

The Colby Echo.

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No. 10.

The Colby Echo.

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CONTENTS.

VOL. XI., No. 10.—DECEMBER 31, 1886.

THE SANCTUM:

| | |
|--------------------------------|-----|
| New Year's Greeting, | 133 |
| Deserved Rebuke, | 133 |
| An Anticipation, | 134 |
| Alumni Support, | 134 |
| An Old Grievance, | 134 |

LITERARY:

| | |
|--|-----|
| Colby Lawyers, | 135 |
| Christmas Anthem, | 136 |
| A Stroll through Chinatown, San Francisco, | 137 |
| A Flunk, | 138 |
| The Mind's Chamber of Imagery, | 138 |

| | |
|------------------------------|-----|
| THE CAMPUS, | 140 |
| EXCHANGES, | 142 |
| COLLEGE CLIPPINGS, | 143 |
| WASTE-BASKET, | 144 |
| PERSONALS, | 145 |
| LITERARY NOTICES, | 146 |

The spell is broke, the charm is flown!
Thus is it with life's fitful fever:
We madly smile when we should groan;
Delirium is our best deceiver.

Each lucid interval of thought
Recalls the woes of Nature's charter,
And he that acts as wise man ought,
But lives, as saints have died, a martyr.



BY the time that the ECHO reaches its sub-
scribers, the year of '87 will have com-
menced its course and we can wish our readers
with cordiality and gratitude a Happy New
Year. The holiday season is one of the most
delightful with which the children of the earth
are blessed, and the celebrations which occur
during this period are peculiarly gratifying to
the pure, sincere heart, untainted with the poi-
sonous breath of misanthropy and distress. The
customs which rule at this time are the glori-
ous legacies of the past, the expression of the
best feelings and sentiments of the soul. To
the joys of Christmas with its peculiarly do-
mestic features and its grand lessons, even
the seared soul of the miser and the criminal is
not indifferent; and the most selfish find a
pleasure in generous offerings at this delightful
and wholesome Saturnalia. And we venture
to express the hope, that if the ECHO cannot
gladden the Christmas of its friends, it can at
least herald the approach of a prosperous and
encouraging year.

REPEATED complaints have reached us of
cases of disorder in the Reading-Room, and
we feel it necessary to express our condemnation
of these indecent and unlicensed proceedings.
It is hardly necessary to insist upon the char-
acter of the Reading-Room and its intended
purposes, as an argument for the observance of
proper decency and decorum. In an institution
supposed to be devoted to the higher education
of men and women, it would seem unnecessary
to argue the advantages of such an organization
as the one in question, in an educational and lit-
erary point of view. If these considerations

do not constitute a claim for its right use and treatment, we can conceive of no arguments which would be admitted.

The privileges of the Reading-Room need then to be regarded with propriety, because its object is directly to aid and encourage the development of the students. Again, the fact that it is an institution in which all have a common right ought to have weight with these trespassers upon general property who deprive the great body of the students from the enjoyment of these privileges. And there is still another consideration to be noticed, that we cannot expect to receive that aid and encouragement from the administration of the college, which we have received in the past, if we thus abuse their kindness and interest.

The specific offenses of which we wish to complain in this issue are, the destruction of furniture and consequent unseemly appearance of the room, and the cutting up of the newspapers on the racks. We have no doubt that the clippings thus taken are intensely interesting to the individual offender, but we all have a right to enjoy these interesting extracts, and the thing is objectionable if only for the bad appearance which the papers thus treated present. If the maxim *verbum sap.* is true, we should not have been obliged to develop this chestnut, but we trust the emphasis of our remarks will have the desired effect.

THE last number of the ECHO contained an announcement of the continuation of the articles on "Colby in the Ministry," by Rev. C. V. Hanson, and it falls to us to give notice in this issue of the first of a series of articles on "Colby Lawyers," by A. H. Briggs, '38, who so lately contributed an article on "Lucius Henry Chandler." We can expect in these papers a delightful series of reminiscences of some of the most distinguished alumni of the university, and the undergraduates will derive as much pleasure from them as the older alumni who are personally acquainted with the subjects of these sketches.

Colby has shown herself a fertile mother of honored Christian pastors and she has reared many distinguished ornaments of the Bar as well. The law is not usually connected with the ministry, but the roll of Colby's lawyers

will disclose almost as many honest and honorable names as are found in the list of her ministers.

IN this connection we wish to call the attention of the alumni to the ECHO as the organ and representative of their *Alma Mater*, and the demands which it reasonably makes upon their attention and aid. The ECHO attempts to furnish in its columns, matter not only interesting to the students but the graduates as well, and in pursuance of that attempt is now presenting articles by distinguished and loyal alumni. And in order to render the paper still more desirable in this light, we desire to furnish a well-filled personal column and appeal earnestly for contributions to this most valuable department of the paper.

We have now an extensive circulation among the alumni in comparison with many college papers but are anxious to increase it still more. It is highly desirable that the alumni of a college should take the most lively interest in their *Alma Mater*, and, if possible, a conspicuous part in its government and administration. But in order to an intelligent understanding of the conditions and needs of the institution, information must be furnished through the columns of the college journal, and it is on these grounds that the ECHO appeals for the subscriptions of those among the alumni who as yet have not recognized the value and interest of the ECHO for them personally.

A GRIEVANCE of which we have lately and loudly complained is still unredressed and we are urged by the whole body of students to dwell upon it again. We have reference to the Thursday morning recitation which is still forced upon us with unremitting promptness and regularity, and which still flourishes in spite of the energetic protests of the sufferers. It seems to be the issue upon which all the eloquence contained within these college walls is expended in depreciation and denunciation, a matter upon which the sentiment of the college is unanimous and pronounced. This universal revolt on the part of the students against the imposition of this inexcusable burden can no longer be overlooked or disregarded, and it is for this reason that we discuss the subject again.

We have lately received a definite answer to

the request which the various societies presented last June and again this fall, and it certainly contains no consoling assurances. It seems that not only does the Faculty regard the matter as entirely beyond their jurisdiction, but also, and what is more to the point, they are directly opposed to granting this request and absolutely decline to refer this matter to the trustees. We believe, however, that they are not unanimous upon this point, but simply that the prevailing opinion is as we have indicated. We had supposed that the failure to act arose simply from a reluctance to assume what might not be directly within their authority, but this painful illusion is dissipated by the hard and unyielding truth. We cannot then look to this body as our sympathizing advocates anxious to secure to us our just and desirable privileges, and by their blank refusal we are happily freed from the error which had fastened itself upon us.

As then this matter can never be definitely settled except by the action of the corporation of the college, and as the Faculty decline to instruct the President to introduce the matter to their consideration, we venture on behalf of the college and in the interest of future classes to appeal to the board to decide this matter and justify our hopes and expectations. The new year is upon us and let us turn over a new leaf of college administration, with the granting of this just and imperative demand.



COLBY LAWYERS.

By A. H. BRIGGS, Esq., Boston.

