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When you want to save money. We carry in stock everything usually found in a first-class Meat Market.

BEACH & STEWARD.
The Fortress of Life.

(Oration, for which Smith B. Philip was given second honors, March 6.)

Honor is the Gibraltar of life, whereon we must plant our batteries of perseverance, courage, and faith, if the enemies of human success are not to overcome us. No element in character surpasses honor in importance. It is the very woof out of which is woven the fabric of civilization. Lack of it betokens the knave and the coward; its possession affords the consciousness both of greatness and goodness.

Life's struggle is so fierce that we indeed have little time for introspection, or the cultivation of our higher attributes. Duty to oneself and our God transcends all service to business, and to confess that the struggle for life is so intense that our better nature must suffer thereby, is to inveigh against our oft exalted and all but perfect civilization. In man is an innate tendency to be constantly grasping for wealth. Through this unnatural and false element our nobler impulses are dwarfed, our high and aspiring ideals are supplanted, and man becomes enslaved by that he thought he owned. Why strive to life's extremest bounds for that which kills our sweeter joys? Do we understand ourselves and our capabilities that such should be so?

Let us be thankful that amid life's chaos wrought by Mammon, this well of human misery, we have men who do not shrink from coming in contact with themselves and who can see something noble in virtue—men whose hands are capable of holding the reins of power, and whose influence in a community gives a tone of esteem and moral worth to the whole society. Some thinker has said, "There is nothing wonderful in this world but man, and nothing wonderful in man but mind." Yet, what is man that thou art mindful of him? So insignificant yet so grand, so full of inborn possibilities, yet so immature. But who can measure man's mind?

This is an age of association. Life appears to us as the thoughts we harbor and the people with whom we mingle. Emerson says, "Go with mean people and life will appear mean." We live and progress by the contact of mind with mind, by the application of thought already produced, but broadened by our own stamp of character; there is a certain sphere in everyday life of which we are the center, and our aim should be so to broaded its scope of efficiency that there may be harmony, like that of the universe, in every thought and action. Confidence in self is the source of our advancement, and the great store-house from which we gather inspiration; while character is the measure with which our lives are gauged, and should be the standard of our reputation.

Every man is striving to reach the goal of his ambition, and he will rise just so far as his capabilities will merit. If he is inconsistent at times, it may not be from insincerity, but rather one more gradation in the field of progress. We can not be guided simply by rules, but by them and our natural environments, live up to those things that are pure and noble, and which have been tested and perfected by experience. Man needed no law until the law of brotherhood was broken, that universal precept which was engraved upon every heart by intuition.

How many, many are cringing slaves to the autocrat of public opinion! It is not enough that we have the consciousness of right! We have our mark to make, and it must be stamped by our own personality combined with worth and intelligence to gain the respect we covet, let whomsoever may obstruct our progress.

Honor is the great guidepost that points us onward and upward through this life of toil and strife. In early times the best fighter was considered the most honorable man. Military life to-day contains a spirit that can be traced back to this original idea. We do not now look so much to those who have led great armies as to those who have marshaled great thoughts. The popular heroes of the world have been our great generals, a natural result of the feeling that the best fighter was the noblest man. How-
ever, we now have honor conferred upon a brighter class, on those who have formerly been forgotten: The Howards, who worked for those in prison, the Florence Nightingales, who remembered the wounded, and the David Livingstones, who left home and country for the noble purpose of uplifting humanity. So, honor may be defined as the greatest amount of unselfishness. Honor, some seek it by building pyramids, their names are forgotten or known to but few. Some seek it by building temples, the wolf and the jackal are their visitors. But the man who does gain it is the perpetuator of some great truth.

Life is a great panorama in which force, nature, and thought are unfolded. We look along the fast advancing cycles of time, and we see the rise of peace and the growth of justice. No man now thinks of being other than respectful and kind to the feminine members of his family. Most of the so-called civilized nations have the greatest respect for women, but it has taken centuries to reach the present condition. Show me the man that the gentle word of "mother" does not move, and I will show you a man who has not reached the highest sense of manly virtue, and who has not attained the noblest height in humanity. To all true men the name of mother is a sacred thing, and in their homage to that name they will bow to woman as the noblest work of God.

The time is coming when our great national principle, "Every man is born free and equal," will be realized, not only figuratively, but in truth. The law of brotherly love is not engraven upon tablets of stone, but upon the hearts of men. Honor has many a substitute which should be given a humbler position in the field of duty. But what is this honor? It is the concentrated result of right thinking, and the application of this to our lives. It is the doing unto others as you would be done by. Bacon says, "Be so true to self as not to be false to others." The true man does not seek fame, but he is the recipient; he does not hear the praises of himself alone, but he glories because he sees portrayed the character for which he strives.

How often does this world seem dark and dismal! To-day a disappointment, to-morrow sunshine. We are simply beings of moods, yet we have that something within us, that carries us beyond simple events into a broader scope of feeling, the feeling of thought, the realm of the soul, where matter yields obeisance unto mind.

God has blessed humanity with a double resem-

Our Nation’s Lawmakers.

Some things seem to have been created to undergo failure, others to realize success; some to last for centuries, others to perish in a day. Our constitutional form of government is one of the few things that can be brought under both divisions, successful and lasting.

