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The Fort Wayne College index

— THE *J. A. Shornaker* —
FORT WAYNE COLLEGE INDEX.

"WISDOM IS BETTER THAN GOLD."

Vol. 1.

AUGUST, 1885.

No. 5.

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62 EAST MAIN STREET.

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SOMEHOW OR OTHER.

ANON.

Life has a burden for every man's shoulder;
None may escape from its trouble and care;
Missed in our youth it will come when we'er older,
And fit us as close as the garments we wear.

Sorrow creeps into our lives uninvited,
Robbing our hearts of their treasures of song;
Lovers grow cold, and friendships are slighted—
Yet somehow or other we worry along

Every-day toil is an every-day blessing.
Though Poverty's cottage and crust we may share;
Weak is the back on which burdens are pressing,
But stout is the heart that is strengthened by prayer.

Somehow or other the pathway grows brighter
Just when we moan there is one to befriend;
Hope in the heart makes the burden seem lighter,
And somehow or other we get to the end.

Brockton, Mass., May 23.

REVIEW OF COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

Commencement week with all its anticipated pleasures has come and gone. Everyone will remember it as one of the most delightful in the history of Fort Wayne College. Many congratulations have been received upon the unprecedented success of all of the exercises.

The program for the week opened with the Anniversary sermon to the graduating class which was preached in the Berry street church on Sunday morning by the President. The text was was found in I John, 2 Chap., 14 verse: "I have written unto you young men because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one." On Monday evening occurred the exhibition given by the gymnastic class, which convinced the large audience that "graceful motion is the soul of music." From the tiniest girl to the full grown woman "there was grace in every movement," and perfect time to melody.

The concert of Tuesday evening afforded a rich

musical treat to the visitors and citizens, and proved that Prof. Schmidt has the ability to teach music as successfully as he performs it, and his pupils justify the assertion. The selection and rendition of every number on the program showed superior musical taste and talent, and was justly encored.

Wednesday afternoon was occupied by the literary societies in holding their annual private reunions, in which many former students heartily participated. College days were unanimously voted to be the happiest days of one's life, and if any regrets were expressed they were that the opportunities for improvement while here were not better appreciated and more highly valued.

We could scarcely realize the fact that only a very few years have elapsed since these old friends first entered school—just on the verge of manhood and womanhood—many with the true modesty of youth, hesitatingly admitting that they "hoped to get through college in four years." And here they were, men and women grown, out of school, engaged in remunerative professions; proprietors of houses and lands; fathers and mothers of lovely children!

O, thou relentless Time!

Destroyer of our youth!

Thy power is sung in many a rhyme,
Thy deeds, are mourned in every clime,
But friend thou art, forsooth.

For thou dost make of golden hours

A bridge that hangs 'twixt earth and heaven,
For souls that long for Eden's bowers;
And rest mid everlasting flowers,
By thy consent is given.

Wednesday evening the new chapel was comfortably filled with friends, schoolmates and citizens to listen to an interesting program arranged by the committee on public reunion of societies. Here again we had the pleasure of listening to beautiful choruses, solos and instrumental music. Prof. Shearer, Mrs. Maud Dilla, Miss Josie Metts, Mr. Chalfant and Mr. Doughman entertained the audience right royally with "a feast of reason and

flow of soul." This day and evening, with their formal though highly enjoyable reception that followed, will long be remembered as one of the bright spots in life's journey. The kindly greetings of many old friends proved the sincerity of the friendships of "auld lang syne."

On Thursday morning at 9 o'clock the Board of Trustees assembled in the general office to transact the business usual upon such occasions.

The gentlemen expressed themselves as highly gratified with the new addition. A number of new schemes were proposed and discussed and laid upon the table to await a more propitious year for carrying out their plans.

Thursday evening at 8 o'clock the graduating class took their seats upon the rostrum, which was decorated with evergreens and tropical plants. Nearly one thousand people were comfortably seated in the large auditorium. Two pianos with other musical instruments occupied one end of the platform. The board of trustees and professors were seated at the other end. The graduating and chorus classes occupied the center. The class exceeded the most sanguine expectations of their friends. At the close of each oration the speaker was surrounded by beautiful floral gifts in baskets and bouquets—one of the young ladies receiving in addition an elegant horse shoe and wreath from absent friends. Elegant bound books were also presented with the flowers to some of the speakers. Two pretty little flower girls, arrayed in white dresses and blue ribbons, presented the gifts.

Friday morning witnessed the organization of the first alumni association of this college. What the object of this association will be otherwise than the perpetuation of the customary "legends" has not been whispered in the public ear.

Dr. Yocum was the happy recipient of many encouraging words of congratulation and approval, which will greatly encourage him in bearing the financial burdens of such an institution. Only those who have had a similar experience can know the heavy responsibility that rests upon his shoulders. In times that "try men's souls" such as business men are passing through at the present time, we hope that the friends of the institution will lend their hearty co-operation in the good work by inducing many young people to attend the school.

With the present improvements and the anticipated elegant building for young ladies, and with superior and additional advantages in the school of music and painting, we are confident that success will attend the efforts of those having the school

in charge. A corps of able and conscientious teachers has been engaged, and better inducements cannot be offered by any other school than can be found at Fort Wayne College.

AMICITIA.

The Thalonian Reunion.

The thirty-third annual reunion of the Thalonian society was the occasion of unusual interest for such meetings. The time of the meeting being at 2 p. m. and the weather warm the audience was composed almost entirely of old members and a few visitors from abroad. Yet this interested audience was sufficient to comfortably fill the hall.

