

tard its highest development by even so small a thing as the sentiments expressed in that article. And to say that the action of fifty silly school girls is "sufficient evidence that the two races will not harmonize" is pure nonsense.

In the name of Minerva and all the divinities who preside over our Halls of Learning, we protest against the *Town Classic* calling itself a College paper, unless it ceases filling its columns with Conference Items and Correspondence, and compilations from the text books, such as the articles on "The Use of Chloroform" and "The Pulse." Even in the Locals more than half the space is devoted to religious items apart from college news. An exchange speaks of the *Dalhousie Gazette* as the dullest College paper it knows of—but it assentedly never saw the *Town Classic*—or it would amend its judgement. It might make a respectable amateur religious newspaper but as for anything further—

The *Out* makes its appearance with its explanation of the "Mystery of Mesmerism," which, no doubt, is satisfactory to those who read the articles. The author of "Irish Faith and Parity" makes a liberal use of the personal pronoun "I"—an offense which many who ought to know better will persist in committing. The Owlets have a gathering this month and among other pleasant revelations, give us their political platform. The "Sapient Bird" gives also a solemn wink at Prof. Tyndall. The Belfast address of the Professor was like a stone suddenly thrown into a shallow pond—it has set all the frogs to croaking. The College Press especially seems to think itself called upon to give Prof. Tyndall all the sage rebukes at its command. Nearly every paper is in a terrible flutter lest christianity and religion, their creeds and beliefs, are in danger, and hasten to assure us they are not, instead of trying to refute his arguments. All of which shows the stability of the structure.

Though not a college paper, the *Gopher Herald* is among our exchanges and we notice it only to enter a protest against the amount of trash with which our boys are flooding the land in their amateur papers. The American growth is a peculiar species of the genus Boy. He thinks he is wise enough to vote at eighteen, and able to manage anything from the Civil Service Reform to the Beecher-Tilton trial. As a natural consequence he has tried his hand at running a paper. This of itself, so long as he confined himself to a healthy, hearty boy's paper for healthy, hearty boys, was well enough. But it becomes simply a nuisance when he makes it a medium for journalistic quarrels on a reduced scale, for vituperation and billingsgate that would have disgraced a Copperhead newspaper in war times, and fills its columns with feeble attempts at a re-hasa of *Ledger* love stories from the silly pen of "Skiff," or "Karl C. Yelraf," or a host of other boys equally as silly. There are some exceptions to this of course. Some of the young editors are sensible enough to keep out of quarrels and their columns free from sensational articles. The amateur papers of our own State are among the exceptions, we are happy to say. There are but three, the *Omaha Excelsior*, the *Desert Home Times*, and one which we believe is published in Lincoln but which we have never seen. The two mentioned are published by boys and are a credit to them.

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pose, I venture she envied your joyousness, and gaiety, and golden tresses. And well she might. Intellectual strength and severe mental discipline, unaccompanied by those tender attributes peculiar to women, are not the open sesame to men's hearts or women's happiness and usefulness. For the less miserable one is the more useful, and the nearer he attains the purpose of his creation—if there is any such purpose.

Restless ambition ever sleeps on a thorny couch. The goal is never won. The wrecks are strewn on all the highways and byways. Think not, therefore, that Mimi was so much your superior, or that, were you transformed into her exact counterpart, that your lot would be less unhappy than at present. Another source of uneasiness to you was wholly gratuitous. You fear lest Israel should not be worth the winning. What sort of logic, my Beautiful stranger, have you perpetrated? He is, you acknowledge, worthy the excellent Euphrosyne: yet when he deliberately chooses you, a weakness is discovered in him which makes the conquest worthless. What transparent egotism! He comes to you not against the unconscious impulses of his better nature, but in obedience to that divine instinct which teaches him to seek, first of all, his own happiness. The restful peace which you inspire and effect is just as essential to his full and complete development as the stern requirements of ambition. Israel, therefore, was right, and you should prize him the more for being able to resist the magnetic attraction of Mimi's intellectual endowments.

Had I been in his place, I should probably not have chosen as he did, and although every whit her equal, been snubbed for my hardness, and allowed to hug the dry bones of disappointment the rest of my natural life. Israel was right, my dear Beauty, as you no doubt secretly acknowledge—and as you will prove to him by your tenderness and fidelity through life's long journey. The exclusively intellectual woman is not a promoter of "peace on earth".

You have no purpose in life; but when Israel offers you the wealth of his absorbing passion, there will spring up and develop a purpose, real, tangible and practical.

And what of Euphrosyne? She has a purpose and aim—worthy, broad, impracticable and unattainable. Your sphere of action may be more contracted and less alluring, but balancing probabilities, much more likely to be productive of desirable results.

Mimi, aggressive, isolated, unsympathetic; her great "aim" and "purpose" excluding sentiments and emotions, common to others, has a lot not to be envied—especially by my Beautiful Friend. To her perhaps no other career is possible, but you have no cause to mourn your lot in comparison. IDE.

Crime.

In our day when a man commits a crime for which the law has provided punishment, and is detected, the papers are filled with accounts concerning it. Every man who is neither a fool nor an Ignoramus talks about it; and the unfortunate man feels that he is ostracised from society for all time to come; which is often the case.

