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COAL! COAL! COAL!
SENIOR CLASS HISTORY.

The class of '92 has a history of no little importance. It may be of little interest to some of our readers, but we hope it will be taken for what it is worth.

In the Fall of '87 a large number of country boys and girls, with some from the towns and cities, were enrolled in the College as Preparatory students. This class was, as a whole, not very steady, many of them preferring to spend their time amusing themselves and playing, but giving little attention to their work. This year was passed without anything of importance happening, and at the close of school for the summer vacation, many left, who never returned.

The next year the class numbered as many as during the Preparatory year, but it consisted of students that were here for something besides play. That year we had a Freshman Class Literary Society, and surprised the natives by adopting a motto and class colors. When the Freshmen gave their rhetoricals the program always had music to break the monotony of the essays and declamations. This was something the other classes never dreamed of having.

Everything went along smoothly throughout this year. The only thing to be regretted was the gradually diminishing number of young ladies in the class. Before the end of the year they had all left but three.

The Fall of '89 found fourteen students that were ready to try the Sophomore year, but only eight staid with it till Commencement time.

During this year we studied chemistry and it was a wonder if we were not all reported to the Faculty every week, for being below grade. It was here we made our acquaintance with Dr. O'Brine, and it was here that he became acquainted with us; but we traveled peacefully through Prof. Sidney A. Norton's chemistry, and all passed the final examination.

The Junior year we worked hard, but seemed to accomplish little; there being a continuous roar from somebody in the class, and it was usually about geology or Zoology. Success crowned our efforts, and we finished up the work, ready to enter the Senior class the following Fall.

When we returned to take up the work in September, we found another person, A. J. Sedgwick, waiting to join us. Of course he was welcome. He increased our number to ten, making the largest Senior class the College ever had.

The destiny of the class seemed to have been already planned, and we were not to have the largest class to graduate. At the end of the Winter term Frank DeVotie left us, and he now occupies a responsible position in the First National Bank of Greeley. This left us with nine members, all of whom will soon bear the degree of Bachelor of Science.

Now for a few statistics of the class. The average height is five feet, six inches; the average weight 145.5 pounds, and the average shoe is number seven. As to facial adornments, the class possesses the following: One pair of side-burns, one set of whiskers, four mustaches; two of our number have nothing whatever on their faces in the shape of hirsute appendages, but there is hope that they will have in the future.

The professions of the class of '92 are somewhat varied so that they will be of use to the world in one line if they are not in another. This was the great object the class had in view when it started on its career of learning. Two expect to be "hayseeds;" three, engineers; one, a mechanic; one, an apiarist; one, a teacher; and one, a physician.

Throughout the entire course this class has been trying something new. It now promises to be of credit to the institution, and it is quite probable that some of its members will be heard of in the world after they leave the College halls.

BIOGRAPHY OF F. H. THOMPSON.

The subject of this sketch was born Nov. 13, 1871, at Larkspur, Douglas Co., Colo. His memory is somewhat defective, so that his early history cannot be obtained; it is likely however that his first years were spent in the usual way.

At the age of six years he began attending district school and continued doing so during the summer months. There was no school in Winter, so the time was spent in doing light
chores and forgetting what had been learned in the preceding months of study.

The Fall of his eighth year was made vivid in his mind, owing to the fact that he staid at school and worked for a prize, while the rest of the family went down to the Arkansas gathering fruit. At the close of school he got the prize; it was a picture of "The Three Blind Kittens."

At the age of eleven, Frank was taken on a visit to Excelsior Springs, Missouri, and while there treated with mineral water for consumption. The complaint got worse instead of better and he returned to Colorado in November of the same year.

Time passed, and the district school was regularly attended in the Summer and regularly forgotten in the Winter.

During the Fall of 1886 he attended the Ebert School in Denver for a short time and then returned to the ranch to care for the stock for the rest of the Winter. The next Summer he did the work on the ranch under the direction of his father, who, owing to an accident, was unable to do any manual labor. Having worked hard the Summer through "Tom" desired to take his wages out in a course of study at the C. S. A. C.

In due time he arrived at the college and was enrolled as one of the greenest Prep's ever connected with the institution with one exception. Everything now went serenely on for three years when his father, having some property in California, took Frank with him to the "Land of the Setting Sun" to look after their interests there. The warm weather and the insect life soon made Tommie and his father long for the cool climate of Colorado again, and after an absence of about six weeks they returned. The Summer vacation was spent in working at a saw mill not far from Palmer Lake.

In the Fall he returned to College and entered the Junior "Hayseed Course" and has been studying faithfully since that time.

He has held several offices of honor but none of profit. He has been everything in the military companies from a scrub corporal to a dude captain. At one time the baseball team was under his orders and were fairly successful in the games played with "Tom" as captain.

Frank H. Thompson is a tall, dignified looking person, fond of society and of good things to eat. He is a favorite among the ladies, as has been demonstrated time and again.

At present he is the manager of the Collegian, and it is only fair to say that the paper has been well conducted since he was elected in the Fall of '91.

He has not decided, as yet, what he will do after graduation but he is looking after a job that has big pay and little work attached to it. Anyone having such a position will please let him know.

BIOGRAPHY OF CHAS. BEACH.