The exercises were opened by a song—"Gipsy Chorus"—after which invocation was offered by Rev. J. K. Waltz. Next was a piano duett by Misses Edith Snyder and Carrie Green, who received the hearty applause they deserved.

In the address by the Thalonian president, Mr. C. O. Broxon, he gave a brief account of the work of the society during the past year, and a welcome to the old Thalonians. Mr. Broxon has a good voice and offered some fine thoughts in his address.

The violin solo by Mr. McDurmet was highly appreciated.

The chief item of the program was the "Oration;" subject "Life," by Mr. Asbury Duglay, of Bluffton. Mr. Duglay is an interesting speaker and the way in which he discussed his theme, giving the most important qualities necessary for a successful life, was commended by all who heard it.

Miss Stella Lawrence, in her sweet way, sang "When the Heart is Young," and cheerfully responded to a hearty encore.

Mr. Charles Stemen then pleased the audience by reciting one of his choice selections.

Prof. Schmidt and Wollank added much to the exercises by giving a fine piano duett, which was very much enjoyed by their hearers.

The Valedictory by Miss Nora Alleman was one of the best exercises of the afternoon, and received much due praise for its pointedness and beauty of thought.

After an anthem by the chorus class and the benediction by Rev. M. Swadener, of North Manchester, the many old Thalonians and friends present indulged for sometime in a general hand-shaking and reunion talks. On the whole, all who were present were much pleased with the exercises and pronounced the reunion of '85 an enjoyable success.

Philalathean Reunion.

On Wednesday afternoon, July 15, 1885, occurred one of the most enjoyable reunions ever held by the Philalathean society.

A select audience composed entirely of members of the society, assembled in Philalathean hall.

The exercises were opened with an anthem by the choir, "Hark, the Notes of Joy," after which Prof. C. L. Clippinger offered prayer.

Mr. M. A. Mason, the president, then delivered in an able manner, the welcome address. The male quartette then sang "Enatie."

Mr. C. F. Neuffer was now introduced to the society and spoke for half an hour on the "Weakness of our Civilization." After a few well chosen introductory remarks, the speaker reviewed the defects in the governments of the various republics and monarchies of the world. The civil service and other institutions of government received due attention. Mr. Neuffer thinks that the mercantile spirit too much predominates, in that it attracts to the counting house, and emporium young men who should enter other vocations. After noticing the defects in our civilization the speaker prescribed their remedies. All were pleased with the effort of the young gentleman and proud to own him as a Philalathean.

Miss Maggie Beelman next delighted the audience with one of her choice piano solos.

Perhaps the most delightful part of the exercises was the short speeches by the "old Philalatheans." All the years since the organization of the society were represented. Many amusing anecdotes were related. The triumphs of those that had been here in other days were told.

Speeches were made by W. B. VanGorder, S. A. Guy, J. B. Sites, Jacob Goodyear, W. A. Fisk, Mrs. Rush, of Washington Territory, Cora Gordan, Miss Beard and others.

The exercises closed with the chorus, "Hark, Apollo Strikes the Lyre."

Graduating Exercises.

CLASS MOTTO—"Not Who but What."

The interest of commencement week culminated on Thursday evening in the graduating exercises of the class of '85. Long before it was dark groups of visitors began to take their places in the spacious hall, and by 8 o'clock a thousand persons were comfortably seated awaiting the appearance of the class. On the platform were seated the trustees and conference visitors, the faculty, the chorus class, and all others who were to participate

in the exercises of the evening. The platform was neatly carpeted and decorated with plants in great profusion from the conservatory of Mr. Doswell.

Miss Edith Snyder presided at the flower table, almost engulfed in a sea of bouquets and baskets of flowers sent in by the friends of the graduates. The display of floral tributes was far in excess of any previous occasion. Gertie Clippinger and Nellie Yocum assisted Miss Snyder in the distribution of these gifts.

At 8:15 the opening chorus "Return of May" by Mendelssohn, was rendered by the college chorus class.

Rev. T. Rogers, of Newcastle, a newly elected trustee, offered an appropriate and impressive prayer.

The piano quartette, "A Night in Granada," was played by Miss Winnie Willson, Mrs. Otto Schmidt, Mr. Theo. Frank and Miss Maggie Beelman, with a violin obligato by Prof. Schmidt. The skill and brilliancy which marked the rendering of this piece was an earnest of the treat which was in store for lovers of music, and each succeeding number increased the enthusiasm of the audience.

The first oration of the evening was by Mr. Joseph H. Elliott, of Wabash. His subject was "England as a Factor in the World's Civilization." The speaker showed how England, notwithstanding the errors into which her love of gain has drawn her, has contributed more than any other nation to the civilization of the world, and paid a glowing tribute to England as the mother of modern civilization. Mr. Elliott spoke gracefully and clearly, and made a good impression. His well written oration might have been improved in its delivery by a little more action.

"What Can a Woman Do?" was the subject of Miss Melissa McConnahey's address. Miss McConnahey stepped boldly to the front, and without manuscript or notes delivered an impassioned plea for the freedom of women in the ranks of professional and industrial labor. She cited many instances of heroism, endurance and intellectual achievement on the part of women, and herself afforded no mean example of the equality of intellect in the sexes.

Prof. Otto Schmidt then gave a violin solo which was rapturously encored. In response, he rendered a popular air with variations, and held his audience so spellbound that a whisper could have been heard across the room. Fort Wayne seldom listens to a greater master of the violin than is Prof. Schmidt.

