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THE STUDENT.

JUNE, 1889.



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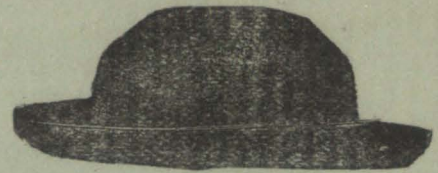
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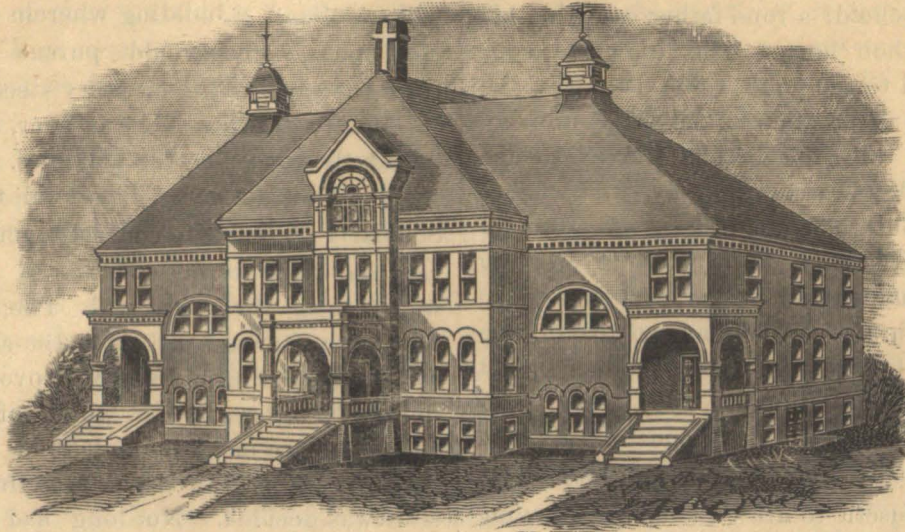
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THE F. S. T.

Far out in the western wilds of our country, dwelt the Fearful, Scholarly Three. This awe-inspiring name was claimed by three youths, mighty in war (witness the havoc they made among the mighty tribes of gophers and cats,) and great in learning, being especially versed

in the science called Sentimental. These three youth did long to perform more mighty deeds than were done by their fellows. Others might till the soil, and labor as they would; they would remain prone on their couches, while the sun shone bright, lamenting that there were no heroic deeds to be done, as in days gone by. For many days they watched and waited, nor was their waiting in vain. For from the far-off distance came a still, small voice, telling of a mighty mound that must be overthrown, and calling on them to do the good work.

Then were the souls of the Fearful, Scholarly Three filled with joy and courage, and they one to another: "Come let us haste to this far-off place, and let us overthrow this mighty mound. Perchance great riches await us."

Then did they hastily prepare two chariots, with much provision, and a goodly store of tobacco. Nor did they forget coverings to protect their tender bodies from the night air.

Also did they have weapons, to over-awe the inhabitants of the country they might pass through. And late on the tenth day of the fifth month did they set out. Not many leagues had been passed over, ere it was given to these bold adventurers to help a fair damsel in distress. Swiftly were they riding o'er the plain, when behold! a fond father escorting his daughter to their home. But his fiery steed, unaccustomed to the yoke, refused to draw the chariot, save over stumps and such unlovely ways. Then was the maiden forced to dismount, and slowly wend her way from whence she came. But then stepped forward one of the sages of the land, known and revered by youths and maiden and father, and thus spoke he: "O, ye brave youths! have compassion on this maiden, I entreat you. Let not her bright young eyes be thus dimmed with tears. For see! this damsel yearneth to meet once again her mother and to embrace her brothers. But this steed refuseth to draw the maiden, having no respect for so fair a burden. Behold! there are but three of you, and ye have two chariots. Cannot room be made for her, until with whip and remonstrance the father shall convince the unruly beast that submission is best?"

And then did quickly did one of the Three dismount, saying; "Oh! wisest of sages! We pass by the mansion of this maiden, and most willingly will we bear her hence. Nay, we entreat that our chariot may be honored with her presence."

In a right knightly maner did he assist the now over-joyed maiden into the chariot, and the procession formed. For first did ride the youth and maiden, she with brown curls floating free, making the long way short by her merry prattle. Then did follow the other two youths heavily armed, their helmets crushed in with heavy blows, while the fond father rode behind and viewed the scene with pride.

Safely was the maiden carried until they drew up before her father's door. Loudly did

the father call for food and drink to set before his guests, but they would neither stop nor stay. "Urge us not," they said, "the way is long and the time is short, let us go in peace." And he delayed them not. On they rode, saw the great sun sink to rest and the pale moon rise. Still on, until before them shone the white walls of a building wherein daily assembled many who would pursue knowledge. Here they checked their weary steeds, and long and loudly did they beat the door, and anxiously did they peer in the windows. But there was none to answer. Then did the Fearful, Scholarly Three take counsel together, saying: Lo, the night is far spent, rest outside the walls until the morrow." Then did they release the horses, and draw the chariots close to the protecting walls. Moreover, a mighty discussion arose, as to which of the Three should repose in the middle, and finally when the contention grew sharp, they drew lots, and so it was decided. Not long had the morning light shone o'er the plain, ere they wakened from their deep slumbers, and right heartily did they eat. Not far off appeared the mound they had sought so earnestly, and eagerly did they hasten thither. The owner of the land, having been warned of their approach, did send a trusty man with four strong beasts of burden and an exceeding large scraper, to assist the youths in their explorations. And one did sleep, while two did guide the scraper. But the horses being exceedingly strong, and they not being used to guide a plow, they could make no headway.

And then did that trusty man with profound obeisance, entreat that to him might be given the management of the scraper. "Cause ef you don't quit tryin' to run that thing, them blamed hosses will get away with you." Then did they take the spades, and soon did they lay bare a skull. Great was their joy, and eagerly did they dig on, finding bones.

But great sorrow covered their rejoicing, even as a dark cloud covers the fair, blue sky. For their fiery steeds, tethered hard by, did

break their fetters and ran swiftly o'er the plain.

Swiftly did they pursue them, breathing out threatenings as they ran, and great was their exhaustion, ere once more the wandering ones permitted themselves to be caught. Then did two leave the mound, and hasten to lave their weary bodies in a stream hard by, while the third kept watch, and told the wondering throng that assembled of the greatness of the work.

