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Vol. 4. . . .

. . . . No. 3.

Prof Macmill.
The Student

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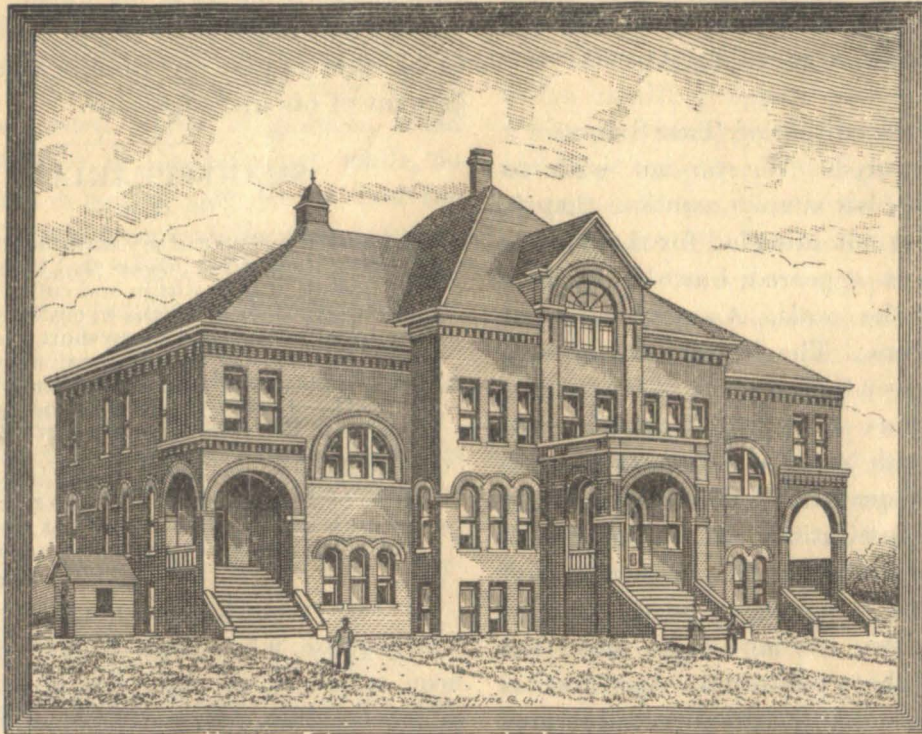
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THE STUDENT.

VOL. IV.

GRAND FORKS, NORTH DAKOTA, JANUARY, 1891.

No. 3



LADIES' HALL, U. N. D.

THE STUDENT.

Published Monthly by the Students of the University
of North Dakota.

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THE results of the effort to organize a C. Y. M. C. A. proved successful, and the meetings so far have been most gratifying to all interested. In addition to the regular week meeting, we hope to have Sunday afternoon meetings, when an address will be delivered, in turn, by all the clergymen in the city. Prof. Woodworth has assured us of his assistance, and none will be more highly appreciated. In this movement we are following in the wake of the older and larger state universities.

AS a general rule, the young ladies here have been having a little fun at the lack of musical ability manifest among our young men, but this year the boys expect to surprise them. By the time this issue of THE STUDENT is out they expect to have a quartette, a glee club and an orchestra in flourishing condition. Prof. Hodge, a short time ago, expressed his willingness to render them assistance, and the opportunity should not be neglected.

IN the December edition of THE STUDENT a poem (?) appeared. We do not wish to discuss its merits, but simply mention that it appeared. It was not intended for the department in which it appeared, but should have appeared among the locals. As usual, we must blame the printers. The literary editors are willing to turn over their entire salary to the person or persons who will undertake to furnish them with poetical effusions of sufficient quality and quantity. We find a scarcity of them at our institution. Either our North Dakota youth are all stern business men and women—"hustlers," lacking in poetical inspirations—or they are too modest to have the results of their labors published. Appearances at present indicate that the literary editors may themselves be compelled to make up the deficiency, and then——

WHAT is the matter with our college rhetorical this year? For some unknown reason we have had none so far. The Preps may not enjoy getting up to recite themselves, but we are sure they would enjoy our Seniors' orations. We do much and good work in our societies, but speaking in our societies does not compare with getting up before the whole University assembled in Chapel Hall. Those are times that try men's nerves—ay, women's, too. Although we favor the renewal of these rhetorical, we do not wish to clamor for them. We simply mention the matter.

OUR chemist, E. J. Babcock, was employed the past summer by the state, investigating North Dakota coalfields, and the production of the sugar beet. Since resuming his work in the University this year, he has analyzed specimens of these products and has placed in the hands of the Commissioner of Agriculture a report of his work. The results are of great importance to the state. We hope to be able to give our readers a more accurate account of his investigations.

SHAKESPEARIANA.

[By H. B. S.]

Poor soul, the center of my sinful earth—
My earth, these rebel powers that thee array—
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on Death that feeds on men,
And, Death once dead, there's no more dying then.
Sound, CXLVI.