The subject of this sketch is two years older than his brother Frank. Much of his history is the same as that of his brother so that it will not again be related. The first thing of which Charles has a distinct recollection was a severe attack of the whooping cough. From this he recovered without having his health destroyed, and at the age of six entered the Des Moines primary school. Shortly after this his parents moved to Stuart and while living there the High School course was nearly completed. Charles was prevented from finishing by his parents moving to Colorado in the fall of '85. Here he, like his brother Frank, learned something about pioneer life. He held down the claim for one year and then punched cows for a year. The parents moved to Collins in the Spring of '88 and Charles worked on a ranch all that Summer. In the Fall he entered the Freshman class at the C. S. A. C. and has been taking regular work ever since. He is one of the three who expect to follow Irrigation Engineering as a profession. He is a good mathematician and would be apt to succeed in any pursuit of life, for he has that quality called "stick-to-it-iveness."

During the Summer of '91 he was the assistant in the Department of Physics and Engineering at the College.

Charles Beach is fond of doing work for others and will undergo privations that others may not be inconvenienced in any way.

He once had the honor of being leader of a lot of boys that were put in the "cooler" but this is nothing to his discredit for it could not be helped.

Anyone desiring a faithful worker will find it to their advantage to secure the services of this gentleman.

BIOGRAPHY OF L. L. STIMSON.

Lewis L. Stimson was first introduced to the world as a wee bit of humanity, on the twenty-ninth day of September, 1873, at Greeley, Colorado. Little is remembered of his history up to the age of six years. At this time he began attending country school in a school house that might have belonged to Adam for all that Lew knows of the matter.

He continued to go to this school until the Spring of '85. It was while living on a farm near Greeley that he passed through all the ills that befall the lot of a small boy. Measles,
scarlet fever, whooping cough, meanness, etc., were all passed and each left its trace on his frame.

In March, 1885; he went to Nebraska with his parents and again entered upon pioneer life. His first introduction to this beautiful state was anything but a pleasing one. After their arrival it snowed for three weeks without ceasing and Lew was homesick with a big "H."

Here he attended a country school for two years, and in this rough school house did he first know what it is to be attached to the ladies, for of the three students attending, two of them were girls; and very nice ones too, according to the statement of those who know.

Lew had long been anticipating a course in the Agricultural College and in the Fall of '88 his hopes were realized and he became a member of the Freshman Class. Since that time he has been taking life easy and learning what little that came in his way, which, as some would have it, was not much. He entered the I. E. course in the Junior year and since has been trying to become well enough posted to be a member of that noble profession. At present it is doubtful if he will ever succeed.

In personal appearance Lew is of average height and weight; he is dark complexioned and is trying to raise a mustache but is rather unsuccessful owing to barren soil or bad weather.

At the time of graduation he will be out of work and would like some place near Ft. Collins that only requires him to be there three hours each day.

**BIOGRAPHY OF FRANK BEACH.**

The subject of this sketch first saw the daylight in Des Moines, Iowa, on March 8, 1871. He lived here until he was four years old when his parents moved to Stuart. At the age of five he entered the Stuart schools, going nine months in the year. He worked on his father's farm during the Summer months. This was his method of keeping out of mischief. (He got over this habit long before he entered the Agricultural College.) At the age of thirteen he completed the Grammar Department and entered the High School and continued a member of the same till the fall of '85, when he moved, with his parents, to Eastern Colorado. He here lived the life of a claimstader's son. He first found at this time that life is not all pleasure for he had to haul drinking water six miles, and after doing this and wishing to rest he would go out and break sod. In this manner did Frank get his training as a "hayseed." In '88 his parents moved to Fort Collins, Colorado, and Frank became a member of the Freshman Class of the C. A. C.

Since this time he has been faithfully studying and will graduate with the class of '92.

For the past two years he has been studying the I. E. course but that is not to his liking so he is to become, upon graduation, a full-fledged apiarist. Frank is very fond of bees and will, no doubt, make a success of this as a business.

Frank is of the average height and slightly under the average in weight. He wears side burns, is light hearted in his nature and is somewhat of a favorite with the ladies.

He is in the habit of looking at the bright side of life and taking no thought for the morrow.

At present he would like some sort of a job that has plenty of money and lots of honor connected with it.

**BIOGRAPHY OF P. J. PRESTON.**

It was in Poweshiek County, Iowa, that Porter J. Preston, on the twenty-third day of the twelfth month, 1870, was presented to his parents.

That county being too wet for the good of his health he removed to Colorado in the latter part of '71; there has lived ever since, doing good to all that live near him for he has a benevolent soul. He attended country school from the time he was seven years old until 1887. Here he was a model of goodness, giving his teacher no trouble and always taking the part of the girls in any trouble that they might have with the boys; he has not got over this trick yet. Porter attended the Longmont. Colorado, college for two years, and at the end of this time entered the Agricultural College as a member of the Sophomore Class. Since that time he has kept steadily at work, doing his duties as they came to him and always striving to get as much as possible out of the College course. In the Junior year he entered the I. E. course and started on the road to make that his profession. Since that time no very remarkable events have occurred in his life; at least none except those that come in the life of every student.

Porter is of medium height and weight, is light complexioned and has at present a smooth face. If is evident he was made for a preacher for he is very fond of yellow-legged chickens and fine horses.

In the Junior year he held the position of third sergeant of Company B, and in the first term of the Senior year was Adjutant of the battalion. He is, at present, on the matrimonial market but only good looking girls need apply for he is very fastidious in his tastes.

Anyone desiring a first-class Irrigation Engineer will find one in the person of Porter J. Preston.
BIOGRAPHY OF SAM AND ALICE BELL.