Late in the day it was when they set out on the return journey, covered with glory and overcome with a desire to sleep. Back did they return from whence they came, taking with them the damsel they had rescued. And as they passed along the highway, they met two maidens driving, and the maidens gazed long and wondering at them. "Well might they gaze," thought the Three, as they reflected on their battered helmets, shining weapons, and gorgeous array. Nearer approached the chariot of the maidens, more steadfast was the gaze of the maidens and as they met, the maidens laughed low and merrily, nor could their laughter be stayed. Then thought the Fearful, Scholarly Three; "Perchance they mock us." They did, O, Fearful, Scholarly Three.

THE STUDY OF MODERN LANGUAGES.

Besides English, the modern languages usually studied at the present day are French and German. In most institutions of learning, provision is made for instruction in these two only; and even where provision is made for the study of Italian and Spanish, the Scandinavian and the Celtic groups of languages, these are regarded rather as linguistic specialties than as necessary parts of a liberal education.

This was not always so. In the fifteenth century, Italian literature far outweighed both in variety and value, that of all other modern tongues, and exercised a strong influence upon all. In the sixteenth century, the Spanish, as language of the nation, not only the most powerful in Europe, but also claiming and to a

large extent maintaining the ownership of the New World, became a necessary part of the mental equipment of soldier, diplomatist or merchant. It was the long and splendid reign of Louis XIV that established the ascendancy of the French language throughout Europe, an ascendancy that may be said to have lasted from the middle of the seventeenth to about the middle of the present century. During this period, not only was its brilliant literature more widely known than that of any other living language, but it was also practically the medium of international intercourse and the language of polite society throughout continental Europe. Even now, the traveler will find French the most generally useful language, especially in the by-paths of European travel. When to this is added that French is the key to a literature surpassing all others in the quality of style it is readily seen how a knowledge of that language has come to be regarded as a necessary part of a well-rounded education.

The importance attached to a knowledge of German is of comparatively recent origin. Even at the beginning of the present century, German was studied beyond its own borders hardly more than Russian is at present. How slightly German was regarded formerly, even by its own people, may be estimated from the fact Germany's greatest philosopher, Leibnitz, 1646-1716, wrote for publication in Latin or French; while its greatest man of action, Frederic the Great, 1712-1786, not only habitually spoke and wrote in French, but openly expressed his contempt for the language and literature of Germany as semi-barbaric, and unworthy the attention of a cultivated mind. This is not so surprising when we consider that from the great names that form the glory of German literature, Lessing, Wieland, Gœthe, Schiller, came into prominence only in the last third of the eighteenth century. In pure literature, Germany has since produced no names as great as these. Yet a long succession of authors not so much brilliant in style, as profound in thought, men distinguished rather by what they had to say than how they said it, has in the

past century so enriched the German language as to render its acquisition almost a necessity for the man of science.

Like other studies, that of language may be regarded either from the point of view of utility, or as a means of mental culture. It may not be amiss to say a few words on that first point. A command of several languages may, no doubt, prove a great advantage to the traveler, may in some cases, be an indispensable requisite for the successful transaction of business. Yet there are strong ground for suspecting that these utilitarian advantages are generally much overrated. To be regarded as anything of a traveler now-a-days, a person must visit so many countries, that it is practically impossible to learn even a smattering of the languages of each. The attempt is accordingly, not made at all. Of the thousands of travelers that cross the Atlantic every summer, comparatively few ever find themselves in a position where a command of any language besides their own is strictly necessary for comfort or convenience. At the present day, English is, on the great highways of the world, the most widely diffused, and the most generally understood of languages. There are few first-class hotels on the ordinary routes of travel where English is not spoken by some one, or all, of the attendants, imperfectly spoken, it is true, but yet spoken.

The case is, of course, different when a family domiciles itself for a while in a foreign country. A knowledge of the language of the country is then necessary to a full attainment of the advantages sought from a residence there, whether those advantages be educational or social. There is scarcely a city throughout France, Germany or Italy, at all desirable as a place of residence, that does not contain an English-speaking colony of more or less permanent residents. These evidently enjoy exceptional facilities for the acquisition of the languages of the countries in which they live. Yet it is a curious fact that the great majority of the grown-up members of these colonies

know little or nothing of languages that would be of such use to them. They learn enough, perhaps, to be able to give a simple order to a servant or to express their wants at a ticket office. But of the language as a means of intellectual intercourse, they know practically nothing.

As regards the business advantages of a knowledge of foreign languages, it may be stated that, in general, the correspondence of houses having extensive foreign connections, is carried on by means of special correspondence clerks. These clerks are liberally compensated. The demand for them, however, is limited, and is mainly supplied by men trained in the special schools established for that purpose in Germany.

The real inducement to the study of languages is, after all, their value as keys giving access to vast store-houses of knowledge; and, above all, as means of mental culture. It is our privilege to enjoy, as a birth-right, the command of one of the noblest tongues ever spoken by man, one of the most richly endowed in every department of literature. In this our mother-tongue, too, we have access, through careful translations, to about all that is of permanent value in the literature of other languages. Yet there appear every year, especially in the German language, works that are indispensable to the thorough student in almost every branch of human knowledge. Of these works, but few would repay the expense of translation since, however, valuable and profound they may be, and just because they are profound, they appeal to a comparatively limited circle of specialists. The student, therefore, must be prepared to read such works in the original, or possibly, remain in ignorance of the last and most important utterance on the subject to which he has specially devoted himself.

The most important benefit derived from linguistic study is, however, the mental discipline thus obtained. The classical languages are, indeed, studied at such a great expense of time and labor with scarcely any other object in

view. Modern languages are, it is true, generally regarded as far less efficient as disciplinary agents. This arises partly from their inferiority in regularity and symmetry of structure; but in a much higher degree from the fact that they are generally studied with much less thoroughness. Yet if studied with but part of the care bestowed upon Latin, a modern language will yield most valuable results in grammatical insight and power of expression.

As regards the imparting of a nice familiarity with the logic of linguistic expression, it must be admitted that the advantage lies with the classical languages. Yet in another important respect the modern tongues seem to have the advantage. One of the most practical means for acquiring an extensive vocabulary with felicity and correctness is the use of that vocabulary in assiduous practice in translation. Now modern seem much better adapted for this purpose than ancient tongues; not only from the greater similitary of the former to English in the structure of their sentences, but still more so from the great general resemblance in the tone of modern thought, in the nature of the subject discussed, and in the manner of viewing them. The moderns have, indeed, their strongly marked national peculiarities, but these sink into insignificance when compared with the gulf that separates ancient from modern thought.

