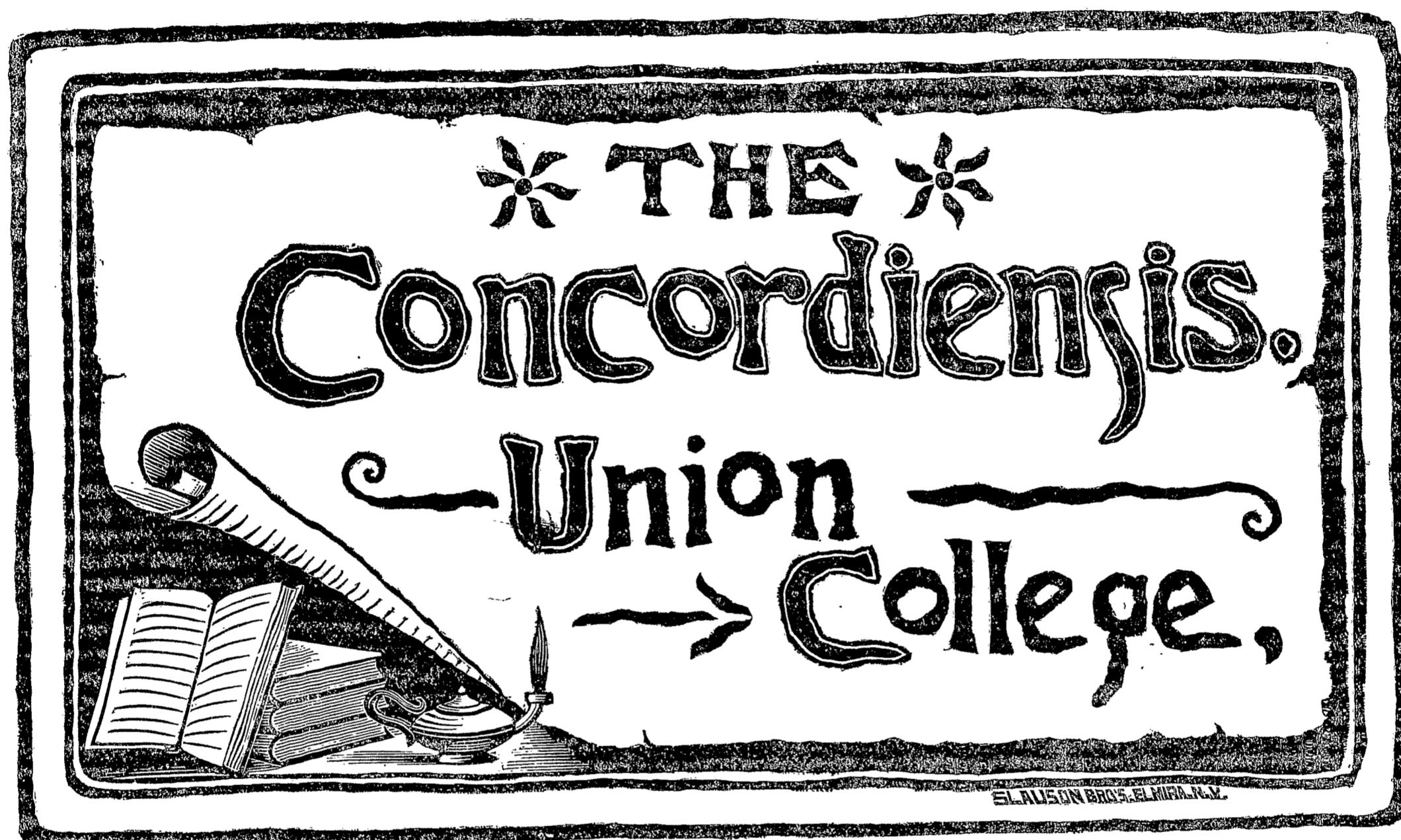


Volume XII.

Number 6.

MARCH, 1889.



SCHENECTADY, N. Y.



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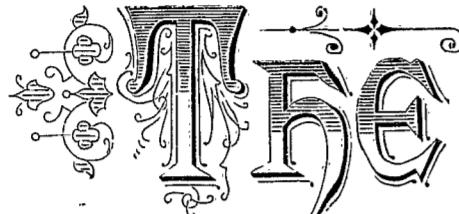
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THE CONCORDIENSIS.

VOL. XII.

UNION COLLEGE, MARCH, 1889.

No. 6.

LITERARY.

"Polling."

No fellow likes to poll. I think that may be laid down as an universal maxim. I mean no fellow whose tastes and likings are in a natural or normal condition. There are some, who by long training or by force of circumstances, come to take an actual delight in polling, but it is an acquired appetite just as truly as a young lady's fondness for pickled olives or your enjoyment of your after-dinner cigar. Of course some men do bring themselves to enjoy the amount of polling they get through. There is a fellow in our section who polls desperately hard. You will seldom find his light out before one or two in the morning. And the other day, when I spoke sympathetically to him of his hollow cheeks and sunken eyes, he glanced up at the glass with an unquestionable look of pleasure in his face. We all know the feeling. We begin our polling with a desire for knowledge and a longing for distinction, and gradually there creeps over us a feeling of the sacrifice we are making. We look at the merry fellows on the campus, and never did their sport look so enticing, never did the day look so bright or the sunshine so alluring, and we turn regretfully back to our books with an agreeable thought of how much we are denying ourselves. There is a certain pleasure in thinking one is polling tremendously hard in making a great deal out of one's self, but it is a morbid, abnormal pleasure.

It is a feeling which threatens our best students in college and perhaps, for a certain class of men, it is the greatest danger. For it is this which makes the world look so askance at the college graduate, this which makes him a prig. We often hear it said of some young fellow, "He is dreadfully conceited!" And it all comes of the

feeling that he has denied himself so much. He gets to thinking that he deserves a great deal. He forgets that pain and toil are only ennobled by the end to be attained by them. The sad satisfaction he felt when he heard the shouts of his companions on the campus and yet kept firmly to his Liddell and Scott with the resolve he would not go out in spite of his longing, has grown into an absolute enjoyment of his own suffering. He takes pride in telling his friends what a laborious, self-denying person he is.

I suppose we ought to feel thankful that in a world where so little can be accomplished except by sacrifice, there is a certain satisfaction in the sacrifice itself; but it is a very dangerous feeling. We are so likely to forget that there is nothing grand in piling suffering upon ourselves merely because we hate suffering, merely because we find certain morbid pleasure in yielding to what we dislike. We have no right to add such useless pain to our lives. Self-denial and self-sacrifice are not good in themselves aside from the noble ends which follow them. The good lies only in the excellent results which come after. The true nobility of all labor is its end. Polling is an excellent thing if it do some good, but many men think it is a good thing in itself, though it bring no good result at all.

I think this is not nearly enough thought of by those of us who are really polling very hard through our course. And I speak particularly to you, my friend, who are leading your class with so much success; You, whose friends are telling you what a wonderful, enduring man you are; you, who are thought beyond the advice generally given to students. It is your most dangerous temptation. For is this not the reason of the proverb that a valedictorian is never heard of after he leaves college? He goes out with the feeling that his sacrifice of his natural inclina-

tions, and his resolute firmness in polling are things grand and heroic in themselves. This satisfaction at denying himself grows into positive enjoyment of being miserable, and he becomes a morbid useless man. Remember that self-sacrifice and self-denial, without an adequate object are worse than useless.

But if polling be so unnatural what is the natural feeling? You see it in the child yonder. How he hates his lesson! How you hated yours when you were at his age! When you hear a child say he likes polling, you may be sure either his health is failing or his mind is unnaturally precocious. What he does like though is play. So you too long for play—for pleasure. Mark the distinction, it is not idleness we wish for but pleasure. Pure idleness is misery. But from pleasure we obtain hopefulness, cheerfulness and health. Pleasure is the real object of all our polling. It is the only end worthy of so great an effort. For we must remember that pleasure is only possible to the man who polls earnestly. To enjoy pleasure we must have done our polling. For after all it is but a relative word. It does not exist except for the hard poller. If you light your lamp in the sunshine it is nothing. It must be surrounded by darkness before you can appreciate its light. A great part of the enjoyment of your pleasure comes only from the thought that you have earned it by hard polling. The campus in the afternoon or the delightful hour with the *Century* in the evening can be enjoyed only when you are conscious of the task you have well done in the morning. There is a vast difference between John Taskless off for his vacation, hoping for nothing better than some new pastime, which may vary the monotony of existence a little, and Grindhead, light-hearted and gay, off with the pleasant feeling of having brought some difficult polling to an end. Then too severe polling gives flavor to the simplest play, while to the idle man everything is tiresome and life seems not worth the living, except it be seasoned with vice. That certainly does seem to give it some relish.

