of infancy of the metal when it reposed in its native cradle, we follow it from the mine through the refining processes into the mint, from which it issues a bright new coin of facial value. In such a rapid transit we have ignored scenes of action in some sequestered mountain nook where the miners' stroke registered steady labor. But it is ours to follow the dime in a pilgrimage from the mint of these United States.

The journey may be a long and circuitous one as the coin under consideration has a dominion extending from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada and from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The aristocratic name of United States of America evinced royal lineage for the time-worn souvenir, for where does national honor and national pride surpass ours?

But, to follow the dime through an adventurous apprenticeship under many owners is our aim. To such an end let us turn our eyes in retrospection. By personification, for convenience, we will hear its own story in some such language as this:

"I went out from my home among the hills to figure in the world's business mart. Disappointment has not blasted my hopes as aspirant for such prominent association. My home has been on the restless wave of exchange, and my observation has rested on all shades of humanity. I have observed a great diversity of character in my eventful career.

"Association has alternated between mirth and monotony, for I have been in palaces of wealth and hovels of poverty. The millionaire has welcomed me in his princely abode, where I had the pleasure of meeting innumerable kinsmen both great and small. I could only
wonder how such vast acquisitions could be accumulated in the short duration of one man's labors. I have been the sole occupant of the beggar's pocket, and then it was I keenly felt my insignificance and longed for influential associations. Many times have I been in the hands of the spendthrift, but before making an analysis of his character I passed into other hands. Weary and way-worn, he granted me no rest in a well filled and growing purse!

"I have found the tendency to part with their money quite prevalent among dashing, brilliant youths, such as are rightly termed spendthrifts. In many of my exchanges I have felt a sense of relief when transferred to new owners. Once, however, I awoke to find a miser my owner. With a great number of kindred coins, whose brightness inaction had marred, I spent a dull sojourn. Finally, weeks lengthened into months and months into years. How I longed for activity amid new scenes outside the miser's realm! Necessity eventually presented its grim visage in that household and took me away as trophy. I regarded my escape from the miser as a timely deliverance. Once again in the atmosphere of freedom, I resumed my accustomed rounds, and existence assumed its old-time hue. This life would be deprived of half its sweets and all its victories were it not for the employments afforded.

"In all my wanderings through the States and Territories of this united republic. I have found men on the alert and ready to welcome me into their estates.

"This is true of the hardy Northerner who pushes his enterprises with praiseworthy vim and looks all the time for dividends. It is characteristic of the busy Westerner who figures conspicuously upon the plains of the great West—nature's nobleman upon nature's arena. The same is also true of the impulsive Southerner who now basks in the sunlight of prosperity, surrounded by resources bountifully diffused. "My observation does not lead me to a denial of the time-sanctioned saying, 'Money is a mighty monarch, and all men seek favor at the shrine of wealth.'

"The highways to this popular goal are densely thronged and the ongoing hosts stay not their footsteps in prosperity nor adversity. Devious by-paths are also flecked with aspirants for the selfsame goal. The craze for wealth is a heritage which has come from father to son since the long ago.

"But I have diverged from my wanderings to give impressions gleaned by the wayside. During my pilgrimage I have passed times innumerable from the buyer to the seller and in such a promiscuous exchange, have glanced into the counting-rooms of most all the mercantile houses in my province."
"I have been instrumental in the purchase of every commodity, and have a partial insight into most human vocations. I have bayed the wolf at the door of penury, and paid interest on notes of usury. I have succored the needy and fostered the indolent.

"My value has oscillated between bankruptcy and premium, and my reputation has waivered with that of my owners. One day I was in an insolvent firm and passed for my potent relative—dollar. The next day, however, I was recognized upon my characteristic features, and passed on in my accustomed sphere.

"One night when the winds were boisterous and icicles were pendent from mossy roofs, I laid me down to sleep in the crowded precincts of an ample safe. An honest man turned a combination lock and placed a watch over me. A dishonest trio outwitted this caution, and before another sun shone over that ice fettered region, I was whirling, an unwilling captive, towards the haunts of the vicious.

"I have been a factor in immense deals, and upon a low estimate have discharged the duties of a modest dime at least a million times. Youth has gazed fondly upon me. Age has beamed benevolently upon me and stored me away for a rainy day. Men have resorted to art and cunning and even purjured their souls to obtain possesion of me.

"Poor deluded mortals, to imperil so much and receive so little! I have been rendered the instigator of debauchery as well as the agent of benevolence. I have carried bread to the mouth of the hungry, medicine to the afflicted, and succor to the oppressed. I am always a willing agent on missions of philanthropy.

"I have been handed over the miserable bar counter, as compensation for damnable alcoholic spirits with which depraved manhood has lulled an insatiate craving. No exchange has so humiliated me as this, for I have seen engulfed in the bane of intemperance manhood which was destined for almost infinitely purer enjoyment. May that day never dawn in which the national worth, ancestral heritages and unsullied honor of these United States of America shall approach too near the maelstrom of intemperance, but may this country in the galaxy of majestic nations still command her wonted prestige and surpass her former record in lofty attainments."

With this wish concerning the weal and progress of our beloved Union, and with thanks for your attentive ear during this simple egotistical and somewhat questionable biographical recital, believe me in the interest of the dime.

WAYLAND.
This is truly an age of progress and of reform. Nations change their forms of government without the clashing of arms, or the roar of artillery. The sciences are constantly disclosing the hidden things of nature. Old methods are relegated to the past; new and better ones succeed them. In education too there has been marvelous progress. In nearly every hamlet and village which dots our land, can be seen the school-master surrounded by bright-eyed boys and girls who are anxious to prepare themselves for the arena of active life. Academies colleges and universities into which men and women are crowding are springing up all around us. The father no longer considers it his duty to educate only his boys.

With songs on our lips and joy in our hearts, we welcome the day that ushered in the new order of things and gave to woman the opportunity of entering the field of intellectual development side by side with man.

In other directions not necessary to mention here, are seen marked evidences of activity and progress. Indeed there are seen evidences of too much activity. I have observed with some misgivings steps taken for the so-called education of women. I am not opposed to the education of women. I am heartily in favor of it, but like every thing else in which there is great activity mistakes are sometimes found. It is with these I desire to deal. I have no theory to advance, no plan to suggest by which they may be remedied.

