

—A few mornings ago, upon entering the sanctum, we found a hole in the ceiling about eighteen inches long and eight inches wide; and on making enquiries, discovered that the students who room in the building, had been playing hide-and-go-seek in the attic the night before; when one of them put the toe of his boot through. He said that "he did not think his foot would go between the joists or he would have been more careful."

—A certain prep in our institution is very susceptible to the charms of the weaker sex. But sometimes, in our humble judgment, he carries things to extremes. Especially was this the case in one instance that came under our notice a few weeks since, when he performed a polka, danced a schottische, stood on his head and walked on his hands in one of the most public thoroughfares in the city, and all because a pretty girl in passing gave him a glance of her liquid eyes.

—One of the festive youths who rooms at the University went out about 11 o'clock P. M. to view the beauties of nature, and forgot to take the key of the out-side door with him. The consequence was, when he closed the door the spring lock closed too and left him out. The night was quite chilly, he was *lightly* dressed, and it took him just two hours, forty-five minutes and a half to waken the Janitor to let him in. We are surprised that he could not climb in by the lightning rod, as he is a minister's son.

—Prof. (in Literature class).—Mr. S., what is Cowper's most noted poem?

Mr. S.—The Task.

Prof.—What gave rise to the Task?

Mr. S.—A lady gave him the "sofa" as a subject.

Prof.—Well, Mr. S., from this subject, what do you think would be the general tenor of the poem?

Mr. S.—Oh, I suppose he spoke of its color, the superior quality of red sofas, its capacity, and other aesthetic uses.

—A Soph, in chapel the other morning, put a long hair on the shoulder of a Junior, who sits in front of him, whereupon the Junior took charge of the hair, and would not return it. In about an hour he received the following touching little epistle:

Oh give me back that yaller hair,
For I would surely have you know,
That it's all I have to show
Of the golden head, that on my noble, manly
breast did lie.

Last Friday night, as slowly we returned home
from the society.

—Student in elocution class, who thinks Noah Webster was a very good orthographer of his time, but rather erratic on some points: "Professor, I notice when you pronounce crockidile, you do not give the first i the proper sound." "Well, Mr. —, what sound *should* it have?" "The long, obscure sound." "How do you spell crocodile, Mr. —?" "C-r-o-c-k e-r-o-c-k, i-c-r-o-c-k, d-i-l-e-d-i-l-e, c-r-o-c-k-i-d-i-l-e." The class is highly entertained, and Prof. promised to be more careful in future.

—That blonde lightning rod, who sits with the Juniors, speaking on the "Capital move" question, recently achieved the following rhetorical and geographical climax: "Now, just look at New York! Wher's her capital? Why, at New York City, away down on Long Island Sound. Then there's Baton Rouge, away up in the northern part of the state! Again, take Alabama, her capital, Georgia, away down in the south-eastern part!" Great applause.

—Some surprise was manifested on the part of the citizens because the regular exercises of the University were not suspended the day following the sudden death of Prof. Dake. The Chancellor's theory in reference thereto appears to be a reasonable view of the matter, viz., That more real respect would be shown to the Departed by earnestly attending to duty, than by virtually giving the Students a holiday; for, without doubt, it would have been used as a day of levity by many without intending anything wrong thereby.

—The following is a verbatim transcript, names excepted, of a postal card received, a few days since, by one of our, supposed, most virtuous Juniors:

ST. JOSEPH, Oct. 3, 1875.

Baby is getting along all right—he will soon be well.

Your affectionate
POLLY.

There was a slight mistake in one of the initials of the address, and the Junior vows, that it wasn't meant for him at all. He solemnly affirms that those pretty post-office girls have been perpetrating a joke at his expense. Too thin and suspicious!

—The Faculty and students met in the chapel on the 20th inst to pay their last tribute of respect to the remains of Professor O. C. Dake. They formed in line under the direction of Prof. Bailey, and marched to the family residence, where the funeral procession was formed and proceeded to the Episcopal church. There the Rev. Mr. Talbot delivered a short discourse, after which the procession proceeded to the B. & M. depot. Chancellor Benton and several other friends took charge of his remains, to take them to Fremont to be buried with three of his children who are there interred.

—The denizens of the Dormitory were thrown into a state of the wildest excitement, by a student who returned from church(?) at 11 P. M., yelling at the top of his voice, "Help, help! I'm a dead man. Help! help! help!" The students, four in number, rushed to his rescue, armed with tumblers, empty bottles, etc. Upon arriving at the scene of action, the student declares that "my room contains a whole menagerie, bears, panthers, tigers and lions, and they have torn my hand off." Upon procuring a light, it was found that his hand was all right, and further investigation revealed the fact that his room-mate had put a dog in the room. When he entered, the dog wished to make friends with him, and touched his hand with his shaggy coat.

—Sectarianism is on the increase in the University. Fetichism is the latest creed on the tapis. This humiliating species of idolatry has recently broken out in the Junior class. As we passed along the ladies' end of the hall, recently, we noticed a brunette Junior, "the little fellow with the big black mustache," probably imagining himself alone, standing before a lady's shawl and hat suspended on the wall. He had evidently made an apotheosis of them, and the grimaces, gyrations, genuflections, and frightful ecstasies, and contortions, in which he was indulging, were fearful to behold. Those two pretty girls peeping through the door, seemed to extract a good deal of amusement from the sad spectacle, all the same.