In this remarkable sonnet we find views which those who think Shakespeare to have been atheistic or even irreligious, may well ponder—a Paul-like statement of flesh warring against spirit; of the folly of starving the soul and pampering the body; of the wisdom of laying up treasures where moth and rust cannot corrupt; of the preciousness of time, if utilized, not wasted; of the prophecy of victory over death and of life immortal as the result of right soul-culture.

Incidentally we notice the faulty structure of the second line as printed in the original editions (1609, 1640, etc.) thus:

My sinfull earth these rebbell powres that thee array
Here are too many poetic feet. The phrase, "My sinful earth," is therefore generally regarded as spurious, repeated by mistake from the preceding line.

Malone would read "Fool'd by those rebel,"

etc.; Steevens, "Starv'd by the rebel," etc.; Dyce and White, "Fool'd by these;" Palgrave, "Foil'd by these;" Furnivall, "Hemm'd with these;" Cartwright, "Slave of these;" Hudson and Brae, "Leagued with these;" Dowden, followed by Rolfe, "Press'd by these." Tyler, the latest editor, makes the line interrogative, thus:

[Why feed'st] these rebel powers that thee array?

These are all pretty good guesses; but our objection to each is, that it is not easy to see how such suggested words, if genuine, could have been omitted in the printing; while, on the other hand, it is very easy to see how the word 'sinful' might have been inserted, if two of the words connected with it in the preceding line were to be repeated at the beginning of the second line. The manuscript copyist or the compositor, having just written or printed "my sinful earth," and having to repeat "my" and "earth" while the preceding phrase is fresh in mind, falls easily into the error of repeating "sinful" also. We prefer, therefore, the reading we have given, which makes perfect sense.

EDUCATION AND THE CITIZEN.

IF the life of a nation is the life of its citizens, then the education of citizens becomes an all-important question. What education does for the citizens as such, we must all recognize. How perception is quickened so that objects of daily life which before were dumb, are now full of lessons! How nature reveals, on every side, higher wisdom and greater beauty! Education opens up to the person a new world of possibilities, and puts into life new meaning and deeper inspiration. It enlarges the capacity not only for higher pleasure, but also for material profit. The value of labor in every occupation is greatly enhanced by education, for by it the laborer works with a definite and intelligent purpose. Again, how much loss of both public and

private wealth might be prevented were men only educated to the relation between employers and employed as not a conflict but an *absolute identity* of interest.

But however much education may do for the individual, it deserves a deeper consideration in its effect upon him as a citizen. Especially important is this in a government like ours where universal freedom is so likely to be regarded as a release from all those restraints which render property and the state secure. "Vicious demagogism," false and ignorant notion of "popular sovereignty," and a want of proper training as to the duties of citizenship too often combine to "rob law of its majesty," and to exalt the whims and passions of a mob. It follows from such considerations that the education of American citizens is an imperative demand. The family, the church, and the state, should put forth every effort to give each citizen "such a degree of knowledge as will render it safe to entrust him with power," and as will qualify him for intelligent and independent exercise of his privileges. Nothing is more astonishing than to see with what "stolid unconcern" many people look upon the perils to our free institutions which a mass of ignorant and semi-civilized people create. Citizenship in a free and representative government calls for a larger education than in other forms. Education is a fundamental requirement of a free man; for without it the functions of citizenship cannot be well discharged. Suffrage becomes a mockery unless in the hands of an intelligent voter, one who can understand the question at issue and the character of the man for whom he votes. How can civil duties of high importance be well performed by ignorant citizens? There is little use to concede political rights unless the people are qualified for a proper use of those rights.

"The educated citizen is a bulwark to society." Without a general diffusion of education, who can promise the perpetuity of

our institutions? What guarantee against nihilism and communism and the darker acts of ignorance? Ignorant and idle men filled with "communistic dreams of labor and wages," become ready instruments of mischief and disorder. "If we chose ignorance we make it the arbiter of our social and national life," for "we are tethered to the lowest stratum of our population and must accept its influence."

Great as may have been our progress as a people, much as we may have added to the cause of liberty and science of free government, we may not preserve these honors and blessings unless the mass of our people be educated to a higher ideal of individual, social and political life.

BILLOW 'GAINST SHORE.

(From the Danish, "Bølge mod Kyst," by Wilhelm Bergsøe.)

Billow 'gainst shore, O whence dost thou come?
Where is thy home, and thy cradle where?
Whom are they meant for, those sighs of care,
Billow 'gainst shore?

Hast thou a lover where Sol goes down,
Far o'er the sea on the sun-gilt slopes?
Him dost thou carry thy bursting hopes,
Billow 'gainst shore?

No thou art cold and thy being is grief;
For thou must die. Just as life thou art given,
Again to oblivion's deep thou art driven,
Billow 'gainst shore!

Image thou art of the changing time,
Image of fortune that comes and goes,
Bursts like a bubble when greatest it grows,
Billow 'gainst shore!