"Race Problems in America was the theme dis-

cussed by Norval C. Heironimus of Wabash. The speaker treated of the Indian, the Chinese and the Negro. The first should be educated and enfranchised; the second should be excluded or their immigration restricted; the third should be educated and christianized if we would save our nation. Mr. Heironimus was clear, forcible and chaste in language and in delivery.

Miss Nora Allemen electrified the audience by her earnest delivery of her oration on the "Nineteenth Century." She took a birdseye view of the world at the beginning of the century, and contrasted its condition then with the present advanced state of arts, sciences and literature. Miss Allman's enunciation was perfect, and her manner showed faithful study and reflected credit on herself and on her elocutionary instructor, Miss Bryant.

The printed program was now varied by the introduction of a vocal solo by Miss Princess Clark who sang by special request. Her rich and cultured voice perfectly filled the large hall, and smiles of admiration were seen on many faces. Miss Clark was graduated in vocal music from this institution in the class of '81, and has many friends here.

"The Twentieth Century," by Mr. Amos E. Long was a fine effort. Judging the future by the tendencies of the present, he noted the changes that the Twentieth Century may reasonably be expected to display, and painted in rosy hues the type of civilization of a hundred years hence.

Miss Maggie Beelman, our only Graduate in Music, then performed her graduating piece on the piano, a transcription from "Rigoletto." The skill which Miss Beelman has acquired in two years under Prof. Schmidt is marvelous, and shows talent and industry combined in no ordinary degree. Miss Beelman has, in her musical ability and education, a power to please and a means of independence which any young lady might covet.

Rev. R. D. Robinson, D.D., was then called upon to address the class, which he did with his characteristic force and with great appropriateness. He was frequently applauded, and his words will be treasured by the graduates with the most pleasant recollections of the hour.

The grand duo for two pianos by Pros. Schmidt and Miss Beelman was another masterpiece.

The diplomas were then presented by President Yocum, and the closing chorus sung, and the benediction pronounced by Rev. Mr. Hazleton, thus closing what has been pronounced the most delight-

ful commencement exercise within twenty-five years.

The large hall cool and airy, the magnificent audience polite and friendly, the richness of the floral gifts, the fine pianos and the high character of the performances, both musical and literary, conspired to produce a sense of elation and satisfaction which it will be difficult to excel in the future.

Making The Best of All Things.

BY GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD.

Yes, the world is big; but I'll do my best
Since I happen to find myself in it;
And I'll sing my loudest out with the rest,
Though I'm neither a lark nor a linnet,
And strive toward the goal with a tireless zest,
Though I may never win it.

For shall no bird sing than the nightingale?
No flower bloom but the rose?
Shall little stars quench their torches pale
When Mars through the midnight glows?
Shall only the highest and greatest prevail?
May nothing seem white but the snows?

Nay, the world is so big that it needs us all
To make audible music in it,
God fits a melody e'en to the small;
We have nothing to do but begin it.
So I'll chirp my merriest out with them all,
Though I'll neither a lark nor a linnet!

Prof. Otto A. Schmidt will spend the summer vacation in the west, after which he will return to Fort Wayne to resume his professional duties in the college for another year. The untiring efforts of Prof. S. have been greatly appreciated by his many friends and in every department of music, both in the college and elsewhere he has been remarkably successful. We bespeak for him a large class in the fall. The music rooms themselves offer every inducement to music scholars in the way of comfort and elegance. Six rooms with pianos will be in readiness for the fall term which begins September 14.

The little daughter of a member of the Cincinnati Conference once returned from school with the triumphant announcement that she had learned the names of the "zones." Being asked to repeat them, she proceeded as follows: "There is the North Bridget Zone, and the South Bridget Zone; the North Templar Zone and the South Templar Zone; and the Toilet Zone."

COLLEGE PERSONALS.

Mr. William Frazer, a former student, is still living in Montpelier.

Mrs. Oscar Wallace, formerly Miss Mattie Welsh, is living in Atwood, her old home. Her sister, Miss Cora, lives near her.

Mr. S. F. Derbyshire, of Warren, and Miss McKinley, of this city, were married at the home of the bride's parents on Wednesday, July 22. Mr. D. will be employed in teaching at the former place next year. College congratulations are in order.

Rev. and Mrs. William Jackson, who are doubtless well remembered by the students of '77 and '78, are at present residing in Glen Elk, West Virginia. They find "there is no home like the old home," and are anxious to get back from "Old Virginny." They will probably return to Fort Wayne as soon as they can dispose of their property to advantage.

Mrs. Prof. Clippinger and children have gone to Pickerington, Ohio, to spend the vacation with her parents.

Mrs. Hanchette, our painting teacher, and her sister Miss Riker rusticated at Island Park during the Assembly. Misses Nellie, Georgie and Master Willie Yocum went with them.

Mr. Frank Bittenger has returned from Iowa, whither he went with his parents, and is studying medicine with Dr. Ross, his brother-in-law.

Mr. Temple H. Dunn, formerly principal of one of our city schools, has been stopping at the College several weeks, studying microscopy. Mr. Dunn is superintendent of the public schools in Crawfordsville at a liberal salary.

Mrs. Buskirk, nee Ella Shives, made us a pleasant call last month. Her home is at Nine Mile, just out of the city limits.

Miss Flora Robinson left us last spring to join her friends at Clayquato, Wash. Ter. Her correspondents say that she is very much pleased with her new home and is enjoying the best of health.

Mrs. Martha Williard Ridenour is housekeeping at Monroeville and is delighted with her new household duties. Her marriage occurred the 21st of May at her mother's residence in this city.