It is curious that some men think it fine to seem idle and useless. There are college men who are ashamed to have it known that they poll. They like to seem more useless and

ignorant than they really are. I know a man who has at bottom a real desire for distinction. Yet if one of his friends compliment him on a good recitation, he will resent it as though it were a dishonorable charge and "flunk" for a week afterward. Give me the man who can poll hard and is not ashamed to confess it. He must indeed be weak who can think work anything but dignified and honorable!

Pleasure then is the end of polling. It is the pleasure which follows our polling that makes it worth all the sacrifice it demands. For it not only makes pleasure possible, but it elevates the pleasures we enjoy. Miss Lovelace will describe her last visit to Europe with all the extravagant, hackneyed phrases you have heard so often. How different from my friend Grindhead's quiet, intense appreciation. And the whole distance which separates them is measured in hours of hard polling.

Yes, we must say with the poet, "Labor is the secret of happiness." If we could attain good ends without labor we should rejoice. We hate labor for its own sake, but through it alone can we reach happiness. Labor may be the symbol of our punishment but it alone makes us enjoy *pleasure, recreation and rest*.

Valedictory of the Class of 1848, in Union College.

DELIVERED BY JOEL HUNTINGTON.

[Through the kindness of Rev. Dr. Smith, '48, of West Pittston, Pa., we print below the following poem, the title of which will explain itself. The author died in 1854.]

Have ye ever stood upon some hillock's crest
And watched the sun low sinking to his rest,
Down where, in all the gorgeous glow of gold,
The clouds lay gathered, ready to enfold
The wearied monarch of the day's long race?
If e'er ye thus have stood at such an hour,
Have ye not all confessed the entrancing power,
An rapt, admiring, gazing from below,
Upon the wondrous and immingled glow
Of purple, gold and scarlet, wished at heart,
The day's bright sovereign never to depart?
How lingers then, upon the mountain's side
The wistful eye, as slowly upward glide
The shades of night, till round its very brow
They wrap their shroud, and all is twilight now.

How drops the eye then from the mountain's crest
And slowly following down its wooded breast,
Sweeps round the horizon, over stream and plain,
As though they ne'er would meet that glance again;
Comes there not then a sadness o'er your hearts
As the calm glory of such summer eve departs,
And come not all the mem'ries of the day
To make more deeply felt that last hour's sway,
When dusky, shrowding all the heavens' pure light
Sweeps on in solemn stillness dark brown night?
Thus ever feels the soul its fond regrets
As what is present in the future sets.

And ever turn we then to mem'ries voice,
And bid her make us in past scenes rejoice
One fleeting moment e'er we turn to tread
The unknown future, dim before us spread,
Whose dark mysterious brow gives back no glow
Save when hope bends her bright inspiring bow.

Brothers—a farewell scene is here this hour,
And nature bids us yield to mem'ries power.
This day we leave the scenes we loved so well,
The green, the garden, and the flowery dell,
The winding walks amid yon classic grove
Our ling'ring footsteps will no longer rove,
Nor longer for us there, the sighing gale
Will seem to whisper of sweet Tempe's vale,
Whose groves dark spreading in a summer land
With deeper foliage wrapped the Grecian band,
Till wandering 'mid the magic of the place,
One kindled with the heart-entrancing grace
And sang in wild, but time-enduring lay,
The beauties which around sweet Tempe valley play.
But memory speaks, "For long amid the grove
Ye stay, go part with other scenes ye love."

We heed the warning—turn we as we go
To where yon river rolls its liquid flow,
And devious wandering through the wide-spread plain,
Cuts out its bed through meads and bending grain.
No longer backward on our raptured sight
That river shall reflect its silvery light.
No longer shall we see the orb of day
Sink in yon gorge, gilding his travel'd way,
And backward throwing, with reflected light,
New forms of beauty on the approach of night,
Tinging each cloud that meets the admirer's eye
With the bright glories of th' Italian sky.
No longer will the morning's orient light,
Reveal yon beauteous gardens to our sight,
Where art and nature in a sweet embrace
Shed heightened beauty by commingled grace.

Farewell each shady walk, each fragrant bed,
No more for us your glories will ye spread.
Like your own flowers, our day we sported here,
Like theirs the passing instant draweth near;

But not like them, when breaks stern winter's chain,
Shall we, our winter o'er, return again.

To you who follow o'er this classic ground,
We too must break the cherished links which bound
Our hearts in close communion with your own,
Amid the joys our college days have known.
Oh, far may time prolong the approaching hour,
When ye too, meet this farewell's crushing power.
And you, ye nearer brothers! Who shall tell
The wildering thoughts which in our bosoms swell?
With kind fraternal footsteps we may tread
No more those paths where wisdom's gifts are shed,
No more may stand beneath her classic fane,
And side by side, bend, listening to the strains,
Which from her opening lips thrill on the heart,
And all their strength'ning influence impart.

Our riven hearts, long knit in friendship meet,
In answering sympathy no more may meet,
In kindly converse may no longer share,
Of joys partakers, and no less of care.
No more may kindle o'er the ancient page
Where glow the thoughts of hero, poet, sage.
No more together raise the awe struck eye,
As science lifts her daring hand on high
And puts her finger on the heavenly pole
Round which the circling orbs in grandeur roll,
Mysterious moving, to the wonderous plan
Of Him who threw o'erhead yon mighty span
And high uplifting o'er thought's farthest bound,
Beneath its arch still bids the world go round,
With unseen chains held firmly to that throne
Where in majestic power, He sits alone.

We shall no more in yonder house of prayer
Mingle with those who will assemble there—
To hear *that* voice we loved so well to hear,
Ascending meekly to his Father's ear,
Imploring blessings on his pupil's path,
And heavenly rescue from heaven's righteous wrath.
Return, Oh God! the blessings on his head,
Be thine the hand by which his steps are lead!
And be his counsels on our hearts engraved,
Till earth shall fade, and all in heaven are saved.

Oh teach us to regard that warning voice,
Which ever urged the right upon our choice,
Which ever warned from error's flickering beam,
Misleading like the marsh-light meteor gleam,
Which glows an instant brightly round a name,
Then fades, and leaves it to eternal shame.
Which lifts aloft her giddy follower's head,
Then downward thrusts him with the unknown dead.
So flies an arrow in the ether high,
And makes no step within the azure sky,
How far soe'er it wings its upward way,
Its height attained, it makes no moment's stay,

But instant turning in its course again,
And sinks unnoticed on the lowly plain.

The fatal moment comes which breaks the spell,
And on each lip is trembling now—farewell.
One instant pause, lo! in the air serene
To fancy's eye, two glittering forms are seen,
Bright with the radiance of the heavens' purest glow,
In love they're gazing on this band below,
And stealing soft, with richest music's spell,
Their voices mingling, breathe, with ours,—farewell.
Farewell—ye spirits of the honor'd dead,
Ye beckon upward where ye first have led;
Ye're melting now into the sky's pure air,
Clear whispering as ye go, "rejoin us there."

Brothers, our farewell words are sadly said,
Sad with the living, sadder with the dead.

And now, beloved teachers, ere we part,
Accept the tribute of the youthful heart.
Through all of future life that God may give,
Your cherished memories shall ever live—
Nor you alone,—
Farewell thou aged man, whose setting sun,
Proclaims thy earthly journey nearly run;
God hath in mercy bid thee for us live
That thou might's here thy final blessing give.

We thank thee for thy counsel, not the word
Unmeaning—not the unshaken voice is heard
To issue from our lips—deep from the heart
Throb forth our thanks as here we mournful part.
Oh let the heaving breast, the pallid cheek,
The quivering lip, the trembling, faltering tongue,
Be witness of the grief by which our hearts are wrung.
Oh let them be the signal, weak, too weak,
Of all the thanks we feel, yet cannot speak.

Our *younger* brothers, shall a strange farewell
Be their's? God only knows, we cannot tell,
We only can commit thee to that holy light,
Upon whose radiance thou wouldest fix our sight,
And calmly trusting, that with thee all's well,
In chastened sadness speak this last farewell.
Be thou, Oh God, that light amid the gloom
Fast shrowding all things earthly in the tomb.
Be thou that light, like Israel's fiery cloud
To cheer through all the terror of that shroud,
Till bursting from it, e'en in death's embrace,
The freed soul rises to its resting place.

Farewell, ye teachers, bless us ere we go,
Your kindly guidance here no more to know.
Farewell, ye classic groves, ye gardens fair,
Farewell, thou temple where we met for prayer.
And ye loved one, on whom fond memory dwells,
We bid you all, a last, a long farewell.

His Spirit Bride.

We had been friends from childhood—Allen Kent and I—had been room mates at college, and members of the same fraternity, and now that we had graduated we were firmer friends than ever.

