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We are happy to announce in this issue the triumph of one of the brightest boys ever graduated from the institution, Mr. H. J. Custer, class '90. Mr. Custer has recently graduated from the Ohio College of Dental Surgery, having won the Junior prize one year ago, and the gold medal at his graduation. The five silver medals offered by the college for the highest standing in different departments, Harry won, but by a decision of the faculty was not allowed to hold them. Considering the fact that the class numbered ninety-seven members and contained representatives from many of the best colleges of this and adjoining States, so complete a victory by one of our own number is a worthy source of pride. The Ægis extends heartiest congratulations.

Pay up your subscriptions! At the very low price at which the Ægis is given to its readers, there can be no excuse for delinquent subscribers. Let this notice be sufficient to those knowing themselves to be in arrears, and we promise more interesting matter in future issues. Send all subscription dues to our subscription agent, J. B. Bovey.

Last month we were obliged to leave out much of our local matter for lack of space. We did not intend, however, that the ladies' reception at Hotel Holmes on the 13th ult. should be omitted. The reception was unique and thoroughly enjoyable, admirably planned, and quite as well executed. It was our blunder that a more extended account did not appear last month.

The recent visit of the President to Western Pennsylvania in the interests of the college, is spoken of by the Conference Journal, the local organ of the Allegheny Conference, as productive of much good. We have always had many true and loyal friends in that part of the Church, and, it is believed, at no time more than the present. What Otterbein is to-day is due in no small measure to their efforts, both general and financial, in other days. The Conference is one of the strongest, has a ministry unsurpassed for successful and aggressive work, and a laity alive and willing to plan largely for the Church. They are building good churches and parsonages, and are well up in ministerial support and general church benevolence. The cooperation of these brethren means strength to any cause,
and we sincerely trust they will soon cast in their lot with us. It should be added, perhaps, that no Conference has reaped more largely the benefits of collegiate training in general, and of Otterbein University in particular, than old Allegheny. But that is just as it should be; the Church for the college, and the college for the Church.

The time has fully come when the Church must say what must be done with our institutions of learning. Just one of two things must be done: Either the debts so heavily resting upon them must be lifted, and their present standing be sustained by more liberal giving, or they must become third or fourth-rate colleges, or good academies. The former means growth and enlargement in every direction; the latter means, we had almost written, decay and death. The churches are asking for better preachers. Nothing is more certain than that the Church must furnish the place and facilities for their education. Our young men and women ask for, and are entitled to, educational facilities as good as the best. Under present conditions, they are getting what they desire, in many instances only because the professors in our colleges are doing twice as much work as is required of men holding similar positions in other institutions. These are a few of the facts. Let the Church consider and ponder them well.

Another term in the history of the University is almost gone, and as we write, we are about to begin the final examinations. There has been little to interrupt the work of the class-room, and we shall be surprised if the general averages do not show a marked advance over those of the fall term. Our teachers have been most faithful, as the results will show. A few will drop out of the student ranks, but we expect to see a lot of new faces at the opening of the spring term. The schedule of recitations is already posted, and indicates solid work. But it is all right; that is what we are here for.

Please let us have a few more chairs in the library and reading room. It is not pleasant to be sent to the library to look up a subject and be compelled to stand an hour, or only half that time. Neither is it just the thing to lounge about on the tables or windows. A little more thoughtfulness on the part of a few persons will make the library service all that could be desired.

We are all anxiously awaiting the result of the canvass being made for the proposed electric railway to Columbus. That it will be a great advantage to the college, all are ready to admit. While it is to be regretted that the college itself cannot make a subscription, the loyalty of those connected with it is fully attested by their liberal donations. At this writing, the outlook for the enterprise is hopeful. We hope to announce in our next issue, that the required amount has been raised.

A NEW BOOK.

We have received a copy of Dr. Etter’s new book, bearing the title, “The Thorn in the Flesh.” The writer is known throughout the entire Church as the editor of our Quarterly Review, professor of Theology in the Union Biblical Seminary, and author of a most popular and valuable treatise on Homiletics. This little book will be read with great profit by all. The suffering and sorrows of life are blessed mysteries, and are of infinite worth to the soul. “Many of the world’s best things have been born of affliction.” “Our griefs may be lasting, but not ever-lasting.” These are thoughts that will linger in the mind of every reader and minister, to his happiness and growth in spiritual things. Dr. Etter has a pleasing and simple style, and the book is one for all the people. It is a contribution to the literature of the Church of which we may well be proud. The book is published by the United Brethren Publishing House, at Dayton, Ohio, to which orders should be sent.
THE PRACTICAL VALUE OF A COLLEGIATE EDUCATION
IN ACTIVE LIFE.

VII.

MEDICINE.

Argument in favor of collegiate training is met with the remark that illustrious achievements, by untrained men, have been attained in all departments of intellectual pursuit. Is it not equally true that the self-made man would be still better made, with greater intellectual power and greater fame, had his life-work been prefaced with a collegiate training? Natural endowments, like the diamond, require polish and embellishment to develop their greatest brilliancy and worth. Self-made men are men of genius, gifted by nature, and often prospered by fortunate events.