These two members of the Class of '92 were born in Dover, N. H., in 1874. To make it a little more plain they are twins. In this "land of old maids and codfish" these two persons began to receive their education in the public schools of Manchester when they arrived at the immature age of five years. Not long after this they moved into the country at Chester and began attending the district school; this was continued till they were fourteen years old. According to some accounts many were the exciting times that the brother had with the schoolmasters, but the biographer is unable to tell just what was the nature of these rows. At the age of fourteen, these two young people took Greely's advice and removed to the west and settled at Fort Collins on the 26th day of October, '88 and here they have remained till the present time. As for the distinguishing features of Sam and Alice if a person is acquainted with one he will know the other for they are as near alike as brother and sister could well be; there is one thing though that makes it so that they can be told apart—the sister is not in the habit of walking down the street every night with the librarian. Both are of average height and weight and both are somewhat sunny in their natures. Sam has attempted to raise a mustache but failed in the attempt; he makes more of a success of side whiskers.

As to any other distinguishing features of the two the advice of Sam is good to follow. He says: "If you want to know what I look like, go and look at my sister, for she is better looking than I am."

Since they entered the College they have been a success, for they are both good students and are quick to learn. As to the professions that they will follow in the future it is not for the biographer to name them, at least not with certainty. Sam wants to be a doctor and the sister is not in the habit of walking down the street every night with the librarian. Both are of average height and weight and both are somewhat sunny in their natures. Sam has attempted to raise a mustache but failed in the attempt; he makes more of a success of side whiskers.

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EARLY FORMATIVE INFLUENCES.

Lasting impressions are received while the mind is plastic. A child's character is moulded by early influences and training.

Happy is that child whose life has opened into the sunshine of a good and pure home, whose cradle is rocked by the hand of a loving Christian mother! Such a child holds the key to a bright and noble future.

The infants who lay in helpless dependency to-day will be the power of the nation to-morrow. How important then that they should be early prepared and equipped for work.

There is a growing feeling among Americans that capital and labor are not now producing the best possible results to the greatest number. It is generally conceded that there is something lacking in the primary grades of the public schools, that there is a waste of both time and energy, and that the children are not imbued with a proper love of learning. Technical education is receiving more attention than formerly.

There are hundreds of children in all large cities who have no real homes, who are surrounded by the most degrading circumstances, and have never caught a glimpse of anything better or higher. When we consider the influences operating on their lives we can only wonder that any grow up to be good men and women, amid such deplorable conditions.

How can we reach and help them? If left to their own resources till they reach the public school age, their minds will have become imbued with false and evil principles. Any system which leads the child-mind into habits of self-observation and activity should be heartily received and encouraged. The public Kindergarten furnishes the necessary requirements. The few which have been established have opened a new and bright world to the little ones who have flocked to their doors.

The only consistent way seems to be to establish a sufficient number of these free institutions, so that all children of the kindergarten age may be reached. Intellectual and charitable minded people should rise up and demand them. They should form a part of our public school system.

The conscientious Kindergarten is wrapped up in her work, and finds pleasure and delight in developing human nature. Two material means for instruction have been adopted: the gifts, which open to the childish mind an universe of order and harmony; and the occupations, which definitely fix the impressions created by the gifts, and develop modifying and creating tendencies. These two methods unite to give insight and power.

Extension of free Kindergarten work is the present safeguard, but the highest results can be obtained only when the principles of Froebel shall be established in every home. These great truths should be taught in pure and simple language from the mother's lips. The mother should lead the child to harmonize the finite with the infinite in life, to seek the divine essence in all human things, and to trace man's nature to his God, thus moulding him into a thinking, intelligent, conscientious, and free being.

A BREEZE FROM WYOMING.

This State grants suffrage to both sexes. A fact well known throughout the United States. The results have been watched with interest by many both in and out of Wyoming.

The politics here have not as yet shown any vast improvement over those of Colorado and other masculine suffrage States. This is a disappointment to observers who fail to recognize that our State is still in its infancy; that its chief industries are cattle and sheep raising and mining; and that the female proportion of the population is therefore in the minority.

Cheyenne and Laramie, the one of 12,000, the other of 6,000 inhabitants, are the largest cities, and the only ones in which the feminine element has any considerable weight. These places are young and typically Western, far more so than any Colorado cities known to the writer. Woman possesses somewhat of human nature, and here, as in all new countries, the scramble for pelf is uppermost with both sexes, and time has not been taken by the majority of either to look into the evils growing up in our midst. The saloon is rife, and other vices common to both old and new countries are with us.

The first Prohibition club in the State was organized this Spring. The People's party is gaining strength and it is to be hoped that Wyoming will speedily take hold of reform with her might, and that her women will lead the van.

It is yet to be proven that woman has done any harm in politics. As a rational being who must obey the laws or be punished as man, she has as rational a right to the ballot as her brother.

What would we think of an article entitled "Should Men Vote?" or, "Has the Masculine Vote Benefitted Wyoming?" How would such an one be accepted by our brothers? Wyoming is but just. She deserves no praise; but her sister States who class women with idiots and criminals need censure.

The writer voted at the last city election. Being a woman, and having never before cast
a ballot, she was asked: “Did you not feel proud and independent?” Proud? No! Why should one feel especially proud of performing one’s duty? A sacred duty that should take principal and conscience into earnest consideration. Independent? Perhaps as much so as any right-minded individual with the privilege of expressing one’s opinions by the ballot.

Perhaps in time to come this writers lot should be cast where suffrage is not granted to women, she would doubtless feel much humiliated. Let us trust that this will not be; that all the States will embrace woman’s suffrage, because it is just, sensible, and right.

THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS—II.