He was a magnificent fellow; tall, muscular and handsome, but beneath his strong, sinew-bound breast he had a heart as tender as a woman's. Strong, brave almost to recklessness, yet gentle and kind. I remember one night while we were in college. In the early part of the evening he, together with two others, held the college gates in the face of a mob of angry townsmen with whom the students were at war for some cause or other, and later on he was hunting around for a ladder to get a poor, forlorn kitten out of a tree up which a dog had chased her.

Although a great favorite with the ladies he had never married. Once he had loved a girl fondly, and to her he had opened his heart, only to have it seared and scarred by the living coals of coquetry. I had hoped that the wound would soon heal, but as years went by without any signs of his recovery I had pronounced him a confirmed bachelor. He did not live a cloistered existence by any means however, for he went much in society and had hosts of feminine friends, and to each of them he was the same firm, kind friend—no more.

I had been absent for a month. To tell the truth I had been on my wedding trip, for, unlike Allen, I had succumbed to the fascinations of the dearest, the best—but then I don't suppose you will be so much interested in my wife as I am—and I would not like it at all if you were—so I will omit the rest. But naturally I had been so all absorbed that I had scarcely thought of Allen during my absence, so the first thing I did when I returned was to go down to his office to invite him up to tea and to spend the evening.

"No; Allen hasn't been down this afternoon," his partner replied to my inquiry, "I don't know where he is, he will be down before we close though; won't you wait?" "No," I answered, "I will leave him a note."

I sat down at Allen's desk, and as I rolled the top up I caught sight of a photograph frame

standing inside. It was of plush and had a little door which concealed the picture. With the audacity of long acquaintance I opened the door. The picture was so beautiful that it made me start. It was a girl with deep black hair, big black eyes, with long lashes—pshaw, I can't describe her or do her justice, so I will only say that it represented the prettiest little black eyed girl that I ever saw—I say the prettiest *black eyed* girl, for my wife is blonde.

"Who in the mischief is this, Jack?" I asked his partner.

"That? Why, that's Miss Maylen—Minnie Maylen."

"Yes; but who's she?" I asked, for his answer explained nothing to me. Jack turned around and looked at me as if I had asked him who George Washington was.

"Minnie Maylen? Don't know who she is? Why that's the girl that Allen protected on the street, got stabbed for, and who nursed him back to life."

Then it was my turn to be surprised. Allen was very modest, and seldom wrote about himself, but then I thought he would have written about this. So I made Jack give me full particulars.

It was romantic enough for the middle ages. Allen, it seems, was going home one night when he came upon a young lady in deep mourning, heavily veiled and alone. She was doing her best to avoid a gang of loafers who were pursuing her in the most insulting manner. Allen, of course, took her part, and in the melee which followed received a knife thrust in the shoulder, although he succeeded in driving off her assailants. Sorely wounded as he was he would not permit her to go home alone, and escorted her to her door, only to fall across it in a dead faint.

Then it was the old, old story. When he awoke it was to look into her sweet face, to feel her cool hand upon his forehead, to hear the music of her voice. He awoke to find himself in love, and in love with a woman who was in every way worthy of him.

Upon examination it was found that the only valuable things left by her father, who had recently died, were his daughter and her mother,

a sweet faced, white haired gentlewoman. So it was decided that they should be married immediately.

You can imagine how elated I was over my friend's good fortune. Although Allen was one of the best fellows in the world, as I have said before, still no man can hope to be complete as a bachelor. My own honeymoon had not begun to wane, but still was full, glowing and splendid, so I was in the best position in the world to congratulate him upon his happiness.

* * * * *

Why is it that Heaven sometimes seems so unkind; nay, almost unjust? Why is it that the sweetest cups are dashed from our hands just as we are about to taste their cherished contents? Ah, we know not. From the Vast, the Supreme, comes the unwelcome order, and man, poor groper in this world dark with sin and temptation, must bow his head in submission to Eternal Wisdom.

Minnie was dangerously ill, lying in fact at the point of death. Night after night Allen had watched over her bedside, tireless, faithful, vigilant, until his face was haggard, and he seemed like an old man.

As I passed his door one night I was seized with an irresistible impulse to go in. There was no one in his room, and it was dark. I lighted the gas and sat down and waited. I could not tell why. I seemed to act under the direction of a superior, exterior force. I seemed to *know* that he would soon be in, but I could assign no reason for this feeling. Suddenly his dog arose from the hearth rug, whined, shivered, and presently sat up and howled. A horrid, clammy feeling took possession of me. The moist, chill air of the grave seemed to blow upon my face, chilling me to the marrow; I seemed to detect the damp, noisome odor of fresh sodden leaves and decaying wood—and still the dog howled. Chill after chill passed over me; I tried to speak; my tongue seemed to be frozen.

At last there was a step outside. I felt myself once more. I seemed to awake from a nightmare. Of course it was Allen coming. He entered. Yes; it was Allen, but how changed! With bent frame and halting step, eyes deep

sunken, and with a glassy, ghastly stare, his ashen face showing so plainly against his beard, he looked to be twenty years older than when I saw him last. He did not speak, but I understood. I grasped his hand in mute sympathy, but we could not say anything. He dropped into a chair and buried his head in his hands. The dog came and licked his face, but he did not move. Minute after minute passed, and yet he did not stir. Three times the clock sounded the half hour, and still he kept his position. Seeing that I could be of no use I thought to steal away and leave him, but he divined my thoughts and said in a voice pathetic in its entreaty, "Don't go; stay here."

So I stayed with him; hour after hour went by. I could stand it no longer, so I threw myself on the lounge, intending to sleep; he could wake me if he desired anything. Still I could not sleep. I seemed under a spell I could not keep my eyes off from Allen, try as I might. Suddenly he lifted his face, and looking upwards, lifted his thin arms in mute, heart-rending appeal. Not a muscle moved, not a tear dropped from his eyes. He seemed a statue rather than a man. I began to be alarmed. I feared that his brain might give way; I tried to move, to speak, but could not; I was bound powerless.

Suddenly I heard a sound; it was the sound of the echo of a ponderous organ, swelling, dying, rising, falling, and mingled with it were the sounds of chimes of bells of precious metal, and the pure, sweet notes of a superhuman chorus. It filled the room, which now seemed to rise, to expand, so that its boundaries were immeasurable. Up and down this boundless space surged the angelic strains. It was not a requiem—it was a song of love triumphant. It had been dark before; now came luminous clouds of pink, of tender blue, the soft warm clouds of twilight. They hovered for an instant over Allen, then descending covered him as with a vail. When they lifted, up soared the song as to the very heavens, joys pure and lovely it told—the joys of eternal Heaven.

Allen now stood erect—again his old self; and who was that with him? his love?—but in spirit, divested of the coarseness of the flesh.

Tangible she was, but pure; her face was the same, yet changed; her eyes were blue, the soft blue of the rippling waters, and in them was love—love supreme, and love exultant in victory. Her hair was white, white as the eddying snow flakes, and her skin transparent, and of the pale, warm, delicious pink of the blush rose. Clothed she was, but in the fleecy softness of a summer's cloud. For a moment they stood thus, the mortal and the immortal, looking at each other in love's unspoken language. Then the clouds again enveloped them. Again they listed, as they did the living music which had died to a whispering murmur again swelled forth. For lo! both were immortal. Allen was idealized, majestic he looked, as he stood there, his snow white crown of hair and his immaculate beard falling over that grand chest of which Jove himself might well be proud. Thus they stood for a moment, and then the clouds again descended, and then arose, and with them the immortals. Lower, lower sounded the chorus, and at last it died out in the distance. I hid my face and wept, wept that I could not join them in their eternal happiness.

* * * * *

The straight, sharp beams of the noonday sun beat upon my face when I awoke. I started, almost shrieked aloud at my release, at my return to the world of mortals.

Allen sat where I had left him, only that his face was turned upwards, and upon it rested a smile of perfect peace. It was his body only; his soul had myself seen, soaring with its spirit bride; up, up, in vast, eternal love.

GEO. COMSTOCK BAKER.

"Life with the old has but few resources of pleasure. It all crystallizes into memory. The present is a kind of platform upon which they wait for the last train, and they spend this waiting in mounting the chariot and riding back over Life's highway, reviewing and recounting its events, musing over the past, and communing with the spectres and phantoms that memory invokes, and weeping over the sod where the blossoms fell early from the stem."

THE CONCORDIENSIS.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
STUDENTS OF UNION COLLEGE.

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EDITORIAL.

WE TRUST that the larger space than usual given to important college matters in this issue will meet with the approval of our readers.

* * *

WE ARE glad to note that the question of the conferring of degrees has at last been settled, so far, at least, as Union College is concerned. The statement relative to this question in President Webster's speech at the Chicago banquet was clear, straightforward and to the point. In the future only those students who have pursued successfully the classical course shall be eligible to the degree of A. B., while the higher degrees, such as A. M., M. S., and Ph. D., will only be given to those who have completed courses of study and passed through examinations leading up to those degrees.

