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Miss Bell and Prof. Chamberlain are giving readings at various places throughout the state, besides giving instruction to a large class in Crete and also in the Y. M. C. A. Hall in this place.

"There is honor even among thieves," but some have yet to learn this elementary principle in the semi-barbaric code. One of the first elements of a civilized man is to be able to acknowledge an honorable defeat as well as to survive a victory. Men as well as nations have been wrecked in both ways. But the man who can not show a sprinkling of the first element presupposes poverty of the last. "Verily thy sins do find thee out."

In a late issue of the "Scientific American" we find the following inventory of the products of woman's mechanical ingenuity for the year ending July, 1880. Most of their inventions have to do with household appliances. Most of their inventions are inferior to those patented in 1879; this is accounted for by the increase of ten above the average number, which is sixty. "Among the past year are a jar-lifter, a bag holder, a pillow sham holder, a dress protector, two dust pans, a washing machine, a fluting iron, a dress chart, a fish boner, a sleeve adjuster, a lap table sewing machine treadle, a wash basin an iron heater, sad irons, a garment stiffener, a folding chair, a wardrobe bed, a weather strip, a churn, an invalid's bed, a strainer, a milk cooler, a sofa bed, a dipper, a paper dish and a peating device."

The election of Gen. C. H. Van Wyck U. S. Senator from Nebraska is an important event in political circles. Gen. Van Wyck is well known not only in our own state, but the most flattering notices have been given him by the press of other states. Considerable interest attended the choice of Senator at this time. At present there are two forces at work in the politics of Nebraska, Eastern capitalists and corporations and the people themselves. The importance of the senatorial contest therefore lies in this fact. The practical question to be decided was, shall men who are not citizens of Nebraska, but who have large monied interests here, or shall the people themselves say who shall be senator from Nebraska. Much feeling was exhibited by the students during the contest as to its outcome. The STUDENT but expresses the general sentiment of the students when it says it considers the election of Gen. Van Wyck a complete victory for the people,

not of one section but for the whole state, and that "it is just as it should be."

The grandest product of the farm is the boys and girls. In every avenue of life where thrift, capacity and energy are required, the man who pushes to the front is the son of a farmer. He has the intelligence. There is a broad sort of common sense running through all his acts. He is what the world calls a level headed man. He has a constitution that can endure labor. It is a notable fact that in the colleges of our country the best students are the boys from the farm. In the work-shops, behind the counter, in the halls of legislation, at the bar, in the forum, in the pulpit, ninety-nine hundredths of the men who stand upon the summit were once boys on the farm. They were bare-footed, wore patched clothes and worked for their bread. Most one-half of the people of this country reside in town. Where are the town boys in the race of life? Fooling, curling their hair and polishing their boots, while the rough country boy is plunging bare-footed along the road to fame. With book under one arm and a few extra clothes in his hand, he passes the elegant home of the town boy and looks in on ease and luxury, almost for the first time. He may be called a tramp and refused a crust; one day he will return and buy that mortgage-covered house, and become the honored citizen of that town. Where did that boy get his noble purpose and his unflinching courage? They were born to him on the farm; they were woven into his fibre by early years of toil; the warp and woof of his life are threads of gold.

PROF. S. A. KNAPP.

Clippings.

It is a poor speller who does not keep an i to business.

The cultured way to speak of a burlesque actress' dress is to say that the skirts are very décolleté at the bottom.

"There is no place like home" repeated Mr. Henpeck, looking at a motto, and he heartily added; "I'm glad there isn't."

First Junior: I say, Bill, where's the Latin lesson? Second Junior: "Page 304 of the horse; don't no where it is in the other book."

The number of students at Yale is 1003; Harvard, 1,350; Michigan University, 1,367; Pennsylvania University 1,300; Columbia, 1,430, and Wesleyan, 164.

Class-room—Mr. K.: "It is so cold in this room that my foot is just turning into an icicle." Smart Freshie: "It seems to me that it looks more like an iceberg."

A Prof. opened a talk to one of his classes on an event of 1839 with the remark: "I presume you all remember it." Sir?—*College Index.*

Prof., (in Astronomy)—"What time does Mars get full?" Junior—"Don't know, sir, I never associate with such company."

Prof.: If I should tell you that ice could be heated so hot that it could not be held in the hand, what would you say? Cheeky Junior: Well Professor, knowing you as I do, I should ask you to prove it. Class becomes noisy.

