

LOCALS.

Rev. Mr. Rowland spent part of an hour in the Anglo Saxon class Monday.

Professor Hessay went to Dunbar Saturday to attend the teachers' association.

Professor Nicholson will address the Commercial club of Minneapolis, Minn., on Saturday evening.

Delta Tau Delta will give an informal dance at their chapter house Friday evening, March 13.

Miss Perkins took Professor Kimball's place in playing for chapel exercises during his absence.

Blasom Williamson has been absent from the university for two days on account of her grandfather's death.

There are a number of applicants for the position now held by Professor Bates. No choice has been made yet.

The Co-Op. is in receipt of the following from a Chadron merchant: "Gents, please send me a price list of groceries."

The Beta's have fully recovered from their temporary embarrassment occasioned by the loss of their Billy goat. The goat came back.

The English club will tender Mr. Bates a reception Friday night. Mr. and Mrs. Bates will probably remain in Lincoln until April.

Dr. H. B. Lowry lectured on the "Nervous System" before the Zoological club Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock in the zoology lecture room.

Miss Edith Fiske, a former university student, was married to Mr. Kenney, an Omaha grain merchant, Wednesday. They will reside in Omaha.

It is understood that Missouri will come back into the inter-state league. It is said that her representative acted without authority at the annual meeting.

The Nebraska Betas are going to hold a reunion the 24th of the month at Alpha Tau's chapter house. Nothing like a frat reunion to get college men together.

"I object," said the sophomore, "when I am told that my notes on the first two lectures in English 4 were omitted, when those were the only two lectures I attended."

Fred Humphrey was initiated into the Alpha Theta Chi fraternity. This fraternity has occasioned quite a talk in the university, as it is a new local organization.

A few of the Nebraskan mail wrappers were mislaid last week, which will probably account for the fact that some subscribers received their papers later than usual.

J. Cecil Graham '93, who is now among the lists of the travelling men, manages to stop in Lincoln every month or two to shake hands with his old acquaintances.

"Chet" Talmadge of Geneva, a former student, was married to Carrie I. Castor last Tuesday. The young couple will settle in Lincoln after a brief wedding tour in the east.

Miss Nellie Zehring is making some fine drawings to accompany Professor Bruner's report on the birds of Nebraska in the next annual report of the horticultural society.

Professor Menzendorf gave a musicale at his home Tuesday evening. The participants in the program were mostly his pupils, a number of whom were university students.

A diploma from the world's fair management, awarded to Mr. Samuel Avery for excellence in photography, can be seen in the camera club room in the chemical laboratory.

The interstate oratorical contest will be held at Crete a week from today, March 20. A rate of 50 cents for the round trip will be charged. The train will leave the B. & M. depot at 6:20 p. m.

Mr. N. S. Harwood was prevented from speaking before the Political Economy club Wednesday by a business engagement. He will deliver his promised address next Wednesday night.

Ed Farmer, a former student of the university, recently made a mark as a scholar. He went to the Hawaiian Islands two or three years ago and there engaged in teaching. Not long since an examination of all the ambitious teachers was held and a gold medal offered as a prize to the best

scholar. The result showed Ed away ahead of all the rest. He got the medal and the principalship of the Honolulu schools.

The spring vacation will begin Thursday, March 26, and continue until the next Monday evening. It was originally announced that the vacation would begin the 22d, but this was a mistake.

Fred Tulloss was held up Saturday night as he returned from a party. As he had left his pocketbook at home the robber became disgusted with Mr. Tulloss and allowed him to continue on his way home.

Art Weaver, familiarly known as "Ajax," is preparing a political lecture which he is to deliver soon before the republicans of Richardson county. He spoke last Thursday at Pawnee, where he helped organize a young men's republican club.

W. D. Hunter and L. Skow met with good results while in the northwestern part of the state the last two weeks. They secured about one hundred specimens of birds, among which they had twenty-three different kinds. They also captured a wild cat.

Classes in assaying and sugar work are unusually large this year. The students are doing a large amount of very practical work. On finishing these courses they are ready for work in smelting works or sugar factories.

A PILGRIMAGE.

The sun was just setting and the birds in the trees that lined the narrow road were heralding the hour of rest when a solitary traveller came along, headed resolutely toward the east. His dark, handsome face, though hopeful and determined, showed unmistakable signs of great fatigue and his shoes covered with dust, told that his journey had been a long one. He wore no overcoat, possibly fearing it would retard his progress, for he seemed bent on making the fastest time practicable and the veins in his forehead stood out like purple cords from the violence of his pace.

At the top of a long hill he turned and looked behind him. Far—far to the westward he could distinguish the spires and roofs of the city and the sun sinking behind the dome of the university hall reminded him of Culver's red lantern after a football victory. But nature's beauties had little charms for him, and, buttoning his coat around his chin, he plunged onward into the gathering twilight. The number of miles traversed began to tell on him and his over hurried stride had changed to a slower gait as he cut through the graveyard to gain ground. The road was now overgrown with weeds and brush from disuse. The whole scene seemed pervaded by a chilling dreariness that made the graveyard behind him almost lively in comparison. All about him lay the dull, bare, cheerless wilderness. The croaking of the frogs in the gutter seemed only to accentuate the stillness.

