

friend Owl, it's easy enough to make an assertion, but quite another thing to prove it. Mr. Chappell's appearance together with the fact that he was under the care of a physician is proof enough of his illness. In conclusion, we would ask the Owl whether sectarian institutions are generally characterized by charity?

ALUMNI AND FORMER STUDENTS.

Interesting to '89ers.

Once a year the secretary of the class of '89 receives a letter from each member. With the information thus received, she writes the class letter. The following is an extract from the last class letter.

LINCOLN, March, 1891.

To '89, Greeting:

Come back, oh visions and shadows
Of happy days of yore,
We'll forget the cold world around us,
And be just '89ers once more.

But come to think of it, classmates, "The mill will never grind with the water that is past," so I'll to the present. Listen to my tale of woe.

ENGULFED IN MATRIMONY.

June 16, '90, C. W. Bigelow and May Tower.
Sept. 8, '90, H. I. Webber and Lucy Hardin.
Nov. 19, '90, A. L. Frost and Jennie Bonnell.
Feb. 11, '91, E. R. Tingley and Vadie Taylor.
Feb. 9, '91, T. A. Williams and Effie Suell.
March 4, '91, M. L. Bigelow and Edith Mockett.

In their laudable desire to show the world a thing or two, and reflect two or three two-foot strata of glory on alma mater, these '89ers have gone at it in such a way as to convince the secretary that (she would fain have remained in blissful ignorance of the fact) as the rude world wears off '89's golden halo, (like as the festive youth deprives the butterfly of its feathers,) some of these heaven-built geniuses are only mortals after all. But seriously, brethren, you have done well. A man without a wife don't amount to much. If there is anybody in the wide world who needs a helpmeet, it is the average, the extraordinary, or any other man. Who writes the preacher's sermons, the lawyer's plea, the politician's speech, the senator's oration, the scientist's monograph, the poet's sonnet, the novelist's last plot? Who balances the book-keeper's accounts, directs the business man's financiering? But why continue? For ten times out of nine, woman is the sturdy oak and man the clinging vine. So cling on. Brethren, you are bound to succeed. But on your condition, sisters, my lips are sealed. May Fate make exceptions of your cases. So let the good work go on until—well, pray that Fate will draw the line at the secretary, who will be quite content to "live to be the last leaf upon the tree." In behalf of the class, I extend the right hand of fellowship to those who have become matrimonially related to '89. Blessings be upon their heads.

O, '89ers, truth is stranger than fiction. The class boy is a girl, born, Feb. 7, '91, Mariel, daughter of Professor Elton and Helen Aughey Fulmer. This promising infant is very precocious. At the age of two weeks she could say '89 very plainly. And now, classmates, be resigned; a merciless secretary is about to begin on you.

Ernest Eagleson was the first to address the class. He wrote from the dictates of his own conscience, without any urging from the secretary. He is in the mining engineers' department, U. P. R. R., Rock Springs, Wyo., as is also Frank Manley. They haven't set the world on fire as yet, but are doing their best at it. Eagleson says Frank is not bashful any more, and is said to be contemplating matrimony.

Now, Frank has a way of spending a minimum amount of time in contemplation, and a maximum in execution; but time will tell the story. My private opinion is that Frank would make an elegant bachelor. Frank doesn't accuse Eagleson of anything worse than raising a beard, and tempers the wind to the unshorn lamb, by saying that he supposes Eagleson can't help his looks. O, that I might send you that sketch of Eagleson to which Frank treated me. Frank is going to South America on a mining expedition.

Imagine the joyful surprise occasioned by a few expressive lines from Fletcher, who seeks whom he may legally devour in the righteous city of Omaha. He has been admitted to the bar, and is said to be more than holding his own. He claims to be living on one meal a week. Presumably æstheticism is the cause of this abstinence.

A merry greeting from over the sea comes from Mr. Newcomer, who was in Germany, but is now in France. It may be interesting to know that he has made more than enough teaching English to pay his expenses.

Tingley sent a document that spoke volumes—his wedding card. Home, 647 south Twenty-seventh street. He is apparently a fixture in the Nebraska Savings bank.

Gerwig and Baughman,—life and accident insurance—Sheldon block. They cordially invite either resident or visiting '89ers to their office. In this world's goods they seem to prosper, and rumor gives them great popularity in select social circles. Mr. Gerwig is still doing some university work, in spite of that M. A. Time and experience seem only to have added to his charms.

Myra Clark is still in Sutton giving music lessons.

C. W. and May Bigelow are at Madison, Neb. C. W. has charge of the public schools, and May of literature and mathematics in a normal college. They expect to make Lincoln their home.

M. L. Bigelow was pluming himself on his fortitude and strength of mind concerning matrimony, and here he has gone and done it. He is said to be very successful in business.

O. W. Fifer is at Evanston preparing for the ministry, in love with his work, but more than ever, a devotee of U. of N., and '89. He is preaching at Hermosa Chapel, a Chicago mission. Lincoln '89ers note that he is still drawn to Wymore Neb., as a magnet to its pole.

Tommy Allen is still with Bryan & Talbot. He has been admitted to the bar. He raises lamentation over what might have been. He spread the eagle last Fourth at a little town out west and one of the village maidens struck his fickle fancy. He wrote to her, one a week, two a week, three a week, and was invited to her wedding. Poor Tommy. Rumor says he is finding ample consolation elsewhere.

Mr. French is still railroading at St. Paul, Minn. He snubbed the secretary and his career is shrouded in mystery.

Al Pizey is at Boston law school. He is imbibing culture and patriotism at the Hub. He objects to the curt postal of the secretary because he lives in a Boston attic and dines in a Boston basement.

Webber is instructing in the Shaw School of Botany, St. Louis, Mo. The matrimonial "we," appears in his letter with conspicuous frequency. Through him Lieutenant Dudley greets '89.

Logan Stephens is assistant principle of the Fullerton schools. He is not married, but wishes he were.

Note this fact, that last June, '89 took as many M. A.'s as the university has granted in all the time previous. Nothing else about '89. "May her shadows never grow less." O, '89, be sure to come in for the alumni banquet, and bring your five dollars with you; for he who eats must pay. Have you any suggestions to make to the secretary? Long live '89.