



1-1889

## January 1889

The Dakota Student

[How does access to this work benefit you? Let us know!](#)

Follow this and additional works at: <https://commons.und.edu/dakota-student>

---

### Recommended Citation

The Dakota Student. "January 1889" (1889). *The Dakota Student*. 279.  
<https://commons.und.edu/dakota-student/279>

This News Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Elwyn B. Robinson Department of Special Collections at UND Scholarly Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Dakota Student by an authorized administrator of UND Scholarly Commons. For more information, please contact [und.common@library.und.edu](mailto:und.common@library.und.edu).

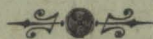


VOL 2. No. 3.



# THE STUDENT.

JANUARY, 1889.



## CONTENTS

*"Aims of Girls." Reading. The Scholars We Teach. Editorial. Dakota  
Weather. Exchanges. Shakesperiana. Essay on Merchant of  
Venice. College News. Local Items. Personal.*



# PARENTS

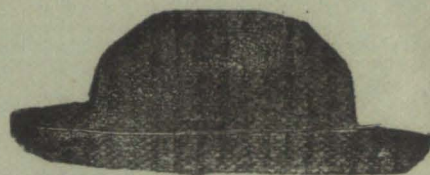
WHO INTEND SENDING THEIR BOYS TO THE

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH DAKOTA

can do no better than to have them fitted out at the **U. S. CLOTHING CO.**

**THE U. S. CLOTHING CO.** Make Youths' Clothing a Specialty. Their goods are finished and trimmed as good as the best tailor made. Prices the lowest at all times.

A. APPEL & CO.



A. C. STONE

THE POPULAR

**PHOTOGRAPHER**

OF GRAND FORKS.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO GROUPS

COR. 3RD STREET AND DEMERS AVE.

PHOTOGRAPHER.

FOR FINE ARTISTIC PICTURES OF ANY KIND, GO TO 113 DeMERS AVENUE.

**GEO. F. BLACKBURN,**

GRAND FORKS, DAKOTA.

## GRAND FORKS BOOK AND NEWS STORE

**F. W. IDDINGS,**

DEALER IN

### Books, Stationery, Office Supplies and Fancy Goods.

All University Books at Publishers' List Prices.

Jobber of School Books and School Supplies.

GRAND FORKS, DAKOTA

## KOPS BROS.

CHICKERING, ESTEY, MATHUSHEK  
AND OTHER CELEBRATED

## PIANOS,

ESTEY, CAMP & Co.

AND OTHER

## ORGANS

Send for Catalogues and Lowest Prices.

A full line of Musical Merchandise.

COLLINS BLOCK,

GRAND FORKS, DAK.

## SECOND NATIONAL BANK,

GRAND FORKS, DAKOTA,

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

M. M. LOCKERBY,

DENTIST,

SOUTH THIRD STREET.

GRAND FORKS, D. T.

WE, THE STUDENTS, PATRONIZE NASH BROS., AND ADVISE YOU TO DO LIKEWISE.







and sick beds would be attended by thousands of lady physicians, and in fact, our women would be sharing the duties and honors of all branches of labor with our men. But during those years woman's fortress is ever open to the attacks of the enemy of woman's aims—man—so that few are fortunate enough to come safely through.

In aiming, the first thing to be done is to get a good, square look at our aim. So with us in our life aim—let us look it over in all its points. Look at its usefulness to the world as well as to ourselves; look at our consciences to see if they approve; look at our aptitude and liking for the work; look at the difficult points as well as the bright ones. Then, if we succeed in choosing something that is grand and noble, that will make the world the least bit better, let us give up our lives and all else for it if we would succeed.

Rosa Bonheur says, to succeed thoroughly in anything, one must be willing to give up to it time, talents, friends, wealth, love, and almost soul. Let us look well to it that our aim is worthy the sacrifice.

The stepping stones to success are the opportunities seized.

How vividly the ancients portrayed opportunity! It was represented as an old man, the front of whose head was covered with long locks, while the back was bald. This meant that when an opportunity was met it could be seized, but after it had passed there was nothing by which to grasp it.

Some one has said, "Hitch your chariot to a star if you would reach the moon." If you aim low you will be sure to strike lower; and the higher your aim, if your vim and determination be equal to it the higher you will climb. As we climb in life, if we are made of the right metal, our aims will climb too. When we reach one mountain peak of success, it is only to find disclosed to our vision others immeasurably higher.

Never expect to reach your aims by dreaming over them. There is only one thoroughfare thereto, and that is called labor. It may

be with palette or pen, hand or brain; but we must labor nevertheless.

We should keep our eyes fixed on the light ahead, and not bent upon the troubles by the way. Those who are poor have no ground for envying those who sometimes seem to have such an easy road leading to their aims through riches. The extra struggle for means and aims will redouble the energies; and besides, the proverbial silver spoon oftener chokes than aids the possessor.

The rocks and rough places are for good, if we meet them aright. They are somewhat of the same nature as the Scotch thistle. If you take a good firm hold of it, the sharp points will straighten out and not be felt, but if it be lightly taken hold of, it is like "kicking against the pricks." We must grasp the hard circumstances that so often beset our pathways, and if we heat them sufficiently in the mold of determination and genius, they will give to character a nobility and strength which the flowery paths of the world never could develop.

#### READING.

Much has been said of the value of good books and the importance of becoming acquainted with the works of the best minds. Years of school life are spent over readers. In the primary grades the books are made attractive by colored pictures, and the more advanced ones by many good prose and verse selections. Yet by most children, when they leave our preparatory schools, the names of the great English writers are barely recognized, while the contents of their works are as unknown to them as the thoughts of Xenophon and Plato. In fact, instances like the following are not so rare but that many of us have met with them: A young girl about to graduate from a high school was heard to say that she had never read a book through; another, a bright Sophomore in college, said he intended to make a list of the books with which a person was supposed to be acquainted and read them when through school, as he had never had time to read English books. Surely it is an



argument for the opponents of the study of ancient languages, if to be prepared to enter college in Latin and Greek means to have no acquaintance with our own literature.

If children came from educated families, or if all were born with a genuine love for books (which is to have happiness in life from childhood to old age,) the road to culture would be a royal one. Comparatively few, however, are so blessed, and the question is how to prepare children of our schools to enjoy something of our literature.

In the short period of school life, with its many and ever increasing demands upon the pupil, there is not much time for reading; but a beginning may be made. The best any school or teacher can do is to teach the child to teach himself; and the child who has once tasted and enjoyed what is really good, will find time for reading, and will not be satisfied with trash. To awaken an interest and to guide a child in the selection of books, the teacher must be well read. What portions, for example, of Dickens's history, read to a child, will interest most and lead him to read the rest? From Dickens to Macaulay, is but a step, and Macaulay, with his brilliant coloring, his vivid imagination, and dramatic power, opens to him the broad field of history.