This naturally leads to a consideration of another branch of our subject, the benefit to be derived from the ability to read foreign works in the original. We can, it is true, peruse in good English translations, the works of practically all foreign writers of any celebrity, yet the most skillful translation is but, after all, what a photograph is to a painting; the more subtly beautiful the original, the greater the distance that separates it from the copy. Poetry especially suffers in translation. Even prose, if the prose of a master hand, loses to an extent that is the despair of a conscientious translator. All that peculiar charm arising from delicate choice of words and harmonious

arrangement is lost. The literature of each language has a national flavor as marked as the prevailing cast of features and expression. This can, by a judicious translator, be preserved to some extent, yet there is a decided loss. Certain fruits can be enjoyed in perfection only in their native regions. Certain authors can be appreciated only in the language in which they thought and wrote.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

For nearly two hundred years after the Norman conquest Anglo-Norman was exclusively the language of the literature of England. The Saxon tongue, driven from the halls of the great, took refuge in the cottages of the poor, and remained for many years in a silence that seemed the silence of death. The first attempts at poetical composition, in the language of the people, seem to have been made about the middle of the thirteenth century. Many poems written between the years 1250 and 1400 are extant. Although there is no work of great literary value among these, many are of a remarkable and original character, while others are excellent imitations of the French poetry of that period.

While the throne and court of England were occupied by foreigners, who retained their continental possessions and, looking on these as their home, considered the English a conquered people, between whom and themselves there could be nothing of common interest, no union of the races or blending of the languages was possible. After the final loss of Normandy by King John, in 1204, a mingling of the tongues commenced. This, however, on account of the intense hatred between the races, was slow, and not until the fourteenth century did a mixed dialect become the language commonly spoken.

During this period the English language was not fixed by its use in literature and was exposed to many disturbing influences. These very difficulties, however, hastened rather than retarded the real growth of the language.

The absence of a written literature caused the dropping of many of the inflections that burdened the Saxon tongue. The endings an, en, a, used to characterize tense, mood, number, case, etc., were rapidly replaced by the simple e.

In the 13th century, when the English language was beginning to develop from the fusion of the Norman and Saxon, an influx of French words commenced. This continued, constantly increasing in extent for three centuries, and has left a strong imprint on our language. However, the general movement was towards simplicity and stability, and the language preserved its identity. Max Muller says in his lecture on the science of language: "Not a single drop of foreign blood has entered into the organic system of the English language. The grammar, the blood and soul of a language, is as pure and unmixed English as spoken in the British Isles, as it was when spoken on the shores of the German ocean by the Angles, Saxons, and Jutes of the continent." Each century brought the language nearer to the English of to-day. The period between 1250 and 1400, known as the Early English period of our language, was the most important epoch in the intellectual growth of Europe. It was the time of transition between two widely differing eras in religion and society. For many years feudalism and chivalry had held sway over the minds of the people; now they were beginning to waver under an influx of ideas that heralded the event of the Reformation and the revival of letters.

In the latter part of the 13th century this great intellectual movement made itself known in Italy through the melodious songs of Dante, and shortly afterwards through the works of Petrarch, of whom Chaucer tells us: "His rhetoric sweet illumined all Itaille of poetrie." France was filled with a multitude of poets, who left many works characterized by their musical versification and simplicity of style. In England this movement was represented and grandly embodied in Chaucer.

The date of Geoffrey Chaucer's birth is much disputed. There is an old tradition that he was seventy-two years of age when he died. As he died in 1400, this would fix his birth in the year 1328. On the other hand it is recorded that in 1386, in the controversy between Richard, Earl of Scrope, and Sir Robert Grosvenor, Chaucer gave evidence to the effect that he was "of forty years and upwards, and had borne arms twenty-seven years." According to this he must have been born in about the year 1340.

The accounts of his education are vague. In the "Court of True Love," the author describes himself as of "Cambridge clerk." But, even if we disregard the numerous reasons to believe that this poem was not written by Chaucer, this is no substantial proof that he had taken a degree there.

Judging from his evident acquaintance with dry studies, and from his capacity for business work, we are convinced that he received a scholastic training in the "trivium" and "quadrivium," which formed the higher education of those days.

Frequent passages in his works, as the reference to the theory of sound, in the "House of Fame," also his description of chemical processes in the prologue to the "Canon's Yeoman's Tale", show the author was a person of extensive learning, and one who had a true scholar's interest in the dry details of knowledge.

By far the best of Chaucer's works is the Canterbury Tales. The plan of this is simple, pleasing, and masterly. The poem begins by stating that in early spring "whanne longen folk to gon on pilgrimages," he passed the night in Southwark, at the Tabard. Here he met thirty other pilgrims, ready, like himself, to wend their way to the shrine of the holy, blissful martyr, Thomas a Becket at Canterbury. These people, together with Chaucer and the jovial host of the inn, decided to form one company. The host suggested that, to shorten the way, each tell two stories on the way to

Canterbury, and two while coming back. On their return to the Tabard the one who is judged to have told the best stories, is to sup at the expense of the others. At some time during the journey, they were joined by a canon and his yeoman. The latter continued with them and told one of the stories which remain to us. Of these tales we possess twenty-five, three in an unfinished state. The stories are connected by prologues, which contain comments on the previous story and conversation among the travellers. The author never seems to have worried himself to invent plots for his stories, but to have borrowed freely from all sources within his reach. The versification of the Canterbury Tales is of many different kinds. Two, the tale of Melibeus, and the *Persone's* tale, are written in prose.

The number of manuscript copies of the Canterbury Tales, is great. None of these is in good condition, and the oldest does not seem to have been written till some years after the death of Chaucer. It was one of the first books published in England, and went through several editions before the seventeenth century. Ames mentions an edition of this work "collected by William Caxton, and edited by Winken de Worde, of Westmestre, in 1495."

Chaucer's minor poems are numerous. Prof. Ten Buirk divides these into three periods; 1st, those that show the influence of French Literature; 2nd, those resembling the Italian Literature; 3rd, those that show mature strength and originality, in which no foreign influence is perceived. It is impossible to ascertain the order in which his poems were written, but they seem the work of a nature with constantly expanding powers. As in the poems which are supposed to be the production of his youthful mind, he seems to have borrowed freely, so in the "House of Fame" and "Legend of Good Women" as well as in the Canterbury Tales, we are struck with his marked originality.