Give me thy lot, and I will not complain;
Lift me aloft and then bear me a distance
Onward to brighter, immortal existence,
Billow 'gainst shore!

Bury me then in the endless deep!
Self but a billow whom others do cover,
Shall to forgetfulness' realms I hover,
Billow 'gainst shore!

—GUS NEMO.

A SKETCH FROM "PRAIRIE LIFE IN DAKOTA."

THREE or four years ago I spent the summer in central Dakota with my brother, who was living on a claim there. As it was a new

country, there were very few neighbors, and these lived some distance from us and from one another. There were no schools near, and as they were all anxious to have their children in school, they persuaded me to undertake the task of teaching them.

A little claim shanty, half a mile from my brother's house, was fitted up for the school-house, the men in the neighborhood doing the carpenter work necessary; their wives cleaning the room. I looked around me in dismay when I entered the room the first morning. Could I ever teach in such a room, with so few things to aid me in my work. To one accustomed to teaching in a city school, with everything necessary to work with, it certainly looked doubtful. The room was very small, lighted by three small windows; the walls were entirely bare, except a few pegs on one side of the room for the hats and bonnets.

A plain pine table served for my desk. By it stood a straight-backed wooden chair, the very sight of which made my back ache. Pine benches and desks had been provided for the children. Upon the table lay a large ruler, which must have inspired great awe in the hearts of the six or eight little urchins, who came timidly in to speak to the schoolma'am.

The prospect was certainly not inspiring, but I knew the people had done the best they could, as the country was new, and all were trying to make homes under greatest difficulties. I soon contrived to make the school-room more pleasant, and the work more satisfactory, and, to my own surprise, the summer passed pleasantly and quickly.

It happened one day in the early autumn, that I staid at the school house later than usual. My brother had gone to the nearest village, 15 miles away, and would not return until late, so I had decided to wait for him there. For several days the air had been very smoky, and the western sky had had a strange reddish hue, which, my brother had told me,

was caused by prairie fires, which often raged in that part of the country, and sometimes did a great deal of damage.

I had noticed that day that it was more smoky than usual, but after the children left I became absorbed in my book and forgot all about the fire, until I suddenly became aware that the room was full of smoke.

Hurrying to the window, I beheld a sight which filled me with terror. The country west of me appeared to be all on fire and the great flames were rolling on over the prairie like waves of fire. No one who has not seen it can have any idea of the awful grandeur of such a sight. That great wall of fire so steadily advancing; the sky itself appearing to be on fire; the air full of smoke and cinders, and that terrible roar sounding in one's ears.

What should I do? There was no time for delay, for the fire would soon be upon me; I could already hear its roar. My first thought was to back fire, which I had been told was the best thing to do. I rushed to my desk to see if I had any matches. The box was empty! It would be useless to attempt to run; the fire would soon overtake me. To attempt to fight back the flames would be sheer madness. Must I stay there and perish in the flames. Moments seemed like hours as I stood and watched those cruel flames advance. I thought of my brother, of the friends at home so far away. Should I never see them again? It seemed as if I *must* find some way of escape. But the flames are leaping higher, as if eager to reach their victim; their roar sounds louder in my ears.

Suddenly, as if by inspiration, I remember a few pieces of flint which I had in my desk. Seizing them I rush from the building, not daring to look back lest my courage fail me.

Hastily gathering a few bunches of dry grass I strike my flints; the first attempt is a failure, but almost in despair, I try again, and

this time the grass ignites. Breathlessly I watch as the little flame flickers, flares—almost dies out. But at last, thank God, it bursts into a flame, and soon the grass before me is all ablaze. Will it burn in time? Oh, the agony of that suspense!

Beating out the flames in the grass around me, I ran out on the black strip left by my fire. The ground, still hot, burns my feet, but I scarcely notice that.

Hearing a sudden crash, I turned. The little house I left only a few minutes before is all ablaze. How narrowly have I escaped a horrible death! I dare not stop yet, but hurry out as far as possible on the burnt ground; then my strength fails me and I remember no more. A few hours later my brother found me lying there, still unconscious. He had seen the fire just as he started for home, and, knowing my danger, had hurried home as quickly as possible, but had reached there some time after the fire passed by.

His house was well protected by breaking so it was safe, but when he found that I was not there he was nearly frantic, thinking that I must have perished in the flames, as he knew the schoolhouse was burned. As soon as he found me, he took me home, and leaving me there, drove to the nearest neighbors for assistance.

It was many weeks before I was able to travel, then he returned with me to our eastern home. That is my first, and, I trust, my last experience in a prairie fire.

IDEAS.