HON. HENRY W. PAINE, of the class of 1830, is still living, and is one of the ablest lawyers ever educated at our college or perhaps any other. Some names there have been indeed, both at this and the New York Bar, more widely known, but their distinction has arisen from political preferment or positions upon the Bench, state or national. As a lawyer who for a long course of years has steadily followed his profession for the love of it, and the honors and rewards which it has brought him, unseduced by office, either political or judicial,

—which he could have had many times for the taking—there are perhaps few men who have surpassed him in legal learning, talent, or skill.

In the *Bay State Monthly* for November, 1885, is an excellent portrait of Mr. Paine, and a finely written sketch of his life by his old pupil and friend, Professor William Mathews (Waterville College, 1835). All that is there said of him is well deserved and highly honorable, both to Mr. Paine and Professor Mathews. Some reminiscences of him which have not been published may not be uninteresting to the readers of the ECHO.

Mr. Paine's learning has been varied and certain. A most remarkable memory and a mind wonderfully disciplined by the closest study, enable him to retain with singular certainty whatever he has ever read, either of law, history, or general literature. And although, through failing health, for the last few years he regrets a failing memory, his friends can see little of it, except as compared with the great power of memory he once possessed. As compared with anybody else, little can be observed of any failure of memory, except by himself; and it is little wonder that he should feel some decay, when till recently for a pastime, as he rode in the cars from his home in Cambridge to the severe duties of his office and the courts in this city, he amused himself with solving the severest mathematical problems, and was able at any time to multiply together five numbers in his mind as easily and with as much certainty as most men with a slate could multiply two. He makes us think of him, in this power to mentally work problems as a recreation, as we think of Macaulay as a linguist, who in his common every-day walks was accustomed to take with him to read, as he walked, such poems, in the original, as the "Alcestis" or the "Antigone."

When in London several years ago, he visited Windsor Castle, and ascended a tower in the vicinity, from which could be obtained a fine view of the surrounding country, with the village of Stoke-Pogis in the distance. Mr. Paine remarked to his fellow-visitors in the tower the beautiful situation of the old village, and that Lord Coke once had a residence there. To his surprise a fine looking gentleman near him replied that "Lord Coke never lived there." Mr. Paine remarked that "history so informed

us." The gentleman said it was not so; that he was a lawyer and ought to know. "By the same token," said Mr. Paine, "I ought to know, for I am a lawyer." The gentleman still insisted that Mr. P. was wrong; when Mr. Paine with good nature remarked that "they agreed nearly as well as lawyers generally did," and there the matter dropped. Next day, walking in the Strand, some one spoke to him as they passed each other. It was the gentleman he had met the day before in the tower. Handing Mr. Paine his card with the name of a distinguished London barister on it, the gentleman begged his pardon, and acknowledged his own error, and said Mr. P. was right in every particular. A year or two afterwards, visiting that same tower again, he was surprised to hear that story told by the visitors who surrounded him; and to hear them tell how the Yankee lawyer had got the better of the distinguished Londoner.

When Mr. Paine first saw Daniel Webster it was under circumstances very flattering to dunces, and many others who depreciate themselves for not knowing much that they think they ought and would like to know. Mr. Paine was at the Law School at Cambridge, and Judge Story said to the class that in the U. S. Circuit Court which he was to hold in Boston next day, Mr. Webster would be present, in the trial of a case, and invited them to attend the court to hear the great expounder. Coming over from Cambridge, Judge Story overtook Mr. Paine and took him over to court in his carriage, but told Mr. Paine that he had learned that Mr. Webster had not left Washington and would not be in court that morning. Mr. P. went, however, with the Judge, and on entering the court room he saw a large, black, remarkable looking man sitting there, with beetling brows, and apparently half asleep. The case, whatever it was, was continued, and in a few minutes Mr. Paine left the seat Judge Story had invited him to take beside himself, and descending within the bar, he noticed a young counselor of the court approach the large, black man in the chair with a package of papers, and said to him, "Mr. Webster, here is our case, in an account, as kept by double entry." Mr. Webster replied: "Young man, I have never been able to fathom the mysteries of double entry; and, please God, I never will."

Mr. Paine comes to his office every day ex-

cept on stormy days, as both he and his family feel it best for him. His family consists of a wife and daughter, and he rejoices that he has accumulated an abundant competence for them if they survive him. He never turned any one away who applied to him, or had claims upon him for pecuniary aid; and near a hundred thousand dollars have been freely and generously expended in this way.

Mr. Paine takes much interest in his *Alma Mater*. To be an alumnus of Waterville or Colby is a certain passport to his affectionate regard. He loves to talk of the college, and of its old professors and graduates; and I am delighted that he honors me with a half hour's call nearly every week, for this purpose. A good man is Mr. Paine; kind-hearted, loving, and lovable. He never made and he never deserved an enemy; and the honor and esteem in which he is held by the Bar to-day, old and young; by the Bench, and by all classes of society, is surely a large reward for a long life of integrity, purity, and devotion to the interests of others.

A CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.

I.

What gladness bursts upon thy sight!
How blest thy day! how clear thy night!
How grand thy hopes! how high, how bright,
O Holy Morn!
For at this time, surpassing days
That worthy are of love and praise,
And calling forth the best of lays,
The Christ was born!

II.

While shepherds their flocks are tending,
Angel choirs are round them bending,
While their joyous notes ascending
In glad acclaim!
"Glory to God, of kings the King!
To men of good will peace we bring,
And peace on earth we gladly sing,
In Jesus' name!"

III.

"A Saviour born," the glad choir sang:
"Sweet peace, sweet peace!" their lyres still rang;
While harps by angels struck still twang,
See! right in sight
Bursts forth a star, a dazzling gem!
A guide to them to Bethlehem,
By lead of which they torrents stem,
In splendor light.

IV.

With eyes fixed on that guiding light,
They left, their flocks alone, by night

For Bethlehem, to see the sight,
 Which them should greet:
 They find him, not in princely hall,
 But cradled in a manger-stall,
 And on their faces humbly fall
 At his blest feet.

V.

They worship him, and gifts present,
 As with glad hearts their knees they bent,
 Because God His own Son had sent
 From Heaven high,—
 A place of joy, and peace, and bliss,
 Where nothing ever goes amiss,—
 Down to a sinful world like this,
 For men to die!

VI.

O wondrous Love! O Gift Divine!
 Such love, O God, such love was thine!
 I take it gladly all for mine,—
 Thou biddest me:
 And so I come, Lord Jesus, now;
 And wilt thou make me, Saviour, thou,
 As prostrate at thy feet I bow,
 Full worthy thee!

A STROLL THROUGH CHINATOWN, SAN FRANCISCO.

IT is a lovely morning in the middle of January, a California winter's day. It has been raining in torrents for the last week, but this morning nature looks all the happier for her good cry. The sun is abroad in all the glory that he had almost forgotten, and the dripping leaves are dancing in the gladness of his light. Italy herself could not boast a fairer sky and the hills and gardens are one mass of green. The air is soft and balmy, and altogether it is just the morning for a stroll. The mud-puddles, to be sure, are rather numerous, but the typical San Franciscan has learned to ignore them, or if he ever thinks of them it is only in complacent contrast with eastern snow banks. So, footed with rubbers and armed with an umbrella (for in all probability it will rain before night), let us saunter forth and see a little of what there is to be seen in this wonderful city by the Golden Gate.