Very young children are delighted with stories told to them, while to listen to books would be a grievous task. Two children of my acquaintance of two and three years of age would bring a book and ask some one to "read-talk;" by which those who understand baby talk, a difficult language to the uninitiated, know they wish to be read to, but in words they can understand. So an obliging person can entertain and interest them for hours, improvising a variety of stories. Does not this give a hint why so often the reading lesson is the most uninteresting in all the school curriculum. At ten years of age I should have been surprised to learn that many pieces in my fourth reader meant anything, or were written for any purpose, except that the class might learn to pronounce certain words and

learn to read in a certain tone.

Boys are generally prejudiced against poetry. Few will say they like it. Yet when the numerous selections of Longfellow are reached, a photograph of the genial face of the poet, a picture of the Craigie house with its grand old trees, the headquarters of Washington, a story of his love for his own and all other children, may arouse a desire to know what Longfellow has written. Nothing that a teacher has learned, but may serve to explain some obscure passage, or give interest to some otherwise tiresome poem. It is surprising what trifles add interest; for instance that the Cambridge children gave Longfellow a chair made from the spreading boughs of the chestnut tree celebrated in the "Village Blacksmith;" to know that the poem "Two Angels" was written at the time of the death of his friend Lowell's wife and the birth of a Longfellow child. Any incident that called forth the poem, or sometimes even the period during the poet's life when it was written, are facts well worth mentioning. Humorous poems are especially unappreciated. Many a child will see no humor in the dignified Robert of Lincoln for plain bob-o'-link, until it is hinted by the teacher.

Greater and more satisfactory progress would be made in other branches, if reading were well taught. No one who has been so taught will see nothing but subjunctives in Cæsar, or merely words to be parsed in Cicero and Virgil.

Much is said about moral education in our schools, that to make good citizens something more is needed than intellectual culture, that children as they leave school should be honest, truthful, modest, able and willing to do their part in the world. Now no one wishes to deny this or say one word less; but sometimes we teachers wish that some of the citizens would give a little of how it is to be accomplished, rather than so much of what ought to be done. Indeed, the subject needs earnest and careful thought, but can there not be a great help in the teacher's knowledge of literature? Are there not hundreds of selections from Tennyson, Browning, and Milton, that contain not



only great truths, but also the very lesson the child needs and the teacher wishes to impress, clothed in language such that to change one word would mar the beauty and weaken the thought; and hundreds of pieces that would make him try harder than ever to make the most of him self and the most of life?

The aphorism, "To teach reading well, the teacher must be well read," does not benefit the teacher alone. It seems a golden thought for the teacher. All teachers desire to grow, to advance in knowledge as the weeks go by; yet with six hours' work in the school room, and much time besides, needed to arrange work and correct exercises, the time taken for one's own work seems to be taken from salutary recreation, or from work that might be done for the pupils. But if the reading of Scott, Hawthorne, Holmes and Bryant is a part of the teacher's education absolutely necessary to him, one can conscientiously reject the prohibition that Macaulay heard in his father's home, that poetry and novels were not to be read during the day time. Time spent in the reading of good books is never wasted. Only by self culture can the teacher be a help to his pupil. As we add one choice work after another to our knowledge, life becomes richer and fuller to ourselves and our associates.

The first preparatory class have been working at the reproduction of English poems. The following, of Swanage Bay, by Miss Mulock, was handed in during the month:—

IN SWANAGE BAY.

"I will tell you a tale, young men," the boatman said, addressing some boys who were longing to start for a boat ride. "Forty-five years ago on a bright morning, the fishermen were on the beach and the farmers in their fields; the sea was as calm as it is now, and from Swanage Bay you could see plainly the Isle of Wight, the Battery Point, and the Race below. Dick, Dolly—our three-year-old sister—and I sat on this very stone, I think, watching a little boat named 'Tricksy Jane,' which could be plainly seen up ashore. We could

not resist the temptation of enjoying a boat-ride, and Dick, turning toward me, said, 'Let's have a pull. Father, who is working in the field, will never know. The least puff of wind would frighten him; but I've been to France three times and back, and I ought to know better whether a boat is fit for sea or not.' Dick was very fond of Dolly, and since her mother died, which happened when our sister was eight months old, he had almost taken the place of a nurse. So he asked Dolly to come with us, and she kissed him sweetly, pleased as could be with the thought. Of course, I know I would have done the same, for we had enjoyed many a trip together when 'Tricksy Jane' was new. Father was sharp and meant what he said, but there was no danger, as the sea was calm, and Dick could manage any boat. With a pair of oars, and using my jacket for a sail, we started. We went only to those rocks yonder, named 'Old Harry and his Wife,' and then came back: but listen to the rest of my tale. We had not gone far when the wind began to blow with more force, and Dick shouted, 'Hoy, down sail!' Both of us pulled with all our might among the sea-horses so terrible and strong. At Dick's command Dolly crept under his jacket, and we rowed for life or death. Now we were approaching the sheltered bay and could plainly see father standing on the jetty here, holding a sickle in his hand. How bright the pleasant shore, the houses and the fields to us. Dick, as pale as a ghost, had just told me that we were safe when a wave drenched us three. Though I am safe and sound, I have been wrecked four times and seen many queer sights since then. But Dick—I think I hear him still calling for Doll, while trying to save his own life by clinging to the gunwale of the boat. I made no answer, for she had dropped like a stone, down through the deep sea; the little thing was gone. Three times he called for her, and then disappeared. It is forty-five years since then," the boatman cried, while a tear dropped from his eyes and he stared across the bay. "But Dolly?" asked all the children round him. "Poor Doll, she floated back next tide, and now



rests in her little grave in the church-yard yonder:but where little Dick lies, God knows." The boatman resumed his work and the children their games, while the sun shone bright on the waves in the quiet Swanage bay.

F. X. LANGELIER.

After the Style of Victor Hugo in the "Man Who Laughs." Chapter I, Introduction.