Genius outruns acquired ability, but the glory of intellectual greatness rests in their union.

In these days of mental strife, of general and technical training for a special work, untutored genius is not so well assured of success as in "ye olden times."

During pioneer days, when the nation's energy was largely devoted to material development, there was less opportunity for the student. Native ability was at its zenith. Self-made men of history are more illustrious than those of to-day. At present, with every incentive to attain collegiate training, popular sentiment and a vigorous rivalry make it not only feasible but necessary.

Granted that native ability requires no training, what of the rank and file of young people who are not "to high destiny born," but destined to become bread-winners, contending with hot opposition,—will a collegiate training help them in their several vocations? Men trained for and in their positions form the warp and woof of the social fabric.

In the abstract, there is no question as to the worth of a college course. Education has no enemy. Even ignorance and vice respect it. It facilitates success and adds pleasure to duty.

Concrete fact is always proving exceptions to general rules. Conditions vary very much in individual cases. If genius has no need of college work, the lack of natural application to text books should form another exception. Success may ensue without preliminary training, and the graduate may prove a sad failure. The college curriculum cannot make good graduates out of poor students, nor infuse gray matter into heads misshapen by nature or slighted by heredity.

In the bustle of business strife one has to be a "hustler" to get on in the world. The mooted question comes to him for early response, Will it pay to invest in a collegiate training?

Expenditure of time and money, a serious consideration for many, may debar bright intellects from college work, yet it is alike feasible and profitable, if it is at all possible. Bread comes before classics. As the world goes good things are worth all they cost. Thus it is with educational matters. No profession stands as an asylum for poverty-stricken genius. The pinch of poverty should be relieved before entering the university. The tendencies of the times is to specialization and technical education. Success is possessed of both. Polytechnic schools, industrial associations, and literature of all kinds, business colleges, training schools, etc., attest the worth and necessity of educated brains in business as well as in professional life. Collegiate training, always of value, however applied, to be practical, should be followed with a special adaptation to the specific purposes of post-graduate work. Less classics and more science, better "English" and less Greek, more of live issues and less of dead
language, conform better with the idea of practical value of collegiate training.

These general observations apply to medicine. As a science and as an art it presents a field for thought and action limited only by the possibilities of intellect and skill. All science is tributary to medicine. Botany, chemistry, physics, biology, and the like are fundamental. Latin is necessary to technical phraseology. Everything in relation to health and disease, from sun to plant, mind to molusk, everything within the grasp of physical and psychologic science pays tribute to medical knowledge.

The physician, as sanitarian, looks to physical conditions in touch with health interests, such as sewerage, house-drainage, plumbing, warming, and ventilation, water and food supplies (public and private), hygiene of schools, occupation, etc. Mastery of these things and their proper direction in public opinion require a knowledge of physical science.

The physician, as alienist, must know mental and moral philosophy and the whole range of psychic phenomena. He must recognize abnormal manifestations of intellect and sensibility, and disclose their relations to physical disease, heredity, and moral responsibility.

He is called upon by courts of justice to discriminate between insane conduct and crime. He must be prepared to defend an opinion in opposition to the traps and pitfalls of tricky lawyers.

The physician should be loaded to the bars with knowledge, in order to meet daily demands. The patient wants to know, instanter, all about his case, diagnosis, causation, prognosis, and treatment. To hesitate or postpone is fatal to reputation and business interests.

The client approaches his attorney and asks for legal advice. The counselor selects a future date when he will be ready to render an opinion. He takes the retainer and "looks up law points" at leisure. The theologian and journalist hide behind libraries of commentators, gazetteers, and encyclopedias. Not so with the physician. He must be prepared to deliver on demand (without retainer) an opinion predigested in accord with fact, and his patient's (mis) conception.

In no other profession is preliminary preparation so important. Mental discipline and logical thought are required in every process of attending the sick. Health and disease are governed according to natural laws. To trace these in their manifold relations requires the analytic power of a scientist. To determine the cause of disease requires searching investigation. The microbe is monumental to this generation of scientists. The future will complete this masterpiece of medical work.

Of course, doctors disagree. Morbid physiology is read in the language of signs and symptoms. These are often confusing and misleading. All the processes of logic may get lost in the mystic field of medical thought. In tracing the relation of mind to matter, intellect to brain-cell,—the perpetual motion problem of medicine,—the physician is compelled to think with Pope:

"Like following life through creatures you dissect,
You lose it in the moment you detect."

Lax requirements for graduation in medicine, until recently, have permitted easy access to the profession of men with little or no preliminary training. This ruinous policy of American medical colleges has placed medical education in unfavorable comparison with that in other countries.

In late years the profession has responded to public sentiment in elevating the standard of medical education. Three and four years of graded study, with an entrance examination, have been adopted. The requirements for examination and matriculation imply a liberal preparatory education. The standard of medical education is being elevated every year. The profession recognizes the necessity
of thorough preparation upon the part of those who propose to assume the responsibility of medical practice. The value of collegiate training, preliminary to the study of medicine, has always been recognized, and now the entrance examination renders such training not only desirable but necessary.

J. W. Clemmer, M. D.

A COLLEGE VERSUS A NORMAL COURSE.