The calla lilies in full bloom, just as if it wasn't the middle of January; the tea roses, lading the air with their rich perfume, just as if it wasn't worth ten cents a whiff in the East; the large number of bow windows, or any other little eccentricities of the city we

must pass by and hurry on to the goal of our ambition, Chinatown.

Perhaps the California Street Cable Line will be the most convenient, and let us be sure to sit on the dummy, for California street is well worth seeing. It is lined on either side with comfortable residences, their only fault being that they are all of wood, which, however, is something of a necessity in that earth-quaky region. The city is very hilly in this part, and as the cars glide gently up and down and at times almost reach the perpendicular, we are squeezed, first between a big German and a fat Jewess, and then between a fat Jewess and a big German, and begin to wish for level ground once more. These are the cars to take if we want to see "Nob Hill," the home of the railroad kings. There on the summit, where we obtain a fine view of city and bay, stand palace after palace, belonging to Senator Stanford and others who count their money by the millions and spend it with all the lavishness of the typical Californian. But we are hurried by these, and after a little more down-hill we are plunged into the busy, ever-varying life of Frisco's down town. We jump off the cars, or perhaps are helped off by a gallant Frenchman, only to drop our umbrella, which is picked up by a Jap who happens to be passing, and plunge into the crowd, jostled on this side by a swarthy Portuguese and on that by an honest Scandinavian, while just in front of us stalks a tall Persian, preceded by a typical "brother Jonathan." For such is San Francisco, alike the "Jew's Paradise," and the Irishman's Utopia.

But it is only a step from "Amelica" to China, and so after walking a block or two and turning a corner, we find ourselves in a strange city, in the midst of heathendom itself. Nothing looks the least bit American, for a Chinaman is never anything but a Chinaman and has his own peculiar way of doing everything. The streets are lined on either side with stores, mostly of the cheaper kind, where the tradesman of the queue offers for sale roast pigs, gorgeously decorated with tissue-paper flowers for funerals, or perhaps tempts (?) the appetite with queer yellow *calses* or heathenish candy and nuts. Once in a while, however, we come across a really nice store, where an aristocratic merchant, attired in the finest

of cloth, and handsomely embroidered slippers, sits behind his counter and displays his rare cabinets, pieces of embroidery, and fans from the land of the celestials. Now and then we meet a Chinese woman, looking comfortable, if not bewitching in her loose, dark suit, with its sleeves which could never be guilty of being called tight. Her hair is elaborately dressed and copiously adorned with ornaments. Her head is bare, or perhaps covered with a gaudy handkerchief. A Chinese woman is not a very common sight, because so few Chinamen bring their wives and families with them, as they are here only to make money, and as soon as they get enough will return to China.

But what is this funny little creature coming towards us? A Chinaman in miniature! And there isn't a much cuter sight than a little Chinese boy, with his olive complexion, as yet unspoiled by opium, his bright, almond-shaped eyes, and his long cue dangling down his back. His costume seems to have been chosen only with a view to getting in all the colors of the rainbow. His skull-cap may be of bright crimson, his cue braided in with brighter blue, his blouse of green, and his pants of red, and if any yellow has been crowded on to him in the shape of bracelets or slippers, why, so much the better.

We first visit the Chinese temple. "Not a very imposing place," we say, after climbing a long flight of stairs, and a rather small, unpretentious room bursts upon our astonished gaze. There are no seats, and not being devout Chinamen we don't care to kneel, so remain standing. By far the most conspicuous object in the room is the hideous idol, and we can but laugh as the guide explains that the large gong at the idol's side is for the purpose of waking him from his slumbers. There are many adornments on the walls and ceiling, in bright colors and with grotesque figures. There is not enough of the curious, however, to detain us long, and we turn away from the place with a feeling of pity for the poor, benighted Chinamen.

We next visit the restaurant. The first floor is devoted to the poorer Chinaman, the lowest in the social scale. Here he sips his cheap tea, and eats his rice, and—some would say, rats, too, but this has never been proved. On the next higher floor the Chinaman of the

next higher rank orders his tea, which is "pretty middling fair"—like the floor and himself,—and smokes his beloved opium. But it is not until we reach the upper floor that we find the aristocracy gathered about little tables, discussing, very likely, the "Chinese Question," together with their fabulously-priced tea—all taking pains to talk together at the same time, and in their own peculiar jib-jab. After finishing their meal they will not fail to betake themselves to one of the wooden bunks and smoke themselves into a state of unconsciousness.

Those who have provided themselves with a policeman, and have explored Chinatown by gas-light, say that that is the time to see it. The Chinese live in quarters that no American would put up with. The smaller the better. The ground beneath the side-walks is said to be fairly honey-combed. Down in these cellars many a Ching Ling or Fau Wung finds his adopted home.

But perhaps we have seen enough, for Chinatown isn't the most delightful place to visit, so, if you'll just put up that umbrella (for sure enough, it's raining), I guess we'll start for home.

A "FLUNK" DEFINED.

INSPIRATION GAINED FROM EXPERIENCE. WRITTEN FOR THE ELDER.

A little nod—

I was called up.

A little sigh—

I was balled up.

A little shake—

He caught my thought.

A little figure,

'Twas a naught.

THE MIND'S CHAMBER OF IMAGERY.

THE mind is a vast and intricately wrought structure. It is like a grand architectural building, made up of lofty rooms, long and dimly lighted corridors, and overjutting and interlacing chambers. In one of these rooms, extended and misty, the Understanding holds domain. From another, by darting messengers, the Will sends out its decrees. In the long halls Perception glides, and each of the apartments is occupied by some one of the Faculties. There is one room filled with numerous images

of by-gone days, and in the arched recesses, now bright, now dim, the past appears in a constantly moving panorama. The place where these are produced, and remain, is the mind's chamber of imagery.

Every man has this chamber of imagery, this gallery of pictures. Every one has this place of figures and fancies, with furniture meagre or elaborate, pleasant or sombre. It is the place where Phantasy produces phantasms—our landscape, the faces of friends, artistic rooms, noble forms of any description. There is the still lake, surrounded by sloping green fields, beyond wooded hills, with here and there an opening from which peeps a gleaming white farm-house; still in the hazy distance high mountains, and far, far beyond, the setting sun, reddening a bank of strati clouds, and throwing its last ray through a mountain notch. Outline and color are stamped indelibly in the chamber of imagery. The precision is wonderful with which we recollect the form of a building, the looks of a distant island, precipices, and mountains outlined against the sky. We remember the color of dress, of flowers, of clouds, and the varied, ever changing tint of the sea; of its waves borne on an incoming tide, as they swirl, and dash, and break along the rocks.