Died.—Miss Lizzie Radcliffe, who attended school here a year ago last spring, died at the home of her uncle, Mr. Hayden, at Collamer, Ind. She

was a very pleasant, quiet and industrious young lady, and her death has caused much regret among her old acquaintances.

Mrs. L. V. Rush was a guest at the College during commencement week, and rendered great assistance in preparing the "Fan Drill" for the gymnastic entertainment. Mr. and Mrs. Rush have resided in Washington Territory during the past two years but are at present home on a visit and will spend the summer among friends in this State. Mr. R.'s health is a matter of great solicitude to his friends, but it is hoped that it will be materially benefited by his summer's travel.

Mrs. Lizzie Kable Maffit is suffering from partial paralysis occasioned by a fall from her carriage last spring. On account of the Indian troubles in the Territory it was feared that they, with many others, would be obliged to abandon their home.

Miss Effie Brindly, graduate of Normal course of '82, is enjoying a first-class reputation among teachers as a faithful and efficient worker. We were sorry not to have seen her genial face at Commencement. She has many admirers among her College friends. We hope she will not fail to be present next year.

Visitors Entertained at the College During Commencement.

Misses Josephine Metts, Princess L. Clark, Mrs. L. V. Rush, Misses Mary L. Beard, Lillie Kimmell, Cora M. Gordon, Maggie Metts, Ella M. Elliott, Nettie M. Smith, Minnie Snider, Edith Barnhart, Lulu Jones, Lida Butts, Hattie Snyder, Emma Teegarden, Rose Rockhill, Georgia Miller, Clara A. Martin, M. E. Beelman, Cora M. Ferguson, Fannie Ferguson, Jennie Dalman, Mrs. Martha Williard Ridenour, Misses Maxie M. Mossman, Rheua E. Nickey, Carrie A. Smith, Mrs. Dawson, Misses Lou A. Nabor, Carrie Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Dilla, Mrs. Minnie Lash Ervin, Misses Dora Terry, Luella Holt, Ollie Thomas, Ella Remington, Mrs. Florence N. Cartright, Miss Ida May Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Heironimus, Mr. and Mrs. J. Q. Elliott, Mrs. T. P. Logan, Misses Sadie Smith, Annie Smith, Jennie Shoaff, Mamie Howard, Clara Dexter, Edith Meyer, Mary A. Mower; Messrs. Will E. Murry, W. H. McCullough, Jas. A. Fawley, J. W. Goodyear, C. B. Tibbitts, J. A. Perfect, Asbury Dugly, Chas. F. Keck, George Bare, C. R. Slusser, C. C. Terry, W. F. Clark, S. A. Guy, Frank Chalfant, Williard H. Fonner, C. D. Green, E. E. Mummert, Homer C. Ashcroft, William E. Ashcroft, A. J. Nickey, J. B. Sites, H. G. Reinsburg, N. D. Doughman, J. L. Shearer, Spencer R. Smith, M. G. Hoover, J. W. Hucker, Clark P. Nelson, W. B. Van Gorder, F. F. Frick, F. T. Simpson, Thomas Rogers, Milton S. Metts, E. B. Foodin, Lew. H. Green, W. M. Watson, W. H. Faringer, J. L. Butler, Jas. A. Beatty, S. B. Fleming, B. J. Trentman, Fred. Beach.

FORT WAYNE COLLEGE INDEX.

Mrs. W. F. Yocum, Editor.

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 Prof. A. T. Briggs.
 Prof. E. M. Wollank.

TERMS:

Fifty cents per year, in advance.
 Single copies five cents.
 One and Two-cent postage stamps received for amounts less than one dollar.
 Any of our friends sending us \$2.50 for five subscribers will be entitled to one year's subscription free.

"Nor Who, But What" was the motto of the graduating class that bade adieu to their alma mater at our recent Commencement. If we may be able to judge of the times by the sentiments of the people, so may we judge of our Alumni by the sentiments of their chosen motto.

The best sentiments of the heart are those born of wisdom and experience, and these often are embodied in College class-mottos.

The completed course of study in our universities, stores the mind with new and varied thoughts, and if in this fertile soil the best ideas of the world's educators are implanted have we not a right to expect intellectual growth and rich and abundant harvest?

The world, as viewed from a College rostrum, is a beautiful panorama; its cares and vicissitudes are almost wholly unknown. The speaker longs to enter upon the active duties of life, and prove himself a successful participator in its victories.

He looks for the moment upon life from dizzy heights of ambition and sees no reason why he too may not exclaim, "Veni, Vidi, Vici."

If only he were able to keep pace with his aspirations; if only his courage would outlast his many unsuccessful efforts; if only he could see the end from the beginning, no one is able to say what would be the mental, moral, and physical condition of the world a few years hence.

But when after a few days in the quiet of the home circle, and the scenes and applause of commencement day become memories of the past, then it is that life seems to have lost the something that made it so sweet, and its possibilities so real.

Then it is that he needs more than ever before and perhaps more than ever afterwards, the inspi-

ration of the motto that has emblazoned to the public the sentiments that he cherishes.

Some one argues that not every one has the ability or opportunity to devote his time and means to charitable objects or the upbuilding of public reforms;—that by hard labor, food, clothing and homes must be provided, and that this labor inevitably crowds out and stifles the best impulses of the heart.

This ought not to be. If labor is properly systematized in the home, time and opportunity is found for doing much for others, and that if neglected, will forever remain undone. It is THE EDUCATION OF THE HEART that is so much neglected and that to-day makes us so niggardly in our gifts and benefactions to those who are often more deserving than ourselves. Who to-day are the most cherished ones of earth? Are they not men and women who have labored incessantly for the benefit of mankind, or those who have voluntarily sacrificed themselves on the altar of liberty, or those who have set before the world examples of heroism in conquering every obstacle through many years of struggle and defeat? It is not wealth nor circumstance that makes the man—it is PERSEVERING INDUSTRY.

