

Bixby's Retreat.

Good-bye!

Will see you later at the Exposition.

Rush de Canna, von Schlitz, promises to be a great favorite during the coming summer season.

The man who is deadlier than an Egyptian mummy is he, who, while *nominally* alive, does absolutely nothing.

OUR PATRON SAINT.

Far greater than the bards of old
Who sang the sack of Troy,
Who raved at deeds of valor bold
From Rome to Illinois,
Is he who here, while others dig
Their trenches 'gainst the Spanish foe,
Sings of that mortgaged charcoal pig
And "Spec" of Broken Bow.
Let grateful people of our state
Crown him whate'er befall
Nebraska's poet laureate,
The jokiest man of all.

There is a difference between diplomacy and spite work.

Yes, revenge is sweet, but—well, Sam, now honestly, isn't that taste in your mouth a trifle bitter?

A TIME FOR TEARS.

I'm not a man to make lament
Nor feed the world my moan,
But there are times when I repent
With penitential groan.
'Tis when I see my dullest line
Extolled as flashing wit;
'Tis when I see some long ears shine
Across my lucky hit:
'Tis when some wag that cracks his jip
About my roast on Slick,
When I but touch his tender rib,
Will prance and bray and kick.

DS.

Boastful to their betters,
Of their great endeavors
Constantly they prate—
Think them men of letters—
Pride their wit dissevers,
Cheeky Ninety-eight.
More than all before them
Living while they live
On their ma's estate;
Times can not ignore them,
Giving, they will give
Praise to Ninety-eight.

The Editor's Vaedictory.

A sadness and gloom beyond my control
Have settled deep into the depths of my soul,
As I drop my tired quill, envenomed, alack,
And view the sad havoc along the back track.

Stinging pain, keen remorse, wildly blooming regret,
Sad anguish so bitter, I fain would forget—
This and more I have suffered; my copyright grin
Is contracted in sorrowful penance for sin.

I am sorry I told of our soldier-boy spreeds,
How Landis, Shuff, Parmelee carried off cheese,
How Kring runs the Uni. to beat the old band,
How polywog Pearson lacks backbone and sand.

Kind Heaven forgive me in penitence rare,
For swearing so long at Prof Davis' short prayer;
Forgive me for being the first one to say
That brains, hair and clothing don't make
Bill McKay.

Oh, I weep to recall how cruel 'twas to say
That "Pinkie" would ne'er win a gilt P. B. K.,
Though he toiled, studied, dug as a studious lad
From prep-hood until chosen "Prof." at Cozad.

And the tears big as war-ships drop on my cravat,
To think how I've libeled our own "Preachers Frat."
And I weep to recall I have blotted my page
With libels against the Silurian age,
But the problem complex, I confess, just reduces
To judging an age by what it produces
But I ne'er can consent to retrace my bold steps
So long as the "Powers" retain wooden—
image

Then

Farewell, to friend and foe farewell—
To my successor I bequeath
My subjects, gall, brains, wit, and quill,
My satire dire and matchless skill—
Both warranted to cure or kill—
And, too, I leave him praise and blame,
All joy, and pleasure, and hard-earned fame,
And "perquisites" I need not name,—
Likewise my laurel wreath.

at received a fine lot of Slippers for Commencement. Foot Form Store 1213 O street