Nearly every young gentleman or lady who has a love for books or who desires an education, wants to know which is preferable and in the outcome most substantial, three or four years spent in a normal course, or six or seven in a college course? We believe that it is not a mark of sound judgment and propriety to jump at a conclusion in either case. Ask many college professors which is best, a college or normal course, and they will likely look not a little amazed and tell you, A college course, to be sure, by all means.

While on the other hand, the majority of normal educators will tell you with promptness that in this present age of hurry and bustle, a normal course is very desirable and just as good as most college courses. Having had the privilege of spending about one year in one of the best, if not the best normal schools of our State (Ohio), we shall try to express our opinion and candid belief, without bias, and at the same time having neither college nor normal as such to praise. We believe that either or both have their advantages and disadvantages. Whoever desires merely to teach a common school, or to be sure, to teach a high school, or even in many cases to superintend public schools, both village and city, can often get advantages at a normal university, as many normal institutions are now called, that are not to be had at most colleges. As a general rule, most normal schools are supported entirely by the tuition paid by their eight hundred to fifteen hundred students who are in constant attendance. Now, I have known persons who would tell you that the teachers employed in normal schools were not to be compared with college professors in point of profundity of education and skill in teaching. We believe such a statement is unwarranted and entirely untrue, and that often it would do many college professors not a little good if they knew considerably more in reference to how to teach, quite as well as what to teach. We wish just here to state that we are not endeavoring to land normal work beyond what is due it, and we would certainly be very foolish to try to rob our college, or any other one, of the many excellences possessed by them. It is a plain matter, easily estimated, that all things being equal, anyone can learn more and become better equipped for the pressing duties of life in six or seven years than in three or four. We further state that he who desires to enrich his mind and become a power in the world in whatever vocation he may choose, should see to it that he be not overanxious to get through school and into his life calling or work. Thorough preparation,—long years of arduous study and care, is the touchstone to success, not only nowadays, but always and ever will be so.

The length of time devoted, and necessarily so, to complete a college course must ever put it above and beyond a normal course, so long as the great discrepancy of time is in favor of the college.

But someone asks which is best, provided he only intends to spend three or four years in school, normal school or college? This very question comes face to face to not a few young men and women every year; yes, every day.

And while college and normal presidents, we believe, would answer such a question in exactly opposite terms, we reserve the right to
express our opinion as we think the matter is, and allow all others to think as they desire. Now certainly no one will say that we are desiring to impose our views and judgment upon anyone. Briefly, to get a notion of what goes on in normal schools, to distinguish them from colleges, we will proceed to summarily anatomize both.

It is a fact that there are distinguishing features; in many respects there is similarity, and of such I will not speak; hence a few of the marked differences or contrasts may be noticed. If you will analyze the motives, desires, likes, hopes, and aspirations of most young men and women while in their teens, and of not a few who are beyond this happy poetic time of life, you will find the social side of their nature in full action, love’s channel full, often to overflowing, seeking some object upon which to lavish its largesse. And in view of these facts most young persons desire not only to be in society, but not to be hampered while in school by any very rigid set of rules and social formulae which are not prevalent while they are at home, in country, town, or village.

It has been the experience of many persons to hear favorable words in reference to certain literary societies before they set foot upon the platform at the depot of the city or town in which is located the school to which they are going. We take it that literary societies form a very strong inducement to cause some to go to school or college.

We further note that the rules and customs attending the literary societies of normal schools and colleges are at least in one respect different. But we wish to say right here that this difference is one of the reasons why we would say to most persons who have three years only to spend in school, by all means spend one year of it in a first-class normal school, and in a no less urgent way would we advise the remaining two years to be spent in a first-class college.

All normal schools that I have knowledge of, have their literary halls open to young men and women alike, to become members of the same society, and each have the same privilege one with another. We think that anyone ever having had membership in a society made up of young men and women upon equal footing would never say that there is gain, but on the other hand loss of interest, attraction, and refinement followed by separation into male and female societies. The best argument you can get from persons who would deny this, is that they do not think as good work would be done by having the sexes together. And if you ask the same parties if they ever had experience of any society work of the normal type they will answer you in the negative. In all fair reason what is such an opinion or argument worth? Not many years ago it was thought not a good thing to advise or tolerate coeducation in our high grades of institutions and colleges. What person could you find nowadays who would be so contemptibly stupid as to hold to this old exploded fanaticism?

We believe our societies are as good as any other literary societies in the State, as college societies, after the plan they are, male and female distinct. Yet we hope the day is not far distant when the proper officials of our college may get away from that old-time hobby and foolish notion that young men and women need some older heads to watch over them and guard their chastity after they have arrived at a proper age to attend college or other schools of learning. We believe that with few exceptions persons who are at all fit, or are of suitable age to attend college, have sense enough to take care of themselves, and that it is a means of strength to give young people good advice and counsel, and then put them upon their own honesty and integrity.

We have spoken thus about literary work as it is found in normal and college because
we believe that this is one of the great reasons why nearly all normal schools are crowded, while there is not a single college in our own State to my knowledge that reaches one thousand in attendance any one term.