The records of time are filled with ancestral names, the memory of whom, and the recollection of whose deeds, bring pride and joy to the hearts of many yet living; but what would they be to us if beside those names there were not also the record of heroic acts, the story of self sacrifice, or the gift of a great heart to a greater purpose!

"Who" we are many may know to-day, but "what" we are is yet to be demonstrated by our lives. There never has been a time in the history of our country when wisdom and courage were more needed than at the present time. There are some of the most serious and most difficult problems before us that any age has ever known, and they must be solved before the dawn of another century or the fair fame of our land will forever be tarnished. The world is waiting to see whom the Lord will raise up to deliver a nation from the bondage of vice and intemperance. Who are the valiant soldiers that will have the courage to battle against these mighty evils? Does it not belong to the generation now coming forward to settle these great questions—questions that to-day seem to be beyond the wisdom of the present generation?

So the demand is to-day—as it has been in the past—for men and women who have fidelity to principle and love for God and humanity, to step

into the ranks of martyrs, if need be, and crush out these abominations before we lose the glory and honor that has so long distinguished the American nation. There are many who cry out against the sins that are tolerated amongst us as a people—many who openly denounce the leaders of hypocrisy and iniquity—but we have yet to see a body of men courageous enough to defy opposition—even sufficiently to enforce the laws already in existence—and that IF ENFORCED would protect the interests of all good and loyal citizens. You who have received the honor of an American birth-right, will you not arise and respond to the call of duty? Cannot your hearts be filled with an enthusiasm that dares to conquer some of the evils that threaten us so menacingly? Do you not see that your work and your influence is necessary to destroy the demon of intemperance that is laying waste the peace and happiness of thousands of beautiful homes? There are false religions, too, all over the world, that bring only sickness of soul to the faithful but mistaken adherents. Gospel truth must reach these also. Missionary effort must never cease while spiritual darkness enshrouds so many precious souls. There are dens of vice and iniquity in our own country that to be overthrown need your strong hand and united effort. If these errors in our civilization are allowed to increase the very stones will cry out for revenge. Those who have influence and power in our legislative halls must come to the rescue of men, women and children that are suffering the evil results of saloon license, or they must bide their time until out of the ranks of the sufferers themselves is raised an army who dares to meet the enemy and overthrow his bulwarks. Many say the time for action has not yet come. IT HAS COME, but no one is ready to meet the emergencies.

To those who have already begun the work of emancipating souls from the slavery of sin and wrong we bid "God speed." To you who have just stepped out into the realities of life and are ready for action, we would offer a few words of caution and advice. Never be satisfied with the knowledge you possess, nor with the results that may have, so far, crowned your efforts. To be satisfied is to lose ground. We never meet that point in this life when there is not either advancement or retrogression. The opportunities of life are apt to be neglected or overlooked when we become self-satisfied, and our faults and weaknesses will then surely betray us. That "tide in the affairs of men" that eads on to fortune, or to honor, are opportunities

that seldom come but once. It would be well to keep the sentiments of your class mottoes ever in your mind. They will awaken the ambition of youth and result in purer thoughts and better deeds. They will help to make your characters stand out in bold relief against dishonesty and infidelity. Live so that your influence will be valuable in all good works. Ever be with those who are ready to take the advance step in lifting up the standard of morality and virtue. Educate the young to your own views of a higher life; lead them up to it, and help them to walk in it. Then "who you are" your name and time may tell; but "what you are" only eternity, with its grand results, will be able to reveal.

MANY familiar faces were seen at Commencement, but the cares of the "housekeeping department" rested so heavily on the ladies of the house that they did not have the opportunity they so much desired of a friendly visit with each one. We hope another year will bring you all again to enjoy our pleasant reunions.

Public Reunion of the Students of Fort Wayne College—A Pleasant Occasion.

[Daily Journal.]

The reunion of the alumni, which took place at the Methodist College last evening, was a success in every particular. After the song "Star of Descending night" by the College chorus, prayer was offered by Rev. Birch. An instrumental duet by Professors Schmidt and Wallank was deservedly applauded.

Prof. J. S. Shearer then delivered an able address on "The Old and the New," and referred touchingly to the old College building, and then compared it with the beautiful new building erected this year.

The next number was a solo by Miss Princess S. Clark, entitled "The Arrow and the Song." It is needless to say that the greeting given Miss Clark by her old friends and admirers was enthusiastic in the extreme. It was her first appearance before them in three years, and her welcome was a cordial one. The song served to show that her voice has improved wonderfully, especially in the lower register; while the "Fortune Teller," with which she so charmingly responded to the encore, displayed to advantage the clear upper tones so well remembered by her audiences of former days. Her second number, Blumenthal's "Message," was beautifully rendered, and richly deserved the hearty

applause it received. Miss Clark holds a permanent and warm place in the hearts of Fort Wayne people, and will always be greeted as a favorite.

Frank Chalfant followed with an original poem.

"The Lessons of College Life," by Mrs. May S. Dilla, one of the old students, showed careful thought. She paid a beautiful tribute to Professor Yocum for his labors in bringing the College to its present high standing and prosperity. At its close she was applauded.

The College quartette rendered "Linger Yet" in a manner that elicited applause.