A very few years ago the one hundredth anniversary of the adoption of this government, was celebrated in the city of New York. To realize fully this fact, one must consider that the government established in 1789 has outlived a century of the greatest changes in social and political life ever known in the whole of history. A more difficult problem to grasp is, how it was possible for a body of men living in a new and undeveloped land, separated from the mother country by a vast body of water, to draw up a form of government fitted almost without alteration for a people that now rank as the foremost of the earth.

The questions now arise, were they enabled by a simple effort of the intellect, without guide or precedent, to establish the principles of a government fitted for a particular class of people? or did they rely upon the experience of others, and find in the ancient forms of rule rude codes of law which they moulded to their use? Either theory, upon first thought, seems reasonable. To accept the first, is to say that our forefathers were directed by almost supernatural powers. But was it imitation? Imitation is generally due to a strong inclination to follow the past, or to indolence. Could these be said to be characteristic of the members of that convention? They were men who had left their native land because of the oppressive nature of the laws; men who were assembled there to work for the welfare of their chosen people.
Let us not misjudge them in their first efforts in the form of the Articles of Confederation. We are inclined to forget that when our forefathers met in Philadelphia to form, as they thought, "a more perfect union," they had before their eyes, instead, the constitution of thirteen independent states; and, at the time of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, each state had achieved its constitutional independence, and had established its own organic law.

To form a central power sufficient to cope with these existing evils, was the idea of the second convention. But hardly had they assembled, when the Herculean task they had met to perform became apparent. On every hand bitter dissensions arose, that threatened again and again to dissolve the assembly. There were the large states and the small states calling for equal representation, each with a different political view. There was the division between the north and the south due to the slaveholding interests of the latter, and the frequent threats of secession. And with what misgivings and grief must the members of that convention have abandoned the old confederation. It was weak, but it had brought them through the bloody Revolution. And had not some of its most able leaders perished in its defense? Such were the difficulties with which they had to contend, yet they accomplished their task, and despite the criticisms of other nations, it stands to-day, the greatest of all great achievements. And with what misgivings and grief must the members of that convention have abandoned the old confederation. It was weak, but it had brought them through the bloody Revolution. And had not some of its most able leaders perished in its defense? Such were the difficulties with which they had to contend, yet they accomplished their task, and despite the criticisms of other nations, it stands to-day, the greatest of all great achievements.

A perplexing problem in the political world is how it was possible for our ancestors, under the most favorable conditions, to conceive a work that would last for so many years. It is evident from the success of our constitution, that no simple contemplation of the facts involved will enable one to prophesy the success or failure of any form of government. Its success is not determined by how near it approaches an ideal, but by its immediate adaptation to the people it involves. This is the secret of the success that crowned our famous lawmakers with a nation's gratitude. They drafted a masterpiece for the people, a model for the world. Their children were never taught, nor was it ever embodied in the laws, that there was any subject within the domain of legislation upon which our people could not pass judgment without the help of other nations. They gave to the people the ballot, and with it the right to rule themselves. Our nation was given a new birth of freedom.

Are we living under the same government today? If we take public opinion as our guide, we shall be justified in saying we are not. But it is not that the principles are different, it is the way in which those principles are applied. For, with the exception of fifteen amendments, our constitution stands as drafted by our nation's champions—those great advocates of peace, equality and government, and universal suffrage.

To establish the best form of a national power, has long been the leading problem in the political world. In all the leading governments of both ancient and modern times, we find the legislature composed of distinct bodies. Such was the form given to Athens by Solon. This was the kind instituted at Sparta by Lycurgus. Such was the form Rome cherished for so many years. This was the model our first lawmakers followed, as the setting sun of the eighteenth century was giving its remaining warmth to an independent soil.

The leading qualities in a government necessary for success are benevolence, wisdom, and power. Benevolence should inspire and give life to the purpose; wisdom should direct and adjust the means; power should render the means effectual by carrying the laws into immediate execution. All these we have within our borders; let us not be backward in their application. The goal has not yet been reached, as no true success can be realized in a day, no government perfected in a century. The judgment of many must unite in the work, experience should guide their efforts, time will bring them to perfection.

Why, then, should we so severely criticise the executors of our laws? It is true this is a time of great agitation, and we are surrounded by circumstances dangerous to our general welfare. The eyes of all nations are fixed on our republic, and great is the responsibility that rests upon our people. Let us exercise firmness and judgment, and instead of trying to make the administration of our opponents a failure, unite with them to make it a success; for the successful management of an extensive government, be it despotic or democratic, is a work of such great difficulty that no human being, however comprehensive, is able by mere dint of reasoning to effect.

Is there anything in our history or in the history of the world, that would justify a belief in a lasting deteriorative movement on the part of our nation? For every fall we have been given the power to rise. There has been a gain for every loss, a growth for every decay. Our constitution held the states together in peaceful accord, when they consisted of a
mere line of coast; it still binds them, although they extend across thousands of miles of territory, and two great oceans of the world wash their shores.

Patriots of America, unite your efforts to make this generation the strongest link in that mighty chain that binds our states to the constitution. We have a popular government, stamped with equality, and one that is the highest ideal of the people. It overrules no one’s liberties, it deprives no state of its privileges. No despotic chain binds these states together, no knee is bent in subjection to a monarchical ruler. Then, instead of scoffing at the management of our national affairs, we should fill our minds with thoughts more worthy of our attention. Let our ideas be as broad as the great expanse of our nation, our ambition as towering as its destiny.