Dolly and baby were fast friends. Dolly was a girl; baby was a doll. Their tastes were congenial. It was the girl who had christened the doll. Probably she had also chosen the name; having found Dolly good for herself, she had found Baby good for the doll. The association of this girl and this doll was pleasing at home, at children's parties, at the houses of neighbors where her mates gathered together and wherever the people gave way to their need of viewing the beautiful and admiring innocence. This doll, pretty and supple with her patent joints, was acceptable to the crowd. It is a pleasant thing to note the works of art. We take supreme delight in seeing all harmonies of color. It is for this reason that so many people gaze at the arrangement of shop-windows. When the doll-car stopped on some lawn where a reception was being held, when merry little girls hurried up open-mouthed, when boys drew around them in a circle, Dolly speechified and baby approved. Baby, with a helping hand at her back, made a polite obeisance. They gained much admiration. The doll had been trained by the girl, or had trained herself alone, to various pretty dollish ways that augmented their applause. "Above all things," said her friend to her, don't degenerate into a girl!" The girl never cried, the doll did cry sometimes. Baby at least had the pretension of crying. She was a Parisian, and, by the way, making her French origin conspicuous, had become an adept at using her crying apparatus. Baby had flaxen hair, and Dolly brown hair. Dolly was eight years old, if she were not ten. She was not tall, she was not long. She was small and chubby. Nature had designed her to be glad. It was difficult for her to be grave, and it had always

been impossible for her to weep. A young child is a thoughtless being; Dolly was that being. A merry playmate, a loving sister and a tender mother to Baby—such was Dolly. In her infancy she had been a delight to the heart of her nurse. This passed one hundred and fifty years ago, when girls were a little more like wax dolls than they are at present. Not much more.

CORA E. SMITH.

#### THE SCHOLARS WE TEACH.

First, there is the little Norwegian, rarely found in mischief, very quiet, but when once started, quick and eager to learn. Probably next to his pattern of industry will sit a little chap with such big, innocent, brown eyes, who intently watches your face while an example is being explained; he is also engaged in exploring the depth of fat of the ribs of the boy next to him. Next in order come the two maidens who love each other to distraction, wear their hair in stiff little braids, and weep all the starch out of their aprons when one or both are requested to cease their interesting conversation, and view the school from the platform; and how the other children enjoy it! Then there is the tattle-tale, who comes running in almost out of breath to cry: "Teacher, Tom, he swore." "Teacher, Susie, she hit me, so she did." Don't you always feel that you want to say "It served her right?" One little girl with a face like a snow-drop, and such a meek, quiet voice. It seemed that she would be a pet; but that child developed so many aches and pains that you were forced to believe she was a little hypocrite. The big boy who gets sulky when reproved, and hates school and girl teachers, is not to be overlooked. What fearful figures he makes on the blackboard, when his arithmetic class is called! Yet his main pleasure seems to be in running over every comma and as many periods as possible, when he rises to read. Did one of the first-reader boys in your school spend most of his time in chewing his book? Another may have been content to tear the edges of the leaves while the little girl calmly went to



sleep, after marking her book with a lead pencil. One little girl, finding time hanging heavy on her hands, calmly leaned over her desk and proceeded to pour a bottle of water down the neck of the one before her. To the startled inquiry of the teacher as to what she was doing, she calmly replied: "Oh, nothing," and poured on. But the best of all is the happy, hearty fellow about twelve, who can't keep still, but must wriggle and twist, perhaps laugh outright, get down on the floor, and crawl along the line of seats to stir up the other boys. He listens with wide open eyes to any little story, throws mud with unerring precision, and continues to throw it in spite of all admonitions, but would go a mile out of his way to do the school-ma'am a favor, even if he openly laughs at her for having to have "sauce" for her dinner with her bread and butter, while he takes his straight. \* \*

The North Dakota Educational Association held its second annual session at Jamestown December 27 and 28. Among those in attendance were Pres. H. B. Sprague and Prof. Ludovic Estes of the University. Pres. Sprague presided at the meeting. In responding in behalf of the association to a cordial welcome, he concisely set forth the educational advantages and interests of North Dakota, Thursday evening he delivered his inaugural address as president of the association. His topic was "Public aid to public education; what education ought the community to furnish?" Among the points that were treated with completeness and clear demonstration of positions were the obligations of the community to provide sufficient education to insure the safe, smooth and efficient working of the governmental machinery, the responsibility resting upon every voter as a law-giver, a law interpreter, a law-enforcer, and a law-lover; the means by which every citizen can be made to act intelligently, patriotically and honestly on public questions. The only means of securing this result is through educational institutions, other means having proved inadequate. He

predicted a glorious future for Dakota, and thought the time not far distant when every son and every daughter will be encouraged to obtain a liberal and thorough education.

Prof. Estes gave an exhaustive treatment of the Relation of the State to Secondary Schools. He gave an extensive survey of the subject as found to exist in the States and in Ontario, and clearly showed the great necessity of a system of schools that provides for our now missing link between the primary schools and state universities; also that the work of the schools should be of a proper grade, their courses uniform and adapted to the requirements for admission to the universities. The great disadvantages of having a preparatory school in connection with a university were clearly and concisely set forth. He urged that steps be taken to provide for such schools while this new state and its future institutions are forming.

We are glad to note the following among the resolutions adopted:

In order to complete and unify the system of Territorial education, we favor the establishment and maintenance of Territorial high schools on the same basis as the primary schools and the university, regarding it as of the highest importance that the steps in public education should be continuous and unbroken from the primary schools to the university, and all possible encouragement should be extended to the humblest son or daughter of the commonwealth to take the complete course.

#### DAKOTA WEATHER.

Our weather report, in another column suggests that the prevailing impressions in some parts of the country about our Dakota climate need to be materially modified. New York has more sunshine than New England, and Dakota has more than New York. With the single possible exception of California, we have more clear days than any other part of the nation; and, unlike California, we are free from the protracted drought which parches and pulverizes the soil of that otherwise magnificent state.

North Dakota is especially favored. The storms that sweep with violence over the Atlantic coast, the cyclones that perform their



stupendous gyrations through the western states, the inundations that drown the south, the blazing suns that scorch Arizona and New Mexico, the mists and drizzling rains that soak Oregon and Washington Territory through the gloomy winters, are unknown in Dakota.

Ah, but the Dakota blizzard! Well, the blizzard that was so destructive of life in districts further south and east, a year ago passed quite harmlessly over North Dakota. The fact is, we are three hundred miles from the nearest large body of water, Lake Superior, and the rainfall and snowfall are less in amount and more gentle and gradual in their character than in most sections of our land. The storms seem to spend their fury before they reach us.

The atmosphere of North Dakota is dry, pure, and stimulating. Less than three inches of snow have fallen since September, and what fell remained but a day or two. The city streets and the prairie roads, all through the fall and up to this writing, (January 8) have been almost as smooth and hard as the concrete pavements of the eastern cities; so that, with the exception of four or five days, the bicycling between the University, and the city during the whole of the last four months, has been superb. Day after day in December our students played lawn tennis on the University grounds; and the military drill, for the most part, as late as the third of January, has been conducted with perfect comfort out of doors without overcoats.

We begin to wish for cold weather. Many of our students sigh for more snow and ice, and some of those from a distance are sadly disappointed in not being able to see even a miniature blizzard.

Our sunsets are perhaps the finest in the world, well worth a journey of a thousand miles to behold. The sunrises are said to be equally magnificent; but we have never sat up all night to see them. Our stars shine with unwonted lustre.