Miss Josie Metts captivated the audience by her essay entitled "Reminiscences." It was full of local hits and convulsed her hearers with laughter. Miss Metts exhibits fine elocutionary powers.

Then followed an address by N. D. Doughman on the "College Graduate." Mr. Doughman is an alumnus of the institution, having graduated in '83, and will be remembered as a prominent candidate in the last election of county superintendent. He is an easy and graceful speaker, and his effort was one of the best of the evening.

Owing to the absence of Judge O'Rourke, Professor Shearer made a few remarks upon Prof. Yocum's administration. He also referred to the good work performed by the trustees in the last year in securing the completion of the fine addition to the College.

The benediction was then pronounced by Rev. Simpson, of Elkhart, and the audience dismissed.

THE CLOSING CONCERT

Given by the Pupils of the Fort Wayne College at the Chapel Hall, Tuesday Evening, July 14, 1885.

For the first time since the completion of the new building, the spacious Chapel Hall of the Fort Wayne College was to be used for musical purposes, and the people that gathered in the well ventilated room, which in other respects also is built for the convenience of the public, came perhaps with double expectations, viz.: to witness the concert itself and to test the acoustic properties of the hall. We are happy to say that, as far as we have been able to learn, everybody went away highly pleased with regard to either expectation; for to a finer concert in the history of Fort Wayne College had they never listened, and with the acoustics even the most fastidious could not find fault. Upon the vast platform, that easily seats 200 persons, had assembled, dressed in pleasing cos-

tumes, the ladies and gentlemen that were to take part in the concert, and before them sat an audience of at least 700 people.

The concert opened with a chorus for mixed voices entitled "Hush Thee, My Baby," by Sullivan, and sung by the College chorus class. The rendition, which was very laudable, would have produced greater effect if the male voices had been more proportionate in number to that of the female. No blame, however, must be attached to the musical director, as the material for male voices has been very scarce all through the session.

The second number, a piano quartette, with violin and cello obligato, by Misses Eva Kirtley, Nora Allemann and Maggie Beelman, Mrs. O. Schmidt and Mr. Herman Freiburger, was executed in a very accomplished manner and reflected creditably upon the players.

Mrs. E. M. Wollank and Misses Carrie Green and Jennie Hayes then sang Cushman's "Flower Greeting," a rather difficult trio, but the parts were well represented and a generous applause was bestowed upon them.

Mrs. Chambers then played "Les Adieux," by Weber, and Miss Winnie Wilson followed with Heller's "Tarantelle," both evincing great talent and technical skill in their execution, and altogether showing that their time under Prof. Schmidt's tuition had been profitably spent.

The first part closed with a soprano solo, "In the Deep Blue Sea," sung by Miss May Griffiths.

The opening number of Part II, was a duo for two pianos, "Fantasie on Norma," by Thalberg, and the manner in which it was played by Miss Maggie Beelman and Prof. Schmidt leaves no room for criticism; it was a faultless and elegant rendition of this most difficult composition. The same praise is due to Mr. Theodore Frank, who played Raff's Cachouca Caprice, and who earned a round of applause.

"Bid Me Good-bye," by Tosti, was the title of a song next sung by Mrs. E. M. Wollank. This lady has only once before appeared before the public, and we cannot but predict for her future success as an vocalist.

A not less promising voice has Miss Lulu Lynch, who sang "It Is Known Alone to Me," by Rieggen, and was heartily applauded.

The entertainment closed with a chorus, "Daughter of Error," by Bishop.

High praise is due Prof. Schmidt, who with his usual unflinching energy has achieved so great a success with his music pupils.

Patti at Home.

The diva is now the charming hostess of the Castle of Craig-y-Nos. On her arrival at Liverpool Mme. Patti takes four-wheelers to a special train, which, heading southward, is soon whirling through the loveliest possible country. After a quick transatlantic passage the prima donna cannot put up with the regular Welsh train, the pace of that conveyance being, it seems, a sort of market-going jog, with halts made whenever the engineer or guard wants to chat with some of his numerous relatives along the road. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, Cray station being near, where we were to leave the train, a roar and a crash were heard away to our right. "That's the Krupp," explained Madame Patti, and she went on to tell us that the head keeper always fired it in salute whenever she returned home. At Cray, which is but a mile or so from the castle, we found a dozen or so carriages of every description, from a dog cart to a landau, in waiting, and a crowd of people, who cheered like a Republican rally. I have not had much experience in regal receptions, but I am sure a queen could not have been more heartily welcomed than Patti was by those whom she affectionately call "her people." There were arches of flowers across the road, more arches at the castle gates, flags flying, flowers filling the air, guns booming, and people shouting, until we began to appreciate the fact that Patti was la diva at her home as well as on the stage.

As soon as Patti's carriage turned into the driveway the band struck up "Home, Sweet Home." The tears came into Patti's eyes then, and I remembered her farewell singing of that song in America in Boston.

Footmen in livery were stationed on the porch and assisted Madame—as I find she is always called here—and her five guests to alight. There was a marked absence of ceremony, and every one was made to feel at home at once. Wood fires burned in the great open fire-places, and there were maids and men servants in every room while the unpacking was going on. At dinner, over which Patti presided with wonderful grace and tact, there were fireworks and music by a band from Swansea, the festivities continuing until midnight. At nine o'clock the next morning breakfast was served in the conservatory. Madame looked as fresh and happy as a child. No sooner was breakfast begun than the footman brought in the letterbag and gave it to Madame, who unlocked it and distributed the mail. No excuse is needed for reading letters here—sensible fashion—and so for a while everyone was busy.