The House of Fame tells of a dream, in which the author is led through the Temple of Glory, crowded with aspirants for eternal fame.

On leaving this place, the poet is led through the House of Rumor.

The Legend of Good Women was one of Chaucer's latest works, and was left unfinished. The poet states that his purpose in writing this is to over-rule the unfavorable description of women in his earlier works. The ground work of the poem is decidedly of classic origin, the coloring, strongly Roman Catholic.

The Cuckoo and the Nightingale is a delightful description of a controversy between these two birds.

His *Troilus and Cresida* has been considered by many the greatest of his minor poems. In this he closely follows the order others have taken in telling the same story, but his characters are delightfully and warmly drawn.

It has been said that "all Chaucer's works were steeped in the nectar of the court, and the perfume of chivalrous sentiment breathes through all;" but they show the author a man familiar with every phase of the life of his time, a soldier and courtier, as well as poet and philosopher. He was fond of mirth and jollity, yet in the midst of active life delighted in books and study. Playful in satire, with a keen sense of the ridiculous, he had great talent as a comic narrator. He was strongly opposed to superstition and priestly abuse, and his brilliant descriptions are merciless in exposing the follies of those in the service of the church. Still his poems show that in his heart he was not an irreligious man. No more faithful description of the true Christian has been made than the one Chaucer gives us in the "poor parson of a town," and there he also tells us what should be the character of the "shepard" of the sheep.

Few poems can be read with more pleasure and profit than some of Chaucer. Nowhere do we find a poet who had a clearer insight into human character, or one who has portrayed it in truer lines or more lifelike colors. When we take a backward look across the ages between Chaucer and our own time and think of the many productions of English

poets, we realize how great is the title "Father of English poetry." Yet no one denies that this honor belongs to Chaucer, and as long as English is spoken his great work will stand as one of the masterpieces of the language.

ANDROMEDA.

What see I on the shore by yonder cliff?
A drifted plank from some unlucky skiff?
But no, its shape is that of woman fair,
And on the wind I see some floating hair.
It is a slender form, a maiden young
And beautiful as those who ready sprung
From stones by Pyrrha thrown, yet ashy pale.
Has death enrobed her in his pallid veil?
But see! There's life! She moves! She lifts
her head!

But O, her face is strange, her eyes are red!
Hark to those cries! She for her mother calls!
Her muscles soon relax; against the walls
of rugged cliffs she leans as dead again.
Her bosom slowly heaves, and now and then
She shrinks and writhes. See how the foam
and spray

By dashing surges thrown besmear the prey
Of mad Poesidon's wrath! Sure, soon the
flood
Will make her leave the place, or chill her
blood.

But why the posture strange? She seems to try,
With her uplifted arms and piercing cry,
To reach the God of mercy on his throne.
O Zeus, be merciful! My heart turns stone.
See heavy fetters made of shining brass
Entwine thy fragile wrists! O wretched lass!
And as in agony her arms are spread,
The brazen chains are fixed to rocks o'er-head.
But hark! What stir of wings? She lifts her
eyes;

She shrinks in pain; she still for mercy cries.
See there! A youth before her frightened face
With lightning's suddenness has ta'en his place.
His form is tall and strong, his eyes are blue;
Around his head floats hair of golden hue,
Its graceful locks are tossed upon the air;
Over his shoulders hangs a goatskin fair;
But under it he something seems to hide,
And to his feet are winged sandals tied.

He's filled with horror and compassion deep;
He looks around for help, he makes a leap,
And with his right hand in the fetters tears
As he forgets that he a saber bears.

'Tis all in vain, she still in bonds remains

And cries aloud, "O do not touch these
chains;

I am accursed and doomed, a victim fit
For horrid monsters of the ocean's pit.
You can not help me aught, your hand's too
weak

To tear these heavy chains. In vain you seek
To save me from my death." And then she sighs
And for her mother calls with painful cries.
But Perseus draws his sword, for it is he,
And cuts the chains like flax. "Now you are
free,"

He says, "and in my guard; but tell me why
You called your mother so; why you did cry
To her alone for help? Was no one near
To cut these cursed chains? Now, do not fear;
But tell me all your griefs and sorrows great;
Why have your friends all left you to your
fate?"

Why were you tied with the fetters to this
stone?"

"My father, Cepheus, is the king," said she,
"Of Aethiopia along the sea.

Cassiopeia is my mother's name;
Her love of me a fatal bane became.
My beauty she admired, yea idolized;
And in her blindness vainly eulogized
Me more than Juno fair, whom all declare
The fairest goddess, though they all compare.
Offended on her throne above the sea,
She called Poseidon from the deep, that he
Might punish our domain with flood and flame,
And send a monster from the deep to maim
And devastate this land. The plague was
great;

No land twixt east and west saw such a fate.
By day the skies are black with sulphurous
smoke;

See, thus it is when we the gods provoke.
By night the welkin takes the hue of blood;
Destruction comes by earthquake, fire, and
flood;

And yet the monster fierce is worse than all
And threatens us our ancient nation's fall.
While thus the land is sunk in sad despair
My father sends, to ask the priestess fair,
A messenger to Delphi. He returned;
He says the flood must come, the land be
burned,

Until they place me here upon the shore
Where waters dash and monsters wildly roar.
What gloom, what sorrow, what despair were
read

Upon the peoples brow when this was said!
The will of gods is aye my father's law;

And therefore I am here, although he saw
That monsters of the deep would feed on me
And spill his daughter's blood upon the sea.
See, therefore stood I here though innocent
And bore the heavy chains which you have
rent.

My people put them on; I thought it meet
That I should die for all, yet, could you cheat
The monster of his prey and still appease
The angry gods, you would my soul release;
But such a task you know is more than you
Or any other mortal man can do.

Then go! depart from me and let me die"—
She seems so far from him and yet so nigh.
With glowing cheeks and eager tongue he says:
"I've saved you from these chains of much dis-
tress,

Now from this monster too I'll you release
And take you home with me to sunny Greece.
I am a Grecian true whom in good deed
The holy gods will help. There is no need
Why you so young should meet a death so sad,
When I can save you from this demon mad."
But still she cries, still calls her mother dear,
As if devoid of hope, frantic with fear.
"Will you too die," she says, "in youthful
years?"

Depart and leave me to my bitter tears!
You but increase my pain to stand and see
The ocean monster make his feast on me.
See there!" she cries in terror and in pain,
"See there it comes! and now my fate is
plain."