The promiscuous scattering around of unearned honors, a custom which has been so largely indulged in by many of our colleges, has

reflected not a little upon the character of American scholarship. Degrees which in Europe signify vast intellectual attainments and years of patient study—degrees which are, or ought to be, peculiarly the *scholar's*, have among us become the common property of the ordinary teacher, *successful* politician and philanthropic millionaire. Union college has, respecting this question, adopted a course creditable to herself, and one which we are sure will meet with the approval of all lovers of true learning.

* * *

THE hope expressed in the last issue of THE CONCORDIENSIS that the Chicago banquet might result in material aid to the college is in a fair way to becoming realized. President Webster reports himself very much pleased with the hearty reception accorded him, and highly gratified with the enthusiasm in old Union's cause, which he everywhere met with. The source of the greatest encouragement however, is the business-like action taken by the association with reference to the financial condition of the college. Knowing the strong character and great influence of many of the members of the Northwestern Association, we feel strengthened in our belief, that aid in the near future may be safely counted on from Union's sons in the West.

* * *

A COMMITTEE has been appointed, consisting of representatives from the different classes, to raise money for the support of the "Nine." The college acted wisely in adopting this course instead of holding a fair or minstrel show, as was at first proposed. The students have almost to a man voted to support the "Nine" the coming season by their own contributions. Let it then *be supported*—they have voluntarily assumed this task, which can only be successfully accomplished by generous subscriptions on their part, *promptly paid*.

* * *

IT GIVES us great pleasure to make an announcement which we are confident the students will hail with delight. We are authorized to state

that "Eli Perkins," known to everyone as a loyal son of old Union, has promised to lecture to the students in the college chapel sometime during next term. On account of his deep love for his Alma Mater, "Eli" says, "Of course I couldn't charge the boys anything." We but voice the general sentiment when we return him our warmest thanks for his generosity.

COLLEGE NEWS.

THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF THE NORTHWEST.

Annual Banquet at the Hotel Richelieu, Chicago.

In response to the very urgent invitation of the committee of the Alumni Association of the Northwest, there assembled in the banquet hall of the Hotel Richelieu on the evening of Thursday Feb. 28th, a large assembly of men from every rank of life. Men who had shed lustre on the fair fame of their Alma Mater, and who had come together, far away from the classic gray walls of their college home, to revive once more the good old days of yore, and to join with their brethren in the East in greeting with delight the new chief under whose leadership the declining fortunes of "Old Union" are fast reviving.

The enthusiasm of the evening was unbounded. Aged men, who, with the benediction of Alma Mater fresh in their minds, had gone forth to spend the best part of their lives in advancing the interests of the great Northwest, joined with the younger graduates in the warmth of their expression of love for their dear "Old Union," while on every face could be seen confidence in the new president, Dr. Webster, and hope rather faith in a glorious future for the college.

Around the banquet table were seated the following gentlemen:

William H. King, '46, Chicago; George K. Dauchy, '48, Chicago; John I. Bennett, '54, Chicago; Henry A. Harmon, '68, Detroit; James W. Logan, '36, Monmouth; George Arthur, '64, Springfield, O.; George C. Harrington, '59, Watseka, Ill.; Charles W. John-

son, '66, Menasha, Wis.; Franc B. Wilkie, '57, Chicago; Charles L. Easton, '63, Chicago; Herbert B. Johnson, '67, Chicago; W. W. Wood, '57, Belvidere; Eugene K. Herrick, '68, Chicago; William P. Williams, '81, Chicago; Harrison Webster, '68, Schenectady, N. Y.; Henry L. Austin, '31, Chicago; William H. Wood, '44, Chicago; John I. Stacey, '57, Anamosa, Iowa; John T. Wentworth, '46, Racine, Wis.; the Rev. Clinton Locke, '49, Chicago; Henry Keep, '39, Chicago; James Frothingham, '53, Waukegan, Ill.; Joseph B. Redfield, '52, Chicago; Robert N. Austin, '45, Milwaukee; Eli I. Bailey, '49, Clinton, Iowa; James F. Taylor, '52, Douglas, Mich.; Devotion C. Eddy, '34, Chicago; Daniel J. Schuyler, '61, Chicago; E. W. Dewey, Chicago; George W. Hough, '56, Evanston; Frederick F. Bennett, '83, Chicago; Frank Bennett, Chicago; William Graham, '51, Dubuque; Alonzo W. Paige, '66, Chicago; Gideon L. Barber, '67, Chicago; Belden F. Culver, '52, Chicago; Monroe M. Cady, '66, Dubuque; Albert Moffatt, '57, Chicago; Charles I. Vail, '59, Blairstown, Iowa; J. E. Dewey, Chicago; M. J. Sutherland, Chicago; Daniel W. Holmes, Chicago; Mr. Countermeine, Chicago; the Rev. Eri B. Hulbert, '63.

Hon. John H. Starin wrote:

In sending greetings to the Union College Alumni Association of the Northwest, I regret exceedingly that it will not be possible to attend its annual meeting and dinner on the evening of February 28th. As you well say in your invitation to be present, the New York and Albany Alumni have had large and enthusiastic meetings this winter and by their kind words and speeches have rekindled the flame in favor of "Old Union." It was my pleasure to be present at both meetings to which you refer and I can assure you that the enthusiasm and good feeling which prevailed is not overdrawn. Indeed Union seems to be at last united in fact as well as in name, and trusting sincerely that your annual meeting may do much to help on the good work, I am

Faithfully yours,
JNO H. STARIN.

The following letter was received from the Rev. Dr. Edwin W. Rice:

It would give me great pleasure to attend the annual meeting of the Union College Alumni Association in Chicago on the 28th inst. I would be delighted to look in the faces of those who have done so much to make the great Northwest what it is, and particularly to share in the rejoicing which you must have over the improved condition and prospects of our Alma Mater, but other duties press upon and detain me here. Though so far away in body, I shall be mentally present with you and thus share in your congratulations that the College now has a *permanent* President, energetic, conscientious and broad-minded enough to set aside petty dissensions, and to shape the College curriculum and policy that it will again send forth from its halls some of the foremost men in every profession and walk of life, who will be stalwart statesmen, lawyers, legislators, clergymen, physicians, editors, and men of science, capable of moulding opinion in this foremost country in the educational world.

Said the Hon. Judson S. Landon:

I regret that I can be present only in spirit at your meeting in honor of Old Union. But I can congratulate you, as I most heartily do, upon the new life and confidence with many attendant benefits, which the accession of Dr. Webster to the presidency and his right comprehension and administration of affairs have brought to pass and promise to continue and increase.

You may feel sure that both in deserving and doing well the College is in the right way.

The Hon. David Murray wrote as follows:

I regret very much that I will not be able to visit Chicago, and attend the annual meeting and dinner of the Union College Alumni Association of the Northwest. It is now plain that everything is going on well and nobly in the College. President Webster has been in the office this morning, and he seems in good spirits in regard to the prospects of the College.

Sympathizing with your earnest desire to promote the good of the College, and regretting ex-

ceedingly that I am not able to be with you at your dinner, I am,

Sincerely yours,
DAVID MURRAY.

The following also read from Rev. Dr. Geo. Alexander:

I am sorry that I cannot respond in person to the "cordial" and "urgent" and "particular" invitation of the Union College Alumni Association of the Northwest. I cordially thank you for the honor and particularly desire to be there.

I presume that the urgency of the invitation indicates the purpose of the Alumni of the Northwest to drown the voices of the Alumni of the East with their acclamations and promises of support to the Old College and the New President.

Ex-Governor Blair of Michigan wrote:

I find that it will not be possible for me to be at Chicago on to-morrow evening as I expected to attend the banquet of the Union College Alumni of the Northwest.

I have been particularly anxious to attend that meeting because I have had but very few opportunities to meet any of the alumni of Union College during the fifty years that have passed since I graduated in the class of 1839.

I can only say that I have never lost my interest in the College and have always hoped for its continued prosperity.

It will give me pleasure to join in any measures that the Alumni may adopt to promote the future growth of the institution and to secure its well-earned fame of the past.

I thank you for the kindness of the special invitation sent me to be present at the meeting and banquet and deeply regret that circumstances beyond my control have prevented me from attending.

I trust the meeting will be highly enjoyable and profitable and I remain

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
AUSTIN BLAIR.