The present system of female education does not prepare women for the performance of their duties in life. The sphere in which Infinite Wisdom intended woman to occupy is the home circle. She is the main factor in our social fabric, the centre of our social system. Upon her hangs the destiny of nations and around her lesser lights are intended to move. Unless she is following the path clearly marked out by the hand of God, the law written indelibly upon the eternal tablets is a dead letter.

Woman's sphere of labor differs from man's. Her education therefore should differ also. I do not claim that it should be entirely different, for she has intellect, sensibilities, will, which have been given her for use and development, by which she can perform better the duties assigned her.

It is time almost lost for one who expects to be a tiller of the soil to spend a few years studying music. A physician does not spend the bloom of youth and the vigor of manhood tracing the formation of languages, or trying to find out whether the human race is descended
NEED OF REFORM IN FEMALE EDUCATION.

from tad-poles in order to cure the ills of men. A man would have a difficult task to obtain a situation as a machinist whose only qualification was a knowledge of English literature. The conclusion forces itself upon me that woman's education should differ materially from man's.

Let us see how it does differ. In one of the leading female institutions of the country, which is modelled after the schools for men, the course of instruction differs from that of this institution in that it is higher and more extended, and has an addition to the academic schools, the schools of Music and Painting. In another institution for women, where the course of instruction is very much like ours though not so high, instruction in music, painting, book-keeping, typewriting, stenography and physiology is given. Out of more than two hundred students at one of the institution alluded to above, there were seven who studied physiology, two book-keeping, and one typewriting and stenography. With the exception of music and painting in what respect has their education differed from man's? How has it prepared them to discharge better the duties they will soon be called upon to perform?

Will any one say that a knowledge of music and painting, besides what knowledge can be gotten at a first-class common school is all that a woman needs to be a help-meet to a man with whom she may cast her lot? Surely not. Then where is she to get that which she lacks? Even if this were all she needed what becomes of her music and painting?

As a rule there are but few years from the time a girl leaves the halls of a first-class institution with her diploma to the day she bids farewell to the happy hours of single blessedness. Thrown out into a new world she losses the pleasure she once experienced as she sits beside the piano. Now she seldom performs. This is left for others and younger ones to do. Her knowledge of painting, obtained in one or two years is soon forgotten. For, I am told by one who has studied it for a number of years, nothing of importance can be learned in that short time.

The easel upon which is placed the life-size crayon of him who is to scatter roses along her pathway, now rests in peace in one corner of her room. Her palette is no longer used. Her brush is never taken from its case. Thus for practical purposes her education upon which so much stress was laid, has proven itself to be of little importance. She feels her education was a delusion. She realizes, as some one has expressed it, that it was a "respectable humbug." And, impelled by a desire to keep others from sailing through dangerous seas she raises her voice to warn them. But some will not listen. They learn in the years to come, however, in God's great school of experience.
It is plain, therefore her education has differed very little for practical purposes, none at all, from that of man's. Has she been prepared for a position in life distinctively her own? If it is claimed, nevertheless, that she is qualified for her position, by this education, it follows that a man with a similar education could perform the same duties as well as a woman. But this conclusion is certainly not true. Therefore the supposition is not true.

HEROISM.

The heroic always awakens within us emotions of admiration and love. Knowing this, many strive for, and, in the eyes of a shallow thinking world, often attain the much coveted title of hero, when they are only moved by the desire of the applause of others. Some one has beautifully said of humility, that it is a virtue which grows only in the shadow: bring it to the light, let the possessor discover that he has it, and straightaway it droops and dies in the atmosphere of pride and haughtiness.

This is no less true in regard to heroism, for no one ever imagined himself a hero without by that very fact proclaiming that he was unworthy of the title. But what is heroism? We may define it as the sacrifice of self for the sake of others, with no thought on the part of the performer of the heroic action, that his deed will even be of advantage to himself.

No one would ever think of calling that man a hero who, before entering upon a business speculation, carefully computed the gain which would probably arise to him from so doing; and he who upon the field of battle encounters danger, and perhaps even death, with no higher motive than to gain the applause of the world, is no more a hero than the crafty speculator. Both of them desire gain for self, the one of glory, the other of money, but both of them equally gain, and neither would do aught did he not believe he would be benefited thereby.

I would not be understood as asserting that there is no such thing as heroism upon the field of battle,
for oftimes real heroism is there displayed; yet when it is, it springs from no selfish motive, but from love and devotion to country or friends.

There was never a nobler hero than Scotch Wallace, and yet his heroism consisted not in the mighty deeds which he performed, but in his deep devotion to his country and consecration to the cause of liberty and justice.

Not often is the world treated to a grander spectacle of heroism than that displayed in the conduct of our own noble Washington, and yet we love and revere his name, not so much for his actions, as for the motives which impelled him to those actions, an all consuming love for his native land, and a desire to see her rights and liberties maintained at any cost.

But it is in private life that we more often find real heroes than in the exciting scenes of the camp and the battlefield. The reason for this is not hard to describe. If heroism forbids all kinds of selfishness, then we shall most probably find it where there is least temptation to perform a deed for the advantage it will bring to self. The soldier who falls upon the field of battle, in defence of his country, dies with the proud consciousness that future ages will bemoan his loss and honor his memory; but seldom indeed have the names of those who have sacrificed themselves for friend or family been handed down to posterity. These heroes know full well that when they die no poet will sing their praises in melodious verse, or orators tell with thrilling eloquence the story of their grand and noble deeds, yet they willingly suffer and die in order that they may preserve the lives of those near and dear to them. Therefore are they worthy of our highest encomiums, our warmest admiration.

Thus we see that in order to determine real heroism we must not only scan the deed performed, but also analyze the motives which led to its execution, and then, and only then, can we pronounce intelligently upon its heroic qualities. But when we see heroism exciting such noble emotions in our breasts we naturally inquire, How may we thus move the hearts of others? Manifestly we can never become heroes by striving so to be, for our very efforts would defeat our aspirations, but we may attain our desire by indirection.