Our imaginary power does not stop with the mere reproduction of these sensible scenes. The thoughts, sentiments, emotions, which we had as we mingled in them—these we can picture. We remember the time when we took our first ocean voyage. We image the huge steamers, and all the busy scene is pictured before us. We also image our feelings as we looked upon the many faces around; as we felt the throb of the screw; as we heard the rush of the prow, and experienced the sensation of the ocean swell. We picture the thoughts which occupied our youthful minds; and the feelings of interest with which we entered into sports. When we gazed upon the sea we were impressed with its vastness and power. It taught us the existence of a mighty maker, and the omnipotence of its ruler, and our soul welled up in admiration and praise. Though far from the sea, we can spread it out before us, and again the same emotions thrill and elevate.

Thus our mental as well as our physical experiences we can live over again. The hard

work upon some mathematical problem; the methods we used in solving it; the repentance felt for a wrong committed; the stimulus we received in our success; the feelings for battles lost, and battles won. We remember our friendships, and our enmities; the love for a kindness shown us, the anger for an injury received. In all these mental states we are unable to give to them a sensible form. We have spoken of being able to image the outward circumstances, and the inward emotions; but in the latter case we have used metaphorical language. They had no form when they first presented themselves to us, and in recalling them we cannot give a tactile figure. We image in bodily shape all things received by the senses, but our thoughts and emotions are invisible beyond man's conception, and dwelling in a high ethereal sphere.

Phantasy makes some of its images much more vivid than others, neither does it give to the same image the same vividness at different times. In our reproductions much depends on the attention we gave to the realities. We cannot picture so vividly the roll of distant thunder as the terrible crash right above our heads. The thing to which we gave but a passing glance is very indistinct compared with one we turned over and around. Then, too, the sensitiveness of the organs, and the original emotions are to be taken into account.

This imaginary power is an important factor in our life. Had we only the bare remembrance of things how dull would be our existence. Phantasms make our being more enjoyable. When we are cast down by failure or bereavement we are buoyed up by calling before us some pleasant image of the past; and at any time we can have a series of past experiences in a living present form. These are figurative expressions, but they all point to a reality. We speak of an image, a picture, an idea, in the sense that it is *visible* to one but unperceived by the rest of the senses. Scientifically there is an image on the retina of the eyes; but this is unnatural and unreal. To the other senses there is no image; neither can the image on the retina be said to be perceived by the mind. The organism is affected in such a way that it becomes a medium. The same is true of all the senses. There is the physical affection and also a brain affection; but this is without the

shape of the object. If the brain is without an image the mind cannot possibly have one. A figure is a material thing. The figure of an object is not in the mind, but simply the perception from knowledge gained from sense.

This imaging power has no connection with the immediate action of the senses, but is one of the factors of the memory. The two are by no means identical. Memory is the recognition of some past event or object presented to us in past time. Imagery pays no attention to time. We can have a phantasm of a piece of money, without thought of the time when, or place where, we saw it. But memory and the imaging power blend when there is reproduced a picture of some particular experience.

Neither is phantasy and imagination the same. Imagination is the formation of imaginary figures. But these two powers of the mind are in close alliance:—the phantasy producing a phantasm, and the imagination taking this as a starting point, often displays before us pictures more gay or grand by far than our recollections.

This imaging power enables us to reproduce whatever has been obtained by the senses. We remember heat and cold, and the feelings which they gave. We recollect the cold and penetrating blasts of winter, and so vividly that a shiver involuntarily passes over us. The remembrance of the heat of summer even makes us languid. We can call to mind the sensations of touch, and live over again the pain occasioned by a brier or thorn. Sounds, too, heard long ago, are as vivid as if *being* heard. We image the lonely hoot of the owl, the warble of the bobolink, the welcomed croak of the spring-time frog, the wild roar of the tempest, the danger whistle of the locomotive. But most, the mind delights in re-forming pictures which we have stored up from our sense of sight. Through the eye comes the brightest and most vivid pictures, and the remembrance of these, colored perhaps by the imagination, furnishes a pastime of which the mind never tires. True, all these are not gay, even the saddest are portrayed before us; but the mind can dwell on what it wishes. From our varied memories we delight to form the paintings of scenes in which we have mingled; of thoughts by which we are better for the thinking. The mind delights in forming pict-

ures, and these the poet and novelist use in their writings. The people of to-day require graphic accounts, and the popularity of a newspaper rests on the kind of writers it employs. But more than this, is the junction of these chambers of imagery. Nothing more degrades the mind and places man below the brute, than immoral and sensual images; nothing so ennobles and raises it to a higher plane than pure-toned images of truth, duty, honesty, beauty, love, godliness.



"Time, as he passes us, has a Dove's wing,
Unsoil'd and swift, and of a silken sound."

1887.

Whiskers!

Skating.

Cole, '88, has left college.

Midnight concerts at the L. H.

The question is—"Did she *see* the cat?"

Webber, '86, was recently on the campus.

Double windows have been put on at the L. H.

Quite a number of the boys spent Christmas at home.

Lecture by Leland T. Powers, next Tuesday evening.

"Baumgarten say you!" and that was about all that *was* said.

Frye, '82, paid his *Alma Mater* a visit the first of the week.

The co-eds have found a new amusement. They spend their leisure hours now playing upon combs.

Rev. John Moore, on "Monuments and Antiquities of Egypt," at the Baptist vestry tomorrow night.

Prof. Small delivered a lecture in the Central Church, Bangor, Dec. 27th, on the subject, "Books and Reading."

Six mornings in the week Prof. Rogers is busily engaged taking observations in the physical laboratory before sunrise.

Prof. Rogers is attempting to prove that the co-efficient of expansion of metallic bars is constant for different temperatures.

Matthews, '89, will fill for the present the place on the ECHO board left vacant by the withdrawal of Cole, '88.

An electric battery, placed in the furnace room of North College, has been connected with a motor in the physical laboratory.

The members of the Senior class at the Institute have each been presented with a catalogue of Colby University.

What were those graceful impressions made in the snow on either side of the walk in front of the L. H. a few days ago?

Miss Noyes, '89, began a school at Belgrade, Me., the second Monday in December, but has since been obliged to give it up on account of ill health.

Stevens, '89, acted as Santa Claus, Xmas eve, at the Baptist vestry, and Gibbs, '88, performed a like kindly service for the little ones at Winslow.

One of the Juniors has been so unfortunate as to raise the indignation of the co-eds against him, by saying "the Y. L. at C. H.," in a letter of regrets.

The statistician of '87 is busily engaged prying into the secrets of his classmates. He is anxious to have as many engagements to report as possible, so brace up ye Seniors!

According to the new catalogue, as corrected, the total number of students in the college is 119, of whom 84 are Seniors, 26 Juniors, 26 Sophomores, and 33 Freshmen.

The Methodist sociable a few weeks ago was thinly attended by the boys, but all there report "an excellent time," a term, by the way, synonymous with Methodist sociables.

We should hate to accuse the Salvation Army of plagiarism, but the first line of a favorite hymn of the order has been discovered by the Seniors in "Wilhelm Tell."