Spoke valiant Perseus then: "I've cut the
chains,

And, by the gods, I'll do what here remains!
The gods immortal for your sake I'd face!
How much the more this sea-fiend foul and
base.

But promise me that you will be my wife,
If I this monster kill in single strife.
Her face grows light, her heart begins to hope,
That he forsooth can with the monster cope.
She gives her word; but see, the purple hue
Creeps o'er her neck and cheeks, her forehead
too;

While he is lost in what he now enjoys
Till the approaching fiend his trance destroys.
The cap of darkness he puts on once more,
And heaven-ward high his winged sandals soar.
Andromeda with meek and trembling heart
Awaits the doubtful flight. A fearful start
The monster of the deep now makes as he
Delighted sees his victim by the sea.
He snuffs the foaming salt and fills the air

With spray and briny mist. He feeds his pair
Of gluttonous eyes upon the trembling prey
And cuts with dreadful speed the foaming bay.
Oh where is Perseus, now, the hero bold?
Will he the monster kill, as he just told?
Oh Zeus be merciful!" the maiden cries
In anguish of despair and shuts her eyes.
The hero darts from high! a glare of light!
Unveils Medusa's head before his foe,
That turns to stone and quickly sinks below.
Triumphant Perseus comes with smiling face
And claims her as his bride. With lover's
grace

He lifts her on his arms, and soaring high,
Her father's palace grand they soon are nigh.
What joy and happiness re-enter now
Where sorrow and dismay marked every brow.
King Cepheus bids the youth to take as wife
His daughter fair whom he in single strife
Has saved. But now Phineus his brother says
How can you greet this youth with such
address?

You shall not give to him, a stranger here,
Your daughter, whom my son with many a tear
Bewailed through these long days." The hero
bold

First laughed at him, then answered stern and
cold:

"I pity you and your stone-hearted son;
If wife he wants, let her by him be won.
He left this maid to die. To him she's dead.
I found her bound and cut the chains like
thread.

I killed the monster fierce with strength
divine.

And now this maiden fair is surely mine."
But Phineus and his son grow fierce and mad,
They make assault on him. Their fate is sad,
For Perseus but unveils the Gorgon's face
And both are turned to stone, there in their
place.

He bids the servants bring some levers stout
And roll the stony son and father out!

A. E.

The trees, planted on Arbor Day, are, for
the most part, doing well. The clump of little
cotton-woods, set out out between the Dormi-
tory and the South Building, will be appre-
ciated by the girls of the next generation,
when their mothers tell them how they used to
be whirled around by the blizzards, in circles
more or less graceful, in their attempts to come
across to recitations.

THE STUDENT.

JUNE, 1889.

GOOD-BYE.

This issue completes volume two of the STUDENT. By the time many of our subscribers are reading it, the University will have closed, and students and faculty will be off for the summer vacation. Apologies, if made at all, shall be made at the close of a performance, for then it can be judged, whether any apology is needed; but, in looking back over our year's work, we really don't see anything to apologise for. Our work may not have been as good as others could have made it, nor as well done as we ourselves would have liked it to be; but we have tried to do our best, "Ang—," but we have no space for chestnuts! Our duties have been performed in the odd moments that we could snatch from study, from recreation, perhaps from sleep. We have had no large and well-disciplined force of reporters at our disposal, no private telegraph lines running directly to Congress at Washington, or to the Chicago Divorce Courts, no sumptuously furnished editorial apartments, in which to compose those thoughts for which an awe-struck world waited with breathless expectation. In short, editorial cares have been our avocation, rather than our vocation.

Doubtless, with our usually good intentions, we have, in the course of a year made some mistakes. But it has been sagely remarked: "We are none of us infallible, not even the youngest of us." If all our readers have taken these mistakes as good-naturedly as we ourselves have, then all has gone on smoothly, as it was intended to go.

We wish to thank our friends who have been so ready with their assistance, in the way of contributions for the various issues of our paper. We feared, on assuming control, that there would be a difficulty in this respect; but our students have appreciated the opening presented by our columns for the development of their literary ability, and have been truly desirous to make the STUDENT a true representative of their aims and aspirations. This is the correct idea of a college paper. We cannot undertake to present a purely literary magazine, even were we able; but we can present, and have endeavored to present, a paper that should display the character and object of college life,

both to our students themselves and to the world at large, and at the same time to stimulate to better things, and to hold up higher ideals than those already reached. Our columns have been enriched by contributions from friends outside the University also. We refer particularly to Professor Peck, of Honolulu, and to a valued contributor, a former student, whose name we are not at liberty to mention, else we might call her Daisy, or any other name—it would be "as sweet." Among articles, that would be valuable in any magazine, we remind our readers of those on the University of France and a Visit to Oxford.

Now, having fought the good fight, and finished our course, we rest from our labors; not unwillingly, though half regretfully, resigning our functions as editors *in esse* to those editors *in posse*, who may, with the advent of the new college year, come into the possession of our sanctum; and to all our readers we wish a pleasant vacation, and say a kind

GOOD-BYE.

FIELD DAY AT THE UNIVERSITY.

For the first time in the history of the University the pursuit of athletic sports has been encouraged by the exhibition of field-day exercises. A vigorous athletic association has for some time existed among the students, under the name Olympic Association, by which the game of base ball has been conducted, and by which an unsuccessful attempt was made to introduce football, but we believe no games of the latter have yet been played. At the instance of President Sprague, a movement was begun a few weeks ago to prepare exercises and contests for a field-day, such as nearly all our colleges now have. A subscription paper was started, and a considerable sum of money was obtained for prizes. Saturday, May 25, was set as the day.

The day opened with beautiful weather, which continued throughout the day. During forenoon the boys were busy preparing the grounds, as it had been thought best to have the exercises on the campus. Distances were measured off, poles set, and necessary preparations made. The interest of the sports had attracted back some of our former fellow-students of this year to enter as contestants in the games, Graham, Minaker and Campbell. They were heartily welcomed by all, although it was expected that they would, as they did, carry away some of the prizes from the boys

here; but no objection was offered to their entering the contests.