We will close this article by saying that in many cases normal work so far as it goes in point of time is not far behind college work; and we believe their is a social training at the normal as good, if not better than at many colleges. Yet as a whole, taking time into consideration, the college course has our certain praise.

J. W. Dickson, '92.

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**WILHELMINA.**

*BY NAIMA SAFFORD.*

Wilhelmina was a colored lass complected a light yellow, Like a winter pippin in the fall when it just begins to mellow,
Or, like a rotten pumpkin pie, once as yellow as the gold,
When its color's lost, and it assumes a pallid cast from mould.
Her garments? Well! I lack the face—but really 'twas too bad
That Wilhelmina had but one—'twas all she'd ever had;
An apron, torn and buttonless, save for a crooked pin,
While the daylight through its cracks played on her dusky skin,
Covered her from toe to chin.

But the weather soft and balmy reconciled this dusky lass,
Her one implement of warfare—the usual "nigger sass"—
Made up for fine apparel, and she revelled in the sun
Just as many a fairer lady in her luxury has done;
But when it rained, and all the sky in a sober suit of grey
Shed chily tears upon the land and screened the light of day,

*Wilhelmina shrieveled quite away;*

Till the sun came forth in glory—then how she would shout and sing,
And like a clam dig up the sand, while she let her praises ring
In measures so triumphant, you could hear them for a mile
If you cared to stop and listen or deemed it worth your while,
You heard how "Moses an' de angels hadn't nuffin' else to do
But jes sit up in de shady lots an' let de music frew
Dem golden ho'ns dey blew."

But ol' mammy in de cabin had "sum'tin' else to do.
'T was "clarin' up de trash" on a Monday mornin' too,
And she 'lowed as how she's gwine break dat Wilhelmina's naik.
Fast and foremost when she kotch her—de slippery brack snail,
"You heah me, Wilhelmina! Ten' dis bay; mop dis flo'."

Wilhelmina's nimble heels fairly twinkle as they go
On their errands to and fro,
All day long she 'tens the baby, sets the table, washes dishes
Till the moon is up, and baby sleeps when luck favors her fond wishes.
Then mammy in the cabin gossips with "ol' Gran' Bone-steele," who can cast
Spells on people, and "bewitch 'em" if they foolishly go past

Her lone cabin in that hour when the witches ride a broom
And in other ways fantastic other terrors do assume
In that mystic hour of gloom.

Having then a conscience guilty, Wilhelmina flees the cabin
When this crone in sablè splendor with her Witchcraft comes "a gabin"'
To her mammy, whose politeness has a mixture most polite
Not to offend in any way this terrible old critic.

Thus her offspring's free to skip to where old ocean flows,
Dabble coolly in its waves, creeps to each one ere it goes
To the bosom whence it rose.

And some furtive glances casts she backwards at the little hut
Perched on four high posts; 't was lonesome, but its yellow door was shut
And a tiny rabbit's "fut" swinging from a greasy string
Around her neck, "she reckoned would keep off everything."
"'Wuz sho' cha'magin de witches," so Wilhelmina wandered on,
Singing many a chant dolorous of the times 't were past and gone,
While grey mosses idly dropped from the branches sere and dead;
Till the breezes of the night wind all their filmy banners spread
Like lace curtains over head.

In the woods a lone bird sang—darting, lighting everywhere,
Then, hiding for a moment, would hop from out a mossy lair,
And those misty woods would flood with such a burst of song.

Which Wilhelmina emulate in tones so clear and strong,
That the singer plunged into an ecstasy of sound,
While she, in no wise daunted, held on to her vantage ground,
Whistling, trilling, mocking him; the notes of every bird
In succession most emphatic every one of them you heard
Till the whole adjacent universe was stirred.

Now she's crossing shallow streams; then hopping up on mossy stumps
To orate impromptu sermons; onward Wilhelmina tramps,
Till high upon the sands she comes to a misty, damp morass.
Well she knew its treacherous bottom hidden by the tall marsh grass.
On its borders something loomed, wavering, ghastly, pale, and tall,
Round which dank, grey mosses clung as 'twere a funeral pall.
"T' was a ghost"; perhaps "de debil," only that it was all in white;
Wilmelina's heart beat quickly in a sudden, swift affright.
At the chilly, awesome sight.

Every moment it grew taller—now its feet are off the ground;
Wilmelina swift retreated in one paralyzing bound,
And her "rabbits fur" was clinched, while her bony fingers shook
And her teeth fairly rattled as she took another look—
She was sure she saw a spirit. "Nebbah ha'en no ghos' I know,
Gwine to be mos' good heahafter if you'll on'y lemmie go;
Won't some yuther niggah do?"

"Dah's Black Tom, an' Bill, an' Peter. Lord, deys wasser heap nor I.
I'se no count—de baby needs me—deed I don't wanter die.
G'way from thar! Oh, Lordy, Lordy! 'tis de debil. Please, dear debil,
Wilmelina allus liked yer, but she's such a heap er trouble."

As she stood in terror gazing, fearing still to run away.
Suddenly towards her floated other words of agony:
"Oh, Lord, hark to me, a sinner. Save to-night my little son.
This I ask thee—pray—beseech thee—Is he not my only one?
Still, oh God, thy will be done."

