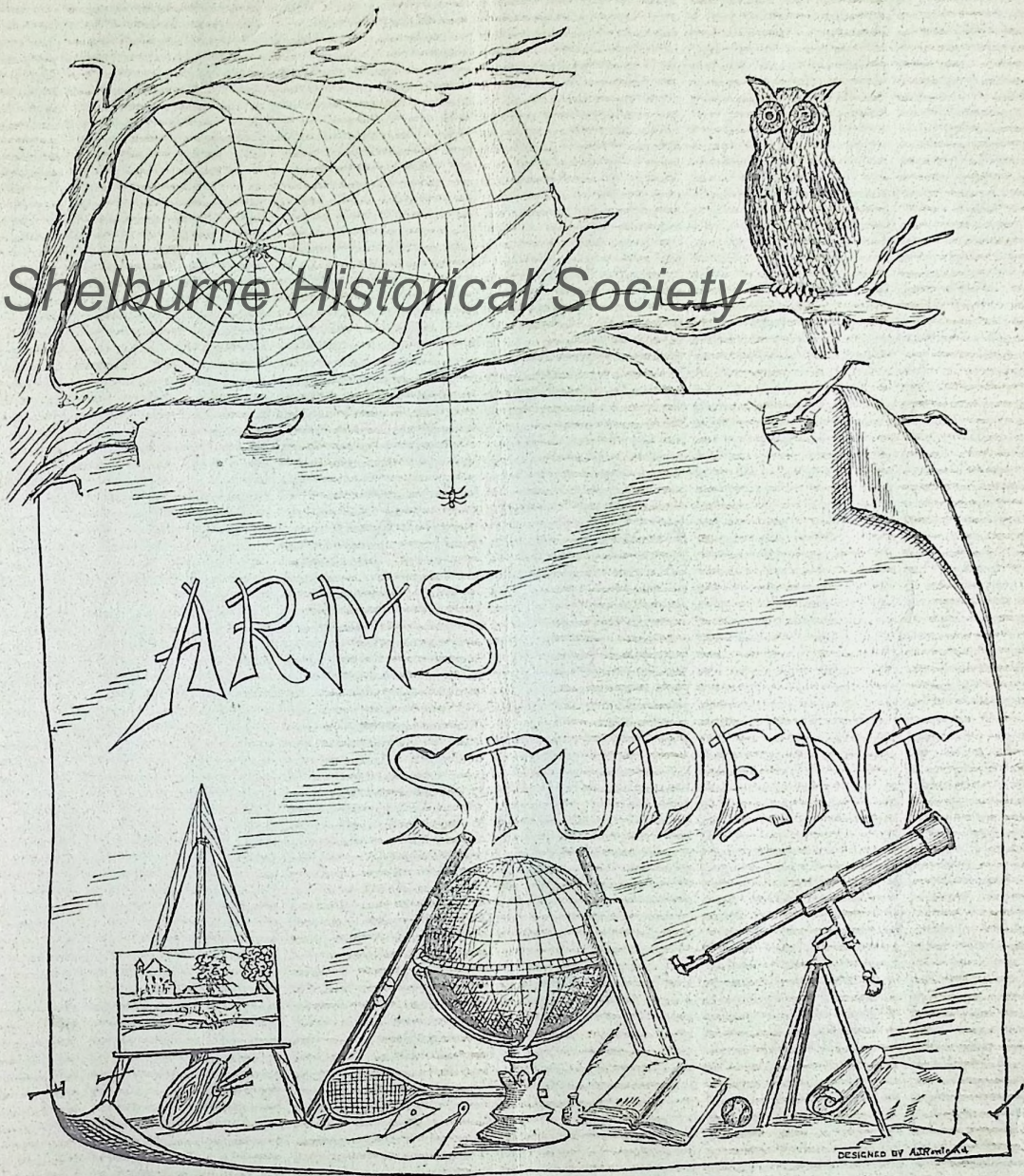


Shelburne Historical Society



DESIGNED BY A. B. [unreadable]

MAY, 1890.