Letters of regret were also received from Hiram D. Hall, Des Moines, Ia.; K. M. Hutchinson, Oshkosh, Wis.; C. E. Judson, Chicago, Ill.; James King, Lansingburg, N. Y.; I. L. Lyon,

Detroit, Mich.; J. B. W. Lansing, Pontiac, Mich.; H. H. C. Miller, Chicago, Ills.; Judge J. E. Mann, Milwaukee, Wis.; A. J. Poppleton, Omaha, Neb.; J. T. Patch, Mt. Pleasant, Ia.; H. C. Potter, East Saginaw, Mich.; Henry F. Rose, Fon du Lac, Wis.; E. A. Strong, Ypsilanti, Mich.; Cady Staley, Cleveland O.; O. C. Steenberg, Fon du Lac, Wis.; Elliott T. Slocum, Detroit, Mich.; E. P. Smith, Milwaukee, Wis.; J. A. Smith, Chicago, Ill.; Judge David Taylor, Madison, Wis.; H. G. Winslow, Racine, Wis.; B. F. Wright, St. Paul, Minn.; S. B. Brownell, New York, N. Y.; John B. Hubbs, Johnstown, N. Y.; Sam. F. Hunt, Cincinnati, O.; Dr. E. Lewis Fletcher, Eau Claire, Wis.; S. D. Emerson, St. Louis, Mo.; W. G. Donnan, Independence, Ia.; James C. M. Culver, Albany, N. Y.; G. W. Curtiss, Nora P. O., Ill.; O. Cole, Madison, Wis.; A. Banta, '46, Fox Lake, Wis.; Edwin D. Baker, '48, Council Bluffs, Ia.; Jno. A. Barnes, '61, Decatur, Ill.; C. P. L. Butler, Jr., '74, Columbus, O.; D. T. Akin, '51, Farmington, Minn.; W. H. Angle, '62, Portsmouth, O.; Robert C. Alexander, '80, New York, N. Y.; Levi Alden, '44, Madison, Wis.; E. E. Whitehorne, '75, Independence, Ia.; Andrew W. Archibald, '72, Davenport, Ia.; Russel R. Dorr, '70, St. Paul, Minn.; Robert Donald, '63, Tunnel City, Wis.; W. F. Bromfield, '62, Englewood, Ills.; H. F. Cochrane, '56, Bloomingdale, Mich.; M. M. Hain, '55, Dubuque, Ia.; Francis T. Chase, '52, New Orleans, La.; Asa W. Smith, '48, Woodstock, Ill.; Robert Rogers, '48, Ann Arbor, Mich.; O. Horton, '46; David Hall, '45, Watertown, Wis.; J. Q. A. Wood, '43, Sauk Rapids, Minn.; Judge John E. Mann, '43, Milwaukee, Wis.; Porter A. Snow, '38, Hinsdale, Ill.; Elisha Taylor, '37, Detroit, Mich.; J. T. Clark, '37, Topeka, Kan.; D. T. Conde, '31, Beloit, Wis.; Geo. Stebbins, Rich View, Ills.; Hon. Jno. M. Carroll, Johnstown, N. Y.; Alden L. Bennett, '87, Boston, Mass.

After the banquet came the speech making, which was prolonged into the small hours of the morning, and which was frequently enlivened by the singing with a gusto of that grand old song, the chorus of which has never failed to warm the heart of a son of Union.

Then here's to thee, the brave and free,
Old Union smiling o'er us;
And for many a day, as thy walls grow grey,
May they ring with thy children's chorus.

To the toast "Alma Mater," Dr. King called upon President Webster to respond, who spoke in substance as follows:

Mr. President and Alumni of the Association of Northwest. I do not come before you as an orator; in this respect I feel and admit my own deficiency.

But I know about Union College, and as a practical man, talking to practical men, am sure that I can make the position and the needs of the college plain to you. During the last 20 or 30 years many things have combined to decrease the numbers of students at Union, and diminish its influence. Among these may be mentioned the loss of Southern students due to the war; the loss of Western students due in part to the growth of many excellent educational institutions in the west; but above and beyond all we may say that internal dissensions, in fact civil war, has injured the College. For many years there have been contending factions in the College. I myself have been engaged in these dissensions, actively engaged. I can not say that I am sorry for the part that I took. I acted according to the light that I had, and how can any man do otherwise. On the other hand I have no fault to find with those whom I felt bound to oppose.

But "leaving the things that are behind," I can say to you to-night, that all factions, all dissensions, have disappeared. We have a united board of Trustees, a united Faculty, in the East certainly a united and enthusiastic body of Alumni. That the same condition will prevail in the Northwest is evident by this meeting and by the numerous loyal letters received from those who can not be with us. We have touched bottom. Undoubtedly we found the bottom somewhat low down; but we are now steadily rising again. Our Freshman class is much larger than we had any reason to expect. All the indications point to a large increase for the next collegiate year. I confess I am much concerned about the position and action of the Alumni of the Northwest. For upon you de-

pends largely the solution of the question, shall Union become a local College. I need not say that I am above all things anxious to avoid such a result. As my appeal is to you it is right that you should be informed as to what we propose to do, and what we need. Union is strictly a non-sectarian College, yet it is a Christian College. We intend to conduct the instruction in such a manner that the latest discoveries and the theories of sound science shall be brought into relation with the religion of Christ. No man ought to send his son to Union who is unwilling to have the fundamental truths of Christianity assumed in all the teaching set forth in the chapel and in the lecture room; and no man ought to send his son to Union who is afraid of scientific methods or of scientific results. Both will most assuredly be taught.

Our elective studies now begin with the last term Junior. There is little reason to believe that they will be extended. A new arrangement of those studies will be made presently, so that students can select courses of studies, and they will be required to do so. There is less reason in our college than in many other colleges for an extensive elective course, because we already have four distinct courses from which students entering the college can choose. In regard to degrees conferred, the A. B. will be limited to students graduating in the classical course. The degrees for the other courses are still under consideration. The degrees of A. M. M. S. and Ph. D., will no longer be conferred in course or as honorary degrees, but will be earned. We hope to publish before Commencement a statement of the work and examination requisite to the obtaining of the degrees.

Our financial condition is not satisfactory. We have a large property, from which we may reasonably hope to receive an income adequate to the needs of the College in a few years. But at present this is not the case. I want money immediately, more than the College can furnish me. For this reason, with the approval of the Trustees, I am obtaining subscriptions to be paid annually for the next five years. I have not consulted the officers of this association, as to the propriety of introducing this subject at this time. I must have money from some

source, and I always prefer to assume my own responsibilities. The College needs money, among other things to increase the number of instructors, to give better pay to some teachers who are at present underpaid, and to improve the dormitories.

The President concluded by thanking the Association for the kind and hearty way in which he had been received, and in reply to a question, said that he would come to Chicago whenever the Association saw fit to hold a meeting and invite him.

At the business meeting of the Association the old officers were re-elected. They are:

President—William H. King.

Secretary—William P. Williams.

Treasurer—William H. Wood.

Vice-Presidents—Clinton Locke, Frank B. Wilkie, M. M. Ham, Joshua Stark.

Executive Committee—George K. Dauchy, John I. Bennett, Chas. L. Easton, Franc B. Wilkie, Herbert B. Johnson.

The following resolutions were then adopted:

Resolved, that the next annual meeting of this Association be held at Hotel Richelieu, January 8, 1890, at 7 p. m., and that the wives and lady friends of the alumni be invited to attend with them.

Resolved, that the course pursued and policy inaugurated by President Webster meets with the hearty approval of the alumni of the Northwest, and he is hereby pledged their cordial support in every way.

Resolved, that a committee be appointed by the president of the Association, for the purpose of extending the subscription for the aid of President Webster, and the College, which is here inaugurated to-night, to report to the President of the Association from time to time and make final report at our next annual meeting.

Under this resolution the following committee was appointed by the President:

Henry Keep, '39, Chicago, Ill.; Charles L. Easton, '63, Chicago, Ill.; Henry A. Harmon, '68, Detroit, Mich.; Austin, Blair, '39, Jackson, Mich.; John I. Staley, '57, Anamosa, Iowa; Eli S. Bailey, '49, Clinton, Iowa; Monroe M. Cady, '66, Dubuque, Iowa; Moses M. Ham,

'55, Dubuque, Iowa; John E. Mann, '43, Milwaukee, Wis.; Edward P. Smith, '48, Milwaukee, Wis.; John Ickler, '80, St. Paul, Minn.; Patrick H. Gunckel, '68, Minneapolis, Minn.; Orsamues Cole, '43, Madison, Wis.; Orvin C. Steenberg, '61, Fon Du Lac, Wis.; Albert H. Tallmage, '51, Janesville, Wis.; William G. Donnan, '56, Independence, Iowa; Andrew W. Archibald, '72, Ottumwa, Iowa; Henry L. Warner, '59, Sioux City, Iowa; Benjamin F. Wright, '62, St. Paul, Minn.; James H. Austin, '67, Kansas City, Mo.; John D. S. Cook, '59, Kansas City, Mo.; George A. Beattie, '63, Lansing, Mich.; Solon O. Thatcher, 55, Lawrence, Kansas; E. Frank Leonard, '57, Peoria, Ill.; George C. Harrington, '59, Watseka, Ill.; Charles D. W. Lawton, '58, Lawton, Mich.; Henry R. Lovell, '57, Flint, Mich.; James L. Rankine, '81, Topeka, Kansas.