Then the moon a thick cloud parted. 'Tis a woman, and her son
Struggled in the deadly swamp; impotently the mother runs
To and fro—no power can save him—no one near to lend a hand.
Nought for him but to be buried in those awful quicksands.
His fair hand is wild confusion, pale his cheek and short his breath,
As he fights with feeble strength the power dragging him to death.

How she loved those dusky aisles: now his perils, from a whim
To scour these woods by moonlight: to see their shadows dim.
Unconscious that a death-trap waited him.

Instantly she realizes, Wilmelina's mind is fixed.
No thought now of self or peril, and no lingering between
Two opinions—ghosts and witches all forgotten in her zeal.
Wilmelina plunges forward, bent upon "de baby's" weal.
Hadn't she "toted Nebuchadnezzah long enough to know he must
Be taken out'n danger allus," an' she'd save this one or "bust."
At first the treacherous pit to her footsteps paid no heed.
Then from beneath something clutched them with an awful greed—
Slackened them in their mad speed.

At last she reached the spot where the boy was sinking fast.
Sprang towards him, grasped him firmly, drags him upwards, out at last.
As she sank, the dying darkly sung in tones most wild and clear:

"When de general roll is called, I'll be dere, I'll be dere.
From the woods the nightingale answered back a mournful cry
As if the spirit passed it of the one about to die.
When the mother raised her head from her rescued boy's embrace
All she saw above the marsh grass was a dusky inspired face,
A moment, but a moment's space ——.

Then across the sands a voice, mammy's in her lowest tones:
"Wilhel-e-lmi-ny! You Mulatter! I'se gwine break yo' lazy bones!
You heah me? Quit datter foolin'! What' de mischief is yo' gwine?
An' dis baby sobbin', screamin' fit to bust he-se' wid cryin'."

Then less loudly, but more shrilly, and from an empty toothless jaw
Granny's accents cut the soft air like the steel buzz of a saw,
Or the Jackdaw's hoarsest caw.

"Yander in de swamp she's lyin', tha' you all may look yo' fill,
Fo' she's sinkin' faster, faster, faster than you ever will Clim' de golden hill to glory. Wilmelina was right handy,
Now she's sleepin' in de pit long o' Jake an' Aunt Minandy.
Dis night as she leab de cabin, Granny saw her shroud a weavin'
In de candle; an' she reckoned 't won't be long fo' you alls givin'.
O'er her grave the moon shines lonesome—lonesome an' de ground so sly
Swallers up de sobbin' creations. Hi! I jes kin see her die,
She'll fin' bottom by and by."

Then a shadow, tall and stately, on the sand close at their feet
Nearer came. It was a lady, and a boy most fair and sweet,
In their smoky cabin halted; and o'l' Mammy's cry is heard
At the lighthouse, where the keepers all some murder darks inferred.
As it rang across the waters and re-echoed in the swamp
Round that spot where will-o'-the-wisp now relit its lamp.
"Wilmelina! Oh, my datter! In de cruel sand's yo' grave
An' yo' mammy sittin' pow'less yo' po' body fo' to save.
Lord hab mercy on yo' slave.

"Fo' I wuz a wicked mammy; allus slappin', scoldin' callin'.
An' dis baby, little rascal, keep her jumpin' wid he bawlin'.
I kain' bar it. Wha's her daddy? I se gwine sea'ch dat ha'nted place.
She am done gone sunk a'ready. I kin once more see her face."

Moaned the sea without, as answer. Rose the wind a sad, sad dirge.
Boomed the waves as they retreated oceanward in one long surge.
From the swamp an eerie cry. Hark! some vampire, bird of prey.
Hiss! he flits with dismal crookings o'er that spot where dead bones lay.
Said the lady, "Let us pray."
Granny heard the vulture’s cry, and she, too, was quite subdued
By that sound of awful omen; in the brief pause which ensued,
The summer lightning flashed, the moon sank beneath a cloud,
While the distant thunder grumbled at the blackness of her shroud.
Adown the chimney swept the wind, a grand terror reared,
Scattering ashes, flaming candles, while a black cat on the floor
Urged his mistress out of door.

Well, old Tom knew all her secrets, all the herbs and charms she brews,
And he hungers for the revel midst the dank, grey moss, and dews.
But in a toothless grin sat Granny: then at last ol’ mariny spake,
“Lord, I don’t need to tell yer dis po’ heen’ is fit ter break;
But you knows bestest, Me an’ Dan’l we jes comes heah for to say,
Dat we gives up Wilhelmina till thy las’ gran’ judgment day.”
Then maternal anguish conquered, and she mourns her dead the way
To the African peculiar: her body one long rhythmic sway.

The sound—pen cannot portray.

Then uncanny from its corner uprose ol’ Gran’ Bones-tede’s frame;
Laid her cob-pipe down and shook a withered finger at the dame.
“Ho!” she said, “de debbil’s sorry alius when it is too late.”
An’ I jes now hears her daddy comin’ few de gyarden gate.
Granny’s gwine way down yander, fo’ de moon is on de move.
An’ she ‘lows she’ll sartin cum’j’r up a spirit once again,
Fo’ de spot is wha’ ol’ Jimsy an’ wite Jane went down last year—
Yah!! Quit yellin’! Wilhelminy, she k’ain hear,
Nuffin’ mo’, an’ she don’ beer.