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Mountains:

There is a beauty and charm connected with mountains, that to the cultivated mind speaks of many thoughts all pure and noble. It is amidst these creations of nature that we can study her to the best advantage; while we sigh for the scenery of foreign countries one does not think that our own New England hills can offer an almost as attractive a sight as the snow clad peaks of the Alps or Apennines.

It would be a day profitably spent to climb one of the mountains near here. Any one who has not viewed the majesty and beauty of these it would certainly pay to visit even Pocomtuck, not only for the exercise but also for new thoughts it would give. It was a bright day in summer that I took my first trip to Pocomtuck. Starting early in the morning we slowly and not without difficulty wended our way towards the summit. New and pleasant things were found. Strange mosses and flowers, curiously shaped rocks and gnarled limbs of trees made excellent resting places. At last, with hands full of flowers and ferns, the topmost peak was reached. Going to a high ledge we looked out, and upon new scenes such as one would hardly realize were found in Massachusetts. The mountains below were enveloped in hazy blue, and now and then villages with its church spire rising and quiet homes dotted the valleys. It was a scene that never grows old or tiresome.

An eccentric gentleman of this place once said that he always felt like flying when he visited the mountain, and it certainly has the tendency to make one feel like executing something out of the usual order of things. Here nature is seen in all her varying forms, from the roar of the cataract, to the simple wild flower blooming in some hidden crevice.

If their language could be interpreted what a great and valuable history it would make. These structures of nature for ages have looked down upon the world and things that are of doubt now would be set forth in the light of truth. Who ever has not ascended the mountains and listened to the merry brooklet trilling its song, or watched the falls come dashing over the rocks, gathered the sweet mountain flowers, saw the blue sky glimmering through the trees, or heard the leaves whisper and the wind sigh through them, know little of the beauties, that the bounteous giver, Nature is at all times bestowing upon us. Here, too we can find the sweetest flowers latest in the season. When others have ceased to bloom these will still be hidden away where the frosts have not destroyed them.

From the mountains we may receive sympathy in times of grief and trouble, for by looking up at their heights we seem to see something of the trials of human life. The rocks and cliffs over which we must travel represent our struggles to overcome the troubles that will come to every life, the slippery ground that is so hard to pass, the temptations that are holding us back, but as in mountains so it is in life there will always be some bright spot, the sun will not always be clouded, this brightness is the beauties that will ever be found, the summit portrays the victory over trials and temptation. These are left behind, but the sunshine of life is taken with victory and it is a perfect reward as we stand and look back upon the obstacles that were almost, it seemed insurmountable to find nothing but joy and peace. To find that we are nearer Him who caused the earth to be made and the mountains to tower towards heaven.

LUNA A. JOHNSON, '92.

## The Three Fishermen.

The three fishermen, whose adventures I am about to relate, never launched their boats off the coast of Nova Scotia or Cape Cod, never went sailing out to sea to return no more like "the three fishermen" of old, but came whirling into the suburbs of Baptist Corner at a rate of speed that struck the old horse in the barn dumb with envy and made his old legs feel stiffer than ever.

With what glowing expectations did the boys extricate themselves from the mass of fishing tackle, which surrounded them.

No boy ever started off a fishing no matter what his past experience may have been without visions of embryo whales dangling at the end of his line floating before him. I have noticed that the young fishermen, and old ones as well, seldom manifest as much enthusiasm on their return as when starting out. It was especially noticeable in this case. They returned no direct answer to the question; "How many trout did you catch?" The only one I caught sight of was about three inches long.

To what proportions this incipient monster had attained, and by what number he had been multiplied the next day when they were relating their adventures to their fellow students, I have yet to learn.

We think they enjoyed themselves. We know they enjoyed their lunch that had been carefully prepared by their mothers. If these boys manifest as much enthusiasm in beginning their life work, as they did that morning when starting off fishing, with the thermometer in a depressed condition and the wind blowing a stiff gale from the snow-banks on Florida mountain, they will certainly deserve success whether they achieve it or not.