There is one Senior in college that Sam, to use a familiar expression, is "on to." His last offense, we learn, is stealing college oil to use to light his way home from a certain new road.

We learn from the "B. O." that Soule is to open a boxing school at Brunswick. Next spring we suppose he will be a candidate for

the Bowdoin base-ball nine in his capacity as a Professor.

Since the dance many of the boys have become converted to the Unitarian faith. A certain Sabbath school class of that church, it is said, has considerably increased in members since the event.

The young ladies of the college visited Sam's home, on Christmas morning, and presented him with a box of handkerchiefs, which he reports to be very fine and "stitched all round the edges."

The Unitarian fair and dance was largely attended by the boys who appeared to enjoy the festivities immensely, especially the latter part. There has been no dance in town for a long while so largely attended by students.

The first general catalogue of the college was issued in June, 1882, and was designed to take the place of the Triennials published in Latin previous to that date. Prof. Hall, Secretary of the Alumni Association, will publish another in 1887.

It is an unsolved question whether the Freshmen are remarkably precocious youth, or whether the much-sought-after X has become more condescending than in former years, for the Freshmen boast that more than a dozen members of their class secured X last term. Such an occurrence is almost unprecedented.

The Professor of Chemistry declares that the article entitled, "Faith-Healing and Kindred Phenomena," in the June (1886) number of the *Century*, is worth the weight of the magazine in gold. The following sentence is taken from the article: "Faith-cure, technically so called, as now held by many Protestants, is a pitiable superstition, dangerous in its final effects."

We learn from good authority that the Senior class, as regards good order in the classroom, is degenerating. The report may or may not be true, but if so it can be easily accounted for. When a class, during its last term but one in college, is so pressed with work that the days in the fitting schools pale to insignificance before it, we can not wonder that there is a considerable amount of restlessness manifested.

On "boxing-night" the young ladies at Ladies' Hall entertained about thirty of their college friends in a manner highly complimen-

tary to themselves. Several interesting charades and the telling of fortunes afforded much amusement. This is the first entertainment of the kind during the present college year, but the boys at the "Bricks" sincerely hope it will not be the last.

F. M. Perkins, '87, will represent the Xi Chapter of Delta Kappa Epsilon at the Fortieth Annual Convention of that fraternity, to be held with the Washington Alumni Association at Washington, D. C., January 5th and 6th. Senator R. L. Gibson, of Louisiana, will preside over the public literary exercises of the Convention, Hon. Wm. L. Trenholm, of South Carolina, will deliver an address, and Dr. A. C. Kemper, of Ohio, will read a poem.

The *dramatis personæ* in the following dialogue we dare not give, but one at least we think will be recognized.

First Speaker—"Will you excuse my absence at the opening of the term? It was occasioned by —"

Second Speaker—"I beg your pardon, Mr.—ah—um—I forget your name, Mr. —, but I suppose I shall know you all in heaven."

First Speaker (carelessly)—"There are some of us I am afraid you won't meet there."

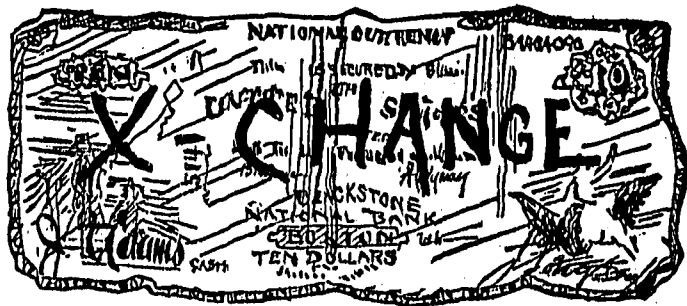
Second speaker retires convinced.

The large number of students present at the Whittier Sociable, held December 17th at the Baptist vestry, showed plainly that such gatherings have lost none of their attractiveness. It being Whittier's birthday the entertainment was largely made up of selections from his poems. The programme included select readings by Prof. Small, Miss Winslow, '90, Miss Hodgdon, and A. W. Smith, '87, a letter from the poet himself, and another signed "She that was Maud Muller," read by Mrs. Dr. Hanson, a "Sketch of Whittier's Life," by Miss True, and recitations by young misses dressed in unique Quaker costumes. After the literary programme chocolate and cake were served by the young misses.

A Senior in the South Division of S. C. has devised a contrivance whereby he can open or close his stove from his bed. The thing is eminently practical and shows much mechanical ingenuity. The stove, however, is one that requires to be carefully watched. This fact occasioned what was well nigh a serious acci-

dent. The owner of the device had filled the stove with coal, opened the drafts, and retired to bed intending in a few minutes to spring the trap and close all up. It is said, however, that when his chum returned a few hours later the temperature of the room reminded him of—well, warmer places than are generally credited to our globe. A shirt hanging near the stove had assumed a beautiful brown tint, the stove a cherry red, while the whole room had an unnatural luminous appearance.

As an illustration of the facilities given to the students in Colby to acquire a practical knowledge of the subjects of Mineralogy and Petrography, it may be pointed out that during the fall and winter terms of last year, there were selected, arranged, labeled, and placed in drawers, freely accessible to the students, over four thousand and five hundred specimens of minerals; and in the fall term of this year, over one thousand and eight hundred specimens of rocks were arranged in like manner. This also gives some idea of the labor devolving upon the instructor in the department of Mineralogy and Geology, beyond that pertaining to the usual recitations, lectures, and laboratory work; as the collections have not only to be arranged in the first place, but they have to be rearranged after each class, before the next class can be assigned to work upon the specimens.



The last issue of the *Lafayette* might be very appropriately called a foot-ball number, as there are scarcely four pages out of the twelve, which do not contain more or less in reference to the subject of foot-ball, and in regard to games recently played there: three of the Editorials, most of the Editorial Notes, and all the space allotted to the head of Athletics. We must admit that foot-ball is sometimes a very *vital* subject, and so perhaps there is some excuse for devoting so much space to this sport. Foot-ball, indeed, seems to be an

all-absorbing topic in many of our exchanges this month, and has been the means of causing more or less hard feeling between some of the colleges, for instance Yale and Princeton. In so far as this game produces an healthy college sentiment and rivalry, all well and good; but the tendency is to cause resentment and antipathy between the contesting colleges. It is said that Lehigh and Lafayette are almost invariably unable to play foot-ball on Lehigh's grounds without getting into a dispute and breaking up the game before it is finished.

The *Haverfordian* seems to us a first-class paper in every respect. Its cover is rather attractive, and the paper and type used are unusually good. Say what you please, the typographical arrangement of a paper has a good deal to do with the favor or disfavor with which it is received. One of its editorials laments the lack of class spirit in the two lower classes, and attributes it to the fact that hazing of every kind has been abolished. While we do not believe in the principle of hazing, in any form, yet we must confess that our own experience has lead us to observe that hazing has this very tendency of fostering class spirit, and for this reason, if not carried too far, we consider it a benefit.