Once within the patch of moonlight stretched outside the cabin door,
On its crutch her lean, bent figure paused and turned to them once more.
While two eyes of yellowest topaz gleened just at her black cloak’s hem,
Cat and cloak alike one color, nothing to distinguish them,
Save those glowing eyes, till Tom, leaping on his mistress’ back,
Urged her onward as if weary of her too incessant clack.
Paused the crane for one long moment, then with pipe-stem traced a spell
On the door step, on the cabin, then vanished with a yell.
Where? No mortal tongue can tell.

Next morning Tom was found spit-z-ing, yowling in a clump
Of persimmons, near that spot which the belklaem’s crooked lump
Of a figure most frequented; but to this day no man’s eye
Hath seen her sepulcher. And poor ol’ mammy made ready for to die,
For those cabalistic signs which the witch traced on her door.
Mean “Ghosts’; and so she sees them and witches by the score—
Nothing less and nothing more.

At last, when past speaking, she lies bound from head to foot
In charmed bandages for an ailment which has taken such deep root.
That she is about to die, the grateful lady deeds a farm
In a town where ghosts and quicksands have no power to do them harm.
’T is to Wilhelmina’s mother; her heart-broken daddy drives
A team of mules most stubborn, and the whole plantation thrives.
In the dirt plays “Nebuchadnezzah,” unrestrained by any nurse,
And to stop his howls his mammy much molasses doth disperse.
She “cla’r de cabin Mondays” in a meeker, humbler way,
With her apron wipes her eyes at the close of every day,
“Kase Wilhelmina’s gone away.”

**A. L. O. C. MEETING.**

Marietta, and Otterbein were represented, and all showed great enthusiasm, and there is no doubt but that the league will be a success.

After some other important business the schedule was adopted as follows:

Otterbein at Ohio, April 30
Otterbein at Wittenberg, May 7
Ohio at Marietta, May 13
Wittenberg at Marietta, May 19
Wittenberg at Ohio, May 26
Marietta at Otterbein, May 28

Unless other arrangements are made the State Field Day will be held at Wittenberg, Friday, June 3.
THE MAN UP A TREE.

The man who thought woman could not take an education with profit ought to have had the privilege of attending an open session of one of our ladies' societies. For all he missed we heartily commiserate his luckless ghost—for of course he has been dead these many years. But if he could, what an eye-opener to him! He would be dumbfounded at the proof of his wretched error. Brains is a word of common gender; what a silly age that took it to be masculine.

***

IT's a gracious providence that gives us a weather. If there wasn't any, we'd never have anything to begin a conversation on. And if you couldn't begin a conversation, how would you ever keep it up? And if there wasn't any conversation, and nobody ever talked, it looks to "A Man Up a Tree" as if this would be a mighty uninteresting place here on this mundane sphere. I wouldn't like to live where there was nothing to talk about, would you?

***

Examination time. Fixing up a pony, eh? Well, say, you'd about as well not do that. Own up, now; isn't it just a little uncertain about its being exactly honest and manly? If you can't hold on to both, you'd better take a tight grip on your manhood—dare I say womanhood, too—and let the grade and standing slide.

***

If your conscience don't hurt you about the diligence of your team work, you ought not to care about examination grades. They'll take care of themselves. And don't envy the fellow who pulls the top grade of the class. He's probably got more than he bargained for. Examinations are a kind of a lottery, and the highest grade is a matter of luck to a pretty considerable degree. But there's no matter of luck in the hard licks you put in during the term on your studies. And that's what counts on your mental biceps, if it don't always bring grades in the examination. The smart grade-taking chap don't every time win in the long run; but your keeping-everlastingly-at-it sort of man, even if he does get bested on the first quarter, comes down the home-stretch leading by a neck or so 'most every clip.

***

Before you are turned loose next time, Mr. Legis, the society battle over next term's new students will have been fought—mostly. You'll hardly be called on, sir, to publish the lists of the killed and wounded. Fortunately, there don't seem to be so much blood and thunder about these wars now as there used to be. Good thing. And by the way, you new student, be your own man and make your choice about societies. For pity's sake, don't be ridden. I rather imagine you'll not find the two societies which invite your membership differing more than a million miles either way in their general merits and work. I shouldn't wonder if your decision should turn upon where you seem to feel most at home and to fit in best—where the most of your intimate associates are. And that's a first-rate pivot for it.

***

By all means join a literary society though. It'll double the value of your other work. You can't afford to miss it.

***

It's miserably easy to make a fool out of a fellow's self. Personal experience, did you ask? Well, I should remark; daily at that. Some observation too. If some generous-hearted man would only establish a chair for instruction in hard horse sense and the art of not being an idiot, and would find a professor to fill it, his name would go thundering down to posterity with a peculiar and glorious
thunder. I think I would take all my studies in that department. Would too, would you? I thought it would be popular.