IDEAS are at the same time the fountain head whence come life and action, and the stream, now rushing down with resistless and overwhelming force, bearing all before it, washing away the familiar restraining banks; now flowing sluggishly along without noise or roar, but deep and powerful, a source of wealth and

prosperity. The mountain stream has beauty, picturesqueness, grandeur, and a terrible, sometimes dangerous, force; but it is shallow and of little practical use save for motive power. Its very narrowness adds to its fury. Gradually it broadens, deepens, is swollen by tributary streams; the land through which it flows becomes less precipitous; fewer rocks offer resistance, and it flows onward proud in its sense of strength and latent power. So with ideas. On the sunny mountain side of an intellect lofty in genius, in wisdom, or in charity, an idea finds birth. The effect upon the minds beneath is that some see the old cherished landmarks carried away; the opinions and customs which they believed founded on truth and established firmly as the mountain base, they see borne downward like so many sandbars. They cry out in alarm against this ruthless power that is washing away as debris what they thought rock.

Another class does not trouble itself about the new philosophy, idea, or movement, and its future, so long as their immediate concerns are not disturbed. While a third weighs the past with its lessons, the present with its tendencies, and views with delight the dawning future.

Trace any movement in theology, science, or philosophy: it sprang from an idea—ideas are sometimes truths, sometimes not. The author, burning with zeal, is generally narrowed down to the scope of his idea; if it be the salvation of a world he is infinitely broad; if it be the furthering or aggrandizement of some personal scheme, he is infinitely narrow. He rushes matters and is often precipitate because he is anxious to see his idea at work, and does not always understand that the world doesn't look through his spectacles. The narrowness and singleness of purpose at the start give the necessary impetus. According to the greatness of the idea, and the force and genius of its author does the world see and feel its

power. The movement becomes deeper and broader as others contribute their thought and intellect.

What power is in ideas! They are all that is good, all that is bad. They make the governments and break them. Alike they are the origin of law and of anarchy. Humanity works for them, fights for them, yes, and on every hand in all ages we see men and women *die* for them. One idea has power to lead a life on to all that is noble, pure, and holy, while another might debase and lower into the very depths of ignominy.

Is originality of ideas genius? Perhaps so: but the possession of such a genius would be little benefit unless allied to it were the inclination and power of continuous hard work. A great man indeed is he who, though perhaps not possessing remarkable or striking ideas of his own, is broad enough to give others the credit of possessing them, is able to recognize, to appropriate, and to make the best use of them. A person who has no ideas is to be pitied, but a thousand times more pitiable is he who preverts what he has.

Through all the history of mankind we may see the tendency of idea-worship in some form, and the higher the type of humanity the higher becomes the idea. Each worshiper believes his idea of worship to be the truth, the lower types representing the object of worship definitely to the senses. According as the object of worship is sought through the medium of ideas a higher stage of humanity is reached. Buddhism at the start was simply the worship of pure, lofty ideas, and so far was helpful; but so much of falsity became intermingled that the bad blotted out the good.

All the intricate network of gods and goddesses, all the thrilling mysteries of mythological times were but the striving of the human heart after ideas. We of christian times have an idea which embodies all that goes to make perfect. Happy is he who believes in it.

In this turbulent world where opinion clashes with opinion, fact with fact, idea with idea, we are sometimes doubtful *what* to believe, or whether to believe anything; but in calmer moments honor, truth, and faith, three *ideas* which were, are, and ever shall be triumphant, strive to assert themselves, and we will be safe if we remain, as Tennyson puts it, "loyal to the royal within." '93

U. N. D.

On the plains of fair Dakota, stands a building far renowned,
 And where'er its name is mentioned, words of eulogy abound.
 High it stands upon the border of the coulee deep and wide,
 Where, when wintry winds are blowing, swift the merry skaters glide.
 Or, when balmy spring advancing strews its grassy banks with flowers,
 Groups of maidens, tired of study, dream away the sunny hours.
 Here the Preps and guileless Freshman con their Greek and Latin o'er;
 Here the haughty Senior paces, and the modest Sophomore.
 Here shy youths cast bashful glances toward the merry maidens fair,
 Whom, by stern decree 'tis ordered to address they must not dare.
 Years have passed, since by the coulee, first these lofty halls were placed;
 Many a youth and many a maiden up and down these halls have paced,
 Some already to life's battle, rendered stronger for the strife,
 Forth have issued trained and furnished well to act their parts in life,
 Tho' we miss the ones who've left us, gladly welcome we the new;
 Feeling sure, when once among us, they the choice will never rue.
 Swift the years will soon glide o'er us, school life cease for you and me;
 But we'll ne'er forget the coulee and the dear old U. N. D.

—FRESHMAN.

A FISHING PARTY.

ONE Sunday, about thirty years ago, I went fishing on the banks of the Cher, not far from Saint Avertin. It was Easter weather, a little warm, but cooled by the neighboring water and a slight breeze. I had installed myself at an excellent place, a turfy hollow, between two clumps of elders, where I was

seated as in an arm chair. At my feet, the water, of a greenish brown, glided tranquilly on, forming little eddies on the other bank. My line being attended to, I looked about and saw here and there the daisies and poppies peeping out of the grass at the sun. I heard at intervals the bells of Agaz and of Saint Avertin which rang to vespers, and the thought that it was Suunday, brought to me the blissful reflection that I had all to myself a long afternoon, and that no unwelcome visitor would intrude upon me in my favorite pastime.