"I hope they won't have such music as that in heaven," said a young lady to her singing room-mate. "It won't make any difference to you," retorted the room mate

A certain little damsel being aggravated past endurance by her big brother, fell down upon her knees and cried; "O, Lord! Less my brother Tom. He lies, he steals, he swears. All the boys do, us girls don't Amen.

Professor: "Mr. M, what is the answer to the second question?"

Mr. M. (after waiting in vain to be prompted): "Nobody seems to know, Professor."

Teacher in drawing:—"You have not drawn the angles for the outline of that apple just right." Charcoal artist:—"I was trying to draw that candle stick!" Teacher recognizes a faint resemblance.—*Doane Owl.*

A Senior, with a very serious face, was observed to be very thoughtfully dishing out the butter; and when asked what he was studying, he seriously replied that he was studying Ancient Greece.

Young lady (speaking about her prospects in life): "The height of my ambition is to become the wife of the President of the United States." Junior: "Well, I'm an aspirant for that office."

Latest example of syllogism: Professor, stating two propositions,— "Harry is not my brother. John is not my brother. What follows?"

Mr. C.—"Neither of them is your brother."

We clip the following from an eloquent Freshman's oration: "Through the whole history of the world, the footprints of God's hand may be traced.—*Ex.*

An old lady visiting the Antiquarian Museum in Edinburg the other day, on inspecting the old weapons very earnestly, and failing to find what she was apparently looking for, asked a visitor, "where they kept the axe of the Apostles."—*Scholastic.*

A baldheaded professor, reporting a youth for the exercise of fists, said: "We fight with our heads at this college." The young pugilist hesitated and replied: "Ah, I see; and you have butted all your hair off."

Scene in Optic Class.—Prof.: "Miss W. you may recite."

Miss W.—"I don't think I will try,—the bell will ring in a minute."

Prof. to next lady.—"Miss A., you may recite."

Miss A.—"I don't believe I'll have time before the bell rings."

The Professor subsides.

Not long ago as one of our — Freshmen, (what adjective can describe a Freshman?) was enjoying his "constitutional," he met an unsophisticated looking granger astride a mule. The mule brays—the Freshman speaks; he asks the countryman, "which one spoke then?" The reply came instantly.—"all three."

A professor's definition of collegians: Freshman—one at war with the Latin language; Sophomore—one that is as ignorant of Greek as an unborn babe; Junior—one who needs to be reminded that

he has a forgotten grammar accumulating dust on some forgotten shelf; Senior—one whose classics are to him *terra incognita.*

A witty Medic is a prodigy, but there is said to be one in the class this year. He very demurely asked the tall Junior the other day how he pronounced the word "Bac-kache." Of course the Junior could not tell him; but when the Medic smiled and said he thought it was "Back-ache," the Junior wept and the Medic scored one.—*Vidette.*

It was in the Junior Biology. One of the members had adjusted his microscope so that instead of a cross-section of black walnut there was only visible a highly magnified spot of the gum used in preparing the specimens. The member called the Prof. and innocently inquired where the cells were in this specimen of wood. The Prof. tumbled (as the girls say) and answered—"I imagine it to be all 'cell.'" Member faints.

"The pebble in the streamlet scant,
Has changed the course of many a river;
The dew-drop on the baby plant,
Has warped the giant oak forever."

Tell me, ye angelic host,
Ye ministers of love,
Can suffering printers here below,
Have no redress above?

The angel band replied:
'To us is knowlege given,
Delinquents on the printer's books
Can never enter heaven.'

A little peach in the orchard grew,
A little peach of emerald hue.

A little boy he climbed the fence,
And took that peach from hence to thence.

A little colic found him there,
And then he climbed the golden stair.

His weeping playmates could not tell
Whether he went to heaven or—not.

He found a good warm place there though,
Too tropical to peaches grow.

Prof.: "What case is *brevi* in?" Student: "It is masculine gender." Prof.: "But what case is it in?" Stu.: "It is an adjective." Prof.: "Where do you find it?" Stu.: "It is of the class of two terminations." Prof.: "Can you tell what it is from?" Stu.: "It limits the noun." Prof.: "Well, where is it found?" Stu.: "The accusitive is *brevem*." Prof.: "Can you tell what case this is?" Student: "No, sir."—*College Index.*

The class in Mental Philosophy, with thoughtful attention, have listened to the exemplification of the point in question as shown in the conduct of Haman toward Mordecai. Mr. H., enthusiastic with the delightful novelty of the narrative, enquires: "Dr., what book is that in?" A cooling of ardor, a folding of arms and a subsiding of feeling is noticed, as the Dr. remarked that "he would find it in the Bible."—*Central Collegian.*

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