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Shadows.

I paused one eve beside a rich man's door.
Rare paintings hung the wall, soft carpets spread the floor.
With painter, draper, architect, and gold,
This handsome palace stood defiant in its mould.
Naught else could human hand or mind invent
To satisfy its owner's slightest malcontent.

Upon the polished pane I saw a human form
Pace up and down the lighted hall, so cosy and so warm.
It came and went, and went again, with fast and nervous stride;
Nor paused as if to rest 'twere fain, nor never stepped aside.
Nor looked to right nor looked to left, but down,
And bore upon its face, I thought, a dark and bitter frown.
Surely this cannot be, me thought, he who of all is lord,
Who owns a stately fleet at sea, moves mountains by his word;
Who lives in ease and luxury and asks of no man alms,
And gives to each and everyone who holds out itching palms.
Surely this must be some other man, who looks so sadly worn!
It cannot be, it cannot be a Cæsarus forlorn?

But now I see another form, in female garments clad,
Which casts a shadow on the pane so rich, so frail, so sad.
And this, I trow, must be his wife, for now he scowls again,
And brings to that sad, sweet face a look of bitter pain,
And makes her slink across the hall, behind a cushioned chair.
O painter, paint! O sculptor, mark! that look of wild despair!

These two, perhaps, were wed in fortune's silly game,
Where hearts are bought, not won at all, and name is changed for name.
Whereby a matrimonial bond, a wealth of gold is gained,
And where there is no love that's felt, but only love that's feigned.

But to-night I find I'm standing beside a poor man's door.
No paintings hang the wall or carpets spread the floor.
I see no liveried porter stand waiting in a hall,
Nor brightly lighted parlors in splendor to appall.
Only a single chamber, with comforts few—so few
A flickering little candle—a wear-worn chair or two.

And now upon the pane again, so small and yet so clean,
I see a woman fair—so fair within this cottage mean.
I see a loving little child climb gently to her knee,
And now me thinks I hear a soft sweet lullaby,
A tender, loving song, sung with a plaintive voice,
Which heard but once is truly felt, and makes the heart rejoice.

She lays the infant in the couch and trips across the boards
To meet a manly husband. Than her no wealth he hoards.
But her he keeps so fondly and guides with steady arm,
Within whose strong yet tender fold she fears no dreaded harm.
Within his life she lives, a true and humble wife,
For him she makes this hut a home, and smoothes his rugged life.
These two were wed, it seems, where policy plays no part,
Where wooing sweet, with blessed feet, comes bearing heart to heart;
Where pride and pomp and pageantry, with filthy hands and vile
Can sever not this holy bond, nor love so true defile.
Where, then, Oh! where is happiness and where doth peace n'er
dwell?
Come, look again upon the pane, and see where shadows tell.

FRANK.

Emily's Eyes.

T was in the month of May, when the flowers bloom and
their perfume is caught upon spring-tide’s gentle zephyrs
and wafted hither and thither. It was when the birds return with their melodies, singing praises to the Giver of every
good and perfect gift—a time when young love strolls among the
shadowy bowers and, plucking the beautiful flowers, dwells
dreamily in their fragrance. It was such a time as this, when
the Society for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities had
arranged for an excursion to Jamestown on May the 13th, 1889.

The day had come, the face of the sky wore a gloomy expression, the heavens were weeping. Was it an omen of what
was to occur on the voyage? Wait, reader, the sequence, then
draw your own conclusion. It seemed that the day would be
a dull one for the excursionists; that the emoluments to the
Society would be small indeed. But, when the signal was
given to sail, quite a number had gone on board.

Embarked on our steamer, the Pioneer, were two passen-
gers: a young lady of about eighteen summers, Miss Emily
Goddard, a native of the beautiful and historic city of Rich-
mond; the other a young man, Mr. Lyle Andrewlane, hailing from Southern Piedmont, Va., and a student of Richmond
College. This young lady and young man were utter strangers
to each other. But they were not to be strangers long.

Soon the turmoil and racketry of the city were left far be-
hind. We were breathing air freshly laden with odors from
the blossoming flowers and budding trees of the distant hills. The meadows had taken on their carpet of green, figured here and there by violets and ox-eyed daisies. The peach and apple tree had put on their dresses of pink, the currant and the cherry were robed in their whites. But all this did not suffice the longing desire of Lyle. He had seen a face of a rosette hue fairer than the pink blossoms of the apple. How could he form an acquaintance with this fair person? Was there any one on board that knew each well and would introduce them? Or should he seek an acquaintance in a novel way? These were questions frequently crossing Lyle's mind, and were to be answered in quite a novel way, before they should return to the city. Emily was not averse to his shy attentions; they had passed often, their eyes had met more than once. While they were thus dreaming of a new life, some others were amusing themselves chatting, some were promenading, and others treading the giddy whirl were keeping time with active feet to the music rendered by the Cornedia band. The monotony of this pastime was broken ever and anon by a rush on deck. Occasionally a hat would be caught by the south winds and carried to the neighboring hills.

We were now far out from the city, gliding smoothly down the stream, when suddenly, rounding a bend, we saw before us the steamer Loraine. "Now for a race," said our captain. Then occurred a race such as had not been seen since the Olympic games. Our ship, the Pioneer, quickening sail, sped forward, gaining somewhat at first on the Loraine, who, when her captain perceived our motives, hastened onward. Five minutes passed, and we had not apparently gained any on our rival; ten minutes passed, and we could not see the space diminishing between the ships; fifteen minutes passed, and yet no change; on we sped; trees, fields, the broken cliffs seemed one continuous hedge; twenty passed, we saw now that we had gained a little on our rival. "More speed," signalled the captain to the engineer; soon thirty minutes gone, and we were alongside the Loraine. The passengers of each were wild with excite-
ment and hurrahing for their respective steamers. We were nearing Turkey-bend, and in order to pass the bend safely it was necessary for us to pass it tandem. One must take the lead. But either captain was as determined as Hur and Messala not to yield, and it seemed as fully impossible for one ship to out-speed the other sufficiently for a safe steerage of the bend. Besides, another danger was nearing; the clouds were gathering thick and fast, becoming more densely black, if possible, than they had been during the day. The bend must be passed before the dark and threatening clouds should hover over us and benight our way. There was nothing left now but for the swiftest vessel to make, at all hazard, the bend. The last great effort was at hand; each steamer did its utmost; the water fairly roared as it was wheeled to the top, flew off, and struck with a terrific splash against the water flying from the wheels of the opposing vessel; the under-current was groaning from the conflict. Our steamer, the Pioneer, having the inner side of the bend, we were enabled soon to pass the Loraine; and waving her adieu, we left our rival in the rear just as the storm, black as night itself, pelting down rain and hail, reached us.