Nearly all who visit the islands wish to see the volcano of Kilauea; this is situated on the island of Hawaii. Our party starts out on horseback, the ladies riding astride, as all the ladies on the island do; they sit their horses well, and are provided with long riding-dresses cleverly and elegantly fashioned for the purpose.

After leaving the village of Hilo, which is situated in the eastern part of the island, we pass through a beautiful grassy country, fern clad, and brightened by pretty flowers; and at intervals we pass through groves of fine trees, entwined, or supported, by numerous climbing plants, among which are blue and lilac convolvulus and magnificent passion flowers. Looking back we see the ocean, calm, glistening and blue, and indeed Pacific. Proceeding on our journey, we see to the west the snow-capped peak of Mauna Loa, rising 13,675 feet above the sea, and further to the south-east we see Kilauea, which is our destination.

We pass many natives on the way, some at work, some idling about the roads or near their dwellings. The native women wear a long-sleeved, loose gown, reaching to the ground. It resembles somewhat the “Mother Hubbard” of the whites. Their favorite colors seem to be lilac, drab, brown, and, in some cases, brighter colors. They wear about their necks garlands of flowers. In their hair flowers are also placed, and often they are seen carrying flowers and ferns in their hands. They are all passionately fond of flowers, and much of the brightness seems to be reflected in their natures, for they are a happy, light-hearted people, with no thought for the morrow. The natives are an interesting study, but we are on our way to the crater and must not pause too long. We pass fine sugar plantations which are well managed and enormously productive, and after a long ride we come to the Halfway House, where man and beast are rested, and where everyone enjoys a good luncheon well served.

A pleasant ride of about seven hours more brings us to the Volcano House, which is situated at the crater. The hotel is a very comfortable place with a capacity for accommodating about fifty people. The horses may also be well provided for in good stables, and everything is done to make the visitor’s stay as enjoyable as possible.

The path from the Volcano House to the crater is of fairly gentle grade, about a mile in length, and accomplishing a drop of about 500 feet in that distance. The great abyss, or crater, is about nine miles in circumference, the depth varying from 300 to 800 feet.

The first descent down the wall of the crater is very precipitous; the slope is thickly covered with sadlerias, polopodiums, silver grass and a great variety of plants, many of which bear clusters of berries of brilliant turquoise blue. The lower portion of the slope is over rough blocks and ridges of broken lava, and appears to have been a break which extends irregularly around the whole crater, and which probably marks a tremendous subsidence of the floor. The floor is broken in appearance, much like the ice on a river in the spring-time when it breaks up. There are also many other grotesque shapes, and all are broken by great seams through which a sulphurous gas is constantly passing. In some of the crevices may be found a curious filamentous lava known as “Pele’s Hair.” It is like spun glass, and of a yellowish-brown color. During eruptions, when fire fountains play to a great height, and drops of lava are thrown in all directions, the wind spins them out in threads two or three feet long, which catch on projecting points. The substance is quite flexible.

We are now in a region of blackness and desolation, with the usual sights and sounds of nature all gone, and we near the active hole in the crater. This lake, the “Hale-man-man,” or “House of Everlasting Fire,” the abode of the dreaded Goddess Pele, can be approached in safety except during an eruption. The spectacle however varies daily, and at times the level of the lava in the pit is so low that the traveler is unable to see anything. At the time of our visit it is high, and we see it in all its greatness. Boiling, tossing, roaring, reports and the hissing escape of gasses, greet us; the awful lake is seething hot; of a deep red appearance, coated over every few seconds by a white coating which in turn is broken up by the boiling action of the volcano and again melted. It is said that it is not possible to adequately describe this great wonder, but we returned with shoes and alpine stocks burned, pleased, satisfied and well repaid for our trouble.

J. W. LAWRENCE.
CONTENTMENT.

Again fair June, returning now
With fragrance in the air
And murm'ring in the leafy bough
Awakes sweet mem'ries rare.

When we, in blithesome summer new
Some fleeting months away,
To Alma Mater bade adieu
On our Commencement Day.

It seemed, indeed, more like the end
Than the beginning day—
A farewell to an old tried friend
And joys soon gone for aye.

But these delights were yet too near
For us to know their worth,
And for the end of tasks so near
Rejoicings sound, and mirth.

For we had reached the goal renowned,
No more to lessons wed;
Had done with tens and zeroes round
Examinations dread.

Thus the tasks and pleasures leaving
And all that we had known
In the world some grand achieving
Our efforts we would crown.

As one, who from a rocky height
With raptured sight doth gaze
On woods and valleys swept with light
And hills in purple haze.

So through the vistas of the years
So soon to come and go
We look entranced, untouched by fears
Xor aught of sadness know.

...The distant heights we long to press.
To walk 'neath far off skies.
Unconscious that the bluffs between
Precipitous do rise.

'Tis well, I think, the vision fair
So beauteous we may see,
For if we knew what we must bear
The trials yet to be.

Would not our feet be slow and shrinking
From the path that we must go?
Would not our hearts be weary thinking
Of the sorrows we must know?

And yet the bitter with the sweet
In each our lives must blend,
In each our lives temptations meet
Before we reach the end.

Days when our best and high endeavor
Seem no impress to make
And doubts that o'er us brooding ever
In our hearts do lodgement take.

And darker hours, as on the past
In retrospect we gaze,
When by the tempter's power held fast
We walked forbidden ways.

But like the wet North wind that blows
Across the prairies sere,
To us God's Word a promise shows
The fainting heart to cheer.

For every trial that is sent,
If we could see aright,
When borne with patience and content
Will lead us up to light.