—We have heard a great many tall rat stories: How the wharf rats in San Francisco, in early days, were accustomed to meander playfully through the sacred

labyrinth of ladies' crinoline, and up the horror-chilled limbs of pedestrians. But here we have the most *ratty* story on record:

A soph girl, recently, solemnly declared to the Chancellor, as an excuse for absence at chapel, that a rat had actually devoured her stockings and shoes during the night and she did not like to come bare-footed. She certified under oath, that she discovered the bloody beast in the very act of swallowing them *en masse*, with only the end of a shoestring and the buckle extremity of a garter visible to the naked eye.

—Our new typo had the good fortune, lately, to find a lady's blue bow for the hair, still retaining in its loving embrace a—hairpin. A few moments afterward, we discovered him sitting in the sanctum, his rapt countenance, and "rolling eyes" fixed on the ceiling, while he thus breathed forth his sentimental emotions:

The Typo's Ode.

Tune—O, what kind of a hairpin are you?

O, thou cerulean walf of bombazine,
Or some other kind of stuff,
What cruel sprite, or ghoul, or gnome
Hath, with ruthless hand and rough,
Snatched thee from thine ambrosial throne,
And cast thee on this cheerless zone?

Were the sweet tresses which thou hast decked,
Auburn, black, or brown, or yellow?
Was the sweet maid, who plann'd thee on her,
Brunette, blonde, short, tall, or fallow?
If you did not cling with frenzy to her,
If she were blonde, God bless your soul,
You're sure a dolt, or else a tarnal fool.

But, maybe, from your Olympian seat,
Naughty and bad, you stooped and kissed her:
Then, did the prude, with simulated busier,
Rend her fair hair, and swear (and sigh)
And cast you fiercely from her?
(I don't blame you much, I vow I don't
And I care not feign to gainsay:
For my own heart in honey melts,
For my fairy, deary, darling "Daisy.")

But, woe me! such is the fate
Of men, as well as ribbons!
For we're but hairpins, at the best,
To pin on women's obnoxious,
And when we're bent, the ribbon soiled,
Beshrew the fickle tresses,
We're stripped off, and flung away
Like faded, useless flounces!

—On the 22nd inst, twenty-five or thirty of the students joined the excursionists to Peru and Brownville, for the double purpose of helping to rebuild the Opera House, and visiting the Normal school. The train started a few minutes after eight, with over one hundred and fifty on board, and though it was rather late in the season to enjoy the scenery along the road, all appeared to be quite happy. We were very much interested in watching a game of Sancho Pedro, and the first thing that brought us to a realization of our whereabouts was the brakemen calling "Nebraska City!" The train stopped fifteen minutes. The city had quite a metropolitan appearance, judging from the stir at the depot. From Nebraska City to Brownville the road extends along the bank of the historical "Big Muddy." The train arrived in Peru at 12 o'clock, where the majority of the excursionists stopped and were conducted to the Normal school building to visit the school and be entertained by the class in calisthenics. Their performances were fine, and did credit to the institution. A fine view of the surrounding country can be had from the cupola; four states are in sight—Iowa, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska.

All were much pleased with the school and all connected therewith. We were particularly interested in the dormitory arrangements which are excellent, and

such as we would like to see connected with the University. The number of students in attendance was variously estimated at from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty. The Normal is an honor to the State and a credit to those who have charge of it. The base ball club of Peru and a "picked nine" of Lincoln played five innings. The score stood 7 to 13 in favor of the Lincoln club. The boys were all anxious to finish the game, but, it being about time for the train to start home, they were compelled to relinquish it. Part of the students remained over night to visit the societies, and are under obligations to Prof. Stone, Mr. Majors, Mr. J. B. Piper, Mr. Martin Langdon and others, for their kind treatment.

We visited the Philomathean Society, and were highly entertained by the performances, especially a declamation by a young lady. That was a good joke on a couple of the University boys, who prepared addresses to deliver on the debate and received no invitation to present their "little pieces."

PERSONAL.

—Russel Hills is quite sick with typhoid fever.

—R. J. Holt has gone to Colorado for his health.

—Crow has gone to Iowa to celebrate the centennial.

—Prof. Manly is visiting friends at Delaware, Ohio. He is recovering slowly.

—Miss Allie Dunham is attending school again after an absence of over two years.

—Luther Kuhlman is running a compass in McBroom & Wells' surveying party, at the Pawnee agency.

—Delos Smith came up with the excursionists from Brownville. Delos is in the hardware business in that city.

—W. H. McBroom is surveying the Pawnee Reservation, preparatory to its being offered for sale. He expects to be with us in the winter term.

—Ed. Woolley has taken a school near Plattsmouth. He was a faithful, working member of the Palladian society ever since its organization.

—J. L. Shank is with us once again. He says "it was hard to tear himself from his friends in Red Oak, and she made him promise to return soon."

—W. H. Needham received a telegram from Missouri that his mother was very sick. We hope he will soon return, as Whit is a member of our illustrious senior class.

—Homer Walker is grangering near Seward. Homer says, "I would like to attend the University again, but—" He is building on his homestead, and he has a great deal of business in Osceola.

—We missed the bland countenance of "Judge" Showalter at the beginning of the term, and on making inquiry learned that he is teaching again in Cass County. It seems that county has quite an attraction for the "Judge."

—G. M. Sturdevant is at Wahoo. We notice that the Wahoo Independent gives him the credit of materially assisting in carrying the R. R. bonds. George, we are glad to hear of your success, and hope, that before many moons we may have the pleasure of bidding you welcome to your accustomed haunts.