I had, unfortunately, counted without my host. Towards three o'clock in the afternoon, I saw coming from behind the poplars, a couple, who came and placed themselves on the other side of my elder thicket, a few paces up the stream.

He was a middle aged gentleman, accompanied by a lady still young and rather pretty, upon my word! The gentleman, clean shaved, dressed in black, had the mein and bearing of a magistrate; the lady, in a gray lawn dress, a blue hood with ribbons, was blonde, plump and very lively.

They had brought a camp stool, on which the husband seated his wife; then adjusted a brand new fishing rod, baited it, and handed it to the lady.

No one who watched how they managed, but would have seen they were new hands in the art.

"All right," thought I, "they are novices, and will do me no great harm, provided that with their babbling they don't frighten my fish."

I was not mistaken. They knew nothing of the art, and the young lady made her husband renew the bait which had not even been nibbled. As for me, on the other hand, I was in luck. Every five minutes I saw on drawing up my line, a fish flapping, bright as silver at the end of my silk. In less than an hour I put

in my basket three breams, four millers and two barbels, without counting the small fry. My neighbors had caught nothing. At last the lady, vexed, threw down her line, and through curiosity, strayed over to me. Just then, as she came up behind my back, there was a slight nibble. I let the line unroll, then twitching my pole slightly, I pulled out of the water a perch of a pound and a half, which I had a malicious pleasure in having to flap on the turf before putting it in the basket.

"Oh!" cried the lady amazed, "what a beautiful catch." Then in an insinuating voice to me: "Sir, how do you catch so many fish and we have scarcely caught a minnow?"

I was young then, and although always rather afraid of women, I was not insensible to a pretty face. I replied therefore, with my utmost gallantry, "Upon my word, madame, it is because you set about it the wrong way. To fish with a rod is a much more difficult art than one would think. But if you are willing to follow my advice, I will show you how to catch some fish. Wait, sit down here, I will fix your line."

At the call of the lady, her husband brought the chair and the rod. I prepared the bait with great care myself, and taught my pupil the tricks of the trade, of which she seemed entirely ignorant. After a few trials she did pretty well. It was a good place and the fish took hold well.

At each lucky throw, the little lady laughed like a child, clapped her hands and looked with a triumphant air towards her husband, who smiled gravely, seemingly very much pleased at the joy of his wife, and thanked me with a ceremonious politeness.

While this was going on the afternoon advanced. At six o'clock we left off fishing, the lady went to her husband and spoke a few words in his ear. He listened with a meditative air and looked a little startled. But in a

moment she came to me and said, "Sir, you have been very kind to us this afternoon, will you give us the pleasure of your company at dinner?"

The gentleman in black approved with a nod of his head and I accepted.

We were served in a room of the "Three Pigeons" of Saint Avertin. The room overlooked a garden, and a little way off flowed the Gher. The lady was in great spirits and continually showed me teeth as white as almonds and would not have my glass empty a moment.

I was chosen to carve the fowl, and whetting my knife against the fork, I cried joyously, "Turn it over to me, I know how to do the trick. I am going to decapitate him in style."

I was not a little surprised at the poor success of my pleasantry. The husband reddened up to his ears; the lady turned pale, and a dead silence reigned in the room.

They were both very reserved about their affairs. I put some questions skilfully; for, you know, I was curious about them, but learned only that they came from Orleans and were passing through to Tours.

The time passed very pleasantly. It was a wonderful dinner, one which I looked back upon with pleasure for many a day afterward. At last it was time to part.

"I hope you will pass this way often," said I, "and that I will have the pleasure of doing you some service again."

"I do not think it," he replied to me in a singular tone. "We leave Tours tomorrow morning. Adieu, sir!"

Sometime after this, when I was at my desk in the government office at Tours, someone handed me a check through the window.

It was a check for \$300 to pay the transportation expenses of Mr. Bleiger, "*The Executioner*."

This made me start, and while returning the

document, I looked with curiosity through the window. Then, sirs, what was my dismay on recognizing in the owner of that horrible title my host of Saint Avertin, the husband of the pretty dame of the blue hood.

He retired without a word; he either did not, or did not wish to recognize me. I remained alone, astounded and pale behind the deserted window. I recollected then an execution had taken place at Lockes, about the date of my Easter fishing party.

I had been the guest of the public executioner.

J. S. M.

STATISTICS OF THE PREPARATORY AND NORMAL DEP'TS.

At the close of last term there were enrolled 95 students in the Preparatory and Normal departments proper.