W. C., '91.

## "Bismark."

Prince Otto Edward Leopold Von Bismark, or simple plain Bismark.

For over twenty-five years at the head of Prussia, he has brought her step by step from a petty kingdom to be at the head of the most powerful confederacy of Europe.

Not much is known of Bismark's parentage, it is certain he came of a very ancient and patrician family.

His youth was characterized by many wild adventures.

It is said he fought over twenty duels in three terms, and from these he earned his title of Mad Bismark.

After traveling through Europe and England he settled down to the life of a country squire.

In a few years he was called to the United Diet at Berlin. This was his opportunity to display his talents, and so brilliant was his speech that he attracted the attention of the Emperor; from the time of this Diet in 1847 Bismark's career has been a series of triumphs.

His gifts of statemanship, prescience and patience have become world famous; in diplomacy Gladstone, Carnot, Blaine, Salisbury, none are his equals.

Bismark is a believer in the divine right of kings, he declared that "the king holds his throne by the divine right and not by grace of the people."

In regard to the people his ideas are those of "a born feudalist" he does not believe they should have equal rights, he holds them almost in the place of slaves, he thinks they should be ruled with "a rod of iron" for he said "what do they know of the affairs of nations."

When Bismark entered the council of King William I he recognized his marked ability, diplomacy and his ruling power,

## A Sketch of Miles Standish.

In the low room of a primitive dwelling, Miles Standish, captain of the colony at Plymouth, strode to and fro, apparently buried in thought, pausing occasionally to look at the glittering armor and weapons that hung on the wall.

Near a window, diligently writing, sat John Alden, a fair faced youth. Miles Standish paused and lovingly handled his weapons, telling how this sword and that armor had once saved his life.

Tiring of these, he walks to the window and in thought, lives over again the terrible winter in which his young wife, the beautiful Rose Standish, died. He thinks of the weary days and lonely life he has lived since then, and his heart yearns for the companionship of one who shall be more than friend, one who shall fill the place of his lost love. For some time he has looked with approving eyes on Priscilla, a sweet Puritan maiden, yet he hardly dares own to himself his kindly feelings toward her. With sorrowful face he paces about the room; soon a familiar look attracts his attention. Seating himself, he opens the book and is soon lost in the thrilling account of the battles. Nothing is heard in the room but the hurrying pen of John Alden, busily writing letters to go by the Mayflower on the morrow. Letters full of the name and fame of Priscilla the Puritan maiden.

A heavy sigh escaped Miles Standish; closing the book, he confronts John Alden and requests his attention for a few moments. The young man closes his last letter, and Miles Standish in an embarrassed manner, tells him of his loneliness and his desire to wed the fair Priscilla.

The captain though valiant in war, is a coward in matters of this kind, so he begs John Alden to speak for him to the maiden.

therefore he allowed Bismark to build Germany up, upon its present policy.

King William and all Europe recognize Mad Bismark as the head of Germany and with the nod of his head or by the wave of his hand, lay the destiny of a nation, but nevertheless with him at the helm Europe was practically assured of peace.

When the news was spread abroad that Bismark had resigned, all trembled for their safety; as the new emperor has yet to prove that he can "guide the ship of state" successfully without the aid of the veteran chancellor; it is an open secret that he wishes to distinguish himself either in war or peace.

The direct cause of Bismark's resignation is unknown.

The socialists Bismark abhors; it is said that he has labored largely for the last ten years with the hope of exterminating them.

Upon the labor question and equal rights of the masses, was undoubtedly the chief cause of the difference between William and Bismark and may have caused his resignation.

In character I think Bismark is very self contained, selfish, cold and never impassioned.

As a statesman arbitrary, imperious and unscrupulous as to what means he uses to obtain his end.

As a conversationalist he is witty, humorous and his conversation is sparkling with anecdote.

Now, Bismark is an old man his sturdy constitution impaired and broken down by his many years of unremitted toil; as a parting favor, his young Emperor has bestowed upon him the title of Duke; titles may continue to be thrust upon him but to us his only name is Bismark.