Among those most interested in the race were Emily and Lyle, whose enthusiasm was kindled the more by having been early associated in races. Boat racing was not new to Emily. It was hardly more than a matter of daily occurrence for her to go out with her friends on the beautiful lakes around Richmond and spend a few hours on evenings and moonlight nights in summer; besides, she frequently took pleasure trips down the James in her father’s yacht. With Lyle it was different. Reared up in the country, he loved to mount the beautiful steed, and following the thrilling music made by a pack of hounds chasing a deer, they would whip over the hills, down the vale, up the mountain side, around the peak, and back again, until the poor deer, exhausted, was overtaken by the dogs. He also had seen his father’s thoroughbreds carry off the first honors from the race-course in the annual fairs at
Lynchburg. Thus they came to have a common interest in the present race, and were among the first to shout the coming race, and among the last to wave their rival adieu.

In an hour more we arrived at the old historic Jamestown, and after spending a couple of hours visiting between showers the old church tower, which alone remains as a monument to those who sacrificed their lives in order that so glorious a nation should exist, and hearing a few speeches commemorating the deeds, adventures, and persecutions of the early colony, we set out for our return home.

In their promenades Lyle and Emily often found themselves standing near each other at the ship's side looking vacantly over the water as if thinking of some far-away object. Now and then a quick glance would pass from one to the other. It was thus they had met when our ship was nearing Bermuda Hundreds on her return voyage. Here and there you could see a gray patch through the broken clouds, which were now flying fast from west to east. The rain had ceased. Emily was sitting on the railing of the gangway, her right side and back to the water. In a few feet and rather to her left stood a lady friend; one of the crew was sitting on the railing a few feet to the front; standing in the entrance to the cabin was Lyle Andrewlane, the hero of the day; by his side stood a fellow-student. Such was the position of these. All was gaiety in the cabin; around went couple after couple, keeping time to a waltz. How beautiful Emily looked as she sat on the railing, little thinking what was soon to befall her! How lovely! how beautiful she is, her golden tresses falling lightly on her shoulder, small dimples in her cheeks, soft brown eyes placed in a face of fair complexion, like rubies set in a plush casket. Esther could not have looked more beautiful to Hur as she stood by her father Simonides, her hand resting on his shoulder. Suddenly the cry rang through the cabin: "A lady overboard!" Gaiety was turned to excitement, joy to fear—all was commotion. The captain slowed his vessel; some let down a life-boat. In the mean time
Lyle had leaped into the river, and following the wake of the vessel was nearing the spot where fair Emily had fallen overboard, had arisen, and was sinking the second time. When she had arisen to the surface of the water for the last time Lyle had reached the place, and catching her by the hand—and in that clasp were sealed forever the ties of love which were not to be broken while life should last—he made for the steamer, and struggling on and on against the strong current which was rising rapidly from the effects of the previous rains, he succeeded in keeping her above water until taken up by the lifeboat. When the rescued girl had somewhat recovered, her soft brown eyes sought the dark blue eyes of her rescuer, and expressed in far stronger language than tongue could utter her gratitude and love.

"Ah! those eyes, those beautiful eyes,
Those pretty brown eyes of thine,
With their sparkling, searching glance
Their wealth of love t' bestow.

"To me far more dear are they
Than pearls and diamonds rare,
And all the precious gems of earth
With all their lustrous glare.

"When bidding thee adieu
I'd linger still with thee
For just another glancing look
From eyes so dear to me."

The friends of Emily cared for her. And Lyle, feeling grateful that he had been given the power to rescue one from the deep, felt fully requited, too, for what risk he had incurred by what he had felt in the clasp of hands, and what he had read in those brown eyes.

Quiet again reigned on board. The gloom which hung over us in the early morning had been dispelled. The dark clouds had shifted from west to east. The clear, silvery lining of the sky, tinged with the golden hues of the departing sun, awoke
joy in every heart. Over head and a little to the east, extending from the horizon, circling among the scattering clouds, and again to the horizon, was seen the welcome rainbow. Color after color appeared until all the prismatic hues were clearly visible. A little later another bow appeared just under this—the one for God, the other for his people. The prettiest rainbow that eye had ever witnessed! How beautiful! how glorious! In the west the silvery borders of the horizon, tinged with the golden hues of the setting sun, and to the east the rainbow of promise spanning as it were the valley of the shadow of death, and resting on either side the verdant plateau of eternal glory.

An hour passed, and we were at the city’s landing, friend taking leave of friend. Lyle taking leave of his new-made friend, was invited to her home on Franklin street, which he made a place of frequent resort during the remaining years of his college career. After graduating with the highest honors in his class he went forth from the classic halls of Richmond College to claim a fairer laurel.

“Entangled.”

It was a midsummer evening. The gentle zephyrs scarcely ruffled the placid waters of the Mattaponi. At one of the oldest homesteads on its banks, might have been seen a young couple sitting on the beautiful lawn which graced the large yard and sloped gently down to the water’s edge. The house and parts of the yard were almost hidden by the dense shade of trees. One of these may be especially noted. It was a large Osage, situated on the very brink of the river, some distance from any other. Its wide extended boughs were scarcely high enough for one to enter beneath its shade. Close to the body of the tree rude benches were constructed. The ground around was covered with beautiful green grass, and here and there a mat or hassock was placed. This particular spot, as it commanded a view of the whole river just at
sunset, was known as "Lovers' Retreat." To this sacred spot
the couple had betaken themselves. She seated herself com­
fortably in one of the large double chairs, but he threw him­
self on the ground at her feet.

For years they had known each other, but were together
now for the first time for months. They have talked of the
happenings since their last meeting, of the various changes
since they were but children, of the golden hours they whiled
away when desk-mates in the old field school—of the past, of
the present, but as yet not of the future.

"They talked of the flowers, the grass, the trees,
Of twenty-mile drives and centuries."

But alas! they have not come to the subject upon his heart,
and of which he has longed to speak for days, for months, yea,
for years.

Silence reigned supreme. Not a sound was heard except
the faint chirping of the sparrow in the distant trees. The sun
sheds now its last beams upon the slowly ebbing tide and sink­
ing behind the distant horizon, casts a tint of red over the
whole western sky.