With reference to their nationality, 29 were born in Canada, 8 in Norway, 2 in Germany; the rest were born in the U. S., of which Minnesota leads with 14; Wisconsin 7; Pennsylvania 6; Iowa 5; Michigan, New York and Ohio, each 4; Missouri 3; Illinois, Vermont and Indiana, each 2; Kansas and New Hampshire, each 1; Dakota 3.

The total number of years the class has lived is 1834, or an average age of $18\frac{1}{2}$ years.

Regarding their church inclinations. 30 are Presbyterians, 19 are Methodists, 9 are Baptists, 9 are Episcopalians, 9 are Roman Catholics, 9 are Lutherans, 7 are Congregationalists, 1 Evangelical, 1 Church of England. The remainder have expressed no belief in any particular creed.

The total number of months of school that have been taught by those entering this year is 338 to 26 persons, or an average of 13 months each. This is equivalent to one person's teaching about 38 school years.

Regarding the time of their entrance here. 52 entered in September, 24 entered in October, 13 entered November, 8 entered in December.

LOCALS.

And lo, a smaller than Wick is here!

Miss Crans, '90, spent her vacation at her home in the city.

A number of the students listened to Bishop Walker's sermon on Co-education.

One of our students has evidently discovered the beauty of a grove in winter.

During the Holidays, some very pretty philopaeas might have been seen.

Professor Woodworth spent his vacation in Minneapolis, visiting his daughter.

Miss N. E. Jones spent vacation with Miss M. W. LaLourette at Petersburg.

During vacation, Mr. Skagen occupied the position of night clerk at the Hotel Dacotah.

Mr. Skulason will probably entertain his friends again with the experience of a poor Icelander in his University career.

The number of thrilling midnight experiences in the boy's dormitory seems to be on the decrease.

What is there about a bulletin board notice, that inspires so fiercely the ruthless hand of the vandal.

Messrs. Marcle, Neyhart and Wick were among the students who spent their vacation at the University,

Any information on the subject of conscience, judgment, or grace, will be willingly given by our deputy postmaster.

Messrs. Skulason, Indridson, Wagner and Wehe are among the students of a year ago who have returned to studies.

Some very artistic New Year's cards appeared on the dinner table, New Years day. "Dovey," "lovey," and "owly" were conspicuous figures in the souvenir.

Miss Hannah Johnston, a former student, is back again—welcome as ever.

President and Mrs. Sprague and son spent a pleasant vacation at the Hotel Dacotah.

Miss Emma Grandy has returned after a month's absence caused by her mother's illness.

The Misses Braithwaite spent their vacation at the dormitory and with friends in Grand Forks.

During vacation, one of our young ladies added ox-driving to her list of accomplishments.

Never in the history of our institution has a term opened with so great a number of students in attendance.

Among the number of new students, we note Miss Luren Cocks, who is living in the city with her sister, Miss Madge Cocks.

A large box of apparatus arrived recently for the Physical Laboratory. The Freshies will soon have an opportunity to initiate.

The bath-tub is a novel place in which to escape fire. The unfortunate will, at least, have access to plenty of water.

Miss Mabel Smith has left the University owing to the illness of her mother. We hope to see Miss Smith with us again.

Rev. Davis visited the University, on the 9th inst. He is temporarily filling the pulpit of the Grand Forks Baptist church.

THE STUDENT extends its sympathy to Professor Estes over his severe illness, during vacation and the first few days of school.

A number of our military officers have added to the dignity of their persons by the addition of swords.

A pleasant evening was spent by some of our students and others the evening of Jan. 7th at Dr. Logan's home in the city.

Professor Woodworth occupied the pulpit of the Baptist church in Grand Forks, Jan. 11th. A large number of students were among his audience.

Before leaving for the holidays, the Preps. boarding at the University, presented the janitor with an easy chair. We hope our faithful janitor took time to have a Christmas of ease.

We are pleased to see so many of our former students with us again, and extend a hearty welcome to the new. When entering upon University life, don't forget to subscribe for THE STUDENT.

We are sorry to note that Mr. Sam'l Young will not return to his studies this term. Mr. Young was one of our most studious boys and we regret his departure.

New Year's time was noted chiefly for good appetites and good resolutions. The first have broken up some of the students, who, in return, have probably broken some of the second.

Much credit is due Postmaster Trask for the elegant postoffice, that he has fitted up in the former STUDENT office. Let all the students show their appreciation of the enterprise by subscribing for a box.

Although the young men's dormitory is well filled, there is a way of making room for any new comer of a studious disposition. The plan is quite novel.

Fred Bartholamew paid his old University friends a visit, on the 9th inst. He returned soon to execute the manual of arms at Shaddock Military Academy.

The Y. M. C. A. was reorganized, on the 7th inst. The following officers were elected:

Pres.—W. S. Henry.

Vice Pres.—Jas. Austin.

Sec. and Treas.—Jno. Hempstead.

Cor. Sec.—T. W. Heyland.

Mr. and Mrs. Rueburg will live in Drayton, N. D., where they will have the best wishes of the bride's many University friends.