H. A. H., '91.

John Alden, striving to conceal his surprise and dismay, sought to speak of it lightly saying, "If you wish a thing well done you must do it yourself." Still the captain pleaded, in the name of friendship and his request was granted.

So, on his errand John Alden wended his way through the village, and on through the woods where the silence was only broken by the sweet songs of the birds. In his heart "love was contending with friendship, and self with each generous impulse." All around him, grew the sweet modest May flowers, and, thinking how much they were like her, he gathered a bouquet intending to give it as a parting gift.

Approaching the house, he heard the musical voice of Priscilla singing a Puritan anthem. As the door opened the hum of the wheel ceased, and Priscilla came forward to welcome him, saying she had been thinking of him. Seating themselves, they talked of their friends and the Mayflower, which was to sail next day, until Priscilla spoke of her loneliness, then he told her of the offer of Miles Standish. Silent for a moment she stands. "If he is so eager to wed me why doesn't he ask for himself?" John tries to smooth the matter by saying he is busy and has no time for such things, still urging the suit of his friend; and as he waxed eloquent she archly asked, "Why don't you speak for yourself John?"

Into the open air John Alden, perplexed and bewildered rushed like a man insane.

Was it his fault that Priscilla loved him and not the captain? Was it his fault that his friend had failed? these questions he asked himself again and again. Seeing the Mayflower he resolved to return to England. On reaching home he finds Miles Standish waiting for him. John Alden tells him the story, softening only Priscilla's refusal until he came to the words, "Why don't you speak for yourself John?" Miles

Standish stamped on the floor in his anger, accusing John Alden of betraying him. The friendship was now broken forever, and Miles Standish left him to his thoughts.

At the council that evening, war was declared with the Indians, and before morning Miles Standish was many miles away. On the beach are gathering men, women and children, to say goodbye and God speed to the good ship Mayflower. Side by side stood John Alden and Priscilla watching it sail out of sight.

The days sped by, and autumn brought ships laden with supplies and friends. John Alden was building a house for himself, ever thinking of Priscilla as he worked. Often after his days work was ended, he would walk through the woods and spend a quiet evening with Priscilla.

One day news came that Miles Standish had been slain by an Indian.

On a bright pleasant day with friends gathered about them, John Alden and Priscilla were married.

When the last words had been said, the door opened, and Miles Standish came into the room, and, walking up to John Alden, took his hand begging his forgiveness; blaming himself for his haste and injustice. How eagerly the friends gathered around asking questions, each interrupting the other, forgetting the bride and the bridegroom, who had gone to the door, before which stood a white bull, covered with a crimson cloth and cushion, on which Priscilla is soon seated and on the way to her new home.

R. E. K., '91.

#### A Sketch of Ivanhoe.

The scene of this story is laid in the north of England in the time of the reign of King John, a few generations after William of Normandy's conquest of Britain and before

the few remaining Saxons were quite crushed under the rule of the Normans.

The story opens with a description of two serfs belonging to one Cedric called the Saxon. While these two are conversing in the road they are met by a company of finely dressed, and finely mounted men, of whom the two principal characters are one Prior Aymer who was connected with the church of England (though not so holy a man as he professed to be;) and a Templar, called Brian de Bois Gilbert. This latter was a dark skinned, passionate man who afterward becomes a prominent character in the story.

The company start out for Cedric the Saxon's mansion accompanied by a stranger; they are hospitably received and entertained.

This part of the story gives a graphic account of hospitality in those days. Cedric and his family consisting of his niece, the charming Rowena and the family servants; the rich guests and the stranger before mentioned who turns out to be the unrecognized son of Cedric who had been banished from his father's house and was supposed to be fighting under King Richard in the Holy Land, all gathered around a table on which is spread a sumptuous feast.

The principal subject of conversation was the coming tournament at Ashbys in which Brian de Bois Gilbert boasts of his prowess and openly declares his intention of becoming the champion.