Suddenly the young man sprang to his feet and picking up
the "Spider" from the bench took the other half of the dou­
ble chair. Slowly he began turning the leaves and pointing
out the different societies and fraternities. But neither he nor
the girl spoke. Neither felt an interest in the book, only in each
other. Instead of looking at the pictures he found it impossi­
ble to keep his eyes from wandering in another direction.
Presently gazing into her face, he said, "Nellie, I have some­
thing to tell you." "Well Fred, I am sure I shall be glad to
hear it." "I want to tell you——" Here the "Spider" dropped
carelessly to the ground, and suddenly he found his rough
brown hand enclosing the fair one of his companion which lay
upon the back of the chair. And then he started again. "Its
no use in putting it off any longer, I might as well tell you
and be done. I love you. Yes more than love you. I almost
worship you. My every thought is of you. You are ever
before me. My life sometimes seems sad and dreary, but your face is ever near to brighten the dark hours. My life has been miserable for months. I am unhappy. My poor heart is over-burdened with love for you. Never again can I go back to college until I know that you love me. My life without you would be empty. I could not live. Yea, I shall live, and live for you and with you. For such love as I have for you can never exist without a return. Oh! speak now. Don't laugh or scoff at me, for I am longing for one word to make me happy. Speak! Only say that you love me. Say that you will be mine." For an answer he only saw the fair cheek flush, the soft eyes droop and felt a gentle move of her hand as her lips quivered and the silent "Yes" was spoken.

Just here the young man's brother announced tea, and mischievously asked the subject of such an interesting conversation as he had observed going on under the tree. She replied, "Fred has been showing me the 'Spider' and has acted the fly very nicely."

T. B. E. Spencer.

A Plea for the Stars and Stripes.

It is not our intention to make a retrospective of the nineteenth century, but nearing its close we wish to take a glance backward for a specific purpose, to observe that phase of it in which our Southland has been vitally interested.

We find ourselves in the midst of a quickly-moving time. We find ourselves a part of a government which, despite its greatness, is yet more or less an experiment. We find ourselves still struggling in an effort to overcome the desolation which succeeded the late war; an idea of what a gigantic undertaking that has been may be obtained from a knowledge of our great power and immense wealth before the sixties in comparison with our financial status and political situation of today. Even our most adverse critics have conceded to us a power of rejuvenation equalled only by the thrifty peasantry of France, which has so often had opportunities for testing its
strength in the last hundred years. Still we do not seem to have gained, or in a strikingly marked degree even to have approached the desired condition; our money market is better, but still poor; our educational institutions are increasing, but yet inadequate; and our political influence in national affairs is noticeably weak. This gives sustenance for thought, and forces the fact upon us that there is something to be done not yet suggested, or we have been doing something that we should not. Probably both.

There can scarcely be a question but that we should go on. We ought to equal the New England States in fact as in word. We ought even to rise until our wishes and ideas should be consulted as much as those of any other country in the world’s governmental affairs. Our citizens ought to be more than simply eligible to all national patronage. Of course the above review admits that such conditions do not exist for us at present. Nor are they ever likely to, if such proceedings continue in our midst as were indulged in by the Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans at their recent reunion in Richmond. It is not our purpose to condemn this organization. Some of us are greatly dejected yet that our fathers are not now alive so that they might meet their comrades, whom four years of association and union in a common cause so everlastingly bound in friendship and fraternal affection. The Grand Camp is a great body, and it has a noble purpose. May the brave veterans live long to keep it an organization!

But in all our good feeling for them our common sense demands that we guard jealously our possibilities in the future, and that same sense tells us that success is not to be found in resurrecting war animosities, denouncing the United States as a “Yankee machine,” shouting ourselves hoarse when the band plays “Dixie,” or scoffing at the Stars and Stripes. We love those old memories; the deeds of bravery of our fathers, and the chivalry displayed by our mothers, will always be an example which we should well strive to emulate—will always stir the profoundest joy among us, and will go down the ages without the assistance of text-books or panoramas to display it
on canvas. The plan of the Grand Camp to suggest a change in the histories used in our public schools is all right if those taught at present are unreliable, provided that those substituted are not to be of the same type and only leaning on the other side. Truth is what we are after; if the Grand Camp can assist us, good! Though truth may be perverted, like the far-famed violet the more it is crushed the more will its sweet fragrance be emitted, until the spirit, as its incense must be, shall ascend to a higher and far grander eminence than any upon which man can place it.

But it is the resolution concerning the matter of having the State flag unfurled over the public school buildings of Virginia in which we are particularly interested. At one of the sessions of the veterans a gentleman from Portsmouth introduced such a resolution, and it was agreed to recommend to the proper authorities such a course of action. Those favoring the idea claimed that we were forgetting the oval nature of our government—i.e., the State and the Union. Suppose we are, what are we losing? Simply unpleasant recollections of a time when our statesman attempted to put the State before the nation with so disastrous a result. We believe firmly in State government, we see that it is more and more Democratic the more local it is made. Let us have those forms, but also make our petty principalities willingly submissive to a greater force. Our noses turn in scorn even at such great governments as had Sparta, Corinth, and others, when we see the whole of Greece submerged practically to this day because each State had too much local narrowness to see the wisdom in a general union. Are not we of the South following much the same contemptible plan? Because of silly jealousies we allow our national pride to be smothered, and to make matters even more grievous we foster the other spirit. This is lamentable but true.

Now the question arises, is that best for us? Does it do the North any harm; does it do the South any good? Without discussion we can readily see that we are simply standing in our own light, cutting ourselves off from all power and possibilities of future usefulness. While
the Irish believed themselves wronged, does it do their cause any good to fret and wear themselves away snapping at the bit which restrains their otherwise unbridled fury? From these inconsistencies we are never allowed a president from among us, and our petitions for governmental aid in improvements go unawarded.

Is there not a way in which we can amend affairs? One of the surest, and maybe the only way, is to educate the youth in a love for the nation, imbue them with a soul filled with hopes and desires for its success and prosperity. Raise up statesmen who can see beyond the local distribution of offices, some appropriation, and their own re-election; who can and will wrestle with knotty problems concerning our nation's welfare. Now let us make a suggestion. In what simpler and yet more profoundly significant way can we begin this self-instruction than by learning to honor, admire, and adore our national flag? Let us look at it and dream of its meaning when we meet it on the high seas, in foreign countries, or in stately grandeur, as from our own public buildings she gives herself to the breeze. Then to be even more specific, to come nearer home, what is the reason we cannot have this flag unfurled over Richmond College? Cannot we, as students of this venerable seat of learning, as Southern boys, as sons of rebel warriors, ask our professors, our trustees, and the citizens generally, to unite with us in hoisting the "stars and stripes" on our campus in this city, in Richmond, the seat of our late Confederacy. What would that mean? Would it flaunt defiance in the faces of those gray-coated sires who daily pass our walls while going to and from their home near by? Would it be unfaithful to those who now sleep in Hollywood just across the way? If so, the being that suggests it deserves the torment that awaits him. But such would not be the case. It would simply be carrying out the plans agreed to at Appomattox: our cause being lost to abide by the affairs that are. Let us foster this allegiance, and prove ourselves patriots worthy the name; for in this lies the South's only hope.  