It seems as though the advocates of calamity would expect the working of a government to go on in an uninterrupted cycle of success for centuries. Because of a financial depression, they believe and strive to make others believe that the sun of our nation’s prosperity is slowly sinking beneath the horizon, with no hopes of a return. Many times have we witnessed the setting of the sun of progress and prosperity in a gloom that threatened to outlive the hopes of a dawn. But the rising of the sun has dispelled the smoke of wars and the fears of a despotism, and the glory of the new morn has far exceeded that of any former day.

Fellow-citizens, it now becomes our duty to enlist in the slowly thinning ranks. Our fathers have finished their task, and yielded the scepter to us. Let us endeavor to bring the laws of our forefathers in closer touch with our present surroundings. Put in force once more those old administrations, and a change will be noticed. The grasp of the monopolies will weaken. The political bosses with their scourging whips of misrule will be a thing of the past. And when the veil is withdrawn from before the mysteries of the twentieth century, may we see the fulfillment of our greatest expectations.

See true manhood and true womanhood renewing their strength in the refreshing twilight of the new century, eager to begin their labor—to work for the advancement of the great cause until death claims its own. Then, with their dying breath, bid “Godspeed” to our glorious union of states, as it continues on its triumphant march, along the pathway of progress, independence and liberty, amid the monuments perpetual to its Creator’s memory, erected in honor of their heroic deeds.

W. A. Hilton.

Features of Democracy.

Among the broken mountain ranges of Europe, where the Rhine and the Rhone and the Danube rivers flow in opposite ways to the sea, is a little country distinguished as the oldest existing republic in the world. Nearly one hundred years before Columbus left the harbor of Palos and turned the prow of his bark toward the setting sun, this little republic of Switzerland was founded. Crude though it was, it has withstood the ordeal of time, and stands to-day a model of democratic government.

Studying closely its formation, we marvel that it ever succeeded; would marvel still more had it failed. To unite under one head the people of three different languages, with all the pride and prejudice that attends them, would be no easy task for a monarch. But the love of liberty is a sentiment spoken alike in every tongue; a bond of union that is stronger than the fear of man. It required nearly five centuries to perfect this union, yet had their confederacy been one of policy alone, it would long since have fallen into oblivion and decay.

The founders of the young American republic, drew from this source many of the thoughts embodied in the American constitution. Switzerland, in turn, in revising her constitution adopted the laws that had proved especially successful in America.

Switzerland, like America, has always been the refuge of the political exile. Of late she has also become the neutral ground for the arbitrations between nations. The arduous schooling of several hundred years of struggle has fitted her in the eyes of nations to give just and impartial decisions in international disputes. Her position in the van-guard of nations is not an imaginary or a transient one. And we may with interest and with profit study the causes, the conditions, and the principles that have placed her on this eminence. The absence of these conditions and principles is the flaw in the foundation that has caused all other forms of government to crumble and fall.

In all her varied history of war and peace, we are nowhere confronted by a leader, whose deeds of valor or wisdom far surpass those of his fellows. The golden thread of equality is entwined through all their acts. In storm or in calm we find them influenced by the highest sense of patriotism. Sometimes we are bewildered to know why they should have struggled at all, so apparently insignificant is the object, but the mist is cleared away when
we remember that, that simple object is the keystone of progress, the magic word home.

In every war for revenge or liberty, for glory or for gain, we find some central figure from which radiates the spirit of contest. When peace has been secured, we find the leader in war becomes also the leader in peace. For his prowess, as conqueror, a people who have won a hard earned struggle for freedom will blindly thrust the reins of government into the hands, it may be, of a more despotic oppressor.

The martial spirit that moves mankind, and demands a leader for every enterprise, can be traced directly downward to its origin in the brute creation. There the most powerful frame, the sharpest claws, or the strongest horns, hold undisputed sway. War must have its leaders, but the destiny of humanity has never demanded an Alexander or a Napoleon. Great, we in our boasted enlightenment, still love to think of them and to call them. A single one of their many frenzied acts of barbarism, merits that modern sentiment should draw across its crimson record the shroud of everlasting silence.

More fitting would it be to follow what Switzerland has so well exemplified. The record of her long and eventful career, fails to disclose a single leader whose name is to be found on the world’s calendar of military fame. Arnold Winklereid, whose name has been immortalized, sprang from the ranks to do a simple act of duty. We cannot find a case where the leader of a victorious band aspired to become dictator. Quickly they let fall the implements of peace for the armor of war, to resume them at the close.

War is not to be regarded by a democracy as a field whereon the youth of the country shall win honor, riches, or renown. It is not in harmony with the principles of a republic, that in times of peace there should be a constant preparation for war. He who is a soldier for wages or for glory, will never become the patriot. Discipline, and the science of warfare, can do much, but it cannot do all. The untried pioneers of Kentucky and Tennessee utterly crushed the veterans of Waterloo, at New Orleans. The simple frontier cabin fired the soul of the backwoodsman to the defense that the mercenaries of a monarch could not overcome. And when they had done, they turned as they came, feeling that they had done a duty and no more.