At the last reception of the old year, a most curious box of candy was circulated. If you want the whole history of the wonderful box, ask Adjutant Vick.

One of the young ladies recounts many novel holiday experiences. At a Christmas tree entertainment, she saw a little boy recite with his back to the audience, and the most prominent North Dakota politician eat fire and recite original poetry.

Mrs. Mareley assumed charge of the boarding department at the beginning of the term. Since we must lose Mrs. Sprague, it is a source of satisfaction, that one so able as Mrs. Mareley has proved herself to be, is at the head of this department.

We failed to note in our last issue the withdrawal of Miss Rena Percival from the editorial corps. Owing to lack of time to devote to the work she did not remain long on the staff; but judging by the commencement she made and work in other lines, her services would have been valuable for our journal.

A pleasant home wedding took place at Devils Lake on Christmas day, Miss Mae B. Roberts and Mr. Rueburg acting the leading parts. The bride was charming in a gown of white wool crepe trimmed with swan's down, with roses and smilax for ornaments. Miss Minnie Benham and Mr. C. Brainerd were witnesses that the knot was tied sure and fast.

The following officers were elected in Adelphi for the present term:

- President—T. W. Heyland.
- Vice Pres.—Miss B. Johnstone.
- Sec.—Miss Minnie Benham.
- Treas.—G. S. Sprague.
- 1st Marshall—W. J. Marcley.
- 2nd Marshall—Fred Smith.

One of our young ladies had her faith in the the proverb, "Believe a man honest until he is proven guilty," confirmed in a very practical way, by having her pocketbook most unexpectedly returned to her on the train.

Miss Minnie Nielson will not return to the University this term. She is teaching the primary department of the Valley City school, and training 77 tiny intellects to shoot.

Lotta Peck is also among the number of our ex-students.

The sixth of the series of lectures was given by Dr. Patten in Chapel Hall, Jan. 9th. The subject was 'Coral and Coral Islands.' The coral animal in distinction from insects was first described; then the formation of coral rocks—the different kinds of coral islands with the various theories in regard to their formation. In conclusion, the effect of the study of coral upon geology and science was shown to be of vast importance.

Charts illustrating the region of coral formation, various specimens, and the doctor's fine drawing, together with his clear manner of presentation, rendered the lecture highly interesting and instructive.

The following officers were elected at the meeting of Per Gradus, of Jan. 10th:

- President—W. J. Burke.
- Vice Pres.—D. C. McRae.
- Sec.—P. P. Engh.
- Treas.—H. G. Vick.
- Sergeant-at-Arms—A. C. Wehe.

Professor Woodworth's lecture Dec. 12th, on the Study of History, was too late for our last issue, and ere this ye reporter has forgotten the general outline. It was impossible for his listeners not to be incited to delve deeper for the treasures of knowledge, and to pursue the study of history with renewed zeal.

Among the visitors we noticed Miss Mary Crans and Miss Mary Morey of Emerado.

The late fire scare in the dormitory has caused precautions to be taken for the future. A well drilled fire company will probably soon be organized. A response to a night alarm would be an interesting sight, if instructions were carried out to the letter.

Miss Henrietta Paulson has been suffering during the past week from a painful inflammation in her eyes. Dr. Wheeler called, on the 11th, and decided that nothing serious was liable to result from the trouble.

The Australian Ballot System was debated in Adelphi society, Jan. 8th. H. G. Vick and Miss B. Johnston, affirmative; Fred Fiset and Mr. Maloney, negative. The decision was in favor of the affirmative.

The Normals have organized. They have consumed many weeks, and have exhausted the powers of many committees, over the mighty task of electing officers and choosing a Normal college color. The officers are

President—Miss M. W. LaTourrette.

Vice Pres.—Miss. V. Hershey.

Sec. and Treas.—W. S. Henry.

The colors chosen are blue and yellow.

Oh, ye mighty Preps! Last, but not least—in numbers! Why not follow the example of the Normals and make yourselves heard from in this line of society work?

About 7:30, on the morning of Jan. 9th, the occupants of the Dormitory were startled by an unusual noise, and upon investigation found the halls filled with smoke and the usual accompaniments of fire. The alarm was first given by Miss Jessie Marcley, the fire in some unaccountable manner having broken out in the closet of the rooms where she was sleeping. While the girls were preparing to meet a cold world, and figuring where their pocketbooks and most valuable things were, G. S. Sprague promptly applied the hose which was near and extinguished the flames.

Mrs. Marcley's loss amounted to about \$150, but owing to Mr. Sprague's ready aid there was no other damage save blackened walls and a charred door. The students sympathize with Mrs. Marcley over this misfortune so soon after her arrival.

Lost, strayed or stolen!!!

Considerable alarm has been expressed among the young ladies over the long continued silence and the whereabouts of a certain committee. It has been proposed that a relief party be organized and sent out in search of this valuable body.