W. S. McN.
Standing in the southern corner of the Library building, is a glass case that attracts the attention of every visitor who happens in this part of the hall. In this case is the coffin of an Egyptian mummy, and in an adjoining one, lying at full length, are the remains of the once beautiful maiden for whom this painted coffin was made.

Your curiosity is aroused when gazing upon the shrivelled form wound close in embalming cloths, and you think of the thirty centuries that have elapsed since the soul left its earthly habitation. A curiosity springs up for further information concerning the history of this gruesome foreigner—a desire to know of her life and character, and how she came to be so far from the land of her nativity.

As to the place from whence she came and how she was procured, this has been known for some time, but concerning the inscriptions, until recently, when Dr. Breasted, Professor of Egyptology at the University of Chicago, delivered here his great lectures on Egypt, nothing definite had been learned. But now with information from the Hon. J. L. M. Curry, who made this valuable contribution to the College Museum, along with notes on the hieroglyphics by Dr. Breasted, we are able to present a full history of this ancient maiden.

The mummy was bought at Luxor, a city on the Nile, one hundred miles or more above its mouths. It was purchased on the 22d of November, 1875, for a considerable sum of money. The year before, the Prince of Wales had made a visit to Egypt, and when he was leaving Luxor the Viceroy presented him with several mummies. He gave one of them to an American who had been his interpreter. This American was born in Connecticut, and had then been living in Egypt for seventeen years, studying archaeology and the ancient literature. He was full of quaint information gathered in expeditions into the tombs and ancient cities. From this
man, after some chaffering, Dr. Curry purchased the mummy and the coffin in which it reposed. These were stored away in one room of the house in which this Egyptian Yankee lived—this house was a cabinet of oriental curiosities. Somewhat familiar with hieroglyphics, this man translated in part what is written on the inside of the coffin, and from the inscription he gathered that the mummy was the preserved body of an Egyptian Princess who had lived many, many centuries ago. He was not altogether wrong as we shall see from the notes of Dr. Breasted.

In order to arrest the spoliation of his country and to build up the Museum at Bouleco, the Viceroy had issued a stringent order prohibiting the exportation of ancient monuments and other objects of interest. Through the United States Consul at Cairo and by the kind interposition of Generals Stone and Loring the requisite permission to export the Princess was obtained. General Loring, known as Loring Pasha, as well as General Stone, was serving in the army of the Khedive. Both of these men were Americans, and both had served in the Civil War, Stone in the Union Army, and Loring in the Confederate. From their long Egyptian service they had gained an influence which they cheerfully exerted in behalf of Dr. Curry.

The next question was the safe transportation of this valuable relic to America. This task was undertaken by Mr. John M. Cook, of London, at the head of the famous personally conducted tours. This gentleman had many times shown much kindness for Dr. Curry. He undertook to fetch the mummy to America, on the condition that he be allowed to exhibit her at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876. This condition was quickly acceded to, and the mummy set out for a land where she was seen by more people than ever saw her in her native clime. And she made her royal appearance in a country undiscovered and unknown at the time of her aristocratic family of the Nile country. From Philadelphia she was brought to Richmond, and in the minutes of
the meetings of the Board of Trustees of the College for June 23d, 1876, we find that a suitable case was ordered to be prepared for the reception of the mummy. Thus we have her modern history, if we may so term it, but what is more interesting than this is the life and character and position of this relic of antiquity while in the flesh. Of these, we may learn from the following notes given as Dr. Breasted made them:

"Coffin of a Lady Named Thi-Ameny-Net. XXIIInd Dynasty, 10th Cent. B. C."

"A mummiform coffin, showing an elaborate toilet from the waist up. It consists of a head-dress of vulture wings descending behind the ears and surmounting a huge wig which falls in masses upon either breast. Around the neck is a broad necklace of many bands, terminating below in a pair of outstretched hawk's wings attached to the outspread arms of a crouching female genius. From the waist down the surface is blocked out in rectangular fields, bearing mortuary prayers and scenes. Over abdomen is the bier bearing the mummy; only the foot of both is visible. Above these hovers a human-headed bird which represents the soul of the deceased, and beneath the bier are four jars (one broken away), containing the viscera of the deceased. Prayers to four genii for the protection of these jars are written on either side of the bier, and below it in six long columns are prayers for the maintenance of the deceased with food, drink, and clothing in the hereafter. Similar mortuary texts occupy the spaces on either side of these long columns, and are continued also on the back of the case, each side of the middle. As an example of these texts, the one on the left shoulder reads: "An offering which the king gives for Osiris, who presides over the West (Kingdom of the Dead). Lord of Abydos; Keb, Prince of the Gods; Tum, Lord of Heliopolis; Anuleis, Master of Embalming. Lord of Ta-Zaser; Osiris, Lord of the dead. May he grant mortuary offerings: 1,000 loaves, 1,000 jars of beer, 1,000 oxen, 1,000 geese, 1,000 incense, 1,000 fine linen, 1,000 obla
tions, 1,000 food offerings, 1,000 wine, 1,000 milk, 1,000 of everything good and pure, 1,000 eternities for the double of Osiris (meaning the deceased lady), the matron, Thi-Ameny-Net, deceased." Such prayers are magically potent to procure for the dead all the things enumerated. On the feet are the sacred eyes, and down the middle of the back is the great symbol of Osiris. Within, at the top, in both parts is another prayer, and beneath these the standing figure of Nut, goddess of heaven.

The coffin is of sycamore wood, covered with cloth, stuccoed over to smoothen, and the painting is in water colors.

The lady was the daughter of a man named Nesy-Amon, and a woman named Ru Ru or Lu Lu. From the style of the coffin, the lady was evidently a person of wealth, but seems to have held no official station or rank.”

In these abundant notes we read the history of this lady of quality, who lived 3,000 years ago, and has lain for many centuries in some old tomb or temple, only after such a long time to be drawn forth and brought to a land where curious eyes gaze upon her shrivelled features that so long ago lost the fair bloom of maidenhood.

ALLAN D. JONES.

Education for Good Citizenship.

BUT few methods of training the mind have found acceptance in any age or land that are not in vogue somewhere in the United States at present. This we all concede, but it must also be admitted that we still need partly to enlarge and partly to amend our educational appliances, in order to render our national system of schooling one which shall meet the needs of the American people.

It is very encouraging to a believer in higher education that so many of the educators throughout our land have seen the need of a change from the study of the classics to the study of civil government. The student cannot fail to see that the pro-
gress and political salvation of our American democracy are absolutely dependent upon the civic righteousness of individuals, and the educated common sense of all as regards a few fundamental questions of good government and sound finance. A democracy is the body of people governing themselves, and certainly there can be no question of more vital importance to them than that of knowing how to govern themselves aright.