The *Dartmouth*, of December 17th, has several columns devoted to the whereabouts of its alumni, and this has always seemed to be a special feature of that paper, and ought to prove a strong inducement to their graduates to subscribe.

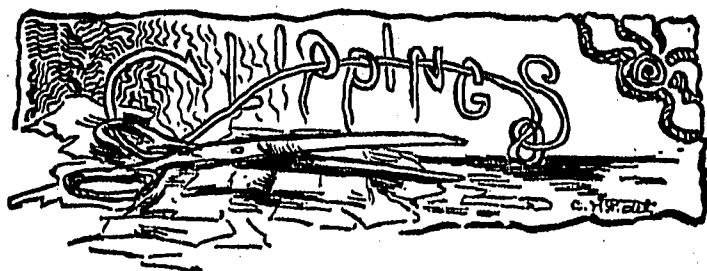
We like the *Rochester Campus*, and always read it with pleasure; its editorials are well written, and though it has no literary department worthy of the name, yet it is fresh and newsy. Nevertheless it has a fault, and a serious one, too. What that fault is we cannot do better than to let our E. C., the *Vassar Miscellany* state for us:

The *Rochester Campus* might be ranked among the decidedly good college papers, were it not for the large amount of slang used in its "Local" column. It is perhaps asking too much of the average student to demand that in his intercourse with his fellows he shall not call his professors by appropriate nicknames, and the president of his college by the expressive term, "Prex"; but in the paper which is to represent his *Alma Mater* before the college world, and to run the gauntlet of criticism, even though we acknowledge that more freedom may be used in the "Locals" than elsewhere, still the practice of employing so many slang phrases is inadmissible.

The *Hanover Monthly*, from Hanover, Ind., has a very interesting letter from Japan, giving a very vivid account of the life there. Its College Notes are quite full, and yet one item shows carelessness, in which it speaks of President Bartlett of *Williams College*?

It is so long now since we have seen the *Amherst Student*, that we have come to the conclusion that it has lost its way. We miss its weekly visits, and hope it will soon find again the road to our sanctum.

We would acknowledge the receipt of the Columbia Bicycle Calendar for 1887, recently issued by the Pope Manufacturing Company. Each day of the year appears upon a separate slip, with a quotation pertaining to 'cycling, from leading publications and prominent personages. The calendar proper is mounted upon a back of heavy board, upon which is exquisitely executed in oil color effect, by G. H. Buck, of New York, an allegorical scene, representing the earth resting among the clouds, with Thomas Stevens, in heroic size, mounted upon his Columbia bicycle, circum-bicycling the globe. The atmospheric lights and shades of sunlight and moonshine are charmingly vivid, yet artistically toned and softened. A smaller portion of the board is devoted to a picture of a mounted lady tri-cycler, speeding over a pleasant country road. As a work of convenient art, the Columbia Calendar is worthy of a place in office, library, or parlor.



In the United States the Episcopalians have twelve colleges; the Methodists, fifty-two; the Baptists, forty-six; the Presbyterians, forty-one; and the Congregationalists, twenty-eight.

One hundred thousand persons, including eight hundred Japanese, are pursuing the Chautauqua course.

Miss Drexel, president of the Sophomore class of Vassar, has given five hundred dollars towards a Gymnasium Fund.

One hundred thousand dollars has been given Wellesley for an Art Building; the

corner-stone of which will be laid at the next Commencement.

A new college, for the higher education of women, is to be built almost immediately in Montreal. It is a result of a bequest of nearly \$400,000 by the late Mr. Donald Ross, of that city.

The Trustees of Amherst College have recommended that the number of students be limited to 300.

William Bucknell, Esq., of Philadelphia, has done another generous thing for the University bearing his name. A check for \$10,000 went last week from him towards putting up a building for the astronomical purposes of the university.

The sum of \$25,000 required to erect a proper building for the school of classical studies at Athens, has at length been secured, and work on the building, for which the Greek government has provided a lot of land as a site, will begin at once.

The young ladies of Bryn Mawr College have at last, after much discussion and upon the advice of the Faculty, decided to adopt the Oxford cap and gown.

It is stated authoritatively that a girl can limit her incidental expenses at Vassar College (inclusive of books) to twenty-five dollars per annum.

At the intercollegiate foot-ball convention held in New York the latter part of November, it was decided that as a convention they could not award the official championship for 1886, but that Yale, according to points, should have won it. Princeton therefore still holds it in virtue of the fact that one college holds the championship until another college deprives her of that honor; however, it is stated that Yale thinks of taking legal proceedings to secure the foot-ball championship, according to the constitution of the Foot-Ball Association.

At the University of Michigan two Freshmen have been suspended for a year for participating in throwing several '89 men "over the fence." And though it stirred up a good deal of excitement among the students, yet the Faculty remains firm in its decision, and the two unfortunates will have to drop back into '91.

Over \$500,000 has been collected for the National Catholic University to be established

at Washington. Work on the theological department building will be begun next spring. It is proposed to keep free from debt in constructing the university, and as the funds come in the building will progress. The plans have been adopted, and Bishops Ireland and Keane have gone to Rome to receive the final commands of the Pope.

The *Boston Herald* gives the following statistics of the average expenses of the last graduating class at Amherst. The average yearly expenditure per man was \$682. The average expenditure per man Freshman year was \$625; Sophomore year, \$640; Junior year, \$790. The greatest total expenditure of any one member of the class was \$5650; for one year, \$1800. The least total expenditure of any one member was \$875; for one year \$150. The average price paid for board was \$4 a week. The average highest price paid was \$5.25; average lowest, \$3.75. One man boarded himself at \$1, one at \$2, several as low as \$4. The highest price paid was \$7. As a rule, the young men who expended the most money in college have the least to show in literary and scientific attainments.

A new pipe organ, to cost \$2500, is soon to be placed in Rollin's Chapel at Dartmouth. This organ is the gift of a graduate in the class of '84.



DREAMING.

I dream by night, but more by day
When I to study do essay.
Fair forms of maidens fill my mind
With auburn hair and voices kind.

While here the holidays I spend
And to my daily work attend,
Afar are those who for me care—
I think of them—would I were there!

A pretty maiden fell overboard, and her lover leaned over the side of the boat as she rose to the surface, and said: "Give me your hand!" "Please ask papa," she said as she sank the second time.—*Hesperus*.

He—"Love, will you give me a lock of your beautiful hair?" She—"Yes, the whole wig, if you will buy me another."

"Adieu," she said sweetly, as he kissed her good-night. "He's a dieu'd 'aint he?" sang out her small brother, as he vanished up stairs.—*Ex.*

PROPOSAL.

O Fraulein with thy form divine,
As dear as gold, as sweet as wine
With sympathetic, laughing eyes
As blue as bluest summer skies.
O Fraulein, say, wilt thou be mine?

I love thy hair so soft and fine,
Thy ripe, red lips' delicious line,
Thy downy cheek: all these I prize,
O Fraulein!