A peculiar mirage is often experienced here. It is most remarkable about eight or

nine o'clock on frosty mornings, when the villages, houses, barns, mountains of straw, and distant woods fringing the rivers—all ten or twenty miles away—are lifted into nearer view and seen with the utmost distinctness, far above the horizon.

On the whole, those who have seen Europe, and have lived on the Atlantic and Pacific slopes, tell us that the climate of North Dakota, if they may judge at all from the past few months, is the most nearly perfect they have ever known, and that it is especially adapted to raise vigorous thinkers, steady workers, manly men and angelic women.

Report by G. S. S. of the weather for December, 1888, at the University:

Average temperature:	
7:00 A. M. ....	13°
1:00 P. M. ....	28°
6:00 P. M. ....	20°
For month .....	20°
Average barometer .....	30.06
Prevailing wind—North.	
Number of clear days.....	5
Number of fair days.....	16
Number of cloudy days.....	10
Number of days on which rain or snow fell.....	3

One hundred and ninety students have thus far been registered during the present university year beginning last September. As there were but ninety-eight in the aggregate, during the whole of last year, it will be perceived that the greater part are new-comers.

#### EXCHANGES.

The National Educator is very interesting and useful, not only to students, but to all readers.

Of all the papers on our table, none is more pleasing than the Earlmamite. It contains much literary matter of high order.

We find much interesting matter concerning the Phillips Exeter Academy from the neat little sheet called The Exonian.

The most notable article in the Censor, from St. Mary's, Ontario, is one of encouragement to most students, as will be shown by the title, "Brilliancy not Necessarily Compatible with Success."



"School Education appears on our table. It is deserving of praise. The matter in it strictly accords with its purpose, which is educational.

Number two of the Oracle is well and carefully gotten up. We notice particularly an article on "How to Use a Library." The methods therein given are both good and practical. It would be well if the advice always to use a library so as to supplement the other work were more generally followed.

Among much interesting matter in the November Volante, is a delightful article by Professor Mars, on Evangeline. After giving an outline of the story, he gives a clear and interesting criticism of the poem, the most remarkable points being that he questions whether the meter is fitting for the character of the story; and he states that it is a poet's mission to please. Longfellow perhaps fails by drawing the picture too true to life.

The gift of \$5,000,000 as a beginning of \$12,000,000, if needed, by Mr. L. V. Williamson, of Philadelphia, for an industrial school for boys, is one of the greatest events in the history of benevolences. Mr. Williamson proposes a school which will turn out several hundred skilled mechanics, blacksmiths, carpenters and the like every year. His theory is that the lack of opportunity for manual training is one of the leading evils of our present educational and industrial systems.

There are five university degrees familiar to the average reader, D. D., LL. D., Ph. D., A. M., A. B.; but five is just one-twelfth of the whole number of degrees conferred in different American institutions. Frequently degrees formerly high in character are conferred for inferior achievements or merely out of compliment. This multiplication and indiscriminate use is bringing much contempt on the whole system. A degree is in danger of becoming as meaningless as the title of "professor," and the standing of that is illustrated by a sign which not a few years ago hung in front of a Philadelphia shop. It read, "Prof. Johnson, carpet shaking and whitewashing."—Jan. Chautauquan.

A bequest of \$1,000,000 has been put into the care of the American Missionary Association by Mr. Daniel Hand, of Clinton, Connecticut. The fund is to be devoted to the education of young colored people in the Southern states. A sensible condition attends the gift; no individual is to receive more than \$100 a year.

The movement in favor of the higher education for women goes steadily forward. Its latest achievements are the opening of the new College for Women in Baltimore, and the consent of the trustees of Columbia College to an annex for women, the instruction to be given by the Columbia faculty. It is worth while to notice that schools and chairs for teaching domestic economy are increasing as liberally educated women multiply. The breadth of mind and richness of interests resulting among women from wise college education are enlarging, we believe, her conception of the importance and possibilities of home life, and eventually will show the terms "domestic drudgery," "petty details," and "narrow round" to be only the phrases of the poorly educated and discontented.—January Chautauquan.

He—"And so you are really attending a cooking school, Miss Clara?" She—(brightly) "Yes, and it is such fun." He—"I suppose you can make nice bread already?" She—"No, I have nothing to do with making bread; but I can make lovely angel-cake. I am only taking the classical course."—The Sun.

#### WHO WAS

1. The Mutton-Eating King?
2. The Napoleon of Peace?
3. The Wizard of the North?
4. The wisest man of Greece.
5. Whiskey Van?
6. The Washington of the West?
7. The Virgin Queen?
8. The Vicar of Hell?
9. The Bard of Avon?
10. The Man in the Iron Mask?



## SHAKESPERIANA.

[By H. B. S.]

Apropos of our article in the November STUDENT, of Sir Philip Sidney's possible mention of young Shakespeare, in 1586, as "my Lord of Leicester's jesting player Will," we find in the magazine *Shakespeariana* for December, a string of rhymes with continual plays on the name Will, published in the year 1582, and perhaps commemorative of Shakespeare's departure for London. The lines are found in a book entitled "The Castell of Courtesie, Hould of Humilitie, Chariot of Chastitie, and Diana and Venus," and the heading prefixed is "Verses Written at the Departure of Friende W. S. when He went to Dwell at London." We quote the following lines as a sample.

The absence of a friende is grief unto the hart,  
The presence of him worketh joy and putteth back  
the smart.  
So *Will*, (my onely *Will*,) the absence now of thee  
Doth make me waile in woful wise, to thinke that it  
should bee.

\* \* \* \* \*

I do not think that *Will* will so his friende forget;  
But will remain in former *Will*.

The author of these lines, it seems, was one  
"James Gates, serving-man."

In *The Merchant of Venice*, III, iii, 279, 280,  
Jessica says of her father Shylock,  
When I was with him, I have heard him swear  
To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen.

Here the word "Chus," after the analogy of Hebrew words, should be pronounced "Cuss!" We called Henry Irving's attention to this point some years ago, and he recognized the proper sound of the "ch" as more piquant and more correct than the mispronunciation which he had previously permitted in his masterly presentation of the play.

The new interpretation which we suggested in our edition of *Hamlet*, of the lines I, iv, 36, 37:

The dram of eale  
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt;

viz:—The minute portion of evil maketh all the noble substance doubtful;—this interpretation finds confirmation in a parallel expression which we came upon a few days ago in Shakespeare's "*Antony and Cleopatra*," III, ii, 40, 41. Augustus invokes blessings on his sister Octavia:

The elements be kind to thee, and make  
*Thy spirits all of comfort.*

i. e. make thy spirits all "comfortful," if we may coin a word. The resemblance is striking.

In our new edition of *Macbeth* we suggest an interpretation first given in our *Masterpieces in English Literature*, p. 145, of the line,

'Tis better thee without than he within.