In olden times, when the sovereign was a king, much time and money was spent in fitting him for kingship. Now that the people are sovereign, not only ought much time to be given to their education, but the kind of education ought to be adapted to the duties and responsibilities of this new sovereign, the people.

The very change of society from the oligarchic to the democratic type necessitates a corresponding change in the matter of education. And we see no better way of promoting intelligence upon these matters than by the study of American and English history, political science, economics, and other good literature. All this is the A, B, C of education, and no pathetic groaning over the old-time methods of Latin and Greek should be tolerated.

We are well aware that the public is making more and more demands on the college in active participation in public life. It is safe to say that democracy appeals to the college as never before for the joint study, discussion, and the settlement of vital questions of arbitration, and other political problems. The question is, how far will the college respond to this appeal. It can do this only by making the duties and responsibilities of the citizen, as well as the ornaments of the scholar, its supreme concern. The ideal must be civil rather than classical.

The highest duty of a nation is to cultivate nature; for nature means its people, institutions, and resources. In this respect America means far more than professors dream of; far more than books teach; far more than narrow, little men with sectional or foreign predilections prate of; far more than England, all Europe, or all the world impress us with. As a nation we have escaped the thraldom of monarchies, the shackles of caste,
the hindrances of medieval institutions and the limitations of soil, climate, and natural resources incident to a continent which last emerged from polar ice. As to people, we are composite. Where and when the mentality and physique of civilization blend for the production of a type, that type will be what nature calls for, the survival of size, shape, and qualities, fitted for, or rather shaped by, an education such as has not hitherto existed. America is the place for new men, genius, institution, progress, and development. We are a nation—the greatest on earth, and we cannot afford to remain tied down to the old-time methods of education. As the matter stands we are poor with a profusion of intellectual wealth in our possession unequalled by any other nation on earth.

The American people have a sovereign instinct for good leadership, whether in education, religion, or politics; but the individual who is unacquainted with the history, institutions, and civil affairs of his own country, need cherish no hope of being entrusted with the important affairs of human society. When intelligent civilizations have positions of trust to be supplied they unconsciously look now, as they did in times past, to those men who have made themselves acquainted with the duties and responsibilities devolving upon the masses of the people. Whether this knowledge be acquired within college walls or whether it be wrought out on the dirt cabin floor is of little consequence; but it is a fact readily conceded that a man must know something about human society before he can become a leader of the people, or even a good and useful citizen. There is more hope of civic salvation for a diligent reader of good books than for the man of brilliant intellectual qualities who knows neither history, politics, nor economics, who despairs of the republic, and does absolutely nothing for the cause of good government or social betterment among his own people. There cannot be too much education; but a very high education, unless it is practical as well as classical and scientific, too often unfits a man for contest with his fellows. The cannon is rifled until the strength of the metal is gone. Many a young man is so exquisitely cultivated as to be good for nothing but to be kept
in a show-case as a specimen of what the most approved sys-
tem of education can do. We do not decry culture; but prac-
tical knowledge is necessary to make it valuable. The expe-
rience gained from books is of the nature of learning, but the
experience gained from life is wisdom.

The modern world needs civic righteousness, and good citi-
zens, and but few people are yet aware how much humanity
suffers for lack of fuller practical knowledge. We have as yet
hardly begun the study of society, and until colleges recognize
this fact more fully, and throw their influence in the direction
of these useful investigations, as they now do, or till recently
have done, in favor of the classics, we must continue to suffer
in the future as we have done in the past. JAS. D. G.

Rip-a-Toe.

Roundabout, to and fro
Roundabout the mistletoe,
Gliding smoothly, here we go—
I and my Lillian Ripatoe.

Roundabout, to and fro,
Nearly 'neath the mistletoe,
Up and down—adown the back
I hear my lady's corsage crack.

I guide so well she cannot tell
When we'll reach the mistletoe
And, in the cellar, down below
I took a draught, which set me daft
And so:
I do not know,
When we're 'neath the mistletoe.

Roundabout—now I know
We are neath the misletoe.
I leap to claim my recompense.
What have I done her to incense!
Alas! Alack! my tale of woe!
I've trampled on my lady's toe!

Bristol, Tenn. J. Frank Wood.
RIOTING, such as lately occurred in Vienna, is unusual even in Austria, where hotbeds of Socialism breed wantonness. The proximate cause of the recent shameful disturbance, namely, the proposition to make the Zech language coördinate with the German in Bohemia, was, from its nature, of peculiar concern to the masses of the people and their representatives; it was especially aggravated, too, by bitter feeling that had been engendered by the question of renewing an Austro-Hungarian compact. The rioting was due to extraordinary circumstances.

Such a thing, however, would not have occurred among us. We here in America, which less than two centuries ago was a howling wilderness, cannot refrain from reflecting upon the fact that, in line with the history of our past, no conceivable circumstances could inspire such a pandemonium in any legislative hall of our country as continued several days in the lower house of the Austrian Legislative Assembly.

We have good cause to be glad and proud that without so numerous a standing army and far more free from restraints upon personal liberty, we can and do live peaceably; that, as compared with some other prominent peoples at least, we do all things decently and in order.

COLLEGE is sorely needed. In these days when college presidents and other leading educators are discussing the means of advancement of collegiate training, and the question as to which of the courses of education offered is the best, men who never entered a college are crying: "Down with the ancestral curriculums." Turn about is fair play, and not only college-bred men, but college-bred men who are still undergraduates, ought to publish their views of the customs
and problems and proposed reforms of the day. True, we have not heard of any great unsatisfied demand for an expression of opinions by college-men, but our past observation indicates that a college-man's expression concerning current matters will always find a crowd of readers. And if a college education means anything at all in immediate results, a college-bred man might reasonably be expected to promote a better understanding and consequently more righteous action regarding the problems of the day. Encouraged to look upon all sides of a question from every possible standpoint, and taught to be honest enough to let go any false idea, no matter how fondly cherished or how popular, his opinion upon any subject he had studied would naturally be nearer the truth than the opinion of a man accustomed to look upon only one side and to allow only one kind of interpretation.

To be sure there are college-men and college men, and it would not be safe to follow the teachings of some of them. A little learning is a dangerous thing, for it may fall into the hands of a knave or a fool; and while we are confident that 'the truth will out,' who can calculate the suffering that may be caused, or the harm that may be done, by poisonous errors disguised in beauteous forms and artfully displayed. College-men may seem, too, to be unable to hold their own in some communities against professional demagogues. If so, this is evidence that there is undoubtedly a real need of good college journalism.