For but a single glance I pine,
Do, pray, confess thou wilt be mine.
Behold how low thy captive lies,
Implores thee with his lovelorn cries.
But speak; be mine. What! Nein?
Oh, Fraulein!

—*Advocate.*

"Oh, I do so dote on the sea," she gurgled,
"If you only had a yacht, Augustus dear!"
"I have no yacht, Wilhelmina," he sighed, "but
I can give you a little smack." And then it
sounded as if a cork had blown out of a bottle.
—*Ex.*

WHY NOT?

My father this day writeth me,
The girl of whom he heard me tell
Was young when he became A.B.,
Then is she not a "chestnut" belle?

—*Dartmouth.*

Student (reciting in geology)—"The earth is composed of an outer crust, and a soft substance within, which is incapable of voluntary action." Professor (who advocates the solid earth theory)—"Yes, like the heads of some men." Next!

Scene at Williams College. Junior (translating New Testament)—"And the—an'—and the Lord said—Lord said unto—unto Moses—." Here he hesitated, and looked appealingly to a neighbor, who being also unprepared, whispered, "Skip it." Junior (going on)—"And the Lord said unto Moses, skip it!" Great consternation ensued.—*Ex.*

FRESHMAN.—Cribbing, like electricity, is a word to cover the ignorance of great and wise men concerning a mysterious power—a power which has baffled many professors in long and tedious examinations. It is the strange psychological phenomenon of a student recalling that which he never learned.—*University.*

THE PEDAGOGUE.

A spot away in a country town,
Where lofty trees the snow-flakes crown,
Perchance a place by the wild sea-shore
Where tempests howl and billows roar,
Is of my daily work the scene,
Which lured me here the cash to glean.

A school-house small with door-ways two,
With chimney one and windows few,

Is now in moderate repair,
And unstopped fissures furnish air.
Through thirty hours the Fates decide
That I each week should here abide.

And to this place there daily come
A band of urchins full of fun,
A crowd of boys who're grown-up men,
Who use the slate and wield the pen,
A band of maidens young and fair,
Intrusted to my tender care.

And here I teach them a, b, c,
Up to the values of x, y, z,
And each day thirty lessons hear,
And keep the work of school in gear,
The good commend, the naughty chide,
This is the task to me supplied.



'28.

A memorial discourse, by Rev. W. H. Eaton, D.D., of Keene, N. H., on Rev. E. E. Cummings, D. D., for fifteen years a trustee of Colby University, has just been published in pamphlet form.

'37.

Rev. B. F. Shaw, D.D., is still confined to his house by a painful illness.

'62.

Col. Z. A. Smith, editor of the *Boston Journal*, publishes in the *Journal*, December 17th, a very interesting letter as to the town of Waterville and Colby.

'75.

Rev. Herbert Tilden visited Waterville, December 12th, with an appeal for Farmington Baptist Church to build a new house, in the place of the one which was burned. He succeeded in raising about \$175.

'79.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis A. Joy passed through Waterville, December 28th, en route from Dakota to Ellsworth, Me., to attend the funeral of Mr. Joy's father. Mr. Joy is practicing law in Grand Forks, Dak. Mrs. Joy will be remembered as Miss Hattie E. Britton of the same class.

'81.

C. B. Wilson is spending the winter at East Los Angeles, Cal., for his health.

'82.

Robie G. Frye, who holds a position in Boston Custom House, spent Christmas in Waterville with his brother Henry, of '89.

Ezra F. Elliot has recently been elected Superintendent of Schools in Polk County, Minnesota.

W. C. Crawford, Principal of Thomaston High School, recently spent a week in town.

'83.

Alfred King, M.D., has been appointed to take charge of the Portland Medical Dispensary.

The Hanson Bros., Geo. & Chas., are practicing law at 47 Court Street, Boston.

Geo. Smith has been elected Chief Justice for the moot court trials of this year, in the Albany Law School.

'84.

Frank B. Hubbard has been appointed General Freight Agent of the M. C. R. R., at Waterville, Maine.

F. M. Donnell has been attending the Massachusetts Institute of Technology since he graduated at Colby.

E. P. Burt is at his father's in Buxton Centre, suffering from nervous prostration, and is compelled for a time to abandon his course at Newton Theological Seminary.

'86.

H. L. Putnam, Principal of the High School at Deep River, Conn., has been spending his Christmas vacation in Boston.

S. E. Webber, Principal of Calais, Maine, High School, has been spending his vacation at home and in Waterville among his many friends.

Geo. C. Googins is teaching at Millbridge, Maine.

'87.

W. F. Watson has a fine Grammar School of sixty pupils at Millbridge, Me., this winter.

'89.

Beecher Putnam is teaching at Danforth, Maine.

Justin D. Ames passed through Waterville, Dec. 20th, en route for Pasadena, Cal., to spend the winter,—whence he expects to return in the spring and enter Bowdoin Medical School.

'90.

Harlan P. Knight is supplying the Canton Baptist pulpit this winter.



The January number of *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine* presents a splendid array of names! Julian Hawthorne, Sidney Luska, Austin Dobson, Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, Walt Whitman, Edgar Fawcett, and Barrett Wendell. Julian Hawthorne contributes the complete novel "Sinfire," which is as weird and strange as its

title. Sidney Luska has a novelette called "The Story of Angela," whose tender poetical pathos reminds one of some of the best and purest of "Ouida's" shorter stories. Austin Dobson has a brilliant little satirical poem, "The Water of Gold." Miss Cleveland's contribution also is a satirical poem, "The Dilemma of the Nineteenth Century," and it is especially interesting as the first presentation she has ever made of her views upon the woman question. The poem is cast in narrative form. Walt Whitman, under the title of "My Book and I," discusses his own poetical theories, and gives some valuable and entertaining bits of self-criticism. Edgar Fawcett asks, "Should Critics be Gentlemen?" and in the course of his affirmative answer to this question he manages to deliver some hard raps at his own critics. Barrett Wendell has an essay on "Social Life at Harvard," which is not only full of interesting details in regard to undergraduate society, but presents much matter for serious thought. A short criticism of "The George Movement," by Wm. H. Babcock, gives some plain, common-sense views upon the land question, and there is a report of an entertaining conversation between Senator Ingalls and Mr. Howells, in which the former discusses Cleveland and his policy, and the latter gives some views upon literature. The *Monthly Gossip* is unusually bright and entertaining. Altogether this is the most brilliant number of *Lippincott's Magazine* in the history of the periodical.

The *Quiver* for January opens with the second and last paper on the "London Busmen," written by a Special Commission of this magazine. These articles have proved among the most interesting this periodical has given us. They have certainly awakened our interest in the lives of the poor busman, whose lot is certainly not a happy one, and even the cautious writer of this article cannot find it in his heart to blame them for the little "nips" they are tempted to take during the day. "Some London Homes for Working Boys" are described, and they seem to be admirably managed, recreation as well as training being an important part of their method. "Bible Trades" are discussed by the Rev. J. Hides Hitchen, who proves that building was one of the most desirable of them. Rev. E. J. Hardy has a sensible paper about "Mothers," which contains much good advice. An interesting account is given of the "Indian Farms and Training School in Canada," by Margaret Polson Murray. The second, and concluding paper on "A Boat Journey Eight Hundred Miles Overland," is given together with three serial, and some shorter stories and poems, and a large bundle of "Short Arrows." Cassell & Company (limited). \$1.50 a year in advance, 15 cents a number.