On the day appointed for the tournament great concourse of people assemble to witness the combat which proved to be very sharp. Ivanhoe in disguise is successively victorious, until, at last, borne down by numbers, he is only saved from death by a certain knight in black armor who had hitherto been inactive.

Cedric and his entire train including Rowena, the wounded Ivanhoe, and Rebec-

ca, a Jewess, who is the heroine of the story and who had been an interested spectator of the tournament, are taken as prisoners to a neighboring castle by De Bois Gilbert who is in love with Rowena and takes these measures to obtain her consent to their marriage.

The Black Knight who is no other than Richard the Lion Hearted in disguise comes to the rescue with a band of yeomen whom he had picked up in the forest, and assails the castle. After a long and exceedingly hard fight, which Rebecca standing at a window, pictures in words to Ivanhoe, lying helpless on a lounge, they win and rescue the company.

Cedric the Saxon returns to his home, and Ivanhoe, having been reconciled to his father marries Rowena.

The description of the storming of the castle is very fine but that of the tournament is considered as the best in all literature.

C. F. C., '92.

Charles Dickens.

Charles Dickens, the greatest novelist that England, perhaps the world, has ever seen was born at Portsmouth, England in the year 1812. His father was at this time a clerk in the Navy Pay Office there.

His parents were in very poor circumstances and Charles was sent to work in a Blacking Establishment, earning six shillings a week. It is said that when he had grown up he would always shun this locality for its unpleasant memories.

His parents were too poor to send him to school and so he had to be his own educator. His father had a small collection of books such as Tom Jones, Humphrey Clinker, Vicar of Wakefield, Don Quixote, Robinson Crusoe, Nights, etc. These he read many times, not forgetting them as

soon as read through but keeping them in mind, and associating the familiar places about his own home with those in the books. And thus by his reading and his power of observation he obtained a very fair education.

At the age of fifteen, he again went to work as an attorney's office boy for fifteen shillings a week. He continued there for a year and a half and in November, 1828 he began reporting law cases and political speeches, in which employment he remained eight years.

His first original work was printed in the "Old Monthly Magazine," in 1834, under the nom de plume of "Boz." This was one of the "Sketches by Boz" which first appeared collected and arranged in February 1836.

The first of the "Pickwick Papers" was published in April, 1836. At first the sale was very small; but after seven or eight numbers had been issued it was much larger and by the time it was finished it was famous.

In 1837 he wrote "Oliver Twist" and two years later the "Life and adventures of Nicholas Nickleby."

Perhaps his five best known works are, "David Copperfield," "Great Expectations," "Dombey and Son," "Pickwick Papers" and "Nicholas Nickleby."

Among his other best works are "Old Curiosity Shop," "Hard Times," "Bleak House," "Martin Chuzzlewit," "Barnaby Rudge," "Master Humphrey's Clock," "Little Dorrit," "Our Mutual Friend," "A Tale of Two Cities," and the "Mystery of Edwin Drood" which was left unfinished by his death.

His shorter stories are "Christmas Carol," "Cricket on the Hearth," "Uncommercial Traveller," etc.

His characters are chosen almost entirely from the poorer classes and he did much to

reform the condition of the prisons, hospitals, etc. by his writings.

He visited America twice. The first time in 1842, he received a very cordial reception for which the American people complained that he made a very poor return by his sharp criticisms in American Notes. The second time he came he read his own works before large audiences and the people forgave him.

He died at Gadshill Place, June 9th, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, June 14th, 1870.

C. C., '92.

#### Longfellow's Evangeline.

Grand Pre, the scene of this story, was in the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas. It was a farming village, where peace and contentment reigned supreme, where the people were free from the fear of tyrants and envy, and dwelt together in the love of God and man. "There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance" and well did Longfellow call it the "home of the happy."

A short distance from the village dwelt Benedict Bellefontaine, a wealthy farmer and his daughter Evangeline, the pride of the village.

"Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers,  
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside,  
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses!  
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.  
Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal,  
Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest devotion;"

but the only favored one among them was Gabriel Lajeunesse, the playmate of her

childhood and son of Basil, the village blacksmith.