Everyone, too, would read out whatever he or she thought would be interesting to the others, so that it was more like a family party than anything else. The morning was chiefly devoted to correspondence and lounging around. After lunch the ladies changed their wrappers for warmer dresses, and the gentlemen donned coats, hats, and gloves, while the horses were being brought around for all to take a drive. Patti stared off in her high T-cart, driving and handling the lines like a coachman. Wherever we made our appearance, no matter what they were doing, the people would stop their work and "drop a courtesy." As we drove along the old people would flock to the doors and dip and drop, while even the babies playing in the road would scurry away, and then bob up and down with the solemnity of marionettes. The lands of Craig-y-Nos must be almost a domain, for in all our drive that day we did not go out side of the courtesying of the Patti tenantry.

The castle of Craig-y-Nos is perched high up on the cleft of a beautifully wooded mountain, and limpid lakes lie in the valley below. The castle is built after the common fashion of all Welsh castles, with low bastions, and what is called a curtain between—that is, a straight line of wall joining two semi-circular towers. The walls, which are of the grayish-green slate so plentiful here, are topped with battlements and covered here and there with ivy, while the windows are either arched or gabled. Spreading away in front are gardens and lawns, all terraced because of the precipitous character of the ground, and so coming gradually down to the little valley along which we had just driven. Through this valley runs a tumbling river, with an unpronounceable name, spanned with pretty bridges and well stocked with fish. The valley opens into the great Swansea Valley, while the whole country around is extremely mountainous and abounding in game.

The castle contains twenty-two rooms, none of them very large, but all warm and cosy, as they should be in this country. Patti's own is hung with blue silk, all the upholstery being to match, while attached to it is a dressing room that is complete enough in its appointments for a princess. The drawing room is charming, and he must be a dull person who could not find something to interest him there. It contains two grand pianos, albums, statuettes, pictures and offerings from admirers, chief among the latter being an exquisite inlaid cabinet containing gold and silver coronets, with which almost every nation in the world has

crowned the diva "Queen of Song." The morning room contains a picture of the late Duke of Albany, with his autograph across the top and a manly, modest letter begging Patti to accept his picture in return for one she had sent him. In the billiard room is an immense orchestrion, which is set playing every night after dinner.

The conservatory leads out from the dining room proper, and this in turn leads to the Winter garden, which I consider the great beauty of the estate. This is a garden of great size, entirely covered in with glass and containing running fountains, graveled walks and rustic seats. Adjoining the Winter garden are the hot houses—one in which nothing but grapes are cultivated, the second devoted to pineapples, cucumbers and strawberries, and the third for flowers. A short distance from this third conservatory is the gashouse, where, under the superintendence of two men, gas for the whole establishment is manufactured.

Then come the stables, containing ten or twelve horses and carriages and carts of all descriptions, while adjoining each other are an immense flower garden, kitchen garden, orchard, a farmyard with cows and chickens of all sorts, and a "pheasantry," which, as its name indicates, is filled with pheasants. You will easily imagine that such an establishment as this is not run without considerable "help." There are, indeed, twenty servants; not including the gamekeepers and gasmen, distributed as follows: Two cooks, two chambermaids, two butlers, five gardeners, two coachmen, two footmen, two stablemen, Madames two maids, Monsieur's valet and the women of the laundry, whose number varies according to that of the guests.

Abundance and good cheer are on all sides, while Patti shows a new and more lovable side of disposition in her anxiety to please every one alike and to make all around her happy and at home.—Musical Record.

The Star-Fish.

When walking on the sea beach, you may often see a curious object lying on the sand, somewhat in the shape of a star with five rays. If you take it up it is quite limp and soft, and seems like a piece of semi-transparent jelly. Can such a creature feel? Does it move about? It cannot walk with its rays, and appears to have no means of swimming; but if you place it in a pool of salt water, you will soon see that it has both life and motion. It shoots out from the under-side a number of little suckers, like tiny legs, and with these it takes hold of the surface

of the rock, and moves along rather as though it were swimming than walking. Its mouth is in the centre, and if it meets with a piece of tainted fish, it clasps it between its rays and crams it into its mouth. It feeds only on the refuse of the ocean, and so the star-fish acts a part in the water, something similar to that of the carrion crow on land. Thus everything created has its use, and serves some purpose in the economy of nature.

The Duty of Dressing Well.

Do not disdain dress and the little niceties of the toilet; you may be a very clever girl, perhaps even intellectual, but, for all that, you cannot afford to be careless in these matters.

No girl with any sense of self respect should allow herself to sink into a dowdy, but, whatever be her trials, vexations and disappointments, she should dress as well as her position will allow.

Do not imagine that we are advocating extravagance; on the contrary, simplicity is our motto, which, if united to good taste, will be found more effective in the eyes of husband, father, brother or lover than the most costly attire which the milliner's art can invent.

A simple bow in the hair may look quite as fascinating as a diamond aigrette; and a cotton dress, if fresh and prettily made, may be as becoming as silk; indeed, we have often seen a cotton eclipse a silk.

We mention this to illustrate the fact that riches are little compared to taste, and that every girl may dress well if she chooses; that, in fact, it is her duty to herself and those around her to dress as well as her position will allow.

Many people seem to forget that it is just as easy to dress well as to dress badly, and that to dress out of fashion requires just as much expenditure of thought and care as to dress in it, for one who is tastily and neatly attired is not obliged to think of her dress at all when in company, while a poorly or badly dressed person feels always uncomfortable.

The average maple sugar crop of Vermont is about 12,000,000 pounds. This year the crop will exceed the average, and may reach 15,000,000 of pounds. It is worth to the farmers of the State more than \$1,000,000, and is harvested before their season of planting begins. Vermont produces about one-third of the annual maple sugar crop of the country.