Let us rid ourselves of self, remove all ignoble thoughts and purposes from our hearts, endeavor always to have them full of kindness towards others, and, perhaps, some day we may receive the mead of praise accorded the hero, when we have but performed a deed which has seemed to us only the natural action of a loving heart.

X. Y. Z.
Perhaps no man who has contributed to English thought can be called peculiar with as much propriety as Dean Swift. His whole life and all his acts are masses of peculiarities.

In the first place, he was peculiarly adapted to making every one around him unhappy. There are times, perhaps, in the life of almost everyone when life is not so sweet as it might be, but Swift seems always to have been in this lamentable condition. It is said that he fasted on each birthday, read the sixth chapter of Job, and was often heard to say, "Let the day perish wherein I was born."

In his social relations he was most peculiar. Some one says, "His whole life was made miserable by sorrow and revenge. He fostered and exaggerated a terrible pride and made the haughtiest of ministers bow beneath his arrogance." He was poor and possessed only a small "Irish living," yet he treated them as his equals, or even as his inferiors.

On one occasion, the Prime Minister sent him fifty pounds for some of his articles. He indignantly returned the money, demanded an apology, received it and wrote in his note book, "I have taken the Prime Minister back into favor."

One of his biographers says he carried his arrogance to the verge of brutality, and tyranny. On one occasion he approached a countryman, and, without any salutation, then began as follows; "Pray, sir, do you remember any good weather in this world?" After staring at him a while, the countryman replied, "Yes, sir; thank God I remember a great deal of good weather in my life." "That is more than I can say," said Swift; "I never knew any weather that was not too hot, or too cold, too wet, or too dry, but, however, God Almighty contrives it; at the end of the year 'tis all very well."

On another occasion while dining with Earl of Burlington, he began as follows, "Lady Burlington, I hear you sing; sing me a song." The lady, surprised at his uncivil manner, positively refused. He said she should sing, or he would make her. At this she burst into tears and retired. His first compliment on meeting her soon after was, "Pray, madam, are you as proud and ill-natured now as when I saw you last?"

Strange to say, he had a couple of sweethearts. Upon these he bestowed his love and confidence, each ignorant of his relation to the other. Finally one of them, hearing of his conduct, wrote her rival. The letter was given Swift. He carried it, threw it before her, turned and left her forever. She
PECULIARITIES OF DEAN SWIFT.

died of a broken heart. He married the other, but, strange to say, never recognized her as his wife, and never spoke to her except in the presence of a third person. After his marriage he was more unhappy. He hurried from the place as soon as the ceremony was performed and went to the Archbishop. Some one, going into the palace where the Archbishop was, met Swift coming out and found the Archbishop weeping. "You have met the most unhappy man on earth," said he, "but you must not ask me the cause of his misfortune." A secret is connected with this that was never divulged. Efforts were made to learn it, but it was buried with those whom it concerned and to whom it was intrusted.

Swift was a minister and an author. He lived during the "Classic reign" of Queen Anne, in which he gained some distinction. Some of his writings border profanity and vulgarity. Like many of the ministers to-day, his idea of gospel was that the more frequently "Hellfire" and "Damnation" occurred in his discourses the more gospel they contained. Hence something like the following, which is an enumeration of those who will be doomed at the judgment: "Damned lawyers, damned blockheads, damned prelates, and damned squires; "Damned preachers, damned poets, damned fools, and damned liars."

His ambition was to become an English bishop, but his brethren thought him unsuited. Some one remarks that he might a Bishop be in time did he believe in God. He was unpopular, as might be expected. Another adds further: "He was dreaded by all, loved by few, and respected by none." As a reward, he was shelved into the deanery of St. Patrick, but judging from the following, which was posted in the Cathedral, he must have been unwelcome:

"To-day this temple gets a dean, Of parts and fame uncommon. Used both to pray and to profligate; To serve both God and mammon. * * * Look down, St. Patrick, look, we pray, On thine own church and steeple! Convert thy dean on this great day, Or else, God save the people! And now whene'er his deanship dies, A man of God here buried lies Who never thought of heaven.

His last state was truly worse than the first, and his last days were spent in wretchedness, bitterness, disappointment, and remorse drove him mad. He knew it. One day he was found looking intently at a treetop which had withered. "I shall be like that tree," said he, "die at the top." And so he did. Strange to say, his fortune was left to build a mad-house. Hence the expression, "He left what little wealth he had To build a house for fools and mad."

A lesson may be learned from the life of this man. He was miserable because he was the author of his own misery. He was melancholic
because he nursed his melancholy. They were, perhaps the cause of his misery.

Notwithstanding all this, some one writing concerning him says: "Swift's memory is still revered in Ireland, and especially in Dublin; men of every party confess that he gave the first impulse to the exertions made for constitutional freedom and the consequent development of a manufacturing industry," and concludes by saying: "Then be his feelings covered by his tomb, and guardian laurels o'er his ashes bloom."

"A" Rat.

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Our College.

We shall not have two hundred students this year, although we should have twice that number. Our advantages merit a better patronage. Is there a school in the country with the location, the standard and reputation that we enjoy that can not boast of a larger enrollment than our matriculation shows. The city of Richmond a large lovely campus speak for the location of our college. Representation from fourteen States, as well as from Mexico, attest her reputation. The positions of honor that her graduates everywhere occupy, prove the depth and height of her standard. Yet with all these splendid advantages we can not muster two hundred boys!

As sure as effect follows cause, so sure is there something lacking. And as the effect is a small attendance, so the cause is a lack of enterprise. In this age of gallop and gulp, of brag and bluster; no institution can hope to keep up without a vigorous life. When some must suffer, when some must lose, we can only maintain our existence and acquire increase by the exercise of our energetic spirit. As an institution, do we not lack the aggressiveness that every where characterizes success?

Would it not be advantageous to the college to open its sessions with public exercises of a superior order? Other institutions inferior in rank, open their scholastic year with appropriate and helpful exercises. But the best exercises we have, is the exercising of some poor fellows too, and the best meetings we enjoy are the mid-night sessions of the Campus Court.

In the recent trades parade everything except our college, from a coal-cart to schools outside the cor-
Let us be gentlemen. Let us speak of our professors with the respect that they deserve, by their age, culture and position. While we are striving to master the academics, let us not lose the bearing of a gentleman.