The shepherds of the Alpine slopes fought to repel the invader from their humble thresholds. The same spirit, that is born of such lowly surroundings, helped them to hurl back in shattered fragments, the ranks of Austria’s matchless soldiery. These deeds were not prompted by a delirium for the safety of wealth or property. In after years, when the French empire enveloped Switzerland, and threatened to seize all Europe in its grasp, we do not find the greatest persistency where had been the greatest prosperity, and where seemingly the greatest interests were at stake. Indecision marked the acts of the people of the lowland valleys and cities. When too late, they saw the fearful import of the French invasion, and made a desperate but unavailing resistance. Far different the temper of the people who lived upon the sterile mountain sides. Not for a moment did they dream of submission. In a little village close by the spot, memorable in history as the “Cradle of Swiss Independence,” they gathered their little bands, to meet, and as they confidently hoped, to beat back the invaders. So much may native valor when enlisted in the defense of the home accomplish, that for three days it enabled three thousand mountain peasants to hold at bay sixteen thousand of the ablest soldiers of France. Toward the close of the third day the weakened ranks of the defenders gave way before the overwhelming force of the enemy. But still the survivors, men, women and children, fought on to the bitter end. And as the rosy tints of evening gave way to the darker shades of night, the lurid glow of the burning village marked this scene of utter ruin and cruel extermination. Such is the handiwork of the ambitious monarch who would sacrifice all to realize his dream of universal empire. Such the cruel fate of a people who would die, rather than give up the independence which of right belongs to man.

In peace as in war, the chosen leader of democracy should not be exalted so much above his fellows. Office-holding should not become the most profitable occupation of the people of such a nation. It may be argued that unless the recompense for public services is raised to the level, or a little above, that of the ordinary walks of life, inferior men only will fill these positions. Should such a state of affairs exist, then has patriotism become a commodity, to be bought by the highest bidder. The virtue of the public servant has degenerated to the level of the professional soldier. Vain are the appeals to the Goddess of Liberty. The national flag, the national emblem, become representatives of a bitter delusion and a hollow mockery.
Democracy is the form of government wherein the people rule. Not the state of affairs that exists where the unthinking throng selects a leader in a wild moment of hero-worship. Not where a flood of gold can turn the tide of fortune on election day. Both show a lamentable weakness, in the strongest element of human character, to think for one's self. He who cannot, or will not, think for himself, is unworthy of the franchise of a free and independent citizen. He to whom the right of suffrage is worth no more than it will bring in gold, deserves to wear the shackles of a tyrant.

Perhaps as man advances to the realization that his best reward is the satisfaction in doing right, his standard of government will advance, until we shall see in the perfection of the one the triumph of the other, in the fulfillment of the dream of universal democracy.

Emil Affolter.

EXCHANGES.

We take the following from the Comenian: "The Rocky Mountain Collegian published a story in its January number, written by May Rutledge, which, to our mind, adds greatly to the number. The writer merits comment both for the style and substance of the article."

Influence is never-dying. It is an inherent element in the constitution of every human being. Some kind of influence we must all exert. Especially should the influence of a college man be of the right character, for it is far-reaching. Shall not that be helpful and elevating? If we would so live, that motive force, never dying, would be of estimable value throughout the countless ages yet to come in the accomplishing of good.—The College Era.

Alma mater—one of the most beautiful words ever added to the English tongue. To answer the inquiring mind, to develop the latent powers, to ennoble the aspirations, to shape the character, and to mould the destiny—how like the mother with the child at her knee. To ask "why?" "what?" "where?" to leap with joy at budding truth, to grow in power of thought and action, to love the hand whose touch is guidance—this is the child at the hearth, the student at his alma mater. Here is his home and life center. What she is will work his standing as he enters life. To do ought against her is to pluck the stars from his own crown. He who takes the interests of his college to heart, will have joy in her rejoicing, and weep when she is sad.—Penn Chronicle.

Under an ancient elm tree stood
A fairy form in gray;
Her eyes were bright as the stars of night,
As she merrily trilled a lay.

I stood in the window and watched her face,
It was wise and passing fair.
As the ditty she sang so merrily rang
On the waves of the evening air.

I was stirred to the depths of my very soul—
Ne'er heard I a voice like that;
And I threw all I owned at her very feet,
For she was my neighbor's cat.

To-day, after centuries have rolled into the past, we still hear in the halls and class-rooms of our educational institutions, the echo of an ancient voice, "know thyself!" Could human mind engage in a nobler work than solving such a problem? No! A perfect life, happiness and immortality are the fruits of its study. The more we study man, the more evident becomes the fact that he is merely an image—a creation of an Infinite Being. The traces of the Creator's hand become more and more apparent. The problem increases. Man is no longer the greatest question, but God.—The College Chronicle.

College-bred men in the United States number only one-fifth of one per cent., or one in five hundred of the whole population. They have furnished 30 per cent. of our Congressmen, 50 per cent. of our Senators, 60 per cent. of our Presidents, and over 70 per cent. of our Supreme Court Judges.

I put my arms around her waist,
Her head upon my shoulder,
I see a love look in her eyes,
I kiss her—growing bolder.

I smooth her hair with tenderness,
I swear to her true to be,
And there I softly whisper,
"Dear Ma, lend me a V."

Unlike the pneumatic tire, the average man feels a little flat after he has received a blowing up.