Thus at peace with God and man dwelt the people of Grand Pre, until one day English ships anchored in the Gaspereau's mouth and the next day all were commanded to meet at the church, to hear their Majesty's mandate. The morning came and all the men hastened to the church, while the women waited without in the church yard. Then came the guards from the ships and their commander arose and told the people that their land must be forfeited to the crown, and they must seek new homes, and ended by saying "Prisoners now I declare, you; for such is his Majesty's pleasure." The people stood silent a moment in wonder and amazement and then they madly rushed to the doors only to find themselves prisoners.

There they remained, under guard of the soldiers, until the sun had risen and set four times, and on the fifth day the women and children came to the shore, bringing their household goods. Late in the afternoon, the church doors opened, and forth came the guards, and following them, marched the Acadian farmers, the young men were foremost, and singing a chant of the Catholic mission.

"Sacred heart of the Savior! O inexhaustible fountain!  
Fill our hearts this day with strength, and submission and patience."

Half way down to the shore waited Evangeline and when she saw Gabriel pale with emotion, she clasped his hand and bade him be of good courage, telling him that if they loved each other nothing could harm them, then she saw her father coming, but alas! how changed from his former self. "Gone was the glow from his cheeks, and the fire from his eye and his footstep,  
Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy heart in his bosom."

The mournful procession moved on to the Gaspereau's mouth, where there were disorder and confusion, and where wives were torn from the embrace of their husbands, children from their parents, and lovers from each other. Evangeline sought her father on the shore, and found him indeed but with a sad heart for he moved not, looked not, spake not. The priest came

and in compassion laid his hand on the maiden's head and then he sat down at her side and they wept together. Suddenly in the south, they saw a great light, which grew brighter and brighter until they saw that the whole village of Grand Pre was in flames. Overwhelmed at the sight, they turned to their companion to find him fallen, and his form from which his spirit had departed, motionless. Sadly the priest lifted him up, and strove to comfort the sorrowing daughter.

At the first dawn of the next day, the stir and tumult commenced once more and soon the ships sailed from the harbor, leaving the dead on the shore, and the village in desolation and ruins.

Many a year had passed since the burning of Grand Pre and friendless and homeless the exiles wandered from city to city, from the north to the south. Evangeline searched for Gabriel, going through town after town, and sometimes she met with those who had seen her beloved and known him but it was long ago.

Once floating down the Mississippi with a band of exiles, among the numberless islands, they passed a boat carrying Gabriel but passed it without seeing it and thus she continued her hopeless search.

So passed the seasons, and at last she came to the city of the Quakers.

"Something at least there was in the friendly streets of the city,  
Something that spake to her heart and made her no longer a stranger;  
And her ear was pleased with the thee and thou of the Quakers.  
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,  
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and sisters."

She lived as a sister of mercy, helping the poor, caring for the sick and following the steps of her Lord and Master. A pestilence fell on the city and Evangeline patiently watched beside the beds of the dying. One Sabbath morning, going through the silent streets, she entered the door of the almshouse, pausing on her way to gather some flowers in the garden, and passed along by the beds of the dying when suddenly she stood still; for there on the pallet before her, lay her long lost Gabriel, but so changed from his former self that

she hardly knew him. "Motionless, senseless, dying he lay" but as he heard her cry of praise and her words "Gabriel! O my beloved!" flooding through his memory, came sweet visions of the past when happily they lived in the Acadian land.

"Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered  
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what  
his tongue would have spoken,  
Vainly he strove to rise, and Evangeline kneeling  
beside him,  
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her  
bosom,  
Sweet was the light of his eye, but it suddenly  
sank into darkness,  
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at  
a casement,  
All was ended now, the hope, the fear, and the  
sorrow,  
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied  
longing,  
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of  
patience!  
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to  
her bosom,  
Meekly she bowed her own and murmured,  
'Father, I thank thee.'"

F. S. H., '91.

School Fun.