It is much, now-a-days, for a man to counterfeit another person's name to procure food to prevent starvation, when the laws of his country are so unjust that he cannot provide for his wants honestly; but it is but little for a man to make his whole life a counterfeit on honor and truth, if he does not directly touch the pocket of some one else. To counterfeit a smile and the warm pressure of the hand when the whole heart is black and icy cold is the daily lie of cursed society. Bonds of dues owed from man to man are sacred and full of terror, but hypocritical prayers, deceitful smiles and all the forms that are bonds on human hearts, may pass idly as the wind and none say them nay.

It is a mistaken idea, by which our society is deluded and our laws governed, that a moneyed basis makes the crime heinous. It is really no greater crime to obtain money through false pretenses, than it is to make the false pretenses without obtaining the money; nor does it make a person the less a criminal to escape detection than though he were convicted and punished to the fullest extent. But such are the premises on which society acts at the present time. Many who visit our jails and penitentiaries view their inmates with mingled feelings of horror and disgust, thinking that they are of the lowest order of human beings. But at the same time they are entertaining as their intimate friends and bosom companions those who are equally criminal because they have committed the same deeds but have failed to meet the same retribution.

Society punishes him who openly commits one petty theft to appease the hunger of his starving wife and children, but takes no thought of him whose daily life is one systematic plan of indirect plundering—save perhaps to raise him higher and higher in her esteem, if he gains wealth by the process.

The object of punishment is to prevent crime: but is it likely to accomplish the object as long as we continue to hold out such inducements to crime by bestowing our highest praises on those who have gained riches by the most nefarious means, simply because they have the riches?

To be just, punishment should be meted out to all according to their deeds. We should be more charitable to those who are so unfortunate as to be convicted of crime, and more careful to know whether or not those to whom we are giving our highest honors are not more deserving of a term in our penitentiary.

It has been the object of a part of the people of our great cities to shield a certain minister from the hands of the law, by trying to keep the trial before a church committee.

Why should he not be brought before the same tribunal before which others charged with the same crime are tried? Does the position of the man make the crime any the less? If so, then it is no wonder that men commit small crimes in order to raise themselves to a position in which they may commit greater ones. Why should other but less popular men be incarcerated in the penitentiaries throughout the various states for the same crime charged against this noted divine, while he is allowed to roam at large and float on the top wave of society? Before we boast more of the justice of American institutions let us bring all on an equality

before the tribunals of justice to answer for the crimes which they commit; let neither the shabby coat nor servile position weigh against one, nor the fine clothes nor high position in favor of another.

H. Z.

Autumn Leaves.

How different, yet how beautiful; some mottled with bright crimson and yellow some tinged a more delicate hue, while others are fringed with a deeper color, shaded so perfectly as to blend at last in one! There are others of a more sombre hue, which are none the less beautiful, for there is still that wonderful shading and blending, which no language can describe—no pencil portray. What a grand sight, to behold the old sentinels, who, for centuries, perhaps, have been crowned each year with these changeful tokens of fall!

As we wander through one of those bright old woods, on a lovely October day, when, save our voices, no sound is heard but the drowsy hum of insects, or the chirp of birds as they flit from tree to tree, how vividly the tinted leaves, as they rustle to our feet, remind us of our hopes and plans, made in the early spring time, now no more to be recognized than these same autumn leaves, that were once so fresh and verdant.

Yes, all is changed; somethings that looked dark and uncertain are now made plain; others, in which we were certain of success, are laid low in the dust. Truly there is something sad in the autumn time, not only for the changing leaves and plants, which the early frost touches and blights so quickly, but there are many loved and cherished ones, who were with us "at the last falling of the leaves"—now gone where things *never* change, and their last resting place is strewn with these bright-hued reminders of decay, to become after a time brown and sear—so like the lovely form of youth and health, which sooner or later becomes dust.

As I sit and think of the autumns spent and gone in my life, my mind wanders back to those earlier ones of childhood, when my thoughts were all joyous, when my present was my *all*, no turning back to the past, no looking forward to the future, only the full enjoyment of each passing day, when I used to rustle the brown autumn leaves, and gather them in huge piles, searching for nuts for the fast approaching winter, and never a sad thought for the decay of the year, or of changes that always come with it; but I *also* remember other autumns, when, although I enjoyed their hazy beauty, yet there was ever a nameless longing for something, a sad regret for these beautiful days that *no others*, however beautiful they might be, could ever satisfy so fully, because they *could never be the same*, and I have often wondered why I could not *always* enjoy the autumns as those in my brief childhood days, when the thought comes to me: It is better so, that even these vain regrets, sad repinings and yearnings after things that are gone be indulged, if by these our minds are made nobler, our thoughts become purer, and we are thus brought to realize and prepare for that "autumn time" which comes to all; yes, much better than never to have had these thoughts that tend to make our lives more thoughtful and earnest, better and truer.

It has been said, that from almost every thing of nature a lesson may be taught, and not only *one*, but many may be learned from "Autumn leaves", the greatest of which is, to be ever ready for that season which changes life to death.

F. A. S.