The man who has the most positive opinions and pronounces them in the most blatant manner, may be ignorant of the real facts that could determine the issue, and make his weaker and more deluded, though more honest, followers tenfold more the children of error than himself. But whoever is willing, whether because of unmingled love of truth or because of sympathy, to face a question squarely, may find some facts on apparently contrary sides; and should he be honest enough to allow the devil his due, and also be unable to decide at once upon which side the balance falls, he ought not to be condemned. Rather bless him for bringing to your notice hither-
to disregarded facts, in view of which you can more intelli-
gently, if not more confidently, form your own opinion. If
he be condemned, however, it is only further proof that his
influence is sorely needed to rescue a deluded populace from
the snares of the demagogue.

The reflex benefits to be derived by individual students who
undertake to write down their opinions upon social or political
questions are various and unlimited; they may be invaluable,
and deserve to be presented in the most appealing form. Here
we can only mention, a better knowledge of politics (in its
most comprehensive meaning), and increased ability to present
ideas successfully. The latter accords with the proverb,
“Practice makes perfect”; and as to the former, any respect-
able student will be ashamed and afraid to publish opinions
about that of which he knows nothing, and will be impelled to
study at least some one current question.

FOOT-BALL, we believe, has come to stay. The game as
played to-day is very different from the Rugby
game that was played in England, long long ago; and every
year there are more or less radical changes made in the rules
of our modern game. This is right, and commonsense will,
from time to time, dictate other changes. But it will be late
in the next century before the game will be so entirely changed
that a spectator would not recognize it as the game of his youth
in the last decade of the nineteenth century.

We cannot voice the sentiments of all our readers, any more
than we can unexceptionally endorse the views of our contrib-
utors; for they are not all of the same opinion. Ordinarily we
keep silent and give the Athletic editor no considerable aid;
but just now, when a bill to prohibit match games of foot-ball
has been introduced in the Virginia Legislature, we feel con-
strained to indicate in no uncertain way our own views regard-
ing the game.

It is a good sport; and though citizens and legislators may
cry it down, it will rise after every “down” with ever quick-
ened energy.
There are some people besides players, who believe in football, and among them is almost every man who ever held the pigskin on a gridiron. Men who have once learned to play do not quit until the sterner duties of life require it of them.

Those who croak against it most loudly and continually are soreheads, who do not understand the game well enough to see any difference between a decently played scientific game and a free fisticuff, and do not comprehend anything except that sometimes a player is hurt. It is evident that they have no idea of the prompt and faithful obedience to rules and orders that is required, or of the moral as well as physical stamina that must be developed.

The names of the present editorial staff should have been printed on the first page of the November MESSENGER, instead of those of the previous term. The mistake was due to otherwise harmless misunderstanding between the editor-in-chief and the “devil.”

In the rush for this issue of the MESSENGER, both the Alumni editor and the Athletic editor got left.

We found in our mail the other day, some verses from J. F. Wood, a student of the College, and a member of the Mu Sigma Rho Society during 1892-1894. We were glad, and now commend his example to other alumni. The MESSENGER is primarily for the publication of articles by the members of the Mu Sigma Rho and Philologian Societies, but we will with pleasure publish contributions from alumni, sometimes.

Our Exchange editor clipped out of some paper a statement which has been printed in various college journals as an item of news from the college world. The thing in question was this: “No student can use tobacco and remain at Brown University,” and it was printed in our magazine, as well as in
others. Since then we have received a letter from an old R. C. boy now at Brown University, saying that the assertion was not true, and had caused much mirth around there. Now our Exchange editor feels that, "Where ignorance was bliss, 'twas folly to be wise."

**Moral:** Don't believe everything you hear, or everything you see in print, even if you see it in a respectable-looking college journal.

**Observation:** Loyal alumni may reveal error and uphold truth.
President F. W. Boatwright returned Saturday night, December 4th, from South Carolina, where he attended the Baptist Convention of that State, held at Rock Hill, S. C. He seemed much pleased with the experiences of his trip. He found some twenty-five Richmond College alumni at the convention. These alumni hold some of the most important positions in South Carolina. He said that he got along very pleasantly with the Furmanites down there, but that they seemed to be a little afraid of him. He had scarcely entered the hall of the convention before he was introduced and welcomed, and the moderator of the convention said that while they were glad to welcome Professor Boatwright, they were not so glad as they might be if it were not true that he carried so many South Carolina boys away from Furman University to Richmond College.

President Wm. R. Harper, of the University of Chicago, has accepted the invitation from Richmond College to deliver an address at the college at the next commencement.

Ladies connected with the College and their friends have organized a Gymnasium class. This class meets twice a week, Wednesday and Saturday, at Mrs. Mitchell’s. All members come arrayed in vari-colored sweaters, and under the direction of Mr. Oscar L. Owens, the popular gymnasium instructor, go through the calisthenics work. These ladies are very enthusiastic, and fifteen or more attend every drill. Mrs. Boatwright is president of the class, and Miss Daisy Winston discharges the duties of the secretary.

The Williams Law Association is in fine feather this year, having organized with an increased membership, and everybody is taking great interest in the work. The offices are filled
with very able men: J. Kent Rawley, President; Chas. Con-
ner, Secretary; and our good friend "Herr" Williams carries the
shekels. The association has been furnished with an excellent
place to hold sessions of their Moot Court, as the Geographical
and Historical Society Hall has been fitted up with all necessary
desks, chairs, etc., for the Thursday-night sittings. Mr. Ernest
M. Long is Judge of this court.

The members of the Φ. K. Σ. fraternity have a table to them-
selves at Hotel a la Bouis; unison being required to devour the
strong butter and tough beef.

A committee from the Philologian Society are hard at work
on a new constitution.

An elegant bulletin board with glass front has been placed
in the main hall of the college for the Mu Sigma Rho and Phil-
ologian Societies.

The College Glee Club has been reorganized with the follow-
ing officers: President, J. P. Scruggs; Librarian, W. M. Seay;
Executive Committee, J. R. Taylor, E. T. Poulson and G. C.
Smith; Director, Prof. R. E. Gaines.

Judging from the waves of melody heard floating through
the College halls, one would think that the club was doing
"great things."

Some time during February, Dr. J. Wm. Jones, Chaplain of
the Army of Northern Virginia, will deliver an address in the
College chapel on "Robert E. Lee, the Model."

President Boatwright has arranged for a series of addresses
on "The Evidences of Christianity," to be given in February,
one each Thursday evening. The speakers and subjects are
not yet all announced; but the first speaker is Rev. J. C.
Hiden, of Richmond. Subject, "The Plain Christian vs. The
Advanced Critic," and another of the addresses will be given
Thursday evening, January 6th, Prof. R. J. Kellogg will deliver the first in a new series of University Extension lectures, in the Chapel. His subject will be, "The Religion of the Vedas and its Relation to Modern Hinduism."