Pupil (reading Virgil)—"Three times I strove to cast my arms around her neck. That is as far as I got, Professor."

Professor—"Well, Mr. ———, I think that was far enough."
THE BISHOP OF OXFORD PUZZLE.

The following are to be answered by giving parts of the human body, and form an ingenious pastime not devoid of instruction. Try your skill in seeing how many of these answers are you able to furnish. A complete set of answers will appear in our next issue, together with a list of successful guessers:

1. There was given to the Bishop of Oxford, as he started upon a journey, a beautiful trunk; what kind of a trunk was it?
2. There accompanied this trunk two lids; what were they?
3. There was given with it a large animal; what was it?
4. And several smaller animals.
5. Two tall trees also accompanied it.
6. A boat was a part of its belongings.
7. Two scholars were granted him also.
8. There was an abundance of a kind of veiling also granted him.
9. Some flowers were among the things given.
10. Two dishes were among the contents.
11. There were musical instruments.
12. And one for making a shrill sound.
13. Some pieces of stove pipe were also given.
15. Queer as it may seem, two fishes were given.
16. Also a number of shell fish.
17. A desert.
18. Part of a rake.
19. A part of an ear.
20. A measure of length or a part of a yard.
22. That for which a physician is employed.
23. What soldiers carry.
25. The subject of one of Longfellow's poems.
26. A part of every dwelling.
27. Some objects used in idolatrous worship.
28. A well-known game.
29. The edge of a steep place.
30. Something used in the manufacture of dolls.
31. Edifices of worship.
32. A necessary article for getting through the world.
33. A necessary article carried by milliners.
34. Articles of hardware.
35. Something made by bees.
36. A family of plants.
37. A solid measure.
38. A thing that has no real substance, value, or importance.
39. One of the essential parts of a plant by which it receives nourishment.
40. A hole in the ground.
41. That which you do when you submit in a contest to an antagonist.
42. That part of a piano which is usually kept out of sight.
43. An instrument of punishment in the days of slavery.
44. One of the ways to abuse by scolding.
45. The fruit of wild rose.
46. A slight breeze.
47. That which is sprightly.
48. Something in the form of a transparent drop.
49. A formal discourse.

50. A part of an umbrella.
51. A great number, quantity, or sum.
52. That which is not solid.
53. Something the English are very fond of.
54. Something good fried or stewed.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS.

Guessers will please send in their answers numbered to correspond with the numbers of the questions, signing sheet with full name. Guesses should be placed in a sealed envelope, labeled "Oxford," and dropped into the local box not later than April 24, 1897.

FIELD DAY.

The following is a list and the order of the events for local field day, to be held May 1st.

1. Fifty-yard dash.
2. One-mile bike.
3. 100-yard dash.
4. Putting 16-pound shot.
5. 120-yard hurdle.
6. Throwing 16-pound hammer.
7. Running broad jump.
8. Throwing base ball.
9. ½ mile walk. [Contestants to wear uniform and carry gun and belt. The prize to the winner to be given by Lieut. Humphrey.]
10. One mile walk. [Contestants to wear uniform and carry gun and belt. The prize to the winner to be given by Lieut. Humphrey.]

The class are requested to pick their relay teams at once and train them. Exercises to begin at 2 o'clock sharp.

It might be interesting and also profitable to those expecting to enter the events field day, to know what records have been made and how much they will have to improve to win the events. The following is a list of the records up to date:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Record</th>
<th>Winner</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>100 yd. dash</td>
<td>11.1 sec</td>
<td>S. D. Philip, '97</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Standing high jump</td>
<td>4.9 ft</td>
<td>L. C. Hall, '99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Running high jump</td>
<td>5.4 ft</td>
<td>L. C. Hall, '99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Running broad jump</td>
<td>13.10 ft</td>
<td>W. A. Hilton, '99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pole vault</td>
<td>9.6 ft</td>
<td>W. F. Godsmark, '98</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Throwing 16 lb. shot</td>
<td>32 ft</td>
<td>W. C. Hall, '99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Throwing 16 lb. hammer</td>
<td>18.2 sec</td>
<td>H. D. Whipple, '97</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>440 yd. run</td>
<td>55 sec</td>
<td>J. M. Loud, '98</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Half mile bike</td>
<td>1 min. 16 sec</td>
<td>R. S. Gray, '97</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>One mile bike</td>
<td>2 min. 37 sec</td>
<td>W. A. Hawthorne, '98</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>220 yd. dash</td>
<td>24.5 sec</td>
<td>J. M. Loud, '98</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Standing broad jump</td>
<td>10 ft</td>
<td>W. F. Godsmark, '98</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Five mile bike</td>
<td>14 min. 30 sec</td>
<td>F. V. Bear, '99</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
As the springtime opens, most of the students give a sigh of relief, thinking their work will not be hard. But the thought that passes through the editor's mind is this: Where can copy be obtained for the next issue? The trials of the editor of a college paper are many. We can find people who are perfectly willing to write if they only had time, and others who have time but can't write, or some who have not received a personal invitation to write, therefore do not think it necessary to do so. If any one should feel slighted because he has not been personally requested to prepare something for the paper, we would be glad to know it and the invitation would be forthcoming. At times men may, by strenuous efforts, control their destinies, but editors are scarcely ever masters of the situation in regard to their papers. Knowing our deficiencies, we would still say to our readers, that if the college paper is not what it ought to be, the blame will rest on their shoulders equally as well as with the members of the staff. On looking over our exchanges, we find remarks such as the above in most of them. It would seem that human nature is the same everywhere; shove the work off your hands on to some one else. If students would remember the editors are amateurs—that they do not pose as professional writers—they would not be so quick to criticise the college paper.

