

DIRECT POINTERS.

Call on Eddddd. Cerf & Cooo.
 Bargains at Chicago shoe store.
 Go to Ewing's for fall overcoats.
 Hats and caps at Ed. Cerf & Co's.
 Cadet suits, gloves and caps at Ewing's.
 Manley has the cream of the candy trade.
 Go to Ed. Cerf & Co. for furnishing goods.
 Clothing for every body at Ed. Cerf & Co's.
 The latest styles in hats at Ed. Cerf & Co's.
 Special prices to students at T. Ewing & Co's.
 Webster & Briscoe, boots and shoes, 1023 O St.
 Students will receive best of attention at Manley's.
 Get your shirts made at Capital City Shirt Factory.
 Carder's European Hotel for fine lunches or meals.
 Go to Carder's for breakfast, when you get up late.
 Ten per cent off to students at W. W. Webster's.
 Go to Mrs. W. E. Gosper's, 1114 O St., for Millinery.
 Manley keeps a full line of confectionery goods, give him a call.

All the delicacies of the season at Carder's new European Hotel.

If you want to get solid with your girl take her some of Manley's taffy.

Largest line of boots, shoes and rubbers in the city at Webster & Briscoe's.

Capital City Shirt Factory gives a big reduction to students in underwear. 939 O street.

Buy the celebrated, double-backed 50c. shirts at the Capital City Shirt Factory 930 O street.

In New York go to Delmonico's, but in Lincoln go to Chevront & Co's for oysters in every style. Always ready to serve you.

The dedication of the Memorial Hall is at hand. We understand Professor Bessey has been represented as giving hearty and unqualified assent to a military ball. This is a misrepresentation by those to whom dancing constitutes three-fourths of life. The chancellor, and no doubt the majority of the faculty, discountenance any such method of dedication, and recommend a reception with a grand promenade as the main feature. If then some of the students wish to distinguish themselves by dancing, all right.

The scientifics have once more demonstrated their superiority; and they did it in a manner befitting their training. They sat upon the tail end of the laboratory in all their glory, and hordes of inimical lits gathered below. A salvo of silicate taking Hall longitudinally on the spinal column, and a lot of various projectiles, one of which hit Sayer under the left auricular protuberance, sent the enemy in full retreat. A counter charge was made which effectually dispersed the enemy's forces. There are hopes that the scientifics will soon treat the university to an intercinine pic rush.

A GUMMY TALE.

In the language of a Senior,
 Late I heard a tale of woe;
 How a Saturday engagement
 Caused great trouble two weeks ago,
 In the month of October.
 Yes, one evening in October,
 When the moon hung high in heaven,
 Pondered long an anxious Junior,
 Pondered long until half past seven,
 In deepest reverie.
 Finally, his mind decided,
 He sallied forth to make a call,
 In the moonlight clear and brilliant
 Sallied forth the student H—;
 At each step a mile he measured.
 Quickly to the house he hurried,
 Stroked his moustache, smoothed his hair,

Rang the bell, within he glided;
 Then hastend up the narrow stair—
 A smile upon his face.
 They say a Senior too was speeding,
 Speeding in the evening gloom;
 Small and slender was this Senior,
 Speeding toward a certain room,
 So they told me.
 Senior, Junior both together,
 Met within the same bright room.
 This was in October weather,
 When they met there each in wonder;
 Ah! Such wonder!
 And they say the maiden was bewildered,
 When she saw the Junior tall,
 For they say the Senior on that evening
 Had been expected to come and call;
 Yet the Senior doubted it.
 So the Senior was not certain,
 Of the Junior waiting there,
 Had been expected on that evening,
 So the Senior waited in his chair,
 Like a bump upon a log.
 They say they sat there all together,
 Junior, Senior, maiden waiting,
 Junior and Senior pondering whether,
 He or the other ought to go.
 So the Senior told me.
 The Junior wanted to talk alone
 With the maiden he had come to see.
 The Senior prayed that the Junior would go,
 And of course they failed to agree.
 So the Junior told me.
 "Let's have some gum," said the Junior boy.
 Agreed," said the Senior with a wicked thought.
 "But who," he asked with innocent look,
 "Shall see that the gum is bought?"
 Echo answered, "Who?"
 "Oh!" said the Junior, hoping for fun,
 "Match with pennies, twice out of three.
 Miss X— shall judge, also her chum,
 He who loses must get the gum."
 (Loses what, girl or gum?)
 So pennies they matched with mutual care.
 The Senior won, then the Junior won.
 Once more they matched in silent prayer,
 The Senior won—the Junior went for gum.
 Went and left the Senior!
 The Junior with gum returned again,
 In breathless haste, he mounted the stair;
 He looked in the room and nothing he saw,
 Miss X— and the Senior were no longer there,
 Were no longer there.
 There had been a sound of hurrying feet,
 A stealthy rush through the silent hall,
 A hasty glance up and down the street,
 Then Senior and maiden sped away;
 Yes, they sped away.
 Ask me not whence they hastened away;
 Ask me not if the Junior swore,
 Ask me not of the gum he bought,
 This I will tell some other day,
 But not to day.
 Tell me not in taunting accents,
 Senior life is but a dream.
 For it seems they always get there,
 Juniors are not what they seem.
 (Perhaps they are.)
 If another fellow be there,
 And the girl to you is dumb,
 Just remember of that Senior,
 Quickly send him after gum
 And let him chew it.
 Just now I heard that Senior singing,
 Singing as he went along.
 In my ears that song still echoes,
 Listen to that Senior's song
 As he sang it.
 "Seniors may not be so tall,
 For that they are not to blame;
 But when it comes to an evening call,
 They get there just the same."