The Chicago *Tribune* of March 1, speaking of the banquet says:

The gathering last night recalls the history of one of the oldest and most widely useful colleges of the United States. It was founded in 1795 (located at Schenectady, N. Y.) nearly a century ago, graduating its first class in 1797. That most distinguished of American instructors and pulpit orators, Dr. Eliphalet Nott, became its President in 1804, and remained at the head of the college until his death in 1866—a period of sixty-two years. Under no other college President, perhaps, have so many distinguished men graduated, in this or any other country, as were graduated under Dr. Nott during this period.

In all of the learned professions, in the service of the State and in private life, the alumni of this college have everywhere taken first rank. The mention of the names of a few of the many whose fame and reputation have been historic will suffice. As distinguished at the bar, on the bench, and in political life, John C. Spencer, Alfred Conkling, William H. Seward, Sidney Breese, William Kent, Ira Harris, Amasa J. Parker, Ward Hunt, Robert Toombs, John K. Porter, Chester A. Arthur, James A. Bayard, John F. Hartrauft, Alexander H. Rice, Chas. B. Lawrence, Chief Justice Cole and Justice Taylor, both now serving on the Supreme Bench of

Wisconsin, and William H. King of this city are fair samples of a much larger number.

Of the distinguished clergy, college Presidents, and professors, and the members of the medical profession may be named Bishops Brownell, Doane, Alonzo and Horatio D. Potter, and Uphold; T. Romeyn Beck, Francis Wayland, Robert J. Breckenridge, Laurens P. Hickok, Taylor Lewis, Henry P. Tappan, Amos Dean, Robert C. Livingston, Silas Totten, John H. Raymond, John Newman, Alexander B. Bulloons, David Murray, Edwin W. Rice, and Clinton Locke in this city.

The War of the Rebellion and the death of Dr. Nott, soon after its close, seriously affected the prosperity of this time honored college. The election of Dr. Webster to the Presidency of the college in the summer of 1888 has given a fresh impetus to the movement so long wished for by the alumni and the public, to restore it to its old place among American colleges. The alumni of the East have rallied to the support of President Webster with enthusiasm. The gathering of the alumni of the Northwest on the occasion of their annual banquet at the Richelieu last night shows that the new President is rapidly taking his place in the hearts of the alumni of the idolized "old man eloquent," Dr. Nott. His course since succeeding to the Presidency of the college has been marked by a spirit of liberality, fairness and impartiality which is fast healing up all past differences, bringing harmony to the ranks of the alumni and friends of the college, and inspiring them and the public with the belief that under his management Union College is again soon to take rank with its old and in former times only rivals—Harvard and Yale.

Locals.

—Welcome Spring!

—Easter vacations from March 29th to April 9th.

—Hereafter the seniors will be excused from chapel orations third term.

—Professor Perkins lectured before the Farmers's Institute of Johnstown, Friday, March 15th.

—Many seniors who had conditions, succeeded in cancelling them at the recent condition examination.

—The closing examinations of the term will begin Tuesday March 26th, and will continue throughout the week.

—The Freshmen have taken up Wentworth's Trigonometry and Bain's Rhetoric, instead of the usual text books on these subjects.

—Through the kindness and generosity of Lemon Thompson, Esq., of Albany, the library has received a valuable addition of historical books.

—It is a gratification to know that the library regulations have been changed, and that hereafter it will be open every evening, Saturdays excepted, from 7 to 9.

—The prospects for next season's base ball team are encouraging. Many begin to realize the importance of hard "gym" work and are taking daily practice under Vanderveer.

—The report of the delegates to the recent Y. M. C. A. convention was very interesting and plainly depicted the success which is attending that organization in the several colleges of the state. The delegates from Union were Furman '89 and Trumbull '92.

—At a meeting of the athletic association held in chapel March 15, it was decided to hold a tennis tournament on the campus next term, and the following officers for the tennis association were elected :

President, Wait, '89; vice-president, Pickford, '90; Treasurer, Little, '91; Secretary, Meserve, '92.

—Chapel orations March 8th:

Seniors—"Bigotry," Culver; "The Spirit of Liberty," Dorlon; "Try Again," Fairgrieve; "The Object of Life," Hanson.

Juniors—"Risks of Athletic Work," Harder; "A Volatile People," Hawkes; "Free Trade in the Light of History," Knox; "Foreign Immigration," Lochner.

—Chapel Orations, March 15th;

Seniors—"Do the Sciences and the Bible Agree?" Lewis; "Physical Development,"

Nolan; "Superstition," Voorhees; "The Omitted Side of the Labor Question," Washburne.

Juniors—"Twilight," Carroll; "The Mighty Dollar," Pickford; "Importance of a Study of the Classics," Schwilk; "Self-Advertising," Stewart.

—The Senior Class held its last banquet at the Windsor in Albany, on Friday evening, March 8th. The early evening was spent at the theatre and the class sat down to the supper at twelve o'clock, as has always been its custom on these occasions. It proved by far the pleasantest and most enjoyable gathering of the kind the class has ever had. It was particularly marked by the dignity and reserve which was manifested during the entire evening. The feeling that the course at dear old Union was nearly over, mingled everywhere with the pleasure and cast a subduing influence over even the wildest fun. Mr. J. L. Simpson, the class poet, produced a song for the occasion which was duly sung. Mr. J. L. Whalen presided as toastmaster, and filled that difficult post most successfully. The toasts were as follows:

President's Address	C. H. Flannigan.
Athletics	C. W. Culver.
N. S.	P. S. Dorlon.
The Girls	C. L. Barstow.
Those Who Have Left Us	H. Turnbull.
Our Amusements	E. S. Hunsicker,
Our Future	E. T. Carroll.
Our Supper	D. S. Voorhees.

The committee of arrangements consisted of Cameron, Whalen and Nolan.

CLASS SONG.

Classmates all, come celebrate
The banquet of class so great —
The class of Eighty-nine, that's known so well;
Let us all in her rejoice,
And with many a lusty voice
We give once more the good old Union yell.
(Union yell.)

CHORUS.—Then here's to the Pres,
With our profound respects,
And here's to our dear Alma Mater;
And here's to Eighty-nine,
May her star forever shine,
Old Union's fair and loyal daughter.
(Eighty-nine yell.)

Oft the banquet hall will ring
With the merry songs we sing,

As we gather at the festive board once more;
 When we shout for Eighty-nine,
 There's no one here who will decline
 To give the yell of Union as of yore.
 (Union yell, chorus and Eighty-nine yell.)

Senior year has come at last—
 College days are almost past—
 Soon to scenes of youth we'll bid adieu;
 But our thoughts will fondly stray
 To Union when we're far away;
 In coming years we'll give her yell anew.
 (Union yell, chorus and Eighty-nine yell.)

J. L. SIMPSON, Poet.

Notes.

An Ohio newspaper tells this story about Horace Porter, son of the General: When he was in Princeton college (he graduated in the class of '87) he was ill for some days. While he was stretched out on a couch in his room there came a tap at the door. "Who's there?" he shouted. "It's me, Dr. McCosh," was the answer in a hard Scotch brogue. "You're a liar," replied Porter, who really thought it was a classmate. "If was Dr. McCosh he would say, 'It is I.'" There was no answer to this but the shuffling of feet down the corridor. Young Porter ran to the door, cautiously opened it, looked down the hall, and saw the back and tall, stooped form of Dr. McCosh disappearing. The president of Princeton never spoke of the incident; nor did Porter until he had his sheepskin. The above item is going the rounds as original. That story was first told way back in the forties, and at the expense of Dr. Nott, president of Union college, and instead of being a son of Gen. Porter, it was a Trojan named Merriman. The story has been, is and always will be a stand by at old "Union."

Personals.

'65. Hon. Wm. Hildreth Field has been appointed by Mayor Grant, of New York, third member of the new supervisory board of the Municipal Civil Service Commission. Mr. Field is president of the Catholic Club, and has been for years a member of the board of managers of the Catholic Orphan Asylums of New York City.

'84. Frank Burton has been elected a trustee of the village of Gloversville, N. Y.

'86. Allen is in the office employ of the U. S. River and Harbor Survey of New York City.

'86. Felthousen is teaching in Cheltenham Academy, Ogontz, Pa.

'87. McMillian is teaching at Hamilton, Mich.

'88. De Long is in an engineering office at West Bay, Mich.

'88. Married—Feb. 26, Mr. A. J. Dillingham to Miss Lillie Freeman, both of Schenectady.

Necrology.

'27. Prof. Wm. Thompson, D. D., for 53 years president of the Hartford Theological Seminary, died at Hartford, Ct., Feb. 27, aged 83 years. (Dr. Thompson loved his Alma Mater, and attended the Commencement quite often. He remained an active worker in the Seminary to the day of his death.)