CHAPEL.

The great assembly of students of C. A. C. at Chapel exercises every morning at 11 o'clock is a worthy sight for the thinker. It is here only that the opportunity is given of seeing "the fair women and brave men" of the College as a vast audience. How great is the power which may be wielded by these self-same students for good or for evil in the citizenship for which they are just preparing! Class by class they are seated, and it is only once in a while that they become so forgetful of the place and their surroundings as to be called to order by the voice from the platform.

During the month of March, our President, Dr. Ellis, has delivered to the student body talks on "Nelson and Trafalgar," "The Norman Conquest of Britain," "How a Bill Becomes a Law," and "Our Courts," together with one or two on general College matters and admonitions. The students thoroughly enjoy the forcible oratory of the Doctor, and show this plainly by their applause, proving conclusively their preference for the historical and narrative over warnings and admonitions.

During Dr. Ellis's absence, Prof. Lawrence had charge of Chapel exercises, and his talks on the City of Washington and its vicinity were highly instructive and entertaining.

Prof. Bell spoke one morning this month on
"Milton and Bunyan." Tis a treat, indeed, to hear Prof. Bell "talk shop."

The Chapel choir, which renders the music at the Chapel services, and is under the efficient leadership of Mr. A. H. Bungardt, has the following membership: Sopranos—Misses June Grable, Josie Pegg and Anna B. Hawkins. Altos—Misses Lily Miller and Gwendolin Ammons. Tenors—Messrs. A. H. Bungardt and C. S. Bungardt. Basses—Messrs. J. H. Cowen and Harry C. Miller. Accompanist—Mr. Edward M. Traber.

It is positively inspiring to hear the great audience sing as one man "America," "Onward Christian Soldiers," and other such well-known hymns.

SOCIETY NOTES.

The last meeting of the 16-1 was held at the home of Miss June Grable. After the regular business, the girls enjoyed themselves singing for about an hour. The members present were Rose Gilkison, Alta Lewis, Mayme and Maggie Prendergast, June Grable, Josie Pegg, Gertrude Kellogg, and Anna Hawkins.

On March 20th, the ladies of the Board and Faculty gave an "at home" to the young ladies of the College, at the Home Department. In spite of the snow storm about sixty-five were present, and tripped the light fantastic to the strains of the piano. The boys cast longing glances toward where the music was issuing, but this was one of the occasions when they were not allowed to be present. The ladies were assisted in serving refreshments by the Senior girls.

The Athletic Association gave a dance on the 26th, but barely cleared expenses. Surely the boys could patronize that society, which with us is having such a hard struggle for existence.

"Optimistic Influence of American Education," was the subject of Miss Patton's lecture delivered before the students March 19th. Miss Patton was in her usual happy vein, and entertained the audience very pleasantly for half an hour. There were not as many students present as there should have been, in order to show due respect to "the little ex-professor."

A debate between the Philo-Aesthesian and Columbian societies is a custom that was established three years ago. The debate takes place in Commencement week. The speakers on either side are chosen by the members of the societies. There is generally a committee appointed to arrange for the judges and for the decorations. It has been customary to have three speakers on each side, and to have three judges. This year there has been a slight change, having but two debaters on each side, and five judges. This debate is looked forward to with great interest. Let us all put forth a greater amount of energy and make it a grand success.

COLUMBIAN NOTES.

Thus far the Spring term's work has been very good. We hope that the enthusiasm now shown will not wane. Let every member be prompt to attend society, and when on the program be prepared to act.

We were all glad to have Miss Emma Stover with us March 20th.

March 20th the society convened in the Domestic Economy Building. Instead of having the regular literary program, the evening was devoted to parliamentary drill. The members were quite enthusiastic, and made the meeting truly interesting.

Teacher (who spent a long time in making a scholar understand a very simple matter)—If it wasn't for me you would be the biggest dunce in town.

BATTALION ROSTER.

H. D. Humphrey, 20th Inf., U. S. A., Professor of Military Science and Tactics, Commandant.

STAFF:
A. H. Bungardt, Adjutant.
J. M. Loud, Sergeant Major.
G. S. Norman, Quartermaster Sergeant.
Claude Anna, Color Sergeant.
H. D. Whipple, Chief Trumpeter.

COMPANY A.
R. A. Maxfield, Captain.
B. A. Gage, W. A. Hiltop, Lieutenants.
R. T. Calkins, First Sergeant.
C. S. Bungardt, T. J. Warren, R. C. Calloway, Perny Dwyer, Sergeants.
Clifford Atherley.

COMPANY B.
A. J. Harris, Captain.
R. H. Hess, R. S. Gray, Lieutenants.
F. Hotchkiss, M. D. Williams, H. J. Prendergast, W. A. Dickeus, Sergeants.
H. C. Miller, Ray Baker, C. D. Strever, Corporals.