***

If there is one man more than another who deserves the love of Otterbein boys it is the genial grocer on the corner. I don't believe another man in creation would endure such a raft and rabble of visitors as he receives so cordially twice and thrice a day. The mob does him no good surely in the amount of trade it brings him, and cannot add greatly to his general welfare. But in years he has never uttered a word against the students making his store a general rendezvous. When he dies—which may not be for a century—many generations of students will rise up and call him blessed, and build him a lofty monument and inscribe it, "The Friend of the Students."

***

A little bird flying past whispers in my ear that President Sanders is to be inaugurated with much circumstance and palaver on Wednesday morning of commencement week. It will be a time for a great gathering of the clans, and will be a notable day for the school. We're marching on.

***

Anyone thinking of starting a tennis club will find a choice lot of rackets in the hands of the Senior Class. The present owners have no further use for the lot, having lately purchased a choice stock of harmony, quietude, and peace, which they now have on hand.

***

And still the ball club's prospects brighten. We propose to have a ball club at any cost. That's what the people at the baseball concert said. And we're having it. Won't we be in it when ball weather comes.

***

The seasonable jokes about the sugar camp are not much in season this year. The gulf of cold, raw winds that flows between us and the sugar camp has discouraged the usual exodus thither. How winter lingers in the lap of spring.

ALUMNAL NOTES.

J. M. Bever, class '76, has been placed in charge of some important litigation in which the college is interested. He is the successful and popular attorney at Fostoria, Ohio, where for four years he held the office of city mayor.

O. L. Markley, class '83, has retired from the firm of Markley Bros., grocers, and is now with his family visiting at his father's home in the southern part of the State. His thoughts are much on the far West—southern California. We regret to lose "Line" from our midst, but he takes with him our best wishes.

W. M. Beardshar, class '76, and President of the State Agricultural College at Ames, Iowa, presided at the recent annual convention of the Y. M. C. A. of that State. The correspondent of Young Men's Era speaks of him as "a model presiding officer,—a host and an inspiration in himself."

George R. Hippard, class '88, is on the staff of The Dispatch, of Columbus, Ohio. He has steadily risen in his chosen profession, and is in demand among newspaper men. We make the boast that Otterbein University has more representatives in the newspaper work in the Capital City than any other college in the State. Count them, and see.

Harry J. Custer, class '90, graduated a few weeks ago from the Ohio College of Dental Surgery. In a class numbering almost a hundred members, some of whom failed on the final examinations, Harry took the highest prize; the gold medal. His brother, L. E. Custer, class '84, now successfully engaged in the practice of his profession in Dayton, Ohio, received the same prize three years ago. Thus do the graduates of Otterbein University bring honor to themselves and their alma mater.
Miss Shuey was sick a few days last week.
The work of the college orchestra deserves special notice.
The meetings of the Senior Class have been quite frequent of late.
Mr. E. J. Chute, of Greendale, Ohio, recently entered school.
Prof. Ramson’s baritone solo at the baseball concert was well received.
F. V. Bear has been on the sick list a few days—the common ailment, la grippe.
W. Y. Altman was called home a few weeks ago to attend the funeral of his sister.
A number of the students went to Columbus to hear “Faust,” last Friday evening.
J. H. Howell, class ’92, preached about four miles northeast of town, the 6th inst.
Rev. Barfel, pastor of the Peachblow Circuit, attended chapel exercises the 16th inst.
Prof. Morrison is gradually gaining the confidence of the school in his musical ability.
The Philophronean Quartette sang for the Farmers’ Institute at Centerburgh, February 27.
The selection rendered at the baseball concert exceeded the most sanguine expectation.
Miss Maggie Hillhouse, of Columbus, visited a few days this month at Mrs. E. S. Resler’s.
Miss Rike, of Dayton, spent a couple of weeks in town, the guest of Mrs. Judge Shauck.
Hon. Henry Watterson lectured in the college chapel February 27, on “Money and Morals.”

Mr. D. H. Richardson was recently called home on account of the serious illness of his mother.
The Y. W. C. T. U. held a parlor entertainment at the home of Rev. Crayton, the 19th inst.
Mr. O. S. Shank was unable to attend recitations a few days this month on account of la grippe.
The large crowd that attended the baseball concert from Worthington was quite gratifying.
The quarterly communion services February 28, in the college chapel, were very well attended.
The School of Physical Culture gave an entertainment in the Town Hall last Saturday evening.
Rev. Whitney, our excellent college agent, after a spell of la grippe, is able to be out again, and is now hustling for the school with his usual vigor.
The Otterbein Quartette were entertained by Mr. Shrock, just south of town, last Saturday evening.
Harry Hunt recently left school, and has gone to Chattanooga, Tennessee, to engage in the drug business.
About a dozen of our students spent a very pleasant evening, March 16, at Mr. A. Shrock’s, just south of town.
Mr. and Mrs. Sniffen, of Columbus, while visiting Mrs. Clements attended chapel exercises February 29.
Will Whitney, who was confined to his room for a few days the first of the month, is able to be out again.
The faculty placed four dozen new song books in the chapel, which have greatly improved the singing at prayers.
Mr. F. J. Resler and company were at Columbus the 15th inst. to see "Faust" by the celebrated Morrison company.