(*Macbeth*, III, iv, 14.) *Macbeth* is addressing the murderer of Banquo.

*Macbeth*. There's blood upon thy face.

*Murderer*. 'Tis Banquo's then.

*Macbeth*. 'Tis better thee without than he within.

Is he dispatch'd?

Our explanation is as follows: There is a tone of reproof in the words, as if the murderer had intruded. Suppose we read to the following effect: "There's blood upon thy face, thou oughtest not to be here." By way of excuse and to pacify the impatient king, he replies, "'Tis Banquo's then." *Macbeth*, not being yet informed of Banquo's death, and being still vexed at the intrusion, rejoins: "'Tis better for thee to be without, attending to him, than that he should be within the palace; for, if wounded he may come stalking in; or, if dead, he may be brought in. In any event you ought to be outside keeping him outside."

## A CHRISTIAN SPIRIT.

Mr. Isaacstein—I sells you dot coat, my frient, for sayventeen tollar; you dake hum along.

Customer—I thought, Isaacstein, that you didn't do business on Saturday. Isn't this your Sunday?

Mr. Isaacstein (in a low, reverent tone of voice)—My frient, to sell a coat like dot for sayventeen dollar was not peeseness, dot vas charity.



## ESSAY ON MERCHANT OF VENICE.

The Merchant of Venice is one of the most perfect of Shakespeares' plays. In each of the other dramas there is but a single plot, in this there are two, that of the bond and that of the casket. Each moves us with a thrilling interest and the transition from a scene in one to a scene in the other serves only to preserve the thread of interest unbroken. Not only are these points standing in bold relief, masterpieces, but all details are wrought out to perfection. The heroes of the play are men and women, noble or base, each remarkable in his own way, yet men and women, not the myths of Homer nor the inconceivable imaginings of Ossian. Each minor character, too, is an individual, whom we would surely have met had we traversed the streets of Venice in the days long gone by.

Many have been the conjectures whence Shakespeare drew the data for this drama. As it has ever been a question of doubt, we can only review, examine, judge and decide for ourselves.

Shakespeare may have drawn some of the incidents from a story told by Grosson of a play in his days in which the chief actor is a Jew who demands a pound of flesh in payment of a debt. But in this story we find no trace of the second plot.

The "St. Pecorone" is a more reliable source. In it we have the story of the bond, the casket, and the rings. With this book Shakespeare was undoubtedly familiar, and as the work was the common property of the literary men, he would not count it plagiarism to borrow this form.

In *Gesta Romanorum*, written during the reign of Henry VI, we have a plot also combining the bond, the caskets, and the rings. From this source it is generally conceded the great dramatist derived the data which furnished the story of the caskets in *M. of V.*

It matters little to us when we stand before a beautiful picture and see the perfect blending of color and the grace of execution, whether realistic or idealistic,—it matters little, I say,

where the painter got his colors, when his forms and figures, where his combinations of land and water, we care not from what source he drew his inspiration, we only know a picture is before us, perfect in form and coloring, and inspiring us with the loftiest sentiments. We stand mute, mystified, yet satisfied. So it is in Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice. All parts of the plot are beautifully interwoven. Only the mind of a Shakespeare could have linked the two plots, distinct in themselves, in such complete unity. It carries forward two plays, but the veins of the one are the arteries of the other, and vice versa. With what skill and grace he so manages that Portia shall be the chief actor with Shylock in the "Trial Scene"! With what cunning does he introduce the mirthful scene between Lorenzo and Jessica! It comes when the mind is sorrowful (notwithstanding Portia's triumph) on account of Shylock's complete overthrow, and the sweet and innocent vows of love, the murmuring cadencies of music, prove balm to our saddened hearts.

The end is all brightness and joy. We follow our beloved Portia to her dwelling and as her voice dies away, the curtain falls. Her future happiness is not expressed but left for our imagination to feed upon.

As the *M. of V.* is one of the most perfect of Shakespeare's plays, so the character of Shylock is one of the darkest. In it are united the base, grovelling, passions of man, without a spark to illumine the blackness.

Yet we cannot class him with Iago or Richard III. Theirs was a baseness past human, their crimes almost worse than mortals could perpetrate. For though we hear Shylock say, "I would that my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ears; would she were hearsed at my foot and the jewels in her coffin"! Yet, what a throb of wondrous pity comes over us when he is beaten, and exclaims, "I pray you give me leave to go hence, I am not well." And had Shylock, Jew, no reason to treat with scorn and contempt the Christians? Were their lives so irreproachable that none



could point at them the finger of scorn? Alas, No.

We see in Shylock, a man bloodthirsty in his revenge, yet a Jew, holding fast the faith of his forefathers; we see a martyr to his miserable lust, yet a rigid conformer to the Levitical law. We see him wishing to murder, yet passionately asserting his rights in an assembly of hostile spirits. He is a true Jew, and his evil qualities are swallowed up in the profound pity we feel for him in his downfall.

#### COLLEGE NEWS.

According to Prof. Shaler of Harvard, the students of that University are in a much better condition, both physically and morally than they were twenty years ago—with the exception, we suppose, of the "fast set."

Clark University, about to be started at Worcester, Mass., it is thought may be the future American university. It will receive no students in academic courses, but only those who have completed a college course, and who wish to pursue university studies proper. This is what is needed in this country, although Johns Hopkins has partially supplied the want. Most of our so-called universities, Michigan for instance, are only colleges or combinations of colleges with professional schools.

That "truly good" paper, the New York Mail and Express, says there is an "urgent necessity for an institution of higher learning in this vast and growing Territory" of Dakota; laboring evidently under the impression that the need is to be supplied by a certain institution whose president is on a begging expedition throughout the east. That editor is probably ignorant of the fact that we have colleges and universities out here by the dozen—and the more the pity, in every sense. Why do our religious denominations want to start weakling colleges, and dub them universities, to maintain a precarious existence with a few professors and a few students? If those denominations would only unite their forces with the state university, as they have the good sense to do at Toronto, for instance, they could get, free of

charge, all that the state furnishes, and would have their private resources left for denominational instruction. Think of it, Christian brethren; if your object is to give the best education to your children, rather than to provide situations for college professors.

They don't seem, in the east, to get beyond the point of giving a grudging recognition to woman's claim to higher education. An "annex" is about as big a dose as the average eastern college can take.

#### LOCAL ITEMS.

What Senior wrote a note dated Fryday? Is he a cook, I wonder?

Two enormous caverns have been discovered on the University grounds since this term began. We never noticed them before on account of the golden haze that obscured the openings. What made you shave, boys?

For the present, the calisthenic exercises at noon will be discontinued, and the time will be occupied in sight reading from the works of the best authors, under the superintendence of Miss Smith.

The Senior class are exercising their brain over mental science, and it is reported that the young gentlemen of the Junior year are breaking their hearts over sentimental science. It looks that way, doesn't it?

