

OUR COLLEGE NEWS.

—A fine stock of Gloves on hand at Sheldon & Sons'.

—At one of the University dormitories, on the night of the Adelpian social, a Prep wanted to know of a Junior, "Why didn't the boys eat any of the onion hash for supper?"

—David May has a large tailoring establishment in connection with his clothing store, and he offers special inducements to students.

—Seven or eight students in a club can get board next term of Rev. G. S. Alexander, at reasonable rates, if engaged soon. Inquire of the editor of the STUDENT.

—Underwear and Hosiery at Sheldon & Son's. (tf)

—If you want to have a good opinion of yourself, just go to Cline, the students' photographer, and have your picture taken. He possesses the hidden art of drawing a fine picture from the homeliest face.

—Gloves! Gloves! Gloves! all kinds at Sheldon & Son's. (tf)

—Students wanting the December number of the HESPERIAN sent to any other than their usual address will leave instructions with the business manager.

—Writing notes is all the rage now-a-days among the lads and lasses. The following laconic correspondence is a fair specimen:

Enamored lass' note: *Tu in animo.*
Susceptible Junior's reply: *Multum te puto.*

—Students in need of anything in the line of Groceries and Provisions should go to W. W. ENGLISH. (tf)

—Soph.—How did you like the concert last night?

Prep.—I can't say I enjoyed it very much.

Soph (with a look of mingled pity and scorn).—You are not educated sufficient to enjoy such intellectual treats.

—A prep who wished to send a note to his dulcinea requesting her to attend the society with him, did not know how to spell her name, so he borrowed a dictionary, a bible, a geography and all the old almanacs he could find, but received no light on the subject. His roommate suggested to him that he ask the lady's ma.

—A Senior was exhibiting his great feat (feet) in the gymnasium the other day. He said, "I can run and jump two chairs piled in a row." He cleared the first chair in fine style, but fell short of his mark and came down on chair No. 2, which could not sustain the weight of his ponderous understandings, and it fell into about fourteen thousand pieces.

—A Prep, who rooms in the University, has purchased a field glass, (to be paid for when his porcines become adipose,) and spends six hours every day watching two young ladies, through the parlor windows of a house half a mile away. He says it is a splendid glass—it brings them so close that he can hear the dear creatures *whisper*.

—Class in Latin Grammar.

Prep: Professor, what is the meaning of *quidam*?

Prof.: Why, Mr. —, did you never see that word before?

Prep: I have seen part of it before.

Prof.: What part?

Prep: The last part.

Prof.: Oh, you have seen the dam (a part, have you?

—Sheldon & Sons' have the largest and cheapest stock of underwear in the city, and are old patrons of the HESPERIAN. Students, give them a call.

—Class in German.

Prof.—Mr. B., read your sentence.

Mr. B.—The Trinity Church, in New York, is the largest in America.

Prof.—What is the meaning of the word Trinity?

Mr. B.—I believe it is the name of some creed in the prayer book. (Loud applause.)

—Scene, Reading Room.

Young Lady (to Prep).—Is the library open?

Prep.—No; I wish I had a key, I would open it for you.

Young Lady (smiling sweetly).—Oh, I thank you for your attentions.

Prep rushes frantically down stairs, runs over a professor and three students, in his wild attempts to find some one who has a key to the library.

—The members of one of the bachelor boarding houses have re-christened one another, giving titles at once complimentary and suggestive. One rejoices under the sobriquet of Hoag, another answers to the tender epithet, Old Cow, another calls his chum Cod and is affectionately dubbed Ecod, *a la* Goldsmith, in return. One is considerably exalted because the respectful Mister is always attached to his name.

—Scene—A boardumself hall.

Time—Dinner hour

Bill: Say, Dick, why don't you keep your hat on while you cook?

Dick: So I do.

Bill: Then how did this hair come in the mush?

Dick: 'Taint a hair, dunce; that's a corn silk.

Bill: Well, I swow, that's the first corn silk I ever saw with a nit on it.

Dick puts a mansard roof over Bill's left optic.

—Since the "Typo's Ode" to a blue bow and hairpin appeared in the columns of the STUDENT, our brunette typo says his path is literally beset with bows and hairpins of all shapes, colors, sizes and qualities. He says he verily believes that every girl in the University makes a point of losing one bow per diem on the average, as a temptation to his muse. He has actually filled our "scrap drawer" with these alluring trophies. Among them are 12 yellow, 13 blue, 1 speckled, 2 black, 4 red, 9 gingham and 6 nankeen bows, besides hairpins innumerable. Every lady in school evidently thinks she is the fair "Daisy" that so exercises Typo's affections.

—The members of the Ladies' Literary Union gave their first public performance on the 12th inst.; it was very creditable to the society. Part of the members were before the public for the first time. They showed a careful preparation, and from the arrangement of the programme, it was evident there are some in the Society who understand the art of carrying forward such work. The exercises consisted of music, essays, declamations, select reading, and finished with reading a paper. The audience appeared to enjoy the performances very much, and all that we spoke to expressed the wish, that the ladies would have open session every week. If some of those gentlemen who always have some excuse for not being prepared, or stay away, when they have anything to do in Society, would visit the

ladies and learn a lesson from them in preparation and go-ahead-iveness, they would certainly be benefitted thereby. The L. L. U. now numbers seventeen active members, and many more have promised to join soon. So the other societies will have to look out for their laurels or they will be distanced by their younger sister.