Is our deportment here characterized by the same civility that graced our conduct at home? Do we not do in company with others what we would refrain from doing as individuals!

Let us, fellow students, be gentlemen at College as well as at home; on the campus as well as when we are alone; behind the professors backs as well as before their faces. If there is one embellishing trait in all virtue’s category it is for a man to be a gentleman on all occasions and to all persons.

Our Literary Societies.

Our literary societies are not what they ought to be. They are not appreciated as they deserve. They are not supported as they merit. Their membership should be larger, and the interest and support on the part of the members more zealous.

For a student not to identify himself with one of the societies, or a member to neglect the duties that the society imposes upon him, and the opportunities that it offers, is for a fisherman to refuse to haul his seine when it is full of fish. For a student to say that he has not time to attend the society and prepare himself for its exercises is for the
wood chopper to argue that he has not time to grind his axe.

For the student to say that he is not able to pay the society dues is for the carpenter to say that he can not afford to purchase good tools. There is no expenditure of money or consumption of time that yields a richer compensation than a few hours of earnest society work each successive week.

The first object and the final purpose of most of our College curriculum is mental agitation. What is there better calculated to agitate the mind than the selection of the most suitable phraseology and the most forcible arrangement for a speech? We do not hesitate to assert that time spent in earnest speech preparation is as strengthening to the mind and as valuable to the student as the same amount of time spent in riding the hyperbola to infinity, in memorizing Anglo-Saxon declensions, or translating the classics in acrobatic style, one eye on the original and the other on the pony. Indeed College curriculum or university routine can offer no better discipline for the mind than is afforded by the well regulated literary society.

The discipline that it gives is eminently practical and pungent in all of its parts.

There is a prevalent opinion that the literary society is helpful only to those who intend to follow some of the speech-requiring professions. This notion is correct if speech-requiring professions includes, as it should, all professions. In all undertakings success depends largely upon the facility of speech. Indeed, no more powerful ally than the persuasive tongue can be invoked either in Cupids Court or forensic fray, either in the marts of trade or the sounds of the rostrum.

So let no student imagine that the literary society does not offer advantages to him. But let every one be quick to recognize and speedy to embrace the opportunities that the society affords.

Three Classes of Boys.

Our boys may be divided into three classes:

1. We have the modest, shrinking boys. These are the ones whose cheeks mantle with crimson when the professors call on them, who never do themselves justice in the lecture-room, and whose voices are seldom heard amid the blatant merriment of the campus. Boys of this class enjoy little of college mirth and little of the golden dreams of greatness and of glory. Their spirits are usually depressed, and their hopes are generally languishing in the "slough of despond." They are dissatisfied with their past, disgusted with their present, and discouraged with their reference to the future. This is an unfortunate class. We should encourage them and stimulate them to a greater self-confidence.

2. To the next class belong the boys who are neither intoxicated by
success—nor depressed by failure. These easy-going, self-confident fellows pursue the even tenor of their way undismayed by temporary failures or present obstacles. This is a happy and a fortunate class of boys. They occupy the golden mean and usually achieve fame and fortune. It is their persistent efforts, unmanacled by gloomy forebodings and uninterrupted by melancholy reverie, that acquires space in the world’s thought and dominion over men.

3. Then we have the conceited class. Why they are conceited is as great a mystery as were the conundrums of the Egyptian Sphinx. Nature has stamped no impress of superiority upon them. Their fellow-students have not selected them as the recipients of their admiration and favors, and yet they stalk around with the pomposity of a prince and blow like a braggart of their parts and powers. We do not make a wholesale denunciation of conceit, for we believe that a little of it to be quite essential to the student’s best interest, but to be afflicted as some of the boys are—with all mouth and no worth—is a disease which should at once call forth our sympathy and our contempt.

If by some chemical process we could combine the last class with the first, we would have a happy compound.

If by some device or ingenuity we could apply the over-confidence of the last class to the despondency of the first, much would be done to promote happiness and success.

**The Messenger’s Mistake.**

This is an age of brag and bluster. Pretty nearly all publications are characterized more by exaggeration than by truth. Has not the *Messenger* fallen a victim to this pernicious custom. A custom that bastardizes truth and defeats the very purpose for which the *Messenger* is published?

Who has not heard boys on public occasions disgrace alike themselves and their society. And yet read in the *Messenger* of their glowing eloquence and pungent logic? The principle is right. We believe in encouraging and stimulating one another. We believe that the best that one can do always deserves a word of recognition and cheer, but there is a way to give it without intoxicating the recipient, stultifying the editor, outraging truth and compromising the integrity of the *Messenger*. 
Down!!!

"Oh that I had a girl."—Jimme.
"Watch him close now." "Two to one on that door."—Jun. Phys. class.

Prof. H. to Mr. J. of Texas: "Mr. J. what is the staple grain of Texas?"
Mr. J.: "Cotton, sir."

"Miss Ophelia" is very fond of watermelons.

Prof. of Physics: "When you have your arm around your friend, and your friend has his (?) arm around you, that is cohesion."

Prof. of Law: "Mr. B., what is a year?"
Mr. B.: "The time it takes the sun to make a complete revolution around the earth." We are sorry that our old friend B. has adopted the Jasperian system of philosophy.

Mr. S.: "'Juny,' President Harrison is going to be at the fair."
'Juny': "President Harrison! Who in the thunder is he?"

Rat T. asked us, "Whose son is George Ox?" On being informed that he is the son of Prof. Harris, he said that he had often noticed the resemblance between them.

Mr. W. tells us that the steamboats on the Mississippi are so large that you can stand in the middle of one of them and steal chickens from both banks at the same time. Mira- bile dictu!

Prof. H.: "Mr. M., tell us the method of procedure in shooting spies?"
Mr. M.: "They blindfold those who are to shoot, so that none may know who makes the fatal shot."

Mr. T., speaks out: "Professor, it is just the other way, isn't it? They blindfold the spy, in order that he may not know who makes the effective shot, and so have no grudge against him."

Mr. D. (to mess-hall waiter): "Will you please pass me the crystalline saccharinity."
Waiter (in great consternation): "What's dat?"

Mac. (introducing Mr. W. to a girl at the fair): "Let me introduce you my friend, Mr. Smith."
She: "No assumed names please—hallo, Geddes."