Six miles in one afternoon seems a very long walk, although four of them are enlivened by pleasant company.

The Normal Society propose to give their promised entertainment in the Dormitory parlors on the first Friday in February. We long for the fulfillment of this promise, as we look forward to a rare intellectual treat.

What is the cause of the dazed expression that has come over the faces of the students? The time table has changed and nobody knows where he belongs.

The Juniors are beginning physics, and whenever they tumble they remain tumbled till they decide what property of matter caused the fall. They never think of pride.



The "scientific three" seemed to have made it their special business during vacation to keep a portion of the Red River ice near Lawyer Bosard's dwelling free from snow, and in good condition; which they and their friends heartily enjoyed.

The Per Gradus Society elect officers every month, and in this way every member has an opportunity to hold some office in the Society. The Adelphians hold elections three times a year, and the Normals elect but once a year.

Fairabault's doors are thrown open to receive one of our most popular young lady students, Miss Marion Wellington. The absence of Miss Matie's merry chatter and bright eyes will long be mourned. She entered "St. Mary's" immediately after the holidays.

The Christmas holidays extended from Friday eve, December 21, 1888, to Wednesday noon, January 2, 1889. Very few students remained at the dormitories during this time; but those who remained felt no lack of Christmas cheer and New Year's joy.

Why don't our boys get up some out-door games, such as foot ball, this beautiful weather? We haven't seen any, though from the appearance of some fragments of spotted pasteboard scattered about, there have evidently been some games in-doors which we have not seen.

Every student is required to give a recitation before the Faculty and students, for which he receives the same mark as for a recitation. The students have generally acquitted themselves well.

Applause which comes as a matter of course, is no applause at all. Better have none, if not called forth by some unusual excellence, and probably best have none, even then.

When the students returned after holidays, they found the dormitory shining like a new tin pan. The floors and panels of the halls had been oiled, and the dining room floor had been painted and its ceiling kalsomined. "Jo" too, notwithstanding the recent addition to his family cares, had scrubbed out the South Building, and everything was spick-and-span clean.

The Juniors spent a very pleasant evening at the residence of Col. E. Smith on Sixth street, December 22nd. It was the class party of the season. May there be many more of them.

Thursday, January 4th, the members of the Adelphi Society elected their officers for the next three months:

President—H. F. Arnold.

Vice President—Mary B. Crans.

Secretary—Helen M. Bangs.

Treasurer—Frank J. VanKirk.

First Marshal—George Robertson.

Second Marshal—Lois Nash.

A black cormorant, *Phalacrocorax*, has arrived, and is now in the museum. The specimen was killed near Devils Lake. We have a specially fine and now nearly complete collection of birds of North Dakota.

Another ornament for the museum is a very fine pair of Moose horns. The animal was shot near Lake of the Woods, and as the moose is disappearing very fast from its old feeding grounds, it is very fortunate for the University to secure such a fine pair of horns.

Do you know how the young men make their pompadours stand up? Well, we'll tell you. You know that a number of them practice on stringed instruments very industriously. When they get through practicing they brush the rest of their hair down and they're all right.

The library has been presented with a handsomely bound volume of "Our Dumb Animals," by Geo. T. Angell, president of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Prof. Montgomery: "I have received since I came to Dakota three specimens of wood in an almost perfect state of preservation. These specimens were taken from that layer of clay which is found almost everywhere in this northern country. One piece of cedar was nine feet below the bed of a coule, and the others were twenty-five or thirty feet below the surface. No one doubts the antiquity of this



clay and the wood has been well preserved in it thousands of years, although no special pains was taken to insure its preservation. These facts form an additional and forcible argument in support in the belief in the antiquity of the bones and other contents of the mounds throughout Dakota.

New faces greet us at every turn, for the new students have come in with a rush. They will soon become familiar faces, however, and we hope they will be happy in their new associations, and are sure they will find congenial spirits in such a crowd of associates.

We are very sorry to learn that before this goes to press Messrs. Stryker and Edwards will be with us no longer. They have been most popular and faithful students, and they will be equally missed by students and faculty.

Some of our examination papers present interesting problems. For instance; "Shakespeare was born in 1564 and died on the day of his birth, 1616."

Don't let anyone forget that April 30th of this year is the 100th anniversary of the inauguration of the first president of the United States—George Washington. Of course we're going to celebrate. We are a thoroughly patriotic band of students, and our University president will find us heartily in earnest to follow whatever program he thinks best for that day. Work hard and save all your shouting apparatus for that time.

On January 3 and 4, 1889, all students gave their faces an extra scrub, examined the tips of their phalanges—the young ladies made a frantic search for shoe buttons, while the young men sought the loan of blacking-box and brush—bangs were combed down and pompadore swere combed up. "Midnight oil" was burning until half past ten o'clock a week previous, so that all lessons might do credit to the labors of the worthy professors, and enhance the fair fame of the University of North Dakota. Finally, rooms in perfect order, arrayed in best bib and tucker, with studious faces, we passed to our respective class-rooms, and awaited the advent of the law-makers of the Territory. They came, they beheld everything,—they departed.

We rummaged through the waste basket the other day—we always do when we're short on locals—and we fished out something which will be vastly interesting and edifying to our readers. It furnishes ample proof of our poetical genius.

"They kindly picked me up,  
And placed me on my horse,  
But to open up that note,  
Required much mental force.

At length I screwed my courage,  
To the sticking point,  
And nearly tore the note in two,  
For I quaked in every joint,

I at first was much surprised  
To gaze upon their "phizes,"  
Deep learned thought was seated there,  
So I began my quizzes.

But looked they sad and then produced  
Two notes addressed by the same fair hand.  
And began to read in monotonous tone,  
Your poetry received \* \* \* "

And from another scrap the following:

Your poetry received,  
With pleasure we perused  
And decided that your talent  
With profit had been used."

Evidently they are fond of blank verse, as for example:

"Hoping soon to hear from you,  
We express our gratefulness."  
\* \* \* \* \*

The rest you'll have to guess.

"Time is quickly passing,  
And we this note must end.  
As soon as ever we have a chance,  
We it to you will send."

Location of the local editor?

On January 3 the University was favored by the presence of several members of the territorial legislature, in company with a number of the regents. They inspected the buildings and grounds, looked upon the young men at their military drill, and the young women at their calisthenic exercise, and departed, we doubt not, deeply impressed with the good work already going on, and the better work that will be done when they shall have given us what we need.

The Sabbath evenings at the University have been made very pleasant by the social singing of hymns by the students. Both young gentlemen and young ladies meet in the dormitory parlors and spend an hour or more in this pleasant exercise.



We have two boys who love to skate, and no doubt they will die loved.