And perhaps where we are sowing
And no blade doth yet appear,
There the grain will rank be growing
When the Reap'ra draweth near.

Let us then be stout and ready,
Brush aside the falling tear.
And with purpose strong and steady
Leave no room for any fear.

May we in troubled waters round
A cheering light display,
That shall in deepest night be found
Until the Endless Day.

E'en as the evening star doth make
A silvery path of light
On tossing waters of the lake
In dark tempestuous night.

And when we reach the end of life,
Our work forever done,
What matters then the care, the strife,
If we the crown have won?

And in the glad triumphant throng
Who walked the narrow way
We'll join the grand ecstatic song
And adoration pay.

—Cora B. Blinn.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

On entering Westminster Abbey, we make
our way to the west end of the Nave. The
great building lies before us. Along the sides
lines of statues stretch away. Beneath our
feet, the stones are carved with well-known
names, and over our heads are graceful arches.

By our side is a statue of England's orator
and, prime minister, Wm. Pitt. On some of
the memorials to our right, we read the names,
Wordsworth, Keble, and Kingsley, making a
little poet's corner by themselves. If we walk
up the middle of the Nave, passing many
familiar names, we notice, lying on the floor
in front of us, a wreath of evergreen flowers,
and see the name of David Livingstone on the
slab under it. The flowers were brought "from
the land which he loved, and for which he
died," as the slip of paper on them says. In
front of this stone lies another to the memory
of Sir Isaac Newton. Now we turn aside to
see a monument of Major Andre, with some
autum leaves, the gift of America, hanging
over it.

Passing statues of Watts and the Wesleys,
we enter the "Poets Corner," through which
monks used to file to services. Longfellow's
face looks down us. On the statue are
fresh flowers, offerings of some of his country-
men. Here are Dryden, Ben Jonson, Milton,
Spenser, Southey, Goldsmith, Thackeray, Addison, Garrick, and Samuel Johnson.

Now we pass on to the resting places of the kingly families. Edward the Confessor’s chapel is the most sacred place in the building. Here is Edward’s shrine and the coronation chair placed over the famous stone of scone. The English kings have for centuries been crowned near by.

There is one more spot of special interest to the visitor. It is known as the “Innocent’s Corner.” The bones of the Princes of the Tower are placed here. Close by is a stone cradle with a little stone image of a child sleeping beneath the stone lace covers. Other kingly children lie near. As we took our way towards the door we noticed a curious monument in honor of Lady Elizabeth Nightengale. It shows a white marble tomb with a figure of death coming out beneath it. He is aiming a spear at the Lady Nightengale, who shrinks back toward her husband.

Further on, we pass Sir Robert Peel, who is represented as dressed in a Roman toga. Near the door is a bust of Sir Peter Warren. The face of the bust shows scars from small-pox, a curious example of the realistic ideas of the times.

These memorials are only a few of the most interesting in this “National Valhalla of England.”

WIT.

The art of being funny has always been a popular and difficult accomplishment. In old times the king’s fool, with his cap and bells, supplied the need of a laugh, and often, through his influential position, taught lessons to those around him.

The man who lives by his brains no longer looks to royalty for support, but the humorous writer takes up the same theme, and, if he has enough originality to make him acceptable to the public, and if he understands the tricks of his trade, makes a good living out of the smiles of his readers.

The basis of wit is the unexpected. Its cheapest form is the pun.

A joke about that which is dignified or sacred in life easily raises a laugh. Unusual words used in a wrong sense, bad spelling, exaggerations, dialects, and life in rural districts also offer a chance for fun by introducing the unusual.

Peck and Bill Nye make fun out of the sins of human beings; Artemus Ward used the dialect; Josh Billings, poor spelling; Josiah Allen’s wife, the country district.

Mark Twain is one of our best known humorists, and has been imitated by most writers who have recently entered the same field.

Like Dickens, he is well acquainted with low life and brings out its peculiarities with accuracy.

Charles Lamb and Sydney Smith, Chaucer and Shakespeare give us here and there a taste of humor, kindly and dignified. Steele, Swift, Rochefoucauld, Butler and Pope knew how to use the lash of wit unalleviated by the tender touch of humor.

Laughter and tears lie so near one another that the successful humorous writer excels also in pathos.

Who can write more tenderly than Mark Twain, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Josiah Allen’s Wife and Jerome K. Jerome?

The hand that penned “Pickwick Papers” gave us also “The Death of Little Nell.” The author of “A Dissertation on Roast Pig” wrote “The Confessions of a Drunkard.”

Love and Truth are the best handmaids of the intellect in both classes of literature.

M. Bell.

HISTORY OF THE PHILO-AESTHESIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

While rummaging through the basket recently, one of the editors discovered a poem which is placed in our columns, not to fill space or for any historical merit which it may possess, but because it seemed too cruel to rob the world of such a brilliant poetical gem, which is as follows:

(In Seven Stanzas by the Poet.)

Years ago on the college ground
One day a society seed was found.
Twas planted with care. You know
Work was done with plow and hoe
And soon the seed began to grow.

Boys and girls had great debates.
Discussed the Sciences and the Fates.
Had a paper on the list
And impromptus with swinging list
Till their eyes were tilled with mist.

Oh woe! woe! This could not last
They had started out too fast
Had their meetings in the night
To the boys’ hearts’ delight
But to the Profs. it gave a fright.

A meeting was quickly massed.
Society was of the past.
Boys and girls had been too smart
So they must be kept apart
Which caused wrath in every heart.

But the girls must have a home
So they started out alone.
Found a place out of the rain
Where they could develop brain.