The sports were to begin at two o'clock, but did not do so until half an hour later. Regent Twamley and Professors Macnie and Woodworth were appointed judges. Except in the races, each contestant was allowed five trials. There was a large number of spectators present some drawn by their sporting proclivities, others by their interest in the University in general or in some of the students in particular. With one exception the contests were interesting, but this was so great an exception, that it came near spoiling the whole performance. We refer to the quoit-pitching. This was intolerably tedious, and many of the spectators found it more so than they cared to stay and see finished. The pitching was very poor, far inferior to what the same contestants are accustomed to doing daily, and according to the rules adopted for the proceedings, the judges had to measure after each throw. We trust this exercise will be left out altogether on similar occasions in future. The interest of the spectators was somewhat revived by the succeeding exercises. The jumping of Fiset was particularly admired; as he described his parabolic arc through the air, he seemed like a bird flying, and the wonder rather was that he came down at all, than that he covered such a distance. No one has, however, insinuated that this airiness and lightness of Fiset's has its seat in the cerebral regions. Lightness of foot is all that he aspires not, neither lightness of fingers nor of head.

The unfortunate quoit pitching deferred the execution of the rest of the programme so much, that supper-time found us with a long list remaining untouched, but Mrs. Sprague kindly directed supper to be deferred, and all the exercises were finished with the exception of the throwing of the twelve-pound hammer and the base-ball game, which last had been set as the concluding piece. The throwing of the hammer, open to all, was resumed on Monday noon, and resulted as follows: First prize, won by Sprague, 67 feet, 4 in.; B. E. Ingwaldson second. Eight o'clock and the shades of evening reached us as the last race was run, and everybody was tired and hungry enough to stop. We print the entire record below, with this further explanation, that, by a rule previously adopted by the Association no one contestant was allowed to enter for more than six prizes, and not at all after the opening of

the contests.

A very marked feature of the exercises was the good spirit that prevailed among the contestants. In the absence of definite rules in certain cases, there did arise several opportunities for dispute, but we saw no exhibition of bad temper. We are almost ashamed that we think it worth while to speak of this, for on such occasions, where people meet only for enjoyment and friendly rivalry, disputes and bickerings are so much out of place, that we ought not to have to congratulate ourselves that we have avoided them.

RECORD.

Dash 100 yards—University Students.

Won by L. Fiset, 13 sec; Sharpe second.

Dash, 100 yards—Preparatory students.

Won by Graham, 12 sec; Campbell second.

Longest hop—University students.

Won by L. Fiset, 8 ft. 2½ in.; Engebretson second.

Longest hop—Preparatory students.

Won by Minaker, 8 ft. 1 in.; Indridason second.

Accurate quoit pitching 15 yards—University students.

Won by Sharpe, av. dist. 1 ft. 10 in.; Engebretson second.

Accurate quoit pitching, 15 yds.—Preparatory students.

Luke won, av. dist. 11. 8 in.; Evenson second.

Accurate quoit pitching, 15 yds—Free for all.

Reed won, av. dist. 9ft. 3in.; Evanson second.

Dash, 220 yds.—Open to all students.

Graham won, 26 sec; Campbell second.

Most accurate throw of base ball, 90 ft.—Open to all students. Possible number points, 25. Engebretson won, 9 points, Ingwaldson second.

Most skill in keeping two balls in air—Open to all students.

One entry, F. Fiset, 75 times.

Standing high jump—Open to all students.

One entry, Graham, 4 ft. 1½ in.

Farthest kick of foot ball—Open to all students.

Jenks won, 141 feet; Reed second.

Farthest throw of foot ball—Open to all students.

Sprague won, 94 ft. 10 in.; Crewe second.

Farthest throw of base ball. Graham won, 253 ft. 3 in.; Reed second.

Dash, 100 yds—Small boys.

W. Travis won, 13 4-5 sec; Currie second.
 Standing broad jump—University students.
 One entry, Engebretson, 8 ft. 6½ in.
 Standing broad jump—Preparatory students.
 Minaker won, 8 ft. 6½ in.; Reed second.
 Standing broad jump—Free to all. Sprague won, 9 ft. 9 1-2 in.; Graham second.
 Running broad jump—Open to all.
 Won by L. Fiset, 18 ft. 7 1-2 in; Sprague second. The distance was measured from the edge of the plank; not from toe to heel.
 Putting shot—Open to all students.
 Reed won, 31 ft. 9 1-2 in.
 Farthest knock of a base ball—Open to all students.
 Jenks won, 229 ft. 7 1-2 in Sprague second.
 Dash, 100 yds.—Open to all students.
 Graham won, 11 2-5 sec; Sprague second.
 Highest kick, from, by, and to same foot—Open to all students.
 Fiset won, height 5 ft. 9 1-2 in.; Sharpe second.
 Barrel race, treading barrel, 25 yds.—Open to all students.
 Bartholomew won, Sharpe second.
 Pole vault—University students.
 One entry, Engebretson, 7 ft 1-4 in.
 Pole vault—Preparatory students.
 Minaker won, 7 ft. 8 in.; Indridason second.
 Pole vault—Open to all students.
 Engebretson won, 7 ft. 8 in.
 Bar vault—Open to all students.
 One entry, L. Fiset, 5 ft. 5 in.
 Hop, skip and jump—Open to all students.
 Minaker won, 36 ft. 10 in; Fiset second.
 Consolation race, backwards, 100 yds—Open to all students.
 Sharpe won, Evanson second.
 Three-legged race, 100 yds.—Open to all students.
 Campbell and Hempsted won; Evanson and Indridason second.
 Sack race, 100 yds.—Open to all students.
 O. Ingwaldson won.
 Three-legged race—Small boys.
 Griggs and Wagar won, Travis and Bartholomew second.
 Ball game postponed.

FIELD DAY.

[Communicated.]

One of the pleasantest features of Field Day was the generosity of the competitors, and the cheerful readiness with which, for the sake of harmony and good will, they yielded up the

rights on which they might have insisted, or allowed to their antagonists advantages which the latter could not have received under a strict construction of the usual rules and regulations.

Thus, they did not object to having a professionally trained foot-racer, though no longer a member of the University, enter the trials of speed; nor when he had been so admitted, did they object to his wearing shoes studded with projecting spikes that gave him a decided advantage over others; nor, when he started before the word "Go," and several feet in advance of all the others, did they request that the race be run again, though one or more gained on him all the way. So in the running jumps, when the measurers, not knowing the rule in such cases, measured the distance jumped from the edge of the plank, instead of from toe to heel, which latter measurement would have resulted in a different decision, there was not only no claim for enforcement of the established rule, but a very cordial acquiescence in the mistaken award. It is true the prizes were but trifling and uncared for; but the honor of victory was keenly prized. Never have we seen a better illustration of the Apostle's command, "In honor preferring one another." So may it ever be on Field Day.