The members of this proposed expedition might boast of the following lengthy and significant appellation: 'Relief Corps for the Resuscitation, if possible, but if not, for the decent burial of the committee on Calisthenics for the girls of the University of N. D.'

The exceeding difficulties and discouragements of this undertaking, and the bravery and hardihood of the fair heroines, who have voluntarily offered not only their services, but their lives and fortunes (?) to this mighty and perilous venture, will be more fully appreciated when we take into consideration the fact that the committee was appointed in a former year, and the slightest trace has not been found for almost ages.

On the morning of December 20th, two young men (whose only intention was to take a constitutional walk) boarded the west bound train, intending to get off at the junction and walk back (for their health). Much to their dismay, the train did not stop at the junction. They immediately decided that the city of Emerado had some attraction for them and that this was their opportunity. The greater part of the day was spent in viewing places of interest to tourists. After their return they were rather reluctant to speak of their travels, but with some persuasion, such as, "I know all," they related incidents of a pleasant ride

thither and facts of historical and scientific interest concerning Emerado. In the latter we failed to become interested.

Before leaving for the holidays, the cadets decided that it would attract a little attention to the University and help to advertise the institution, if they wore their uniforms home. The experience of most of the advertising enthusiasts was, that they were taken for most everybody but University cadets. The following are examples of questions asked by strangers: Going to the fort? How do the militia feel? How many Indians were killed in the last fight? The amount of war experiences related to us, probably, with the intention of drawing out accounts of our exploits, were not inconsiderable. While on the train we overheard a couple opposite murmur something about Salvation Army. The surmises and questions we replied to in an evasive manner and left them in the bliss of ignorance as to our high rank of University cadets.

The following is a meteorological summary of the weather during the month of December, 1890, at the University:

MEAN TEMPERATURE.

7 A. M.	14.8
2 P. M.	24.6
9 P. M.	17.7
For month.	18.3
Highest temperature, on the 22nd.	48.0
Lowest temperature, on the 2nd.	-25.0
Monthly range of temperature.	73.0
Greatest daily range of temperature.	40.0
Least daily range of temperature.	8.0
Mean barometer.	30.05
Highest barometer, on the 24th.	30.49
Lowest barometer, on the 26th.	29.41
Monthly range of barometer.	1.08
Mean dew-point.	13.8
Mean relative humidity.	85.5
Prevailing wind, South.	

Maximum velocity, 57 miles per hour, from W, on the 22nd.	
Number of clear days	14
Number of fair days	12
Number of cloudy days.....	5
No. of days on which 0.01 of inch, or more, of rain or melted snow fell.....	3
Mean maximum temperature	29.7
Mean minimum temperature.....	7.9
Total precipitation13 inches

G. S. SPRAGUE, U. S. V. O.

EXCHANGES.

The Censor, published at St. Mary's, Ont., has discontinued its publication. We shall miss its monthly visits.

Webster's Unabridged Dictionary has again been revised and is put on market in an enlarged and more attractive shape, with a new name—"The International." It is easier to consult, has a better type and clearer definitions than the Unabridged. Instead of adding to the retail price, the publishers have made it two dollars cheaper, charging now but ten dollars.—*Ex.*

There are 37 Japanese students at Ann Arbor.

Shakespeare's works are being translated into Chinese by the president of the Pekin University.—*Ex.*

During his stay abroad Prof. Brooks became more than ever convinced that Greek is not a dead language but a very live and vigorous one, and since his return arrangements have been made for the study of modern Greek in the senior year, leading up to the study of the New Testament. A good-sized pioneer class has already elected this branch.—*Ex-Ariel.*

A senior is known by his moustache,
The junior by his brain,
The soph by his athletic look,
The freshman by his cane.—*Ex.*

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In Carpets we are showing a big line of Ingrains, Tapestries, Body Brussels, Moquettes, and also a nice assortment of Art Squares and Ispahams. In Rugs we have, gold medal Smyrna Rugs, Moquette Rugs, and Sheep Skin Rugs. Beautiful patterns and our prices are *right*. If you need anything in the line of Draperies, Brass Poles, or Pole Trimmings, it will pay you to look through our line as we carry an exceptionally fine stock.

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This is a winter of competition in the Clothing business, but we still can say "our prices are the lowest." Our big values in suits are in the All-Wool

"Happy Home Brand," at the following prices: \$8.75, \$13.00 and \$15.95. We also have a full line of Neckties, Hats and Caps, Trunks, Valises, &c. We invite you to examine our goods and get our prices.

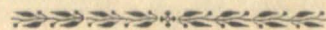
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Our leaders in this department are the Douglas \$3.00 and \$4.00 Shoes for gentlemen's wear, and the Ludlow \$3, \$3.50 and \$5.00 Shoes in ladies' wear. We are also selling an excellent hand-sewed Cordovan Shoe for \$5.00, in congress and lace, usually sold for from \$6.00 to \$7.00. We guarantee them to give perfect satisfaction.

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