The Philologian Public Debate.
The Philologian Literary Society has decided to hold its annual public debate, on the second Friday evening in December. The following gentlemen were selected to represent them on this occasion: Reader, H. T. Harris; Declaimer, J. G. McDaniel; Debaters, H. T. Allison, H. W. Provence, F. E. Scanland and F. Williams.
Mr. H. in Latin says the Plebeians rebelled against the Patricians in order to have their debts liquified.

Oratorical Contest.
At a joint session of the literary societies, held October 14th, Mr. Claud W. Duke was chosen to represent them in the Southern Inter-State Collegiate Oratorical Contest. Mr. Frank Williams is his alternate.

Literary Club.
Since the professors and their families have taken up their residence on the campus there is quite a community of College people around us, and we have several times taken occasion to congratulate the College on this acquisition. This little community, in which the fair sex greatly predominates, has made several experiments, with more or less success, in the way of devising schemes for amusing itself, all of which we have watched with interest.

Two years ago there was organized a literary society composed of thirty or more members, including several members of the faculty, whose aim was to study Shakespeare and other English classics, and in which various topics were discussed and dignified essays read. Unfortunately this society took itself a little too seriously, and rather frowned upon anything that was not sober-minded, hard work. It was found not to have sufficient vitality to survive the rigor of such a climate, and before a year had rolled round it had come to an untimely end—frozen to death.

Contemporaneous with, and—if the truth must be told—as a sort of protest against this, there came into existence the "Fun Club," composed for the most part of those whom the older people like to call small fry," and declaring as one of its cardinal doctrines that everything with the least smell of books was to be ruled out of its meetings. Although they did nothing but pull candy and eat peanuts, there was a rumor going around that some of the older folks—even some of the professors—had been overheard confessing that they enjoyed it better than the Shakespeare Club. But examinations came along, and these meetings too were discontinued.

The experiment of the present session, the Magazine Club, promises to be much more successful, as it is in some sense a compromise between the two previous ones. The members of the club, of whom there are already more than twenty, read eight of the leading magazines—Harpers' Monthly, Atlantic Monthly, The Forum, The Century, The Cosmopolitan and others—taking two each week, and meeting on Tuesday evenings to discuss them. Besides, there are three persons appointed each week to make a condensed report of what the magazines contain, so that one who has had little time for reading may have
at least a general idea of all the articles and know which ones he is likely to find special interesting.

These informal discussions are frequently animated and quite general, being participated in by most of the company, but no talking is allowed which does not contribute to this conversation, and this is found to add very greatly to the order of the meetings.

But, "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and the club have decided that a little recreation and fun are not altogether to be despised; so after discussing the magazine for an hour and a half they adjourn promptly at half-past 9 o'clock, and play "Jenkins up" for the rest of the evening.

Geographical and Historical Notes.
The society for geographical and historic study held its first meeting of the session on October 26th.

Prof. F. W. Boatwright, the originator of the society, and one of its most earnest supporters, was re-elected president, Mr. C. W. Duke was chosen vice-president, Mr. R. W. Grixzard secretary, and Mr. R. W. Hatcher, treasurer.

Mr. H. W. Provence will report the proceedings of the society to the Dispatch; Mr. M. J. Hoover to the Times, and Mr. G. F. Hambleton, for the College Messenger.

During the session a gold medal will be awarded to the writer of the best essay presented before the Society.

This will be an incentive to careful research in geographical and historical knowledge.

In the near future Dr. J. L. M. Curry will deliver a public address before the Society. Those who know Dr. Curry's ability as a speaker may expect that all will be delighted and instructed.

Athletics.
As a general rule the standing of a college or university may be judged by the interest that students take in athletics and the success therein attained by them. As the college base ball team is better than that of the academy so is the college superior to the academy. Yale and Harvard are the leaders in college athletic sports. Among the institutions of learning in Virginia, Richmond College near the front. While in intercollegiate athletic contests we have met with many defeats particularly in foot ball, still our Field Day records stand high in comparison with those of other similar institutons. Several years back our base ball team was the champion team of the state: and what citizen of Virginia, who takes any interest in such things does not know that for the last two years we have held the six hundred dollar "cup" of the Virginia Rowing Association? So we maintain we are no exception to the rule above stated.
Election of Officers.

At the last meeting of the Athletic Association the following officers were elected:

President, J. H. Read; Vice-President, Charles Clement; Secretary, J. H. Franklin; Treasurer, C. T. Harrison.

A football committee was appointed consisting of Messrs. P. Bosher, George Harrison and C. C. Crittenden.

Messrs. C. M. Hazen, M. A. and Jno. Read took charge of the gymnasium about the first of October. Three classes are taught regularly each day, one in the morning and two in the afternoon. Beside this the gymnasium is thrown open two hours a day for any general exercise such as the students may desire. One or two medals will be offered to stimulate the members of these classes, and it is expected that they will acquit themselves well in the exhibition drill on field day.

Our football team has been unfortunate this season, having suffered three defeats.

First we played against the Washington and Lee boys. The game was close and intensely exciting. During the first half we gradually advanced the sphere toward our goal until finally Hazen gets the pig-skin and makes a touchdown. Duke then makes a goal kick. Nothing more is gained on either side during this half. Score, 6 to 0 in favor of Richmond College.

In the second half Massey of the visiting team, makes a kick; Duke fumbles, and Cooper, also of the visiting team, capturing the oval makes a touchdown. Great shouts from the Lexington contingent. Score 6 to 4, still in favor of the College. Shortly after this Bullitt of the 'Varsities gets the hide and with the aid of Mitchell's interference secured a touchdown. Moore applause from the wearers of "white and blue." After this the leather moved backward and forward near the goal of the home team, but the game was called before it was reached. The score stood 8 to 6 in favor of Washington and Lee.

Crittenden and Duke of the home team and Harris and Keister of the visitors were more or less injured in the contest.

The home team was much displeased with the umpiring. It was decidedly the opinion of the crowd that the game belonged to our boys.

Next we met upon the arena two teams from the Old North State.