A FREE TRADE BUGABOO.

Some erroneous statements have been made in reference to the teaching of free-trade doctrines in the University of Michigan by the professor in charge of that department, and one of our local contemporaries has endeavored to give some currency to the aforesaid rumors by printing them in its columns. Not wishing the explanation which we print below to be consigned to oblivion in the pages of our esteemed contemporary referred to above, we have chosen rather to give it publicity in the columns of the STUDENT. The extract is from the Ann Arbor Register. The Michigan Club referred to is a Republican organization:

"The papers of the state are greatly excited over the free-trade teachings of Prof. Adams, as given with rather broad lines by the Detroit Tribune recently. The Register claims to be as strong a protectionist paper as the Tribune or any of its esteemed contemporaries in the state, and we do not hesitate to say that the Tribune has raised a "bugaboo" which does not exist at the University. That Prof. Adams is a free-trader personally is not denied; but

that he teaches this doctrine to the exclusion or detriment of protection is claimed to be false, not only by the University authorities but by the students studying under Adams, two-thirds of whom are as staunch Republicans as are in the state. Mr. H. B. Dewey, president of the University branch of the Michigan Club says that Adams' teachings have been without prejudice to either side. Let our brethren of the press visit the University and investigate this matter for themselves, and they will coincide with the Register."

It is a good opportunity to raise the question why such an overwhelming majority of our college professors of Political Economy are free-traders. If our colleges are going to foster such doctrines, let us drop the colleges, or else send all the free-trade professors to Connecticut, New Jersey, Indiana, and the South, where such things are believed, and fill up our colleges in the other states with professors solemnly pledged either to teach high tariff views or to do, as we knew to be done once by a high-tariff professor, who was doubtless a little shaky on the question, that was, skip the whole subject. The latter is the way they had to do in the Boston schools with an era of European history that was offensive to a portion of the population. Just which doctrine, free-trade or high tariff, shall be taught in North Dakota, we shall have to wait until the elections to find out.

We have received the new catalogue of the University of Michigan. The total enrollment of students in all the departments numbers 1,882, twelve of whom are from Dakota. As all but two of the latter are in the professional schools, it speaks well for the hold that our own educational institutions are gaining upon the young men and women of our territory. Let us hope that the time will soon come when no one need leave North Dakota to obtain as liberal and complete an education as can be found in the United States. But "Rome was not built in a day," neither can great educational institutions be established in a day. But the example of Michigan shows that a wise provision must be made for the future, and a comprehensive and liberal scheme of education must be adopted at the outset; otherwise the resources of the state are liable to be frittered away, and the state educational institutions may attain to no respectable standing. There

must be some substantial reason why the University of Michigan alone, of all the states that started with it, has attained the standing of a first-class institution. The primary reason, in point of time, can certainly be given; it is; that the State of Michigan guarded carefully the resources which had been appropriated by Congress for education, and used them in such a way as to obtain a greater return from them than was the case in other states. Then there has been, and is, a cordial feeling of the people of the state towards the University.

These are some of the things which our constitution-makers and law-makers of North Dakota must consider. There is no reason why the University of North Dakota may not celebrate the completion of the first fifty years of its existence with as great eclat as Michigan did; and our career ought to be even more prosperous, for we start not only with the benefit of the experience of the past, but with greater resources and with less of hindrance to success. Let our legislators consider these things; and above all let the people of the whole state feel that this is their institution, that it is the University of North Dakota, not the "Grand Forks University," as it is sometimes invidiously called.

Are you going to the Paris Exposition this summer, to climb up the wonderful Eiffel Tower?

Fiset must be encouraged to practice his parabolic curve; for Yale is ahead of him on the running broad jump; 22 feet.

In the verse of "A Bad Case of Scare," in last issue, "than" should be them. The signature to the Norwegian tale should read Tobjorn Fiveland.

Old residents tell us that the dust-storms of the past month are unprecedented. We are glad to know it; but then it is always the unexpected that happens.

The Popular Science Monthly for June contains an article advocating the claims of the so-called "Christian Science." If this hitherto deservedly respectable journal has taken such a new departure, as the admission of the aforesaid article to its columns indicates, some body will say the intelligent public will make haste to consign it to the limbo of Wilbur Hall's "Microcosm."

After reading the late acrimonious attack of Professor Huxley on Dr. Wace, and the latter's venomous reply, it is refreshing to have the controversy wound up—it is to be hoped—with the good humored repartees and Irish wit of Bishop Magee. But we are too fast; since writing the above, the controversy has broken out in a new spot and rages more fiercely than ever. W. H. Mallock, who doubtless thinks that "life is worth living" long enough for him to settle the discussion, is now "intermeddling in a quarrel that belongeth not to him."

All our students regret the departure of Miss Boasberg and Miss Smith from the University. Their unwearied efforts in the cause of education have not been unappreciated. It will be hard to fill their places. If they must leave us, they go with our good wishes for pleasant fields of labor in the future. It is probable that two or three new instructors will be appointed for next year.

SHAKESPEARIANA.

[By H. B. S.]

In *Macbeth*, V, iii, 11, 12, after some ungentle language which need not be repeated, in which his Satanic Majesty is desired to subject the pale-faced servant to an infernal treatment that shall materially darken his complexion, *Macbeth* continues—

Thou cream-faced loon,
Where got'st thou that goose look?

Most of the commentators pass by the word "loon" without comment. Hudson defines it "base, abject fellow." Furness and Chambers concur. Darmesteter renders it by the French *vaurien*, i. e. good-for-nothing wretch. Schmidt makes it equivalent to "sorry fellow, brute." The Clarendon Press editors identify it with "lowne", or "lown", and refer to *Othello* and *Pericles*, in which the latter word stands for "worthless fellow, rogue." Rolfe, Meiklejohn, and Moberly take no notice of it.

Very likely the notion of worthless rascality inheres in the word; but we cannot help thinking that Shakespeare had especially in mind the bird we call *loon*, the web-footed, awkward fowl known as "the great northern diver." It is a very timid and even cowardly bird; and, if the reader will take the trouble to look at the picture of a loon in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, he will find startling and amusing confirmation of our conjecture. He will see just how this human loon in his fright looked to *Macbeth*!

As the mention of one bird suggests another *Macbeth*, after his savage curse, adds, "Where got'st thou that *goose* look?" Note, too, in this connection, the tendency of our ancestors to use the names of birds in disparagement of stupid fellows; as, e. g., *gull*, *booby*, *goose*!

