

A Freshman was heard to say, while asleep, "Mary had a little lamb. Yes and I must be the lamb, for she said that I was a nice boy!"—and the rest of the speech was m r m r m r m rrrr.

And it came to pass about the tenth hour of the night while they were yet assembled in the STUDENT office, that Bisbee fell asleep and slept right onto midnight; and when he awoke he saw that he was alone.

Up to present writing, only one live and two dead bodies have been brought to the dissecting table. As the news become more widely spread that we have a Medical school, business will become more lively.

Prof. Sherman has been favored with a call to Elmira College N. Y. We learn that the inducements are great, but we sincerely wish that he may not accept, as his services are indispensable in our own University.

It is said that organs have been known for 2000 years. If any one don't believe it, let him examine the Chapel organ. One of the Geological students declared that he found a fossil of the Carboniferous Age incrusting on the keys.

"Pshaw! that is nothing but an old barn" was the remark made by a disappointed student, who went half a mile a few evenings ago to see a fine house burn. This was not exactly heartless cruelty, but ridiculous unthoughtfulness.

Even a Prof. will occasionally descend from his throne of dignity and get off a most ignominious pun. Prof. in Latin class—What does "si" connect? Unprepared student—I can't tell just now Professor. Prof.—Then you don't "si" the point.

The Union Society appointed the following class for the June program. Orators G. B. Frankforter, and Dell E. Stratton; essay E. J. Robinson; criticism Cora Hawley; Review Annie Aldrich; Declamation V. A. Carse; Debate E. O. Lewis, and A. L. Frost.

Our old compositor, "Mac," became dissatisfied with his situation in the STUDENT office and was "mutually" discharged. Paul Clark has taken on a part of the departed's mantle and W. C. Knight the remainder. The boys propose to do the work in first class shape.

A unique vengeance—The Union girls in revenge for the tyranny of the stronger "sect," have at last wrested from their adversaries the sceptre of power *i. e.* the slate. How they will wield it is a question for the future. That they carry it is a mournful truth.

The wrestling match of Freshmen and Sophs for April, is on the following Essay subjects. Decay of popular superstition, Petrarca, History of the Inquisition, The Moors in Spain, Francis I Charles V and Henry VIII compared, The Age of Anne, Realism, The Style of the Authorized version of the Bible.

John Dryden, who is now in the employment of a banking house in Central City paid the classic halls a visit recently. Banking being a rich business John has allowed his pretty face to become enriched with a most exuberant growth of beard. Too "utterly utter" John, it disguises you beyond recognition.

Wiggins' great storm did not come in February neither did it come in March, but he and Vennor are now conferring, concerning a genuine "shake up" for April. They have not as yet agreed upon the date, but for a certainty,

will not restrict themselves to the small limit of time given to former prognostications.

Quite a remarkable incident occurred in the library recently. A student pondered over his French lesson for several hours, and, not succeeding very delightfully became despondent and deliberately walked to the stove opened the door, and committed his whole set of French books to the flames. "Revenge is sweet."

Freshman Physiology class: Lesson, Nervous system. Prof.—The Nervous system is wonderfully complicated beyond the scope of human conception. Through the almost miraculous agency of this intricate intermediary we are led to a consciousness of sensations; but were it not for an incomprehensible mysterious something still more infinitely paramount, termed the living and distinct soul of man, this consciousness could not be awakened.
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Peroration:—Upon this, by many, is based the immortality of the soul.—Freshie: (irrelevantly interrupts) Prof. are there any nerves in a wart?

Spring is come; the more vertical rays of the sun have loosed bleak winters icy fetters and the babbling brooks go howling to the sea; the air is soft and mild and the earth is softer. The small boy beginneth to pull off his hard favored and weather-beaten shoes and rummage through the haymows in search of hen-eggs. The fashionable girl packs away her comfortable furs and ventures out in more tropical costume. Ere long the sweet humming of the bees and the melody of the song bird will gladden the ears of the lone and disconsolate. Sweet flowers will bloom and give their fragrance to the enraptured air; the green grass will burst forth from its cold narrow cells and the hungry herds will bite it; and—and—and [Here the sweet muse left us forever.]

PRIMER:—Open your book now and stand near my side and you may read about this chapel. What, a chapel in a college? Yes, did you never hear of the like before? No. How glad I am to learn this. Do all good students go to chapel? Yes, but all that go to chapel are not good. Why do they all open their mouths so wide? They are singing. Do you think they could sing so well with their mouths closed? Some could. Now they are through singing and the man on the stage is reading a lesson in the large book. Can he see the boys and girls in the last row next to the door? O yes, that is not hard to do when one tries. See those girls in the last row laughing, is the lesson funny? You are wrong this time, they are not laughing only smiling, when they laugh the man reading will stop and speak to them. It is wrong to laugh and talk in chapel. When you grow large, like those boys and girls, and go to a large school you must sit near the front. That will do for this time, close your book.

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