The late disastrous fire in the city reminds us of the fact that the University is practically fire proof. The great rolls of hose in the halls attached to the water pipe, ready for use at a moment's warning, give one a feeling of perfect security.

Would it not be well to have the young men drilled in a fire brigade, so that in case of fire all the fellows wouldn't grab one hose in their excitement?

A prize of \$100 has been offered to the students of all universities and colleges in the United States by Geo. T. Angell, president of the Massachusetts Society for the Protection of Cruelty to Animals, for the best essay on "The Effect of Humane Education on the Prevention of Crime." How many of our students intend to compete for it? We'll throw up our old hat for the one of our students who wins.

On Saturday evening, January 5, the members of the Per Gradus Society assembled in their usual meeting place, and held their first meeting of the year. The following officers were elected:

President—H. G. Vick.

Vice President—Louis Bjornson.

Secretary—George Robertson.

Sergeant at Arms—Peter Sharpe.

No literary exercises were carried out, but the evening was wholly given up to the business of the society.

C. S. DeGroat: "Vacation is a sort of necessary nuisance. The nuisance is that it doesn't last long enough; but I had a good time as long as this vacation did last. Wrecked two carriages and a pair of skates and then filled the ice house."

The slight fall of snow, followed by warmer weather has rendered the ice on English Coulee very rough and unfit for skating. Some of our enterprising students have endeavored to flood the coulee and prepare it for more sport, but so far their attempts have been in vain. Try, try again, boys.

We have no doubt all the students were ready with smoked glasses to behold the eclipse on January 1. At one point the sun was so nearly covered by the moon as to present the appearance of a narrow crescent. The long shadows and strange light and chill gave one a strangely uncanny feeling. The day was beautifully clear, and the first contact was seen at about 3 o'clock P. M., standard time. By half past four old Sol had half emerged from behind Luna; but could not muster courage to show all his face, and so sank from sight, behind the western horizon.

#### PERSONAL.

Leonard D. Beach is engaged in business in Ojata.

Will B. Smith passed the holidays at his home in the city,

George Hempstead has secured a fine farm near Emerado.

Miss Minnie Maloney is visiting friends in the city.

On Christmas day Fred. W. Cathro was united in marriage to Miss Mary Griffith of this city.

Capt. Peter Sharpe spent his vacation with friends at Hillsboro.

George Wheeler is employed in the Herald office of the city; he has also become an accomplished stenographer and type writer.

Miss Dow, our "airy, fairy Lilian," has really bid farewell to Vassar, finding the attractions of Dakota outweigh those of the Empire state.

Since January 1, Miss Minnie Husk is known as Mrs. Geo. H. Mars. Mr. and Mrs. Mars will reside in Chicago.

Prof. Chas. Bartholf, principal of a Grammar school in Chicago, spent a week visiting at the University during the holidays.

Mrs. E. S. Mott, the distinguished elocutionist, and formerly matron of our institution, is spending the winter in visiting friends in Ohio and New Jersey.

Miss Mary Allen, Matron of Vermilion University, and also associate professor in ancient languages in that institution, spent several days with her sister, Miss Jennie Allen, our matron, during the holidays.



VISIT THE  
**Largest Dry Goods and Carpet House**  
 IN DAKOTA.

*We are now selling out Cloaks, Shawls and Carpets at such prices to please you.*

—ALSO—

*Men's Seal Skin Caps worth \$6.00, now \$4.00; worth \$10.00, now \$7.00. They must be sold. All sizes. Call at*

**A. G. JOHNSON & CO.,**  
 THE GREAT MINNEAPOLIS STORE.

Everybody should be a Student. By studying your own interests you further your own good, so do not take stock in the kind of advertising that is got up to pull wool over your eyes by hanging out baits and when you get in their stores will charge you from 10 to 75 per cent. more for goods than what they are worth. Go to P. J. Bye's clothing establishment and if you are not satisfied return the goods and get back your money. Students who are in favor of truth and veracity will please study this over and call at

P. J. BYE,

COR. THIRD AND DEMERS - - GRAND FORKS.

**M. GULLIKSON,**

DEALER IN

LADIES,' MEN'S AND CHILDREN'S

**BOOTS AND SHOES,**

CORNER THIRD STREET AND KITTSON AVE.

Between R. R. Track and P. O.

Grand Forks - - - Dakota.

**China Hall,**

133 SOUTH THIRD ST. - - GRAND FORKS

A Full and Complete Line of Crockery, Glassware  
 Wall Paper, Picture Frames, Toys and  
 Holiday Goods.

AGENTS FOR THE CELEBRATED

**ROCHESTER LAMP**

The Best in the World.

VISIT CHINA HALL,

J. ANDERSON.

**Rand Bros.,**

*Carry the Largest and Finest Assortment*

—OF—

**BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS**

IN THE NORTHWEST,

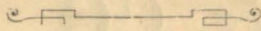
Grand Forks - - - Dakota. Grand Forks - - - Dakota.



*Buy! Buy! Oh where to buy,  
We hear the eager Students cry,  
And hark! The answer comes to all,  
The Store "Ontario" requests a call.*

IN  
**DRESS GOODS**  
AND  
**SILKS**

*We are showing the newest  
and finest styles in  
the City.*



**BOOTS**  
AND  
**SHOES**

We keep the Celebrated

**LUDOW SHOE**

FOR LADIES, AND

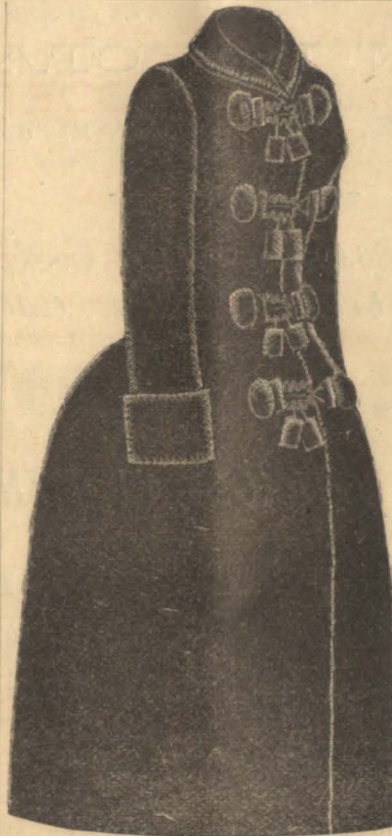
*Swett & Sherwood's*

Celebrated

**HAND SEWED SHOES**

FOR GENTS

**TRY THEM.**



We have all the novelties in cloth garments. In seal plush we are offering some special bargains. A fine assortment of astrachan fur garments in stock. Special measures taken for mink and seal skin sacques.

**CLOTHING.**

Here is where we can save you lots of money.

Suits made in the best styles and of wear resisting fabrics at popular prices. Overcoats in cloth and fur.

Underwear and neck wear in great variety, selected with care to suit everybody.