The *Magazine of Art* for January is a worthy follower of the beautiful December number of this magazine. The frontispiece, "Pandora's Box," is a striking study in sanguine. The place of honor is given to Mr. Charles de Kay's account of "Movements in American Art," which deals particularly with the very interesting collection of Mr. Thomas B. Clarke. This gentleman, be it known, devotes his time, money, and taste, to the collection of American paintings exclusively, and the investment has proved as good a pecuniary one as he could have desired, while at the same time it has started other collectors in the same direction. Excellent reproductions are given through the text of this article of paintings by F. S. Church, Thomas Eakins, H. Siddons Mowbray, and Gilbert Gaul. This paper is followed by one on "English Decorative Needlework," which is copiously illustrated with examples of this art. The first paper on "The Paris of the Revolution," giving a graphic description with pen and pencil of this picturesque and exciting epoch. "Some Portraits of Mrs. Siddons," by famous painters, illustrate the text of E. Barrington Nash. From the old world to the new is but a step—on paper—and from reveling in portraits of the great English actress we turn to an account of art in

South Australasia and New South Wales, which proves that those countries have ambition, if not great talent in the pictorial art. In the series of papers on "The Romance of Art," we are given the story of Van Dyck at the court of Charles I. Then to break in upon this round of prose we find a poem, "Sarah," by Kate Carter. This comes just before the second paper on that wonderful old English house, Hoghton Tower. The department of Notes, crisp and fresh, brings the number to an end. Cassell & Company (limited), New York. \$3.50 a year in advance, 35 cents a number.

In the January number of *Cassell's Family Magazine* is begun a new serial, "Life's Fitful Fever," by Arabella M. Hopkinson, author of "Sweet Christabel," which promises to be as interesting as any of this talented writer's stories. This is followed by a paper on "Phases of Woman's Life," which discusses childhood and girlhood. The "Family Doctor" comes next, and gives some excellent advice to people suffering from insomnia. An interesting article describes the "Building of Ships on the Clyde," a river that has given birth to great lines of steamers, though at the present time the business there, as elsewhere, is dull. Between this and a paper by Lizzie Heritage, giving some appetizing suggestions for breakfast, we have a story in two chapters, "Sybil's Second Cousins, and What they Did for Her." Trinity College, and the Royal College of Music, London, are described, and their methods of teaching the divine art expatiated upon. Then follow "Some Hints about Hand-Painted Furniture." Another serial is begun, which opens brightly; "A Step in the Dark," it is called, and is by Kate Eyre. This is followed by an amusing paper on "Characters in Hair," illustrated by some lively sketches from the pencil of Harry Furness. The Fashion Letters from Paris and London are filled with news, and suggestions that the women of the household will find very valuable. From these letters on the ornamental one may turn to the "Gatherer," where the practical holds court. Cassell & Company (limited) 15 cents a number.

If the contents of the January *Atlantic* are a fair sample of the qualities which will distinguish this magazine for 1887, its subscribers may congratulate themselves; for the number opens with the first chapters of a delightful novel of English country life, written by Mrs. Oliphant and Thomas Bailey Aldrich in collaboration. A story by either of these authors always attracts attention; a story by both is a literary event. Besides this, Mr. Marion Crawford begins a serial entitled "Paul Patoff," about two Russian brothers in Constantinople—of which some descriptions are given which possess all the vividness that marks the best descriptive passages or "Mr. Isaacs"; and Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton, in his continuation of papers on "French and English," shows the difference which the Puritan influence has made in the English manners as opposed to French. Next comes "Zenas Smith's Ride to Roxbury," a bright little story with a most unexpected termination. Margaret Vandegrift's "The King who went out Governing" is quite worthy of Mr. Stockton, and the "Physiognomy of the Days," by E. R. Sill, shows the curious characteristics of the various days of the week. Arthur S. Hardy, the author of "But Yet a Woman," has an original paper on "Marginal Notes from the Library of a Mathematician." Two papers of real value are written by Agnes Repplier and George Frederic Parsons. The first is about "What Children Read To-day," the second "The Saloon in Society," is upon the subject of temperance. A discussion of the political relations of Frederic the Great and Madame de Pompadour, a paper by Edith M. Thomas, and some brilliant reviews complete the prose articles. Charlotte Flake Bates has a striking little poem called "The Clue," and S. V. Cole some verses on "Athens," and there is also some good verse by others. The usual brief notices and a clever Contributors' Club complete one of the best magazine numbers that January will bring. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.



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A.M.; Boston (via Lewiston), 9.15 A.M.; Boston (via Augusta), 2.35
P.M.; Boston (Pullman), 10.00 P.M.

Going East. St. John (Pullman), 8.25 A.M.; †Skowhegan
(Mixed), 6.00 A.M.; Bangor (Mixed), 7.15 A.M.; Bangor, 10.30 A.M.;
Skowhegan, 4.52 P.M.; St. John, 4.55 P.M.; Bangor (Globe and Herald,
Sundays), 10.00 A.M.

ARRIVALS.

From West. Boston (Pullman), 8.17 A.M.; Portland (via Au-
gusta), 10.25 A.M.; Boston (via Lewiston), 4.40 P.M.; Boston (via
Augusta), 4.45 P.M.; †Boston (via Augusta), 8.40 P.M.; Boston
(Globe and Herald, Sundays), 9.55 A.M.

From East. Skowhegan, 9.05 A.M.; St. John, 9.10 A.M.; Bar
Harbor, 2.20 P.M.; Skowhegan (Mixed), 4.35 P.M.; Bangor (Mixed),
6.25 P.M.; St. John (Pullman), 9.55 P.M.

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† Runs Sunday Mornings, but not Monday Mornings.

‡ Saturdays only.

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Lewiston), 11.40 A.M.; Portland (via Lewiston), 8.00 A.M.; Portland
(via Augusta, Sundays), 10.30 A.M.

Going East. Skowhegan, (Mondays excepted), 6.00 A.M.; Ban-
gor, 7.15 A.M.; St. John, 1.40 P.M.; Fairfield (Saturdays only), 8.25
P.M.; Skowhegan (Saturdays only), 8.25 P.M.

ARRIVALS.

From West. Portland (via Lewiston), 2.35 A.M.; Boston (via
Lewiston), 1 P.M.; Boston (via Augusta), 2.45 P.M.; Portland (via
Lewiston), 5.45 P.M.; Portland (via Augusta), 5.55 P.M.

From East. Skowhegan (Mondays only), 8.40 A.M.; St. John,
10.50 A.M.; Skowhegan, 4.35 P.M.; Bangor, 6.25 P.M.; Bangor (Sun-
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