We have holiday from December 24th to 30th, inclusive, only.

"Herr" Williams went before the State Senate committee when they were considering the anti-foot-ball bill, and contributed materially to the bill's defeat.

The Virginia College Conference held its third session in the Reception-Room of Richmond College December 16-17. The institutions which are now members of the Conference number eight, as follows: University of Virginia, Emory and Henry College, Washington and Lee University, Roanoke College, Hampden-Sidney College, Randolph-Macon Woman's College, Randolph-Macon College, and Richmond College. Each of these institutions had one or more representatives at this session of the Conference, except Washington and Lee University. President Wilson was expected, and intended himself to come, but was detained.

There were lively discussions upon the questions, whether equal standards for admission and for the Bachelor's degree should be required by all the institutions in the Conference. These discussions resulted in the appointment of special committees to further consider the questions and report at the next meeting of the Conference, which will be held at such time and place as the Executive Committee may decide.

The representatives from the other schools (except some who stayed with friends in the city) were entertained during the Conference by members of the Richmond College Faculty: Dr. P. B. Barringer (chairman of the Conference) and Prof. Charles Kent, from the University of Virginia, at Prof. Mitchell's; Prof. J. L. Armstrong (secretary of the Conference), from Randolph-Macon Woman's College; Chancellor W. W. Smith, of the Randolph-Macon Colleges and Academies, and
Prof. Smithey, from Randolph-Macon, at Prof. Pollard's; President J. D. Drehër, from Roanoke, at Prof. Thomas'; Prof. J. R. Miller, from Emory and Henry, at Prof. Kellogg's.

Other representatives in attendance were President Richard McIlwaine, from Hampden-Sidney, and President Kern and Professors Bowen and Blackwell, from Randolph Macon.

The representatives from Richmond College were President Boatwright and Prof. C. H. Winston. All the rest of the academic professors attended the Conference at some time during its sitting.

On the last day of the College Conference, Chancellor Smith spoke to the students at Chapel services, and made an able and effective appeal to them to exercise themselves thoroughly in body, mind, and spirit.

A Jollification, under the auspices of the Athletic Association, occurred Friday night, December 17th, in the Thomas Memorial Hall. The committee in charge were John B. Kaufman, H. M. Fugate, and W. S. McNeill, and they arranged a catching program, which was delightfully carried out. The attendance was not so large as could have been hoped for, but the net gain to the Association was considerable. All the actors were properly "tarred and feathered" in burnt cork and appropriate apparel. There were three parts; the first being in the hands of the Glee Club and "end-men," the second, including an old-time "nigger" cake-walk, and hypnotic exhibitions upon John Henry and his ma and pa and the rest, by "Herr" Professor, and the third, including another cake-walk which ended in a duel, and was followed by a realistic exhibition of up-to-date toe-pulling as it is sometimes applied to Rats.

Beginning in January, '98, Richmond College will begin correspondence courses of instruction in Lat., Eng., and Math., for boys who are unprepared for college and unable to attend academies. This new course does not aim to conflict with academies, but to do what they are unable to do.
The College Y. M. C. A. is in a flourishing condition.

The Week of Prayer, November 14-20, was observed, meetings being held in the chapel between 6 and 7 o'clock or from 7:30 to 8:45, every afternoon except Wednesday the 17th. On that day the regular work of the College was suspended from 11:30 to 12:30 in order that all the Faculty and all the students might join in the same service. This meeting was led by Rev. William E. Hatcher, president of the Board of Trustees of the College. His subject was: "The Relation of Faculty to Students and Students to Faculty. He made a very practical Christian address.

During the Week of Prayer there was one profession of conversion. And a self-denial offering was made by the members of the Y. M. C. A. amounting to $5.

Prof. R. E. Gaines led the regular Wednesday-night prayer-meeting December 8th. Subject: "Abiding in Christ." (See John xi.) His informal address was very practical, and full of well-put illustrations. To bear fruit, we must abide in Christ. This abiding is something more than regeneration. "How are we to abide in Christ?" We become like whatever we think about.

All the members are requested to wear badges of the design adopted by the International Committee.

The following changes have been made in the committees: Almshouse Mission: J. W. Cammack appointed chairman in place of G. C. Smith (resigned), and B. E. Lawrence and J. W. Durham added. Soldier's Home Mission: A. C. Harlowe appointed chairman in place of R. W. Neathery (resigned), and W. M. Seay and G. C. Durham added. Finance: H. B. Sanford and James Shaw appointed in place of R. E. Loving (resigned), and J. D. Frazer (resigned).
A Sunday-school has been organized at the city almshouse with the following officers: Superintendent, J. W. Cammack; Assistant Superintendent, Goodwin Frazer; Secretary, B. E. Lawrence.

The Sunday reading-room, mentioned last month, has been conveniently fitted up, and is freely used. The committee in charge consists of J. T. Bowden (chairman), Allan D. Jones, and J. Hammond Brown.
Among the recent additions to the gallery of portraits is one of the late Mrs. Mattie Hickman Schmelz, of Hampton, Virginia. She was the wife of Henry L. Schmelz, an honored trustee of the College. Schmelz Bros., George and Henry, have for a number of years supported a half scholarship at this institution, and when Mrs. Schmelz died they offered to make it a full scholarship, to be named after the deceased lady. The College very gladly accepted this offer, and at the same time informed Mr. Schmelz that it was making a collection of the portraits of the friends of the institution, and with his consent would be glad to have painted a portrait of Mrs. Schmelz. In response to this request Mr. Schmelz very cordially tendered an oil portrait of the lady. This portrait was presented to the college in a pleasing speech by Dr. Ryland, the Librarian, on behalf of Mr. Schmelz, at the '97 commencement. It hangs in the north corner of the Library Hall.

Still another portrait has very lately come into the possession of the College. A full length, elegantly mounted one, of the late Mr. James Thomas, Jr., who was for a great many years a member of the Board of Trustees and for some time its President. He was also a generous benefactor of the College, founding the school of Philosophy, giving twenty-five thousand dollars ($25,000) for this purpose, and contributing as much as forty thousand ($40,000) at other times.

This portrait is the gift of his widow, Mrs. Mary W. Thomas, who recently died.

It is the purpose of the Library Committee, who has charge of the College Museum, to mount this elegant portrait in the hall which bears Mr. Thomas' name, and group around it several more.

Mrs. Thomas gave several years ago the sum of one thousand dollars ($1,000) with which to begin the proper arrange-
ment and mounting of the Museum collection. The committee a few days ago decided to go ahead with the work of arranging the various material on hand.

The Librarian has been presented with a very fine photograph of the old Hanover Court-House. This building was erected with imported brick in the year 1735. It will be remembered that it was in this old court-house that Patrick Henry delivered his celebrated speech in the "Parson's Cause."