Darker and darker, and wilder and wilder became the scene, until at length he came upon a mansion almost hidden in the wood, its turrets and battlements overlooking the road. The footsore wanderer threw himself against the outer gate for very weariness and called feebly for entrance. His frock coat—how incongruous in such a wilderness—hung loosely on his drooping shoulders. His patent leather shoes were caked with mud and dust, his well creased trousers were torn by brambles and barbed wire fences and his stockings were full of sand burrs. With a supreme effort he lifted his head and looked up to the second story of the house—it was dark. His face blanched and he uttered a half suppressed groan, but he still battered on the gate for entrance as if wishing to learn his fate at all hazards. Slowly the portcullis was raised and the drawbridge lowered. With difficulty he staggered up the steps of the chateau and gave the door bell a few spasmodic punches. A maid appeared in a white cap and apron and spoke a few hurried words. The form of the wanderer quivered and either from fatigue or disappointment he grasped a pillar for support, while a muttered curse escaped from his pale lips—the Debutante was not at home.

Westerfield should be your barber.

Four good men are employed at Constancer's barber shop, 1010 O street, where you get the cleanest shave and neatest hair cut.

If you get up too late for breakfast Sunday morning, come down to Francis Bros.' restaurant, 127 no. 11th and get a plate of cakes and coffee. Special offer to students for ten days. A \$1.10 ticket for 80 cents.

Francis brothers, proprietors of the Capital Cafe, have purchased a new

coffee urn and are now prepared to dispense a delicious cup at any time of night or day.

The Only Course.

Son (reading)—"There is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." What kind of a tide does that mean?

Practical Father—Tied down to business.

Dot's Theory.

Little Dick—Why is women wearing vests like men?

Little Dot—Vests has a strap and buckle behind, you know, and I expect the women wants to lace themselves up like the men do.

Limits of Street-Car Service.

Upton (looking from his office window)—Phew! What a snow-storm! The walking will be terribly bad by the time I start home.

Friend—I thought the street-cars passed your house.

Upton—Y-e-s, but they never run when the walking is bad.

Jinks' Fool Notion.

Winks—Did you ever notice that during hard times, religious revivals always start up and the long-empty churches are sure to be filled?

Jinks—Yes.

"How do you account for it?"

"Salvation's free."

The Lincoln news agency, headquarters for news, magazines and novels. Harper's Century, Munsey's, Scribner's, Cosmopolitan and other periodicals always in stock. N. E. corner Eleventh and O streets, Richard block, J. E. Pearson, manager.

First Widow—Why, Mrs. Verdant, what do you intend to do with the pall?

Second Widow—Well, you see, my poor husband requested that his grave be kept green and as I am about to be married again I thought I would give it a coat of green paint.

Adapting Themselves to Circumstances.

Little Boy—I stayed in the parlor all last evening when Mr. Squeezem was callin' on sister, just as you told me.

Mother—That's a good boy; and here is the candy I promised you. Did you get tired?

Little Boy—Oh, no. We played blind man's buff, and it would have been lots of fun only I was "it" nearly all the time.

A Chief's Among Ye.

Winkers—What a tiresome piece of insipidity that girl is!

Binkers—Her parents ought to keep her at home. The first thing they know some modern novelist will take her for a heroine.

His Forte.

He was well known in tragedy, An actor full of pride, No wonder he successfully Committed suicide.

True Philanthropy.

Eastern Man (in the west)—Who is that fine-looking old gentleman?

Western Host—He is a man who has made thousands happy.

"A great philanthropist, I presume." "That's about it. He is the most tender-hearted judge in our divorce court."

A Safe Diet.

Mother—What does the doctor say? Daughter—He says I have heart trouble and must not read anything but is the least bit exciting.

Mother—That's too bad. You will have to confine yourself to the monthly magazines.

A Reason Somewhere.

Lord Noodle—Aw—American girls must be different from English girls if they are permitted to go about without chaperons, don't you know?

American Girl—Perhaps American men are different from Englishmen.—New York Weekly.

New York Ticket Agents.

Western Man—That's about the tamest ticket seller I've seen yet. Polite as pie.

Mr. Gotham—Oh, we have plenty of that kind in New York. They live in flats where there are janitors.

Gotham Sharpness.

Eastern Man—You westerners think you are pretty smart, but you can't hold a candle to New Yorkers.

Western Man—Think they're sharp, do yeh?

Eastern Man—Sharp as razors. Why, sir, I know men in New York who have walked about the streets and even ridden in Fifth avenue stages without being robbed.

Scared.

Dusty Rhodes—Couldn't you bestow a dime upon a worthy object of charity, boss?

William Ann—What do you do with your money?

Dusty Rhodes—I'm just that skeered over wildcat banks that I blow it in as fast as I get it.

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