'37. Rev. Joshua Phelps, D. D., died at Santa Barbara, Cal., Jan. 4th. He was born at Westfield, N. Y., Nov. 16, 1813. After studying for three years at Lafayette, he finished his course at Union; studied theology at Princeton; ordained an evangelical by Presbytery of Philadelphia, October 11, 1840. He spent many years in the ministry in California, and only retired a few years ago.

'40. Anzel E. Stevens died at Dayton O., Sept. 29, 1888.

'49. Eugenio A. Johnson, died at St. Paul, Minn., May 23, 1888, age 69 years. Mr. Johnson was a civil engineer by profession and for 33 years a resident of St. Paul.

'70. Max Schwerin, of this class, died at Los Angelos, Southern California, on February 13, 1889, in the thirty-ninth year of his age. During his college life, and for some years previous, his parents were residents of Schenectady, and his boyhood and youth were passed here. After his graduation he entered the law office of Judge Waite of Norwich, Conn., and

being admitted to the bar, he removed to New York where he practised his profession for a number of years. He was fast gaining a well-merited position in the Law, when he was stricken down with what seemed then a fatal illness, and his life was only prolonged during the four succeeding years by a removal from home and friends, to the balmy airs of a southern climate.

He was one of Union's best classical students, and a member of the Phi Beta Kappa society. His interest in the college did not close with his graduation. He loved to visit the old haunts of his student days, and during his last visit to his mother's home in Brooklyn, in October 1887, he came also to Schenectady, to see once more—as he fully knew, for the last time—the college grounds and friends he loved so well, and those who then saw him, saw too that he was fast journeying to his eternal home.

He was a man not only of mind, but of heart, beloved by all who knew him. His Christian faith sustained him during four years of suffering and exile, and he died in the full and blessed hope of immortal life. His body rests, where he wished it to lie, in our cemetery vale, and to his name in the college catalogue must be affixed the "*Star*" that means so much. But they who die as he died, "shall shine as the stars, in the firmament above."

'73. James L. Veeder, of Johnstown, N. Y., died March 7. Mr. Veeder was one of the prominent and promising young lawyers of Fulton county. He was born at Caughnawaga in 1850, attended school at Armenia, Dutchess county, then entered Union. Among his college friends were the Rev. A. V. V. Raymond, the Rev. Mr. Countermeine and the Rev. Father Mc Dermott, all Albanians. After graduating he entered the law office of Judge Yates of Schenectady for a short time, leaving there to enter into law partnership with Daniel Yost near his old home, Fonda. This he made his home for some years. In December, 1878, he married Miss Jennie Smith of Johnstown, daughter of the Hon. H. E. Smith, dean of the Albany law school. His wife and two children, a boy and girl, aged respectively 8 and 5 years,

survive him. The years 1884-1886 he spent in Chicago, but his attachment to the East was so great that he preferred a residence among his many friends to any pecuniary advantage in the West, and in 1887 went to Johnstown, where he had since resided. During the last campaign he took an active interest in politics, possibly inducing the fever which resulted in his death. Mr. Veeder was a most exemplary man in every sense of the word, and was actively connected with the Presbyterian church. (His disposition was naturally retiring, but when once acquainted with him his kindness drew forth one's deepest friendship, and many are the friends who mourn his loss and deeply sympathize with his bereaved wife and children.)

Clippings.

- Amherst is to be lighted by electric light.
- Harvard's library is now open four hours each Sunday.
- There are ten candidates for pitcher on the Harvard nine.
- One of the U. of Pa. students has invented a rowing machine.
- Nineteen men are taking the new course in journalism at Cornell.
- Forty-four Cornell freshmen were dropped at the last examination.
- The faculty at Lafayette have decided not to permit the cane rush.
- Columbia has added 10,000 volumes to her library within the last year.
- A chair of painting and wood carving has been endowed at De Pauw University.
- A post graduate course in the science of electricity is to be established at Columbia.
- One of the students of the University of Pennsylvania has invented a rowing machine.
- The Cornell University library building will be large enough to hold 475,000 volumes.
- Rochester University has recently been made happy by the erection of a \$50,000 laboratory.

—Wellesley College has just received a fine collection of paintings, 65 in number, valued at \$30,000.

—The University of Wisconsin has lately built a new scientific hall at an expense of \$270,000.

—At Williams it is customary for the scorer of one year's nine to become manager of the next year's team.

—A new feature in training the Harvard ball team is the stopping of ground balls and throwing at a mark.

—“The Dartmouth College building will be lighted with electricity?” Why not light Union with electricity?

—There are 12 American students in attendance at Oxford, 608 at the University of Berlin, and 200 at Leipsic.

—Amherst has received the largest addition this year in the history of the college. The matriculants number 361.

—Attendance at recitations is optional at four colleges in the U. S., Harvard, Cornell, Ann Arbor and Johns Hopkins.

—Courtney, the Cornell coach, announces that, should his crew not beat Yale, he will charge nothing for his services.

—Oxford University is the largest in the world, comprising 21 colleges and five halls. It has an annual income of \$6,000,000.

—At Columbia, the proportion of students in the academic department, to that in the professional schools is growing less yearly.

—Donations to the amount of \$750,000 have already been received by the founders of the Catholic University, now building at Washington.

—Harvard men claim that the reason their freshman class is smaller than usual, is the result of the action of the overseers last year in abolishing inter-collegiate contests.

—Fourteen New England colleges have now joined the commission on admission examinations. The object of the commission is to im-

prove and to make uniform the college admissions.

—In the United States every two-hundredth man takes a college course, in England every five-hundredth, in Scotland every six-hundredth, and in Germany every two hundred and thirteenth.

—Harvard Athletes have to pass a physical examination before they are allowed to compete at sports. At Johns Hopkins University the candidates must pass an examination in athletics before they are allowed to graduate.

—Twenty-four Lafayette Sophomores have signed a petition to the faculty implicating themselves for hazing Freshmen, and protesting against the suspension of four of their classmates, and threatening to withdraw from college unless their wishes are complied with.

ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT.

The Sewer System of Greenbush, N. Y.

Work on the sewer system of Greenbush was begun in the spring of last year and was all finished early in September. Landreth and Fitzgerald, of this city, were the engineers who had charge of the work.

The system, not including the sewer of East Albany, which is really connected with the Greenbush sewer, consists of about ten miles. The sewerage all flows through pipes, no brick work being used to convey it. Of course in a large city where there is a great amount of sewerage matter to be disposed of and the sewers are many miles in extent, these brick conduits have to be used, but in a small town they are not necessary. The largest pipes that were used were twenty-four inches in diameter and the smallest eight or ten inches. The sewerage is emptied into the Hudson River through two outlets. The common sewer pipe was used principally. Each pipe was tested just before it was laid, to see if it were sound and without cracks. Great care was taken in laying the sewer, to have the pipes laid in a straight line without any crooks or bends as these necessarily make the joints fit imperfectly. Every joint was first stuffed with packing rope and then cement was put all around it, thus making the joint as tight as possible. When the pipe was to be exposed to the air a twelve or fourteen inch iron pipe was used, and the joints leaded instead of cemented. These iron pipes were also used where the course of the sewer ran under the railroad tracks as it was thought, that

if there was to be any jar from the trains passing above, the iron would stand it better than the ordinary pipes.

The sewer was laid through the centre of each street, except where other pipes, previously laid, as gas or water pipes, prevented it. Man holes were placed at every cross street and where these cross streets were far apart man holes were put in every three hundred feet between. Flush tanks were put in at suitable places generally, wherever there was a sharp change of grade. The Van Vranken flush tanks were the ones used. They work automatically, flushing out the sewers two or three times a day without obliging any one to look after them.

A Y shaped pipe or a "Y" as it is commonly called, was placed opposite every house and at every twenty-five feet where vacant lots occurred, so that connections with the main sewer, from the houses, buildings and so forth, could be made at any time. The surface water was drained into catch basins which were placed in the gutter at street corners and from these basins pipes led into the man-holes and hence into the main sewer. The depth, from the surface of the ground, at which the pipes were laid, of course varied on account of the grade, the greatest depth being nineteen feet. This was on a side hill where it was not practicable to change the grade so as to bring the pipes nearer to the surface. However the pipes were all at a depth exceeding that to which frost penetrates. This sewer seems adequate to the demands of a town the size of Greenbush and if well put in, as it undoubtedly is, can cause but little trouble.

Mining Engineering.

In mining engineering the instruments used are the transit, lamps, tapes and reading glass.