**NOTIONS.**

In this department you can find all

kinds of

**FANCY DRY GOODS,**

CORSETS,

RIBBONS,

RUCHINGS,

etc., etc.

PRICES THE LOWEST.

**CARPETS.**

ALL WOOL

EXTRA SUPERS

**BODY BRUSSELS**

AND

**TAPESTRAS.**



**RUGS**

—AND—

**MATS**

**COME AND SEE THEM.**

GROCERIES—The Largest Stock in the City.

GLASSWARE AND CROCKERY—A Fine Assortment Offered at Bargains.

**ONTARIO STORE.**



**S. BLACK,**

Fine Tailoring, Steam Cleaning and Repairing.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or no Charge.

320 Kittson Ave., opposite Dr. Goudy's office, Grand Forks.

**RUTLEDGE & LOHRBAUER,**

DRUGGISTS AND PHARMACISTS.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

Grand Forks, - - - Dakota.

Special Attention Given to all Kinds of Repairs.

**W. R. LASHAM,**

THE CITY JEWELER.

WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY.

Trepanier Block, Third Street, Grand Forks, Dakota.

**DR. O. B. LUNDY,**

DENTIST

GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

Corner DeMers Ave. and 3rd St., Grand Forks, Dak.

**S. C. BJORNSTAD,**

DEALER IN

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, BOOTS, SHOES,

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

Grand Forks, - - - Dakota.

**Grand Forks Steam Laundry,**

411 DeMers Ave., between 4th & 5th Sts.

C. G. NEILS, PROPRIETOR,

GRAND FORKS, DAK.

Mail and Express Orders Promptly Attended to.

*Lean & Beyer,*

PAINTERS, PAPER HANGERS & DECORATORS.

Complete Line of Wall Paper,  
Room Mouldings, Window Shades.

Orders from Interior Towns Solicited. Grand Forks, D. T.

**Opsahl Brothers,  
ONE PRICE CLOTHING HOUSE,**

North Third Street, Grand Forks.

ALL GOODS MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

Hats, Caps and Gents' Furnishing Goods.

**TEMPLE OF FASHION,**

MRS. C. A. GALE, PROPRIETRESS.

MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS.

Next to D. W. Luke's, Grand Forks, Dak.

GUST. MORTON.

H. L. HANSON.

MORTON & HANSEN

**GROCERIES—**

COMPLETE STOCK.

127 South Third Street,

Gotzian Block - - - Grand Forks, D. T.

**GRAND FORKS NATIONAL BANK,**

M. L. McCORMACK,

F. T. WALKER,

President.

Vice President.

W. O'MULCAHY, Cashier.

**WHEELER & LOGAN,**

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS,

GRAND FORKS, DAKOTA.

R. A. SPRAGUE,

Proprietor of

KITTSOON AVENUE GROCERY,

Fancy and Staple Groceries, Flour, Feed Provisions.

311 Kittson Ave., next door to post office.

GRAND FORKS, DAK.

Repairing and Engraving a Specialty.

**FRANK V. KENT,**

Watchmaker and Jeweler,

WATCHES,

CLOCKS and

JEWELRY.

Kittson Avenue,

Next to Postoffice,

Grand Forks, D. T.

**Thomas Griffiths,**

**MERCHANT TAILOR**

**THE ST. PAUL STORE,**

DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS, SHAWLS, BANKETS,

CLOAKS, Etc., Etc.

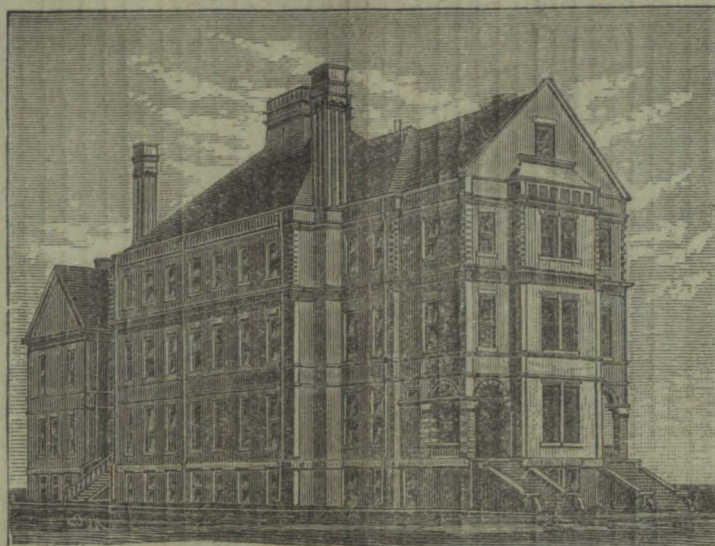
A Full stock of Gents' Furnishing Goods such as Hats, Caps,  
Gloves, Mittens, and Neckwear,

Prices lower than the lowest.

GOTZIAN & CHRISTOFFERSEN.

Gotzian Block, Grand Forks, Dakota.





SOUTH BUILDING.

# UNIVERSITY OF NORTH DAKOTA

AT GRAND FORKS, DAKOTA.

The second term of the current university year begins on Wednesday, Jan. 2d, 1889. All students are requested to present themselves punctually. Students are given the choice of four courses, Classical, Scientific, Literary and Normal.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO THE

## TRAINING OF TEACHERS.

Tuition Free in all Departments.      Incidental Fees, Five Dollars per Year

A FULL FACULTY OF EXPERIENCED INSTRUCTORS.

FULLY EQUIPPED LABORATORIES, LIBRARY AND MUSEUM.

A new and elegant Dormitory has been erected on the University Grounds, with accommodations for about one hundred. Board, including room heated and furnished with all necessary furniture, except bed clothing, towels and carpets, is supplied for \$2.50 a week, payable monthly in advance. As the capacity of the buildings is limited, a preference will be given, in the assignment of rooms, to those who have previously been members of the University, those who are pursuing the higher studies, and those who expect to pursue an extended course at this institution. Where students procure rooms and board themselves, the cost may be made to suit their own convenience. Free use of steam laundry. Military drill and gymnastic exercises for the young men; calisthenics for the young women. The gymnasium has already received several hundred dollars worth of choice apparatus. Bath rooms with hot and cold water free of charge. The main buildings are in first-class condition and the grounds have been greatly improved. With recent additions to the teaching force, with new books for the Library, new specimens for the Museum, new apparatus for the different Laboratories, the University is now enabled to offer greatly improved facilities for the acquisition of a liberal education. To a reasonable extent the Professors will be glad to advise and assist by correspondence in directing the studies of prospective students. Music instruction free. For catalogue and other information address

Prof. W. MERRIFIELD, B. A., or HOMER B. SPRAGUE, Ph. D.,  
Secretary of the Faculty.      President, Grand Forks, Dak.