COMPANY C.
S. D. Phillips, Captain.
D. J. Richards, R. W. Underwood, Lieutenants.
H. O. Brown, First Sergeant.
Frank Corbin, J. W. Godwin, C. E. Swan, O. G. Reed, Sergeants.
Frank Herr, L. C. Hall, A. V. Benson, R. Stephenson, Corporals.
LOCAL SNAP-SHOTS.

Ask Jimmy what time it is.

C. W. Beach, '92, helped Prof. Carpenter during the latter part of the winter term by taking charge of the laboratory instruction of the Senior class in strength of materials.

"I want to register in the prosperous class."—
New Student.

Found, in the back part of a watch, a lock of hair. Owner may receive same by calling on James Stump.

Remark of young man in the library, after studying Greek for half an hour: "It's awful hard on my spinal column to hold up such a massive weight of brains as I've got." There is only one Greek student in college.

"He put the poker on the stove, I put my finger on the copper wire. It didn't do a thing to me."—
Proctor.

Cameron shoveled the snow off the southeast steps after the big equinoctial storm.

"Hall don't open your mouth so wide; I can't see out the window."—Sims.

Mr. Sperry Bungardt has a new "magnification" glass, with which he is as much pleased as he must have been with a new toy when a child. When one gets older he puts away childish things.

Lieut (to the class)—"Now is the time to make your standing in geometry. You can't wait 'till the end of the term and do it." We would again warn the members of that class.

The recent storms have brought many inquiries from farmers and ditch owners who are interested in the amount of rainfall. Weather clerk Trimble can be depended upon to answer correctly all questions about the local weather that has been.

R. W. Sears, '96, recently made a trip through New Mexico and down to Old Mexico purchasing cattle.

Loren B. Curtis, '95, is engaged in engineering in Denver.

Doctor (to student who is suddenly disappearing down the hall)—"Gray, why weren't you in class the other afternoon?"

Gray—"O, why, I forgot all about that."

"Will you please pass the cake?"

Dick on hearing someone drop a nickel, rushes up with his laundry bills.

"I know my hair just looks horrid."

"The same old thing. Same old cat."

"Who sits here?" "See note in desk." "Are you dead? Why don't you write and say something? I am a nice little boy and would like to have you write me a note. I'm seventeen and awful sweet." We should judge so.

Prof. Gillette says that the members of his physiology class are sparking quite a good deal lately—electric sparks.

"Do you feel at home, John? Wouldn't it be nice if you could feel at home all the time?"

"Fifty cents, please."

Hotchkiss, giving quotation from Shakespeare—

"Who steals my purse steals trash—A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

Prof.—"What are the uses of natural gas?"
Bungardt—"For medicine, principally."

Edna—"Charles, when you have lived in the city (Fort Collins) as long as I have and gone with as many different fellows, you'll think differently."

"Miss Picken, avoid the appearance of evil."

"Well, I couldn't prevent his appearance."

Ask Miss Nicholson who the lengthy kid is.

Prof. in Domestic Economy, instructing young ladies what to do in the trying situation of facing a
snake—"If nothing else is at hand and there is no other way throw the stone; accidents have happened and you may hit the snake.

A habit of courtesy is like a delicate wrapping which prevents one personally from rubbing and chafing against another, and it thus prevents much of the friction and irritation of life.

Ask Whipple about the transmutation of the soul. He has been studying energy.

P. J. Preston, '92, is engaged on a survey of some large reservoirs in the southeastern part of Colorado and in western Kansas. These will be among the largest reservoirs of the world.

Last month, in the western part of town, on the sidewalk, a picture in chalk was noticed and under it this inscription: "Dear John Richards." Little sister are sometimes observing.

"Who is President of the Y. W. C. A?" "Gray."

Do you remember the day when Preston wore that enormous collar? Dr. Ellis came into the library, turned and looked at him a moment, and then said: "Preston, does that hurt?"

Prof. of Mathematics to Junior—"Mr. C—y, you are the smartest boy I have in the class.

The boys in the wood-working department are making patterns for models to be used in the study of mechanism. These models will be made of brass.

"Pull down the blinds, Amos—at night."

Hurley in algebra—"They row at the rate of 5 — x going up stream in still water."

The Seniors and Juniors in the machine room have made some very fine reamers, taps, mandrels, and other tools. Brass gears of various diameters and pitches have been made from gear blanks of their own casting.

Abrams seems to be the center of attraction.

"I know this board is going to break. O, of course it is. Well, I tell you it is going to break. Yes, it's cracking now. I know — —.

same, when the board did break Mr. Harris was rather taken aback when Miss Lewis was ruthlessly torn from his side and deposited on the earth beneath.

"I'll just chew gum till I die."—Miss Sweeney.

Question—Who was it went walking with Howlett and that "white hat" one Sunday afternoon? Was it the owner of the hat or the owner of Howlett?

President Ellis spent the night of March 30th in the train near Berthoud. The snow-storm did it; and the Doctor didn't say anything—because his early education was not neglected.

"I was the first one up in the morning. The cook was up at the same time to build the fires. I was the only kid there and had to rustle the wood. If anything went wrong, the kid did it. If there wasn't enough plates to go round, kid could wait. That's always the way. Didn't treat me very well, so don't think I'll go there any more."—Sturdevant.

