

## The Troubles of a Young Man.

## CHAPTER TWO.

"Good evening. Is this where Miss — lives?" asked Mr. Hyde, in a weak tremulous voice, as the door of an East Lincoln house opened in response to his gentle tapping. "Yes, sir, she lives here, will you walk in?" Was the quick response, as quickly obeyed. But let us take up the story a little further back.

In alighting from the street car, our Freddie slipped a little, in fact he slipped a good deal. When he picked himself up he discovered that from the back of his vest to the top of his shoes was one coat of mud. Being unable to satisfactorily remove the mud by rubbing against the fence, he repaired to a pump hard by and proceeded to wash and be clean. This was, of course, a very unnerving process, and it was consequently with a tremor in his voice, and water in his shoes that he asked the question given above.

Only the general outline of the remainder of the sorrowful scene will be given. It was too pitiful for current comment.

A few minutes waiting. Mr Hyde is by this time warmed up sufficiently so that he can hold his watch still enough to see the time. "Hm— I ought to catch that 8 o'clock car." A few remarks about the weather and the mud, followed by silence. "I-jox I ought to catch that 8:15 car." Silence, conversation on mud and the weather followed by silence. "I-joccies I must catch that 8:30 car. Is Miss — nearly ready?" "Miss — ?" "Yes, we were going up to hear the Marine band play." "Why, why, she dont live here. I didnt understand the name —." But Hyde was gone. Nothing was heard but the faint "slush," "slush," of the water in his shoes as he sped on in search of his calico.

"If this had been the last of it,  
It had indeed been well,  
But another part to this strange tale  
Remains me yet to tell."

After listening with some pleasure to the last half of the program, our hero and heroine departed for home, but, sad to relate, they took the wrong car and went clear to the other side of the city. Of course they had to walk back home. It was away long in the wee sma' hours when F. D. was able to hide his head in the pillow and in his dreams hear the band playing sweet strains of "We wont go home 'til morning."

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

## An Unfriendly Grip.

Thou hateful gripe,  
With odious nip,  
Acquaintanceship  
With thee is most abhorred;  
An iron hand  
At thy command  
Grips, like a band  
Of iron, at my forehead.  
  
Thou dread disease!  
I burn, I freeze;  
Perdition sieze  
All microbes microscopic.  
"Disgusting food!"  
In raging mood  
I call for blood  
In accents misanthropic.  
  
"Freezing!" In ire,  
"Do build a fire,  
I shall expire"  
(The room is like an oven)  
"Give us some air,  
What do I care  
If all my hair  
Is blown by winds to heaven."

Reader, if e'er  
'Tis right and fair  
To up and swear  
This is the fitting hour.  
Job's record good,  
With "boiling" blood,  
Would ne'er have stood  
Before the microbe's power.

—A. GRIPPA.

## STRAY PICK-UPS.

Three Delian couples went out to stroll  
And to sing in the open air;  
For the night was warm and the fields were green,  
And there was plenty of time to spare.

Well, they stroll'd, and bye and bye  
They came to their destination;  
And there they sang till all the fields  
Were filled with— consternation.

Yet still they sang their Delian song,  
In a state of blissful glee—  
Then a laugh came softly over the street,  
And they suddenly thought they'd flee.

How did you enjoy the Arbor Day vacation?

There are three photographic outfits in the class of '93.  
Pancoast and Brook spent Sunday with their Ashland girls.

Gib Hall is fleshing up again after an illness of several days.

Mr. Stockton left school the 17th, for a stay of two weeks at home.

C. B. Jackson attended school the greater part of one day this term.

The university band made music for the high school, Arbor Day.

Mr. Rockhold has quit school and entered a law office in Kansas City.

Mr. George Hall has quit school, intending to enter business life.

Mr. Bowman, who has been out of school for some time, registered the 20th.

Is Yates afraid he will get freckled, or why does he bring a parasol to school?

Mr. Lehmer whistled for the Alpha entertainment at the Christian church, April 28.

Professor Taylor, our