This was the old .Aesthian.
The Philo’s were also bent
Upon the selfsame grand intent.
They worked and for three long years
Sometimes with rage; and then with tears,
Poured their woes into Profs. ears.

Perseverance won at last
While some Profs. looked on aghast.
Boys and girls no longer roam.
And success has surely come
To Philo-Aesthian home!
EXCHANGES.

Why does the mighty Senior go
Around with drooping eyes,
Nor lift them to the passers by,
Nor even to the skies?
Why borrows he so many books
And burns the midnight oil,
And hunts the secret places out.
That he may better toil?
Oh, know ye not the the time soon comes.
And is not far away.
For these must be "handed in"
Before Commencement Day. — Ex.

It is thought that a quarantine will be necessary at some of the colleges on account of the desire to write spring poetry. — Ex.

Metaphysical Senior— "Professor, is life worth living?" Prof. — "That depends on the liver." Class faints. — Ex.

Boxing is a good amusement, as it trains the muscles to act with the eye, but we hope the C. A. C. students will be amused by other sports field day, and not introduce boxing and offer a prize for the winner as Iowa has done.

President Elliot of Harvard has made a gross mistake when he says "the West as a whole is densely ignorant," and likens the Mormons to our Pilgrim Fathers. We hope he is not infusing his beliefs into Harvard students.

The Notre Dome Scholastic of May 21st, contains a speech on free silver. This is the second free silver speech that has appeared in that paper. We like to hear them, and also to know that there are some, except in the west and south that believe in free silver.

Vol. II. No. 2 of the Phoenixian has reached our table. We are sorry it has not come before. It presents the best appearance of any of our eastern exchanges, and is filled with good solid matter. The Phoenixian is the only exchange on our table edited by young ladies.

Is there an American whose soul is so dead that a thrill of pleasure does not run through his being at the mention of the date of Friday, October 12th, 1492? The World's Columbian Exposition Grounds will be dedicated in Chicago on October 12th, the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America. Let the length and breadth of the nation peal out the anthems of the free on that day.

In the war of the Rebellion a yellow flag having a green letter H in its centre or a green-bordered yellow guidon signified to the enemy where the sick and wounded were, that they might not fire upon or harass them. This was only a custom then, but since, the United States and thirty-two other nations of the world have formed a compact agreeing not to molest the sick and wounded or those who are administering to them.

We copy the following from the Fort Collins Express:

A BRILLIANT RECEPTION.

Prof. and Mrs. Quick Entertain the Faculty.

One of the most elegant affairs in a social way ever held in Fort Collins, was the reception given in honor of the Faculty and Senior Class of the State Agricultural College on Saturday evening last, by Prof. and Mrs. Walter J. Quick at their handsome new home on Elizabeth street, on the College grounds.

The house was beautifully decorated with an abundance of cut flowers from a Denver florist, and each guest was presented with a bouquet of choice roses.

Promptly at 8 o'clock the guests began to arrive, and until midnight the parlors were thronged with a merry company.

Music, both vocal and instrumental, was a pleasant feature, and lent its aid in causing the hours to pass all too rapidly. The tables were laden with all the delicacies of the season and were perfect in every particular.

Many elegant costumes were noticed. The hostess, Mrs. Quick, was becomingly attired in a black silk; Mrs. Ellis wore a handsome street costume; Mrs. Kimball and Mrs. Taylor, black silk costumes; Mrs. Avery, rich silk suit, en train; Mrs. DuBois, green corded silk. Many other effective and striking costumes were observed.

The guests were as follows: Hon. and Mrs. A. L. Emigh, Hon. and Mrs. James E. DuBois, Hon and Mrs. F. C. Avery, Dr. and Mrs. S. T. Quick, President and Mrs. Alston Ellis, Prof. and Mrs. L. G. Carpenter, Prof. and Mrs. Clarence P. Gillette, Professors Maud Bell, Grace Patton and William J. Meyers; Mr. Jay D. Stannard, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Kimball, Mr. Chas. J. Ryan; Mesdames Taylor and Carpenter; Misses Cora Wilson, Lena Wills, Anna Wills, and Mary Quick; Messrs. Frank Beach, Charles W. Beach, Samuel Bell, Don A. Carpenter, Porter J. Preston, Frank H. Thompson and Albert J. Sedgwick.

Examinations have come and gone with the usual results. Those who have done good, honest work in the class room have passed all right. The laggards, of course, know what to expect.
We desire to say a word right here concerning our advertisers: We feel that we owe everything to them; that had it not been for their generous support, The Rocky Mountain Collegian would now be slumbering with the long list of periodicals that have died a natural death. As the students begin to appreciate the College paper, they readily see that its existence is dependent upon the support of the advertisers, and we cannot urge upon them too strongly the advice contained in these three words: "Patronize Our Advertisers."

One of our exchanges has said: "Encores should be few and far between on state occasions." Encores are all right in their place, but when a class is graduating, and there is music on the program, encores are out of their place. The orchestra or quartette usually have work enough to prepare something acceptable for the occasion. When they have rendered their parts in a pleasing manner it is a gross injustice to be called back. If it were a concert or a musicale, it would not be objectionable, but at commencement exercises, as was witnessed at the High School commencement, it is out of place, and only a crowd of small boys and hoodlums would commit an injustice of this kind.