On October 21st we bucked against the University of North Carolina. The average weight of their team was 166 8-11, while that of ours was only 159. This gave them a great advantage, since weight is the element required to force the pig-skin through the enemy's line. The game went against us from the start. The story is a short one: Touch down by Devin; goal kick by Shaw; touch down by Stanley; Shaw, kick goal; Hope
adds another touch down, and Shaw another goal kick; touch down by Hoke; Bernard fails to kick goal; Stanley again makes a touch down; and this time Bernard succeeds on goal kick. With one more touch down by Stanley and another goal kick by Bernard, the first half closes. Score, 34 to 0.

In second half Devin scores another touch down, and Bernard a goal kick.

Game ends 40 to 0, in favor of University of North Carolina.

On October 24th, we again tackled the Tarheels. This time the boys from Wake Forest College, "Paucity of avoirdupois and scarcity of good luck, together with other adverse circumstances," caused us to lose this game.

When we first went upon the field more than half of our regular team was absent, from different causes, and it was almost decided to call the contest an exhibition game. Two more of our first team men came later on, however, and so this was not done.

During the first half the Tarheels made two touch downs, and were successful in both goal kicks. Score 12 to 0.

In the second half our team repeatedly got "dangerously near" the goal, but fortune was against them and nothing was scored. Wilson, of the Tarheels, however, once again crosses the line with the hide and scores another touch down. The game ended 16 to 0, in favor of Wake Forest.

The Mess Hall.

Many of the old students will doubtless be glad to know that the Lombardy Hall, or as it is commonly called, the Mess Hall, is on a boom this year. Another table has been added, and the number of students who board there now is eighty-five. Mrs. Woolfork, our matron, is eminently suited for the position she holds, and is highly thought of by the boys. Mr. H. L. Norfleet, the "Mess-Hall Man," makes a most efficient accountant.

Oh, the Mess is the place to chew!

Prof. Harrison has returned home from his visit to Clark county much improved in health. He weighs more now than he ever did before. He expects to resume his duties as a professor next January. We assure the professor that he occupies a warm spot in the hearts of the students, and we are all glad that he is once more restored to his usual health and vigor. We feel that he has been largely instrumental in raising our College to the lofty position which she now occupies in the eyes of the educated people of the Virginias.

Democratic Club.

On October 28th the students met en masse and organized a Democratic club. Mr. C. A. Boyce was elected president; Mr. L. B. Samuels, secretary; and Mr. C. T. Harrison, treasurer. One hundred
students have been enrolled as members.

A committee on arrangements was appointed consisting of Messrs. Charles Clement, C. T. Harrison, G. Winston and H. T. Harris.

A committee was also appointed to get up a suitable campaign yell. Several short speeches were made, and the club adjourned to meet again Tuesday, November 1st, at 8 P. M. sharp, when it was expected that the club would be addressed by some prominent speakers of the city.

Chronological Record of October.

1. Rat Twitchell is tried before the College tribunal for asking too many superfluous questions.

2. Charlie Harrison gets a face on the foot ball grounds.

3. T. Temple comes out with a pair of new trousers.

4. George Ox kills three bats in the day-time at one shot with a single BB. cartridge.

5. Call meeting of Fire Eaters.

6. Exposition opens, and we all get holiday to see the trades parade.

7. Rat King gets his great toe well yanked.

8. Sunday. Rats all on a dike. Britt calls on his girl.


10. Britt comes in at midnight. Where has he been?

11. Mr. Mercer gets his leg hurt. Great grief to foot ball team.

12. Editor-in-chief answers a question in Senior Physics. Great amazement!

13. Junior Philosophy class cuts the late Professor Thomas.


15. Foot ball. Washington and Lee vs. Richmond College; 8 to 6 in favor former.

16. A stray dog is seen running across the campus with a tin can tied to his tail. Who did it?

17. “Miss Ophelia” on a dike all day long.

18. Dr. Siesk flunked on Physics.


20. We all get a piece of smoked glass and see the sun’s eclipse.

21. Foot ball. University of N. C. vs. Richmond College; 40 to 0 in favor of Tar Heels.

22. Black Smith swears off from smoking cigarettes.

23. Britt takes his girl to church 11 A. M., calls on her 3 P. M., and goes to with her again 8 P. M. Returns to College 12 o’clock.

24. Foot ball. Wake Forest vs. Richmond College. 16 to o, in favor of Wake Forest.

25. ‘Dr. A.’ takes his girl to Exposition, 9 A. M.; returns 11 P. M. At 1 o’clock his room-mate awakes to find himself manacled by the Dr.’s arms.

26. Britt has the rare pleasure of seeing his girl.

27. A sporty rat comes in. Look out for your toe old fellow!
28. H. B. has his wool cropped. Marked improvement.
29. Base ball between Doctors and Jaspers.
30. Sunday, Mr. W. studies Physics!
31. Foot ball between light weights and first team.

Reception.
On the evening of October 31st a reception was given at the house of Professor Harris to Mr. Herbert Harris and his bride. Of all the sons of the present professors of this institution, Mr. Harris is the first that has taken to himself a better half. We extend to the couple our hearty congratulation, and express the hope that their faces may ever be as bright and happy as they were on the evening of the reception.

It is rumored around that there is going to be a marriage on the campus before many weeks and days shall have passed, though we have no authority for the statement.

The Law Class.
About twenty of the matriculates of the College have taken the School of law this session. The Junior Class at present numbers about seventeen, and the Senior seven, though several of the seniors have both classes. All of them seem to be very fond of Professor Gregory and speak very highly of his abilities as a teacher.

It has been said that the Law Class adds dignity to the College. When the work of the session has passed and Commencement night shall have arrived, it is expected that seven of these young lawyers will be numbered among the graduating class, and will receive as a reward for their labors the well-earned title Bachelor of Law.

Y. M. C. A.
On Thursday evening 13th Oct., we were treated to a very profitable and interesting talk by the Rev. Mr. Pruett of North China. This gentleman has spent ten years laboring among the Chinese. He gave us a short but interesting and amusing account of their manners, customs, &c. The Chinese are a wonderful people, many of whom are well educated and highly cultured. Mr. Pruett spoke encouragingly of the missionary work there, and closed with an earnest appeal to the brilliant young men studying for the ministry, that they would consider seriously the question of becoming missionaries to the Chinese.