"The kinds of duties are specific and avoirdupois; oh, I mean ad valorem."

Teacher in Moral Science.

"What was the name of a teacher whose example was great?"

Absent minded student.

"Yes sir."

"I like Mrs. T.; I mean I like to hear her sing."

"The diagonal of a circle."

K. S. F.

Teacher in Ancient history, "Who was Zenobia?"

G. H. "We never had him."

"Mr. Annie Morse."

"Could you say 'my boy?'"

M. W.

Exchanges.

Since the last issue we are in receipt of the following:

"Res Academicæ," "Argus," "College Review," "The Lever," "Jabberwock," "The Student," "H. S. Review," "The

Hermonite," "The Oracle," "The Graphic," "H. S. Gazette," "The Monthly Visitor," "The McMicken Review," "The Investigator," "The H. S. World," "The Stranger," "The Hamptonia," "Prairie Breezes," "The Little Light," "Palm," "The Amateur Advance," "The Latin School Review," "The Manifesto," "Cushing Academy Breeze," "Napa Classic," "H. S. Record" and "The Adelpian."

"The Hamptonia" is one of our best exchanges, and the time of its arrival is looked for with pleasure. It says of our paper "The last number of the "ARMS STUDENT" contains brief but interesting descriptions of the principal characters in Shakespere's "Merchant of Venice."

"The Stranger" is a very interesting paper, though an increase of its exchange column would be highly pleasing to many of its readers.

"The H. S. World" is an exchange which has a great deal of reading matter.

"Res Academicæ" contains an article entitled "An Ierian Tale" the author of which deserves much praise.

"The Hermonite" is a very neat paper and its articles are mostly meritorious.

We are greatly pleased with "The H. S. World" and very much interested in the story that commenced in the April number and we hope we shall have the pleasure of continuing to read it.

"The Jabberwock" contains a very pleasing article about The School Girls of India and Old Tilby."

"The Lever" contains some very humorous and merry articles.

"The Graphic" is a small exchange but we hope in time it will increase.

"The Student" accords us talent of first rank among the enchanges; it says of our paper: "The ARMS STUDENT," from Arms Academy, Shelburne Falls, Mass., is as neat and enterprising a paper as appears among our exchanges.

"The Argus" has given us as much pleasure to read its well full pages, as those of any other exchanges we have received this month.

"The Latin Review" has an interesting as well as pleasing article entitled "Jack Ferguson."

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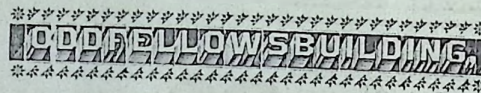
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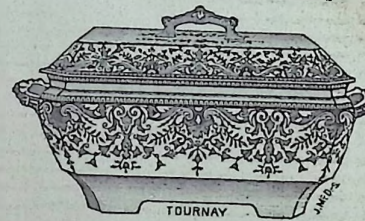


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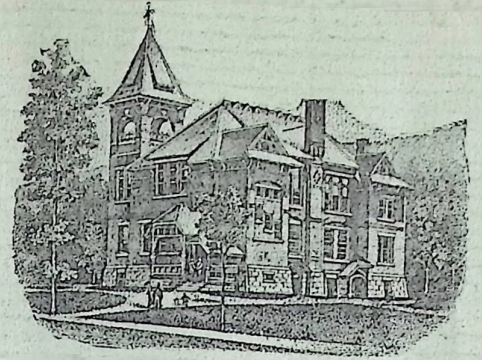
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CALENDAR.

Fall Term begins, Tuesday, September 3rd, 1889.  
Fall Term ends, Friday, November 22nd, 1889.  
Winter Term begins, Tuesday, December 10th, 1889.  
Winter term ends, Friday, February 28th, 1890.  
Spring Term begins, Tuesday, March 18th, 1890.  
Spring Term ends, Wednesday, June 11th, 1890.  
Anniversary Exercises, June 8th to 11th, 1890.  
For Catalogue or further information address

FREDERIC A. TUPPER, PRINCIPAL.