To the already bounteous supply of magazines in the last month have been added *McClure's Magazine*, *Munsey's*, and the *Atlantic Monthly*. All three bright and readable. In the December *McClure's* begins the sequel to the *Prisoner of Zenda, Rupert of Hentzen*. 
The November number of the *Wake Forest Student* (N. C.) comes to us laden with good reading matter. The *Student*, which ranks among the best of our exchanges, may be considered as a real contributor to literature—the goal for which every college magazine should strive. The “Battle of Sharpsburg” deserves special mention; it is admirably written, and well worth reading.

The *Seminary Magazine* (Louisville, Ky.), devoted exclusively to religious matter, is a welcome visitor. We enjoyed the article contributed by our old friend G. F. H., B. A. of our College; and we also rejoice in the fact that Richmond College has a representative on the editorial staff of this valuable paper.

The literary department of the *Butler Collegian* (Ohio) for November is well filled. “The Imperial University, Tokyo, Japan,” is exceedingly interesting and instructive, giving an insight into university life of Japan.

The editorials, however, are not strong, and the exchange department is filled with clippings from other magazines rather than with criticisms.

“A Blasted Life,” in the *Trinity Archive* (N. C.), is a well-written story. It tells of a young man, true and noble, who, because the girl he loved married another man, abandoned all his noble traits, spent his life in revelling, and finally became a maniac. If any such thing should happen in real life, let us hope that no young man would do as this one did, but let him call into activity his will-power and his manhood, and may he not be so foolish as to allow any woman to blast his happiness or wreck his life.
EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

The *Chisel*, of the Richmond Woman’s College, has cut a way into our heart and we shall now have a word to say about it. Generally speaking, the *Chisel* is an excellent magazine, but we do hope that the next edition will contain stronger editorials.

“Fate,” by “M. W. C.,” is a beautiful little poem, the thought of which is true to life in every respect. While we mean no reflection whatever upon “A Fragment” by the same author, we are frank to confess that we think her poetry better than her prose.

“Nature’s Own” shows deep thought, and is indeed a masterly production.

The *King College Magazine* (Tenn.), is a neat and worthy college publication, deserving special mention.

THE GOOD WE WOULD.

If we could do the good we would,
   How much life would be brightened;
   How many tears were turned to smiles;
   How many loads were lightened.

If we could do the good we would,
   Harsh words would not be spoken;
   And then the hearts that love us well,
   Alas! would not be broken.

If we could do the good we would
   Unto the weak, the sinning,
   There’d be for us and all mankind
   A better day beginning.

If we could do the good we would,
   There’d be no blind forgetting
   Of love’s sweet services, and then
   There’d be no sad regretting.

—Elizabeth Davis Fielder, in *Woman’s Edition Bristol Times.*
So excellent do we consider “The Different Classes of College Students,” in the *Davidson College Magazine* (N. C.), that we are going to mark it with a red pencil and place it upon the magazine table in our library, so as to give all students an opportunity to read it.

The contents of the *Gray Jacket*, Blacksburg, Va., are uniformly good; the November number lacks an athletic department, but the other departments are well filled.

We are rather disappointed in the November issue of the (Va.) *Randolph-Macon Monthly*. This college *can and ought* to publish a better paper.

**THEN AND NOW.**

The maiden of the Puritans
Sat by her wheel all day,
And worked, the family to assist—
Which was the olden way,
The maiden of the present time
Sits on her wheel instead,
And spins away from her household work
Till time to go to bed.

—*The Palladium.*

We cannot go further into detail, but will acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following:

*Tennessee University Magazine, McMicken Review, the Phoenix, Roanoke Collegian, Emory Phoenix, the St. John’s Collegian, the Furman Echo, University of Texas Magazine, Earlhamite, the Vassar Miscellany, the Georgetonian, Illini, Hesperus, the Southern Collegian,* and others too numerous to mention.

The right kind of a young man to love: One that loves his mother. One that is pure hearted. One that aims at a nobler career in life than to be a good dancer and a successful society man. One who cannot be laughed out of duty’s call.—*Ex.*
The following are mainly clippings from our various exchanges:

The great game of foot-ball which took place in Richmond on November 25, between the U. N. C. and U. Va., resulted in a victory of 12 to 0 in favor of the Virginians.

May 6, 1898, has been agreed upon as the date of the Harvard-Princeton debate, which will be held at Cambridge.

The anarchists of the East have established near Cornell a "School of Anarchistic Economics," in order that "such a school might be near a university to expose the enormity of the errors taught in those institutions."

A number of University of Chicago students have willed their brains for the benefit of science.

Students in Chemistry and Physics at Heidelberg, Germany, are required by the university authorities to take out an accident insurance policy, covering possible accidents during routine.

The students of the University of California have set aside an hour or two during the week for the consideration of questions which may from time to time arise that are of interest to the entire student body.

Between the years 1872 and 1898, the number of students in colleges and technical schools of the United States has increased from 23,392 to 81,392. The former total gives one student to every 2,000 of the population, the latter one to every 909. The total shows 484 institutions, 386 of which admit women to undergraduate courses.
Yale annually buys $7,000 worth of books for her library. Harvard spends $16,000 for the same purpose, and Columbia $43,000.

For the first time in its history, the Harvard base-ball team will make a trip south in the spring. Games will be scheduled with all the leading colleges of the South.

The oldest college in the world is Mohammand College, at Cairo, Egypt, which was 1,000 years old when Oxford was founded. It has 11,000 students.

America has three hundred universities and England ninety-four, yet there are two thousand seven hundred and seventy-eight more professors in the latter than the former.

President Eliot of Harvard recommends to students ten hours of study, eight of sleep, two of exercise, and four devoted to meals and social affairs.

Harvard has built an indoor tennis court, similar to the one in the Casino. The court can be used at night, as the building is lighted by electricity.

There is also in course of construction at this institution a new base-ball cage, the cost of which will be $15,000.

Columbia has a total of 297 professors, instructors, lecturers, and tutors.

The eighteenth annual report of the Carlisle Indian school shows an attendance of 762 Indians; 425 males, and 337 females, representing 68 different tribes. During the year the boys saved, by different means, $18,185.26, and the girls $7,263.12.
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Last Session. During 1896-'97 there were two hundred and fifteen students. The good health of students was unbroken by any case of serious sickness. During the entire session there was no infraction of rules requiring action by Faculty. Fourteen Degrees, one hundred and sixty-three Diplomas, and two hundred and ninety-six Distinctions awarded June 24, 1897, indicate that the session's work was faithfully done.

NEXT SESSION BEGINS SEPTEMBER 23, 1897.

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