

siderably startled. Now that cane was an old one, an heirloom and was carried—"

"Of course, but when did the dog appear, and how severely did he lacerate your hand?"

"Wait until I reach the point. You reporters are always in a hurry. As I was saying, I crossed the street and knocked first on the front door then at the rear, and finally a female voice from somewhere asked what was wanted. She could not open the door, so I was obliged to give my name and the history of the cane in a loud tone of voice. She sympathized, and assured me that she had heard something strike the house in the neighborhood of the front door. Then she finally got the door open, and brought out a light. Observing a dent in the door, I took observations of the place where I stood when the thing went off. Calculated the angle of incidence and reflection by Spherical Trigonometry and located the spot by Analytical Statics. I then applied Knight's witch-hazel test and located the exact spot of the bit of metal, with a probable error of forty feet either way. Then I pawed around in the snow for twenty minutes, and to my great joy recovered the lost treasure."

"It's interesting," assented the reporter, "but now explain the wound in your hand. Was the canine foaming when he bit you?"

"That hand is bandaged because it got frozen when I was feeling in that snow drift for the head of my cane. I really have little fear of hydrophobia, though my friends strongly urge me to make assurance sure by immediately sailing for France. They insist that my experience has been quite as serious as is ever met, but really I hardly expect to be attacked by rabies. Must you go, sir? I would like to show you that cane."

But the reporter bowed himself away.

STORM-BEATEN.

The masculine portion of the class had assembled, but the Professor failed to appear. "Guess Prof. won't show up this morning," remarked the tall angular Freshman; "he must be stuck in a snow-bank some where." The suggestion of a possibility that the recitation would not come off on schedule time was enough to dispel the cubic feet of gloom that had been loafing about the countenances of the unprepared, and at once the room assumed a more cheerful appearance. The fat Freshman began spinning his hat on a cane, *a la* circus man, the muscular Freshy elevated his feet to the top of the radiator and energetically blanked the white blank of drifting snow outside, while the Y. M. C. A. portion of the class gathered about Coddling, who had just entered to distribute the *College Bulletin*. After that sensational periodical had been duly circulated, it became evident that Coddling had something to say. An unusually strong remark from F1—we mean the muscular Freshy—aimed at the snow drift that was trying to crawl up to get a look into the window, directed general attention to the weather again. "You think its bad here," quietly remarked Coddling as he took the Professor's chair and carefully adjusted his boots on the table, "but its aint anything to what it was at York last week, I hate to tell you just how bad it was for fear you wont believe me. The snow was falling that fast one morning that a little dog who opened his mouth to bark was buried under a drift three feet deep before he could get the bark out far enough for me to hear. One night they left a window in the basement of their little college open, and before morning the snow had been blown in till the whole house was chuck full, and was crowding out of a window in the tower so fast that they

thought it was smoke, and hollered fire and scared everybody most to death before they found out what the matter was. The weather was awful up there. It hasn't been that bad here, has it?"

By general consent it was admitted that nothing like the aforesaid had occurred in Lincoln. Then the narrator fixed his eyes on a snow-pile on the Laboratory roof and continued: "Yes the weather was awful in York. One whole family was frozen to death ten feet from a red-hot stove. They forgot to plug up the key-hole and the snow drifted in and filled the air so that when they woke up and tried to get to the stove they got lost and perished. The little girl said "MOTHER," but the word froze in the air. It was cut out the next day with a scroll-saw and put on the coffin instead of flowers. That was an awful night. About five o'clock in the morning there was a dreadful explosion. A nail had fallen out of the north side of a barn, and through the hole the snow drifted all night. When the pressure got too great the barn exploded. It broke all the plate glass in town and threw pieces of boards three-quarters of a mile. The weather was awful in York!" Here the speaker took his eyes from the Laboratory in order to observe the effects of his narrative on his auditors, and was thunderstruck at seeing no one present except the Professor. The class had quietly retired for a little fresh air, and the frowning member of the faculty had unfortunately arrived in time to hear the last two meteorological romances. The situation at once became so painfully embarrassing that the representative of THE HESPERIAN concluded to retire from his position behind the door, hence the conclusion of this episode will probably never be written.

HEARD IN THE HALLS.

C. S. Kathan is in school again this term.

Miss Alma Benedict is visiting in St. Louis.

The apparatus for the new laboratory has arrived.

And now it is asserted that Pretterson is a musician.

Interesting meetings are held every Wednesday evening in Room No. 5.

Our own Spelde's protracted absence is creating considerable anxiety.

The June exhibition question is again being agitated with considerable vigor.

Mr. M. Rainey, editor of the *Genoa Enterprise* visited the University last week.

W. N. Fletcher has no further desire to investigate the prope

Did you see C. S. Polk take the dog out of the library? If not you missed a treat.

The boarding clubs are flourishing. They number about the same that they did last term.

It seems that the long-standing order to close society at 10:30 is to be enforced this term.

Miss May Newton received the members of the Freshman class on the 15th inst. at her home on F street.

The Sophomore class was royally entertained on the evening of the 22nd inst. at the home of Miss May Roberts.

The class in English Literature will be occupied for some time to come with the study of Milton and his poetry.

P. S. Heffleman, F. W. Kramer, C. S. Lobingier, Roy Coddling, W. N. Fletcher, and Miss Sallie Cox were delayed nearly two weeks by the storm at the beginning of the term.