Mrs. L. R. Keister spent a few days the first of the month at the home of her mother and brothers, F. J. and Ed. Resler.

Rev. T. H. Kohr conducted a Bible reading on "The Moral and Ceremonial Law" in the Y. M. C. A. hall the 17th inst.

J. R. King held services at Clymer's school house for Rev. Barfet last Saturday evening and Sunday morning and evening.

Miss Nellie Adams, a member of the Junior Class at Ohio Wesleyan University, spent Sunday, 6th inst., here with her parents.

Miss Bertha Watters, class '95, had a few days' experience in "birch wielding and teaching the young ideas how to shoot" last week.

The baseball concert given the 2d inst. was a decided success, both as an entertainment, and in a financial way. It placed about $76 in the treasury.

Mr. D. A. Muskoph, who was a Sophomore last year, and now engaged in the drug business, made a short visit to O. U. the 9th inst.

J. R. Williams is painting and repapering, and refitting his ice cream parlors, and expects to have everything neat and attractive for the spring trade.

J. A. Barnes has resigned his position as captain of the baseball team. L. A. Thompson was elected by the Athletic Association to fill the vacancy.

Mr. and Mrs. Judge Shauck gave a pleasant reception to about twenty of their young friends March 12, in honor of Miss Rike who is visiting them.

Miss Mary Manger, class '94, who has been suffering with la grippe since Christmas, has entered school again, and will be able to make up her regular work.

Miss Flo Speer, who was called home a few weeks ago on account of the illness of her father, has returned and taken up her work in school again.

Mr. J. M. Denison, who is a student in the Starling Medical College, at Columbus, spent Sunday, March 6, in town, the guest of J. R. King and other friends.

The Otterbein Quartette attended the teacher's institute held at Centerburgh March 5. Their music was well rendered and received with appreciation by all who heard.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union gave an entertainment, consisting of recitations, prize essays, and music by the Philo­phonean Quartette in the Town Hall March 15.

The Y. P. S. C. E. and Woman's Missionary Society of the Presbyterian church, held a joint meeting in their church March 6. The Philomathean Quartette furnished the music.

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President Sanders recently made a short visit to Allegheny Conference. Flattering reports come to us of the favorable impressions made by the President both for himself and the college.

Mr. E. R. Mathers, class of '89, has resigned the Y. M. C. A. secretariaship at Hamilton, Ohio. He spent from the 4th to 7th inst. the guest of his many friends at Otterbein University.

Miss Lizzie Cooper, class '93, spent from the 3rd to the 5th inst., at Delaware, the guest of her friend, Miss Nellie Adams, and attended the Junior Banquet given in honor of the Senior Class.

Mr. A. Reading, of Cincinnati, while on his way to Cleveland, Ohio, to take charge of the editorial department of the German Reformed organ, remained a few days the guest of H. C. Streich and J. C. Mosshammer.

The Cleiorhetean Society held an open session in the Philophronean Hall the 10th inst. Among the many good things that were found on the programme, the very practical question, "Should girls engage in field sports?" was discussed.

The Philatelethean Society held their open session in the Philomathean Hall, March 17. It was a "senior session." The literary part of the program was all rendered by members of the Senior Class. All were delighted with the solo by Miss Rike, of Dayton, Ohio.

Prof. F. V. Irish, of Columbus, Ohio, author of a work on orthography and the Irish system of diagramming, conducted chapel exercises March 9. Mr. Irish was looking for a place for one of his friends to attend school, and seemed to be very well pleased with our work at O. U.

President Sanders attended an institute at Centerburgh, March 5. The institute was composed of representative teachers of Knox, Morrow, Licking, and Delaware counties. The President's address on "The Unconscious in Education" was a masterly paper, and proved him to be a man of no ordinary ability.

Professor Reagan's lecture, in the college chapel, March 9, on "The Yosemite and the Yellowstone" was very interesting as well as instructive. The naturalness of his views, as well as the vividness of his descriptions, made one feel that he was traversing the canions, climbing the mountain peaks, or looking upon his own reflection in the mirror lakes of those famous regions.

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THE C., A. & C. RAILWAY.--SCHEDULE.
IN EFFECT JANUARY 1, 1892.

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Train 5, (Cleveland Express) leaves Orrville at 7:15 A. M., connecting with P., Ft. W. & C. No. 32 from the West, Akron 8:10 A. M., arriving at Cleveland at 10:10 A. M. No. 4 returning, leaves Cleveland at 3:25 P. M., arriving at Akron 5:05 P. M., Orrville at 5:55 P. M., making direct connection with P., Ft. W. & C. No. 3 for Wooster, Shreve, and all points west.

Trains 27 and 28 have through Pullman sleepers between Cleveland, Akron, Columbus, and Cincinnati.

Trains 7 and 8, known as the Brink Haven and Columbus accommodations, leave Brink Haven at 6:05 A. M., arriving at Columbus at 8:15 A. M., leave Columbus at 10:15 P. M., arriving at Brink Haven at 11:00 P. M.

Trains 2 and 3 make connection with P., Ft. W. & C. trains to and from all points east and west via Orrville.

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