The gratifying announcement is made that Dr. Furness will in the fall add Shakespeare's *As You Like It* to the series of his magnificent *Variorum* edition.

In the *Literary World* of May 25, Rolfe smiles good-naturedly at those enthusiasts who celebrate Shakespeare's birth-day on the 23d of April, whereas, according to our calendar in New Style, it should be May 3d!

In the same issue, Rolfe shows how Dr. Nicholson, accepting Donnelly's challenge, proves that the non-cryptogram numbers, 500 and 450, with which Donnelly defied him to work out any cipher narrative or coherent statement, do really answer the laws of the Great Cryptogram just as well as do Donnelly's favorite root numbers!

EXCHANGES.

1. How happy the St. Paul High School students must be; they omit that ogre—examinations.
2. Some of the Juniors are just learning to walk—in the Gesture Class—Ex.
3. The Article, "Anxious to Begin Life," in the Oracle for April, presents the many uses of college life, aside from the mere acquiring of book-knowledge.
4. It is an undeniable fact that Sophomores and Freshmen always study harder than the upper class men—in Chapel.—Oracle.
5. No. 2, of the Common School has arrived. We would advise our Normal students carefully to peruse it, as it is worthy.
6. It is undoubtedly owing to the prevalent tendency among people to imitate and ape, that German philosophers, who are known to go to the very bottom of things, have arrived at the conclusion that man descends from apes, judging as they probably do, the source from the issue.—Ex.
7. In an editorial in the Earthamite we notice the following: "The college-bred boy or girl ought to learn to push, for at college the door that opens to every success, and after

leaving college, the door that leads to every trade, pursuit and profession, has upon it in plain letters, "Push!"

8. In a piece of music each part is independent of the rest, but also made so that, when all parts are played, the most harmonious music may be produced. In the great symphony of the world, Providence gives to each individual, so to speak, certain parts to play and also ability to play them. And if an individual does not play his part, but leaves it to others, then will his place be empty, and the result will be disharmony. In other words, he has left his place as a reasoning and responsible being, and his worth both to himself and others will be a fraction minus one.—Ex.

LOCALS.

"Great memory, little common sense."—Porter.

"Of sound mind and memory"—Old English legal test of capacity.

"Doctor" Herriman wants to know whether "silent matches" are not elopements.

Prof. Ogden, of Milnor, Dak., visited the University recently. The Prof. took a keen interest in class-work. His two sons have been students here during the past year.

Capt. Sharpe, in his Co. has made the following appointments:

- 1st Sergeant, J. I. Evanson,
- 2nd Sergeant, Chris. Indridason.
- 3rd Sergeant, B. L. Griggs.

Decoration Day was duly observed by the Faculty and Students. President Sprague delivered one of his stirring addresses at the celebration in the city.

A cross section of *Populus Monilifera* (Cottonwood), 3½ feet in diameter was added to the Museum, as a gift, by J. M. Bateman, a former student. The tree, from which it was taken, was found near Neche.

A fine specimen of the Northern Coon was presented by Wakefield Davis, of Minot.

Final examinations commenced on Wednesday, the 5th inst.

"Climbing up the golden stair."

IN MEMORIAM,

May 30.

"Form two's!! March!!
Left!! Left!!"

Several of the U. N. D. boys seem to be aware of the fact that there is a drive to town thro' the Convent grounds.

President Sprague lectured at Devils Lake, May 31. He lectured June 7, in Grafton.

The final meeting, for this year, of the Adelphi Society, was held on Tuesday afternoon, June 4, at the usual hour.

Our fellow-student, VanKirk, according to his own account, is having an interesting time on his farm. He says that he washes dishes once a week, sees nobody, hates salt pork, and gets up his muscle digging out foxes. His famous mules are as amusing as ever.

Miss Caddie Stevens left for her home in Ashton, on May 31. Like all other favorites, she is greatly missed.

The Junior Scientifics, under the leadership of Prof. Montgomery, have made several pleasant and profitable botanical excursions. Practical work is so much more satisfactory than theoretical.

On the eve of Field Day, President and Mrs. Sprague gave a reception to the students, who had returned to the University to participate in the sports of that day. Ex-Lieut. W. J. Graham was down from Grafton. Mr. Minaker's smiling face was most welcome, and Miss Boasberg's spirited rendering of "The Campbells are Coming," was a fitting prelude to J. D. Campbell's arrival.

Superintendent Jenks contributed to the interest of Field Day, by bringing from Larimore his private car, with many friends. Among them were Miss Lota Jenks, Miss Fay, and our County Superintendent Shirley.

Photographer Miller, of the city, has taken a variety of views of the interior of the Museum.

When Mr. Fiset made his extraordinary leap on Field Day, a Professor remarked that it was a magnificent feat. "Yes," replied another, he described a perfect parabolic arc, but" with a shake of the head—"I presume his competitor would call it diabolic art.

Mr. Reed left for his home in Minnesota, May 28. His Co. will lose in him an efficient Sergeant.

Ex-Gov. Ordway and Mrs. Ordway paid us a visit on June 3. Regent Twamley accompanied them, and all dined at the University.


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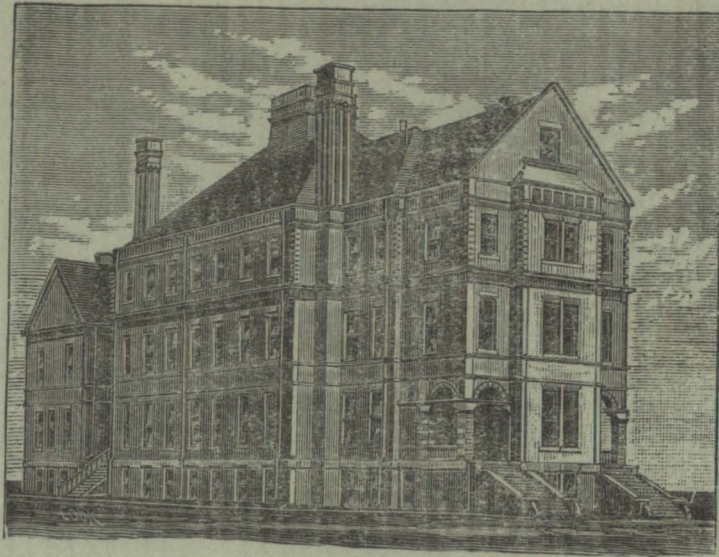
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