The transit is the engineers transit with a vertical circle attached for reading vertical angles and there is also a level tube attached to the telescope. The lamps used are oil lamps which have leveling screws so that they can be leveled in order that the top of the wick may swing in the same horizontal plane. Steel tapes are always used for the reason that if the cloth tape is used it is much more liable to shrink or stretch on account of the moisture in the mines. The reading glass is perhaps as essential as any of the above instruments, for the light from your oil lamp is so poor that it is impossible to read the angles without the aid of the glass. The tripods have extension legs as it would be impossible to use those with rigid legs as often-times you have to "set up" the instrument very low in order to see even a short distance, and

the surface of the floor is so uneven that you seldom find a level place to "set up."

Surveys in mines are always made with reference to the true meridian and on the work where I was placed we did all our instrument work by traversing.

For convenience it will be best to explain a few terms which will be used in the subsequent description.

The shaft of the mine is the place from which the ore is hoisted and by which access to the mine is gained.

The drift is a narrow passage through rock or waste material to get to the valuable ore and is from 8 to 15 feet wide.

The stope is the excavation from which the ore is taken.

There were some stations located in the main shaft so that no surface work was necessary as would have been the case had there been no previous surveys of the mine. The stopes are all referred to some level such as the 100, 200 or 500 feet level which signifies their vertical depth below the surface.

The best time for making a survey of the mines, is at night after the men have all stopped work, as, at that time, there is no blasting which would be liable to jar the instrument out of level and moreover you escape the unpleasantness of the smoke which results from blasting.

In our survey we started from a station located at the 200 feet level and ran down the main shaft to the bottom of the mine, locating permanent stations. These stations are generally located in the roof as they are less liable to be disturbed.

In this surveying for rapidity and convenience, three tripods are used, as the transit man can set up over the starting point, while your assistant is setting up one of the lamps over the station to which you backsight and another can be taking the other and setting up at a convenient place for a new station. After the backsight is taken, the upper motion being clamped, the lower motion is clamped and the telescope is then reversed and the upper motion is then loosened and the foresight is taken; after the vertical hair bisects the flame of the lamp, the telescope is clamped and the middle horizontal hair is brought to cover the edge of the wick by means of the tangent screw attached to the telescope. Then both the horizontal and vertical angles are read, the latter having a negative sign going down hill and a positive sign up hill. The lower motion is then unclamped and the transit man unscrews the transit, leaving the tripod over the station and passes forward to the next station and sets up his instrument on the tripod at that station, while the assistant brings up the former backsight and sets up the lamp on the tripod

over that station and then takes the other tripod and passes forward taking the other lamp and setting up a new forward station, and thus the work can be carried on quite rapidly and you always have a backsight to check on before moving forward.

It is better to take no measurement between stations until all angles, which are to be read from the station, are taken, as you may hit the instrument and throw your work all out. Measurements are taken from the horizontal axis of the telescope to the top of the wick of the lamp. Vertical distances are carried from one station to another by carefully measuring the distance from the floor or roof to the axis of the telescope or to the top of the wick of the lamp and in that manner, all the heights of the stations in the mine are referred to a monument, on the surface of which the height above sea level is known. Distances between stations are read to hundredths of a foot while those in the stope to the nearest tenths.

In making surveys of the stopes, temporary stations are located in the drift and the horizontal and vertical angles are measured as before, distances between stations are taken and the distances of the station from the sides of the drift and also those from the floor and roof so that the width, height and length of the drift are determined. When the place where the stope commences is reached, a station is located in the stope from which all the principal changes in the contour of the sides can be seen. The instrument is set up at this station and your assistant takes one end of the tape and his lamp and gives you the principal points of the stope, estimating the distances to the roof and floor. Pillars are located by taking a point at one corner and estimating the breadth and length.

The most tiresome and uninteresting part of the work is the reduction of the surveys. The reductions are usually made in a note book, so that at any time you can refer to it and get the ordinates of any station of a former survey. The first thing to be made is the reduction for horizontal and vertical distances. Then the horizontal distances are taken, and from them and the bearing, the latitudes and departures are found. These reductions are all made by sines and cosines of the angles and the form of note book for vertical reductions would be

Station | Vert. Ang. | Hyp. | Cos. | Sine | Base | Height

And the computations would be made on the opposite page, for latitude and departures the former would be

Station | Bearing | Hor. Dist. | Cos. | Sine | Lat. | Dep.

After the latitude and departure are found, they are referred to a single station or reference

monument. The plotting then commences, the paper is usually divided into 100 foot squares and the monument is located on one of these meridians.

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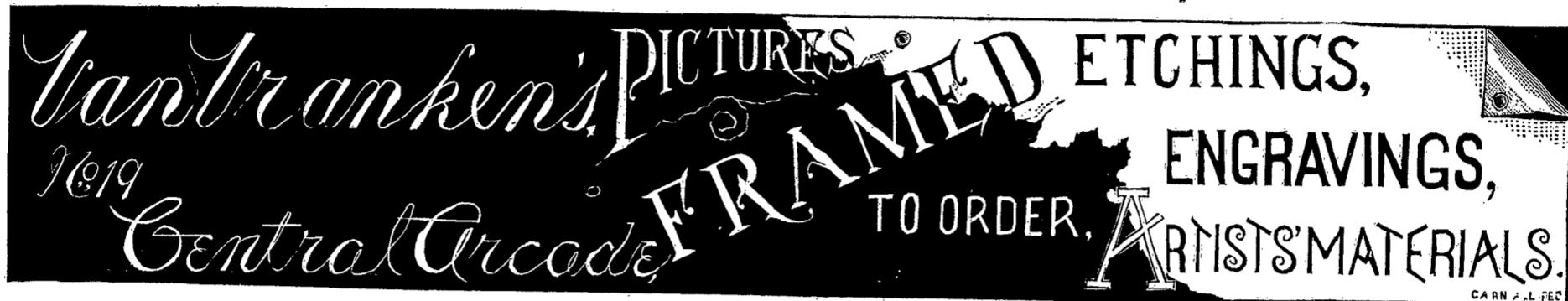
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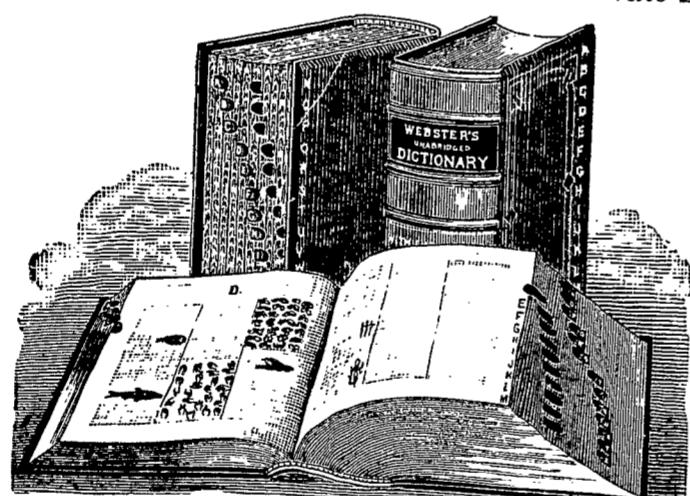
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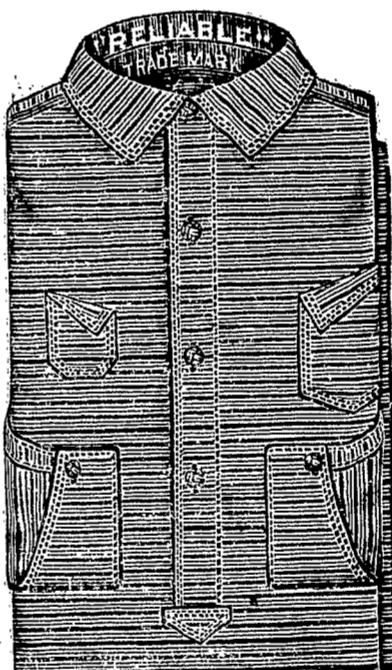
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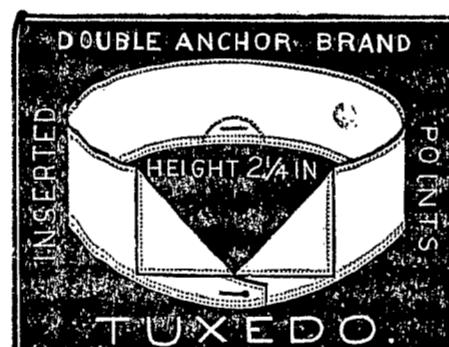
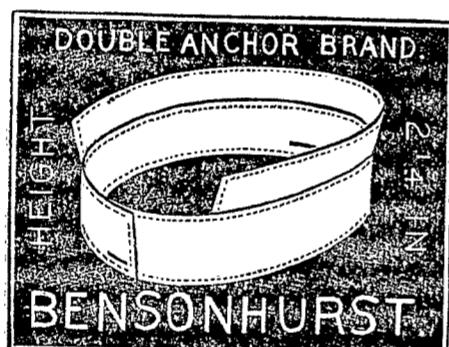
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