On the 20th the meeting which was an interesting one was conducted by Mr. R. T. Marsh.

On the 27th the meeting was addressed by Prof. F. W. Boatwright, who took for his subject meditation. His talk was powerful and instructive.

Mission Band.
This was re-organized on the 8th Mr. W. L. Hayes was chosen as
permanent leader. This band meets every other Saturday evening for regular business. On the 22d, its first meeting was held; at this meeting two papers were read. One on the condition of the heathen without the gospel, by Mr. J. B. Childress, and the other by Mr. W. L. Britt, on our duty to the heathen. Both papers were considered excellent.

Bible Study.

Our Association has been brought more this year, more than ever before to realize the great importance to be attached to bible study among the students of the College. In the majority of cases, if the habit of regular systematic bible study is not formed by a student while at college or before his college life begins, it is never formed afterward.

It has been often said by students at the end of the session, “Well, College is a hard place to live a right life. I feel in a worse spiritual condition now than I did at the beginning of the session.” True, College is indeed hard to live a consistent christian’s life, but ask one who feels that he has retrograded in this line while at College, if he was a diligent Bible student, and we venture to say that you will always receive a negative answer. On the other hand, those who do their duty in this line, will always grow in grace, and will leave College a better man.

Two entirely separate and distinct courses of Bible study have been introduced into the College this year. One is a course of Inductive Bible Study, and the other is a special course designed to train men for Personal Work.

Those who have taken the former course, propose to devote the session to the study of the Gospel of Luke, with constant reference to the other Gospels, using as their guide, Speer’s Study in the Gospel of Luke. In other words they propose to get as nearly as possible a thorough knowledge of the four Gospels, taking Luke as a basis of their study. One of these classes is now regularly at work on nearly every floor of the different dormitory departments of the College.

As already stated above, the Personal Workers’ Training Class have as their object of study, the training of men to do more effective personal work for the Master. Those who take this course, agree, before entering the class, to do personal work among the unconverted students of the College, in trying to lead them to a saving knowledge of Christ.

They study how best to apply Scriptural texts in their work, how to answer all objections which an unconverted man may bring forward, right from the Bible. Thus they strive to obey the injunction of the Apostle to “take the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God.”

All who take either of the above courses, are required to devote to the work each day, at least fifteen minutes of earnest prayerful study, and to spend an hour each week, in conference together, exchanging views, &c., under a regular leader.

It is to be hoped that this work will have great results in our midst.
W. B. Cridlin, ('87) now associate principle of the Burkeville Female Institute. We hear that he is taking a very active part in behalf of the anti-liquor question. We trust that his efforts may not be in vain, but that much good may be accomplished.

W. W. Reynolds, ('86) after spending nearly three years at Louisville, in the school of the Propheta, is now pastor of three of the finest churches in Hanover Co., Va. We hear that he he is getting along well.

R. H. Rudd ('91) after spending a year preaching and teaching is now at the S. B. T. Seminary with many of the Richmond College boys.

J. B. Bailey and H. N. Stephen­son both of ('92) have decided to study medicine, and are now students at the medical college in this city. "J. B. we miss your beautiful smiles very much around here.

E. B. Morris ('77) is the much honored and beloved pastor of the Baptist churches at Boykins and Newsoms, Va.

C. R. Cruikshanks ('88) is the beloved shepherd over a flock in Harrisonburg, Va. We are glad to hear that he is doing well. May his work prosper.

W. A. Harris, M. A. ('86) and Ph. D. (Johns Hopkins) is Professor of Philosophy and history at the Richmond Female Institute. We congratulate the institute for having secured the services of such a well-fitted gentleman as Mr. Harris is.

A. L. Moffett ('92) is in business in Lynchburg, Va. Mr. Moffett is a fine gentleman and we wish him much success.

J. R. Long, B. A. ('90) Greek medalist, is attending the University of Penn. Like his honored father, Dr. J. C. Long, LL. D., he well deserves the title of "higher education" in our fair land.

J. B. Seward, B. L. ('81) is a very popular lawyer of Clairmount, Surry Co., Va.

E. P. Craddock. ('92) lost no time between his college and seminary courses. "Craddock old boy" how is your girl.

Dr. D. W. Gwin, one of the number who took the degree of Master of Arts when it was first conferred by the College, is now pastor of the Park-Avenue Baptist church, Norfolk, Va.

W. R. Keefe, ('92,) we have recently heard, has had a call to a church near Seven Pines. We understand that he expects to attend the Seminary next session. Keefe, how is our little flaxen-haired girl who use to live on the Hill?

F. F. Causey, B. L., ('91,) is a popular young lawyer of Hampton,
EXCHANGES.

Va. He was in Richmond on the 2nd of November, and said that he had been stumping for Cleveland about a month.

H. W. Tribble ('84) is now the highly-esteemed pastor of the First Baptist church at Jackson, Tenn.

W. E. Farrar, B. A. ('90), and post-graduate of University of Virginia, is now professor in the Southwestern Baptist University at Jackson, Tenn.

H. N. Quisenberry ('89) is now the successful pastor of the flourishing Baptist church in Berkley, Va. We wish him to be of great usefulness, and may his cup of joy be full and running over in the step which it is whispered he is soon to take.

W. M. Buchanan, M. A. ('91), is now at the Union Theological Seminary. "Buck" was in our city a few days ago attending the marriage of his sister.

While your editor is writing these lines, the hymeneal bells are ringing. Cupid seems to have been very partial to our old boys. Of late he has shot his arrows through the hearts of many of them.

H. Herbert Harris, Jr., ('88), a very successful business man of Lynchburg, Va., recently led to the altar a daughter of Mr. R. H. T. Adams, of Lynchburg. We extend to him our congratulations.

Herbert F. Williams ('92), pastor of Fourth-Street Baptist church of Richmond, was married on November 2nd to Miss Annie M. Taylor of this city. We extend our hearty wishes for the success of Mr. and Mrs. Williams.

S. C. Clopton ('73) did the handsome thing for himself when he decided that "it was not good for man to live alone," and according to the dictates of his heart joined to himself Miss Annie Jones on the 27th of October.