The paper is a new feature in the societies of the University—we are sure it can and will be made a success by the ladies. The editor informed us that there had been contributions enough handed in to fill the columns of two good sized papers. When the ladies undertake to do anything they will carry it through and never think of such a thing as fail.

—Death has again visited the University. Louis Russell Hills departed this life on the 9th inst., after an illness of about three weeks. The deceased was born in Lockport, Illinois, March 14, 1855, where he resided with his parents until seven years ago, they moved to Dakota Territory, where he clerked in a drug store. While engaged in this occupation, he determined to educate himself for a physician, which object he zealously pursued to the time of his death. Five years ago he removed with his parents to Covington, Nebraska, where he became a member of the Sons of Temperance, of which organization he remained a faithful member. He attended the graded school at Sioux City, where he entered his class No. 25, and left No. 2 From Covington they moved to Polk County, where his father took a homestead, but came to Lincoln a year ago last Sept., to give his children the advantages of a university education. Russell entered the Second Preparatory class, but by hard work last year, and studying all last vacation, he made up one year. At the beginning of this year he was enrolled as a regular Freshman. But the exertion he made to advance himself was more than his system could endure, and he fell an easy victim to the typhoid fever. While in the University, he was noted for his quiet, industrious disposition, and was respected alike by professors and students.

—The Adelpian Society gave a social, on the 5th inst., which was one of the most enjoyable affairs of the term. At an early hour, the students and their friends began to arrive, and by eight o'clock a very large company had assembled, bent on enjoyment. The evening passed off with social converse, reading, music and song. Miss Lillie Fisher favored the company by reading a humorous piece entitled, "The Duchman and the Rattlesnake," which was very finely delivered; but it is unnecessary to say anything about the style, as it is well known that she is one of the best readers in the University. Miss Madge Hitchcock rendered the beautiful song, "For You," while Miss Mollie Baird played the accompaniment. Miss Hitchcock has a voice of wonderful sweetness and we think the music was one of the most pleasant features of the evening. The Chancellor, ably assisted by the Janitor, declared it was eleven o'clock and consequently time to disperse, when we thought it scarcely nine, (though we had left our watch at home on the—washboard.) Every one we saw seemed to enjoy himself. Thanks are due the Janitor for his thoughtfulness in hanging a beacon light in the cupola so those coming from a distance could find the way. (The students are all strictly temperate.)

—If the local columns are not very well represented this issue, our friends must charge it to an overstrain upon our nervous system. The morning after the issuing of the last number, we walked proudly into the University, conscious that we had discharged our duty to the best of our ability, and anxious to hear some one give us a word of commendation. We had just entered the hall, when a fierce looking prep rushed upon us, and taking us by the throat yelled, "Aren't you the fellow who wrote that about me?" We attempted to answer him, but could not on account of his close embrace. We were just coming to the conclusion that some other fellow would make himself immortal by describing how we had been martyred for the liberty of the press, when he let go with the kind assurance, that that was nothing to what we might expect if anything more appeared about him. We entered the recitation room seriously meditating on the uncertainties of an editor's life. There we met the gaze of a fair damsel, who had been wont to smile upon us, but she cast eleven tigers and two mountain lions at us, out of her gentle blue eyes. We suddenly remembered having left home that morning without reading a chapter in Job, so we crept out of the room and attempted to leave the building without anyone else attacking us; but just before we gained the door, in stalked a senior in all his dignity, and walking up to us with a frown on his classic countenance that would make an insurance agent tremble, demanded in thunder tones, "Did you write that article about me, Sir?" We cannot prevaricate, so we meekly answered that we did not think there was any harm in it. "Sir," said he "I'll be even with you if I have to make it out of whole cloth." This was more than we could bear, to have an entire encyclopedia in the form of a senior hurled at our poor unprotected head. We rushed forth completely demoralized and have not yet entirely recovered.

PERSONAL.

—John Langdon is traveling in Europe for his health. His brother informed us that he was improving very fast, and thought some of attending Trinity College Dublin.

—We were favored with a visit from Mr. George Mitchell of Doane College, Crete. He expressed himself as highly pleased with the workings of the University. He informed us there are between sixty and seventy students in attendance at Doane.

—Miss Ida Walker was married on the 16th inst. to Dr. Avery. The happy couple passed through Lincoln on the same day on their way to Florida, where the Doctor goes to practice his profession. Our best wishes go with them.

—Misses Mollie Baird and Hattie Slaughter will spend the winter in Chicago, for the purpose of perfecting themselves in the delightful art of music. Many a Lincoln audience has been charmed by the sweet strains that flowed from their lips and will wait impatiently for their return. The students, and more especially the Adelpian society, will miss them, not only on account of their superior musical powers, but their social attractions. Young ladies, you are followed by the earnest "God speed" of your friends.