This number of The Collegian will be the last to be issued under the present management. We have delayed it somewhat in order to get in the program for Commencement Week. This ends the first six months of its existence, and although it has had many difficulties to contend with, it has prospered and we leave it in a flourishing condition. There are some students who have not paid their subscription, but we are patiently waiting for them to come around and pay up before the end of the term. One dollar is not enough to break any student up, even if he is not in the best of circumstances financially. It seems as if a student that will not help support his own paper when he is able is not worthy of being a student. The management of the paper has been such that a small amount will be in the treasury after all bills are paid for this month. This will give the managers next year an advantage over us, in having something to start on, and we earnestly hope that the work will be taken up next fall and a greater success be made of the paper than has been made this year.

It seems very queer that some people have no more regard for other people's comforts and feelings than they have. There has not been an entertainment in the College chapel this spring but what the speakers have been annoyed by people coming in late, or by some one whispering or talking. There are people that come to listen to what we have. These are heartily welcome. There are others that come to see who is there and to have a good time. Often the success or failure of a student appearing upon the platform for the first time, depends on the attention of the audience. If he happens to see some one talking, his attention may be drawn from his subject for only an instant, yet the thought having left his mind, he cannot recall it. The only alternative is to sit down without having finished his recitation or essay. Another thing that is a source of annoyance to an audience in this town is the infant population. It is only reasonable to suppose that young children become tired out by sitting for an hour or two at a time, and having to keep still, when there are so many objects to attract their attention. It is an exceptional baby that can do this. A remedy for this latter source of annoyance might be found and applied without much trouble. No mother can go to hear a program carried out,
if she has a baby in her arms, and receive any
good from it. She becomes tired out, and by
the time she reaches home, she feels much
worse than if she had remained there. Then
why not leave the infants at home on such oc-
casions? Every one concerned would feel
much better if this was practiced. Why not
try it?

With this issue the present board of edi-
tors retire from the journalistic field. Our re-
lation with the alumni, the college authorities,
the business men of Fort Collins and the stu-
dents have always been the pleasantest and
we earnestly hope that our successors will re-
cieve the same courteous treatment. When
the paper was started last December it was,
with many forebodings of the final outcome.
We were in doubt as to whether the effort
would be a success or a failure. In a measure
we have been successful, but if at times the
paper has not come up to your ideal, please
remember that we have had much with which
to contend, and we would kindly ask you to be
charitable. At all times the management
have had the interests of the college at heart.
We have sought to make it a students paper;
for the students and by the students, believing
this to be the only basis on which to found a
college paper.

The College year just closing has been one
of the most prosperous in its history. The
work done has been thorough, and all the
ground that has been covered was gone over
slowly, step by step. The enrolment of stu-
dents has been larger this year than ever be-
fore; and not only larger in numbers, but a
steadier, harder working body of students.
They have banded together and worked for
the best interests of all concerned. The stu-
dents' paper has been started and carried on;
an oratorical association was formed and the
local contest was planned and carried out. The
College authorities secured the services
of Dr. Alston Ellis to fill the vacant chair of
the Presidency; four assistants were employed
to help with the work that is increasing in
each department; new buildings and new ap-
pliances, made necessary by the increase of
students, were obtained to accommodate
them. Money has been appropriated for the
errection of a new mechanic hall, which is now
being constructed. The individual work of
the students is commendable. Something of
a college spirit has been aroused, but that can
stand to be increased. When the Commence-
ment exercises are over each student and pro-
fessor can go home for their vacation feeling
that they have finished another year of good
work.

**LOCAL DEPARTMENT.**

Are two cripples twins?
I am no spring chicken.
Mr. Dwiggins has invested in Creed.
The musician at rhetoricals May 6 was exquisite.
Organize a family circle outside the dorm.
Some one suggested growing sponges this
wet weather.
The Preps are thinking seriously of indulg-
ing in silk hats.
The Senior Class banquet was a success in
every particular.
Frank M. Dimmick made his College friends
a visit the past week.
The Preps. appeared in broad-brimmed
straw hats Friday night.
DeVotie formerly of '92 is here on a visit
during commencement week.
The lawns and flower beds will be looking
fine for Commencement Week.
One of the Profs indulged in a foot-race
with a student a short time past.
Prof. Quick is making some sanitary im-
provements about the College farm.
This fine weather is the time to put on a
few finishing touches for Field Day
The new Agricultural Hall is to be dedi-
cated at 2 p.m. Wednesday, June 8th.
The new Mechanical Hall is growing very
fast and will be completed by September.
Mrs. L. G. Carpenter entertained the
Senior Class at breakfast on Tuesday morning.
The base ball game between the different
classes on Field Day will be something worth
seeing.
The cadets were on parade Decoration Day
but the rain prevented them from marching to
the cemetery.
F. H. Thompson, John Bloomfield and R. A. Maxfield intend spending the summer in Fort Collins.

Dr. P. J. McHugh has been studying bacteriology under Prof. C. S. Crandall during the past term.

Mr. Block of Denver, a representative of the Sterling Bicycle Co., visited Mr. Taylor on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Stannard entertained the Junior Class at their home, two weeks ago Friday afternoon.

The Sophs have bloomed forth in yellow ties, just as though we did not know their nature long ago.

The Alumni intend holding their biennial reunion in the Agricultural Hall on the evening of the 9th.

The recent hail storm did some slight damage to the flowers on the campus, but it is not so bad as was feared.

The Rev. Mr. Thayer, of Longmont, has been obtained to lecture before the literary society next Wednesday evening.

The Sophomores did themselves credit last Friday night, by being the best prepared and delivering the best productions of the season.

What has become of the literary society? Too much fashionable society is not good for the steady work of the Philo-Esthesian Society.

Mr. C. R. Richards, assistant in Mechanics and Drawing, has resigned his position and gone back to join his wife in Lafayette, Indiana.