Edwin G. Nettleton, '87, merchant and engineer of Nampa, Idaho, has found the dust of that country to be very irritating, but is improving in health over the condition reported some time since.

A map of the Puma City mining region, showing the claims proposed by J. B. Balcomb, '95, was recently published in the Denver Republican.

Found in the library: "Agnes, let's tiss and make up."

The properties of diction are, Proprietary, Puerity, and Procession."—Freshman.

The College has had visits from members of the Legislature nearly every Sunday for six weeks. These visitors wanted to know more about the institution than they could learn from newspapers and reports.

L. L. Stimson, '92, has been engaged in constructing the embankment for a large reservoir east of Loveland during the winter.

Ask Prof. Crane if he always carries four oranges in his pocket in case of an emergency.
Prof. House: "That is some of Brother Hurley's work," pointing to the blackboard.

Statement made by E. W. Smith in class: "Animals inherit the qualities of their offspring."

Ask A. H. B. if he remembers an old saying such as: "There is the door, here comes the dog," etc., and then ask A. P. G. if he remembers the time he called for her to go to church without asking her first and meeting the other fellow on the doorstep.

Messrs. Rugh and Underwood, of the Department of Mechanical Engineering, under the direction of Mr. Crane have recently tested the engines at the Harmony and Lindell mills. Mr. Rugh designed the Pantograph reducing rig used in taking the indicator cards. These tests were made for the purposes of giving these students practice in the use of the indicator and to determine the exact running condition of the engines. One of these tests was made by request of the Superintendent.

Did you hear about Bungardt falling asleep at the supper table?

Bert, waking, after a night of pleasant dreams: "Well, it is strange what consoling things a person will dream, especially after being out the night before."

"Never mind, Mr. Harnard, I will instruct the class."

"Better cover up your feet, Arch, you will get them moon-struck."

Afternoon. Train from Greeley coming. Lady expected. Professor wishes to meet her. Too busy. Describes lady to student, who acts as proxy. Train arrives. Student there. Three ladies appear. All answer description. Student blows bugle. Rushes forward, calls first lady by supposed name. Retreats. Lady joined by brother, walks off. Student sees lady No. 2 entering bus. Jumps on back step. After riding a block, works his courage up to proper pitch to address her. The answer and accompanying look assist him to alight at next crossing.

Sequel: Student (Whipple) crestfallen. Professor (House) found lady No. 3 at 8 p.m.

Business practice: "Do not make any more noise than possible."—Prof. Christman.

Why did a certain naughty boy choose one particular Sunday to go to church? Littleton will tell you that it was because there were no services that day.

On Tuesday morning, March 30, amid the tears and sighs of his college mates, Dick's long cherished mustache passed quietly into eternity. This mustache was rather delicate (in color), and could not withstand the ravages of the March weather. Poor Dick, you have our sympathy. Wait till summer comes, then try it again.

The 16 to 1 Club is glad to have "Gwen" with them again. The club is doing work that would do credit to even the reverend Faculty, and a close observer will notice that these young ladies are among the most earnest and energetic that may be found in the College.

Mr. Williams and Mr. Calloway have a decided preference for red dresses, the only objection being they always get them (or rather the girls) confused.

W. J. Starbird visited the College the first of the month.

"The class in Surveying will recite in the Physical Laboratory," was the notice pinned by some practical joker on Prof. Carpenter's door, and some of the boys forgot that it was the 1st of April.

Dick—"Where were you last night, Gray?"
Gray—"Same old place."

Ask Miss Picken how it happened that she scratched her arm on that First Lieutenant's shoulder-strap.

Miss Ammons would like to know who put the following quotation on the blackboard in the kitchen of the Domestic Economy Department:

"We may live on our friends,  
We may live selling boons,  
But where is the man  
Who could live with your cooks?"

Look out, Dick!

"When tempest tossed,  
'Long comes a gust  
And blows our skirts knee high;  
But God is just,  
And sends the dust  
To fill the bad man's eye."
W. S. Guthrie, a student of the College last year, stood the highest of the three competitors for the appointment to West Point, and expects to receive said appointment soon.

PHILO-ÆSTHESIAN NOTES.

The new officers of the society are beginning their work in a way that will insure success if they continue.

Considerable interest is being shown in the annual debate between the societies, for, although we have never won, we still have a little hope left.

The Program Committee presented a new feature in the "open conversation," which proved interesting and instructive. We hope these conversations will in future be a part of the society work quite often.

MARRIED.

On Thursday evening, February 25, Mr. Herbert A. Black and Miss Grace Farrar were united in wedlock at the residence of the groom's parents. Rev. Geo. P. Avery, of the First M. E. church, pronounced the marriage ceremony. Miss Eva Cushing was bridesmaid and Mr. J. H. Cowen was best man. About thirty-five guests were present, being the intimate friends and relatives.

Both members of the happy couple were well-known and highly esteemed C. A. C. students. Mr. Black graduated with the class of '95, but he holds honorary membership in the class of '94. Mrs. Black was a member of the present Junior class. She always enjoyed the admiration of both classmates and professors. The whole College unites in wishing them the most abundant happiness.

The editor-in-chief of the college paper published by the students of the State University of Ohio, has been expelled from that institution, because of an editorial censuring the members of the faculty for non-attendance at chapel exercises.

COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

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