Gymnastic Exhibition.

The commencement exercises of the week were opened on Monday evening with an exhibition of the gymnastic class. This class of thirty-two young ladies were under instructions only six weeks, one hour each day. The costumes were this evening sailor suits of pink and white lawn.

As the first chords were struck on the piano steps were heard ascending the stairs, and in a moment the ladies made their appearance, the pink dresses on the right, the white on the left. Ascending the platform the class went through with a march full of curves and circles, and afterwards to the surprise of the uninitiated found themselves in their places ready for the first exercise in dumb-bells. At the conclusion of this exercise and the march which followed, the class was seated on each side of the platform, dividing as before, the pink on the right and white on the left.

Then followed a piano solo by Miss Maggie Beelman, entitled "Tarentelle," in which she proved herself a musician of marked ability.

The second exercise with dumb-bells and march was followed by a reading by Miss Josie Metts, of Ossian, entitled "The Pilot's Story," which was listened to with much interest. Miss Metts has the happy faculty of pleasing everyone who has the good fortune to listen to her. Then followed the "Fan Drill," executed by twelve young ladies, six ladies on the right holding red fans, the other six holding blue ones. The "drill" was given in exact time with the changes of the music. The captains and their companies retreated midst loud applause. Then followed a recitation by Miss Howard, "The Batchelor's Sale." Miss H. has a decided natural talent for elocution, and displayed it to great advantage. The wand exercise was the last on the program, and the wands so gracefully handled by the class gave some evidence of what might be accomplished by longer practice. The "Arches" were prettily done. The little girls who were so successful in leading the exercises and marches were Georgia Yocum and Gracie Harding. Everyone kept perfect time with the piano throughout the evening. Mrs. Yocum and Miss Fitch have reason to feel highly gratified with the success of the entertainment.

The Nature of Music.

Music is simply beautiful speech. It is the use of a power and an organism with which our Creator has endowed us, not for buying and selling with, nor for the ordinary and necessary house-

hold speech, but for the higher speech of love, and sorrow, and joy, and devotion. If it be fitting—that is solemn and reverent, if the sound and the sense agree, then it is the most beautiful utterance of which we are capable, and has nowhere so appropriate a place as in the house and worship of Him who hath made everything beautiful in his season, and disdains to paint not with exquisite hues the flower in the hedgerow and the spider on the wall.

Music is the natural language of the soul in its higher moods; either in the state of rhythm or poetry, or of melody and harmony. Joy sings. Sorrow sings when it can, and its voice is a plaintive murmur—at least, when it is not petulant whining, or a hardened defiance and rebellion. Now devotion, worship, is the soul in its very highest mood. There is no sorrow like the sorrow of a heart broken towards God, and no joy like that of a man who joys in God. In the history of the Church Universal it has irresistibly shaped itself into poetry and song from the very beginning. The psalms that we fly to in our various spiritual moods, as to things that will fit them with an utterance better than all other, were hymns, written to be sung, many of them addressed to the choir-master of the temple service. The hymnology of the church, which has now become so voluminous, has had any organic growth and development from the mere rhythmical and often doggerel translation of the Hebrew psalms into modern speech, up to those richly varied and beautiful poems which make our channel of praise to-day. And this has been in obedience, not merely to custom, blindly followed, nor to tradition slavishly obeyed, certainly not to any tendency on our part to copy the old Hebrew service, but, as I believe, to an inward necessitating impulse, which has created this hymnology as the earth in spring covers its floor with flowers. But what are these hymns? Are they merely praise, the utterance of the soul in its jubilant or thankful mood? No! They comprise every possible variety of utterance that can flow from the human soul.—W. G. Conder.

It has been decided to celebrate the centennial of the temperance reform simultaneously all over the country by all temperance organizations on Sunday and Monday, the 20th and 21st of September next, and every minister is invited to preach on Sunday, and every temperance organization to hold public meetings on Monday, in honor of the occasion.

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The following calendar of the Fort Wayne M. E. College will be strictly adhered to during the year of 1885-6:

July 20 Midsummer normal term begins, September 11 normal term closes—eight weeks.

September 14 Fall term begins, November 10 Fall term ends—ten weeks.

November 23 first winter term begins, December 24 Holiday vacation of one week.

February 5 first winter term ends—ten weeks.

February 8 second winter term begins.

April 16 second winter term ends—ten weeks.

April 18 spring term begins.

LITERARY NOTES.

Theo. R. Davis, the celebrated war artist of the Harper Brothers, will furnish from his note-book illustrations of great value for the August number of the Magazine of American History.

It is a curious fact that the Magazine of American History has been obliged to print a third edition of its July number to meet the extraordinary demand for its eight introductory "War Studies." The articles on the Seventh Regiment of New York have created no little comment.

A Mother's Advice to Girls.

There is a thing which I want to speak, and that is, of the behavior of girls towards young men who are not lovers but simply friends. Let me tell you plainly that our sex were not meant to be wooers. The custom, prevalent among a certain class of young ladies of asking directly or indirectly the attentions of young men is not commendable. "My son," said a lady to me not long since, "is much prejudiced against a young girl whom I admire, because she is constantly sending him notes inviting him to escort her here and there and planning to have him with her." A modest and dignified reserve, which is neither prudery nor affection, should distinguish your demeanor to gentlemen. Too great familiarity, and too evident pleasure in the society of young men are errors into which no delicate and pure-minded girl should fall.—Health and Home.

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