The Senior Class picnic which was postponed from Arbor Day, took place May 21st. A large crowd was present and all had a very enjoyable time.

We congratulate Mr. Chas. Ryan on his good fortune, and know he will make a successful chemist, as he has the "sticktuitiveness" that is necessary to make a professional in that line.

Owing to the limited amount of space this month, a few contributions were crowded out. Please don't get discouraged because they did not appear, for there will be lots of room in the next issue.

Richard A. Maxfield is thinking of commencing suit against the Water Storage and Supply Co. for time lost in walking after his dollar and a half.

Prof. Quick took his class in Agriculture down to Windsor, on Friday to visit the Windsor Stock Farm, and gain a few practical lessons on the subject.

The new siphon has been completed, but the cement gave way in one place and made it necessary to stop for repairs before water can be carried through successfully.

The 13th Annual Register of the State Agricultural College has just been issued and presents a good appearance. It is larger and better illustrated than the one last year.

Owing to the High School Commencement Friday night, the Junior Class rhetoricals came Thursday night. Their programs were something out of the ordinary, being very tastefully designed.

Miss Margaret Watrous has left us and returned to her home in Minneapolis. She had only been in Colorado about a year, but had gained the love and admiration of all who knew her.

The field sports during Commencement Week are something that we have never had here before. They will undoubtedly be a success, and we hope the custom will be established, and every year there will be a Field Day.

Mr. Frank DeVotie, who left College at the end of last term, has been appointed County Surveyor of Weld County. He now has a good position in the Greeley National Bank, and owing to this fact, appointed our young engineer, L. L. Stimson, his deputy. This speaks well for Mr. Stimson and reflects great credit on the Agricultural College.

Prof. L. G. Carpenter has been granted leave of absence by the Board and will spend the summer months in visiting Italy, France and Spain. The object of his visit will be to investigate the methods of irrigation used in Europe. The professor bade good bye to his host of friends on June 3rd, and will sail from New York June 8th. He expects to return about September 1st.
Good-bye!

Are you coming back next term?

Don't mention the ball game. It was out of sight.

Sedgwick and Thompson will probably remain here during the summer.

Mr. Block of Denver gave an exhibition of his fancy riding yesterday afternoon on his bycicle.

Miss Clara Strohl, a former member of '94 is visiting friends during Commencement week.

As we go to press we hear that the Juniors and Seniors were defeated in the game of ball between them and the rest of the students. Score 7 to 18 in favor of the lower classmen. Umpire, John Sherrell.

Fond parents, brothers and sisters and sweethearts are here to enjoy the festivities of the last of the term. Mr. J. S. Calkins of the class of '01 is circulating about the campus as in days of yore.

Prof. and Mrs. W. J. Quick gave an elegant reception to a few of their friends Saturday evening. Prof. and Mrs. Quick are royal entertainers, and no one need feel lonesome in their presence.

There was a large and attentive audience present in the chapel, last Sunday to listen to the eloquent baccalaureate address delivered by Dr. Alston Ellis. A more scholarly production has never been delivered within the walls of the College building.

John Bloomfield, '93, will order books for the higher classes next term, and will be glad to receive orders from any of the other classes for books or stationery. He guarantees to give them to the students at as low a figure as, any dealer in the city, so we would heartily recommend the students to patronize John and help the good work along.

Mr. C. R. Richards, M. E., assistant in the department of Mechanics and Drawing, has severed his connection with the College and returned to Indiana. Mrs. Richards' health would not permit her to reside at this altitude; and she was obliged some time ago to return to her former home; and as there seemed no likelihood that she could return, Mr. Richards decided to join her in Indiana and accordingly resigned his position at the College. While in the community he made many friends, his genial disposition, his scholarly attainments and his gentlemanly bearing made for him a welcome place among us. He is a good instructor, one who can impart his knowledge to the best advantage of the student. We wish him success in any new undertaking in which he may engage.

PROGRAM FOR FIELD DAY.

FORENOON.

Military Drill.

Base Ball Game—Seniors and Juniors vs. the Sophomores, Freshmen and Preps.

AFTERNOON.

Field Sports:
- Fifty-yard dash.
- Running high jump.
- Standing high jump.
- Hurdle race.
- Throwing baseball.
- Throwing 12-pound hammer.
- One hundred yard dash.
- Sack race.
- Wrestle.
- Running broad jump.
- Standing broad jump.
- Standing broad jump, with weights.
- Relay race.
- Frog race.
- High kick, no restrictions.
- High kick, one foot on ground.
- Tug of war.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.


Knowledge, Don A. Carpenter
The Middle Class, Alice Bell
Co-operation in America, Frank H. Thompson
Music—Moonlight on the Lake, C. A. White
Double Quartette.

Charity, Frank Beach
The Silver Question, Albert J. Sedgwick
Our Standard of Honor, Samuel Bell
Music—Waltzes, Irene, C. W. Bennett
Fisk's Orchestra.

A Hero, Charles M. Beach
Progress of Civilization, Porter J. Preston
The Man, Not the Means, Lewis L. Stimson
Music—Overture, Dawn Till Twilight, Bennet Fisk's Orchestra.

Conferring Degrees.

Benediction, Rev. Thomas Bakes
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BOTANY AND HORTICULTURE. MECHANICS AND DRAWING. ENGLISH AND STENOGRAPHY.
CHEMISTRY AND GEOLOGY. MILITARY SCIENCE AND TACTICS.
HISTORY, LITERATURE AND LANGUAGES. MATHEMATICS.

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