The first and foremost magazine to appear in our sanctum is The Owl, published at the University of Ottawa, Canada. The Owl excels, by far, in its Literary Department, any other college paper yet received. The subjects treated of are of both ancient and modern origin, and enclosed within the same cover we have "Raine's greatest monument."
and "The Unwelcome Chinese." But apart from these it has an excellent essay on the life and works of Alfred Tennyson. Just at this time no fitter subject could have been chosen for an English essay than Tennyson, a man whom we admire, a poet whom we have learned to love, and very truthfully has The Owl said: "Whatever he has written tends to lift man up and make him nobler; to render him satisfied with earth and earth's; to imbue him with good-will towards his fellow-man, and to inspire him with hope in the future of his kind." And all this Tennyson has done, not by dull preachings, not by didactic suggestions such as doctrinaires like Browning have made use of, but by the most insinuating poetry. Free from the morbid broodings of the school of despair, and buoyed up by faith in man's destiny, he peers with expectant glance into the beyond and cries:

"Not in vain the distant beacons. Forward, forward let us range;
Let the great world spin. Forever damn the the ringing grooves of change."

Nothing is more burdensome and monotonous to exchange editors than the same original joke read in six magazines published at the same time.

In The Reveille, of Austin College, Texas, these stale jokes are "conspicuous for their absence," a fact greatly to be admired. Instead of the jokes, however, The Reveille is filled with meritorious literary contributions such as "The Elements of Our Culture," and "The Aggressiveness of the Anglo-Saxon." Both of these subjects are well handled and very instructive. "The Elements of Our Culture" is indeed quite psychological in its theorems; and after following the author through his discussions, we are lead to exclaim with him, "Happy country! where the minds of all the tribes of the Aryan stock, each one peculiar to itself, shall be combined into one great American mind!"

The other subjects treated of in The Reveille are Southern in every respect, and are in keeping with the fitness of things.

The Marietta College Olio is before us; it is quite neat in appearance, but we would like to offer two suggestions, namely: Cut down your editorials and put in some exchanges.

The Dartmouth for October, contains nothing worthy of mention except its locals and editorials. We are happy to acknowledge, however, that its locals are very good—could hardly be improved; but aside from this, we would be delighted to see genuine literary articles in a magazine whose locals are so ably represented. We think the The Dartmouth would be greatly improved by increasing its pages with literary contributions and exchanges.
In regard to athletics, the students of Georgetown College are worthy of our emulation. We clip the following from their October journal:

“That the whole is equal to the sum of its parts is a mathematical axiom which none of us would doubt, and as a watchword for any organization whose goal is success, it could not well be surpassed. Apply it to the realm of College athletics, and we have the secret of whatever good results have been attained here or elsewhere. The university which has succeeded in making a name for itself in athletics, without the earnest and thoroughly united efforts of the students, is a paradox so wonderful, that we seriously doubt of its existence. Let us look around us, or rather let us look behind us on our own past record, to learn what is necessary for successful results in this affair. Georgetown has made a success of athletics: when and how? When—on that ever memorable evening in the year 1890 the students of Georgetown, (and there are not a few of those same with us now,) by their generosity, started a project, to the success of which our present spacious campus now testifies. Georgetown has been successful in athletics when every man who could throw or kick a ball felt in himself sufficient personal pride and ambition to aspire to a position on some team, “anyone whatever,” that he might do his share in upholding the College reputation for those arts which demand brawn, and develop brain and arm together.

Let there be no “can’t,” but plenty of generous ambition among all men to be on the teams, and to have teams worth being on; let it not be thought that when the first team is formed all is done; let those who can not play feel bound to encourage those who can; above all, better than all, let us have some of that god old “college spirit,” which in time past has hovered over the towers of Georgetown like a benign genius and over her banners like an eagle of victory.

A Sophomore, stuffing for examination, has developed the ethics of Sunday work, in a way to render further elucidation of the subject unnecessary. He reasons that if a man is gratified in trying to help an ass from a pit on the Sabbath day, much more would the ass be justified in trying to get out himself.—Ex.

No men are perfect.
No perfect beings are men.
All men are imperfect.
All not imperfect beings are not men.
Women are not men.
Women are all perfect beings!—Ex.

College News.
The performance of Michael F. Sweeny, of the Xavier Athletic
Club, in breaking the world’s record for the high jump, is still causing much comment in the athletic world. The previous record was six feet four inches, made several years ago by W. Bird Page at Philadelphia. Mr. Sweeny’s jump was six feet four and a quarter inches. The Xavier Club was organized originally by the students and alumni of St. Francis Xavier’s College, New York city.

A travelling fellowship in architecture has been established at the University of Pennsylvania. The holder received $1,000 annually and is to travel in Europe for the purpose of studying the architecture of the great churches and public buildings.

President Harper says that the faculty of the Chicago University will be American, as there are to be only six in one hundred of the teachers from abroad, and they will be English scholars.

The largest football score on record was made by Harvard against Exeter in 1886, when she scored 128-0. Yale’s largest is 136-0, against Wesleyan in 1886, and Princeton’s 140-0, against Lafayette in 1884.

The board of directors of the Chicago University have voted to erect a gymnasium to cost $200,000. A. A. Stagg, chief instructor, will assume his duties at Chicago on October 1st, and will have three assistants, one of whom will be a woman.

During the last seven years Yale has played 78 games of football with a total of 3863 points to her opponents 88.

The number of colleges in the U. S. has been increased this year by 23, making a total of 384—Ex.

Cornell has sixteen men on the Leland Stanford University Faculty.

Williams, Dartmouth and Columbia have dispensed with commencement exercises.

Thirty ladies are taking postgraduate study at Yale.

The University of Berlin offers 716 different lecture courses.

The University of Michigan has at present on its roll 3,000 students.

A negro is playing center on the Harvard team this year.

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THE POETIC RAT.

AS THE PUBLIC REGARD IT.

What cute verses they write
For the journals at college.
It must be a delight,
Such cute verses to write;
They are quite out of sight;
They show talent and knowledge;
What cute verses they write
For the journals at college.

AS THE EDITOR REGARDS IT.

I write many a verse,
But not for the pleasure;
In sentences terse,
I write many a verse—
Scarce restraining a curse
And bad thoughts beyond measure—
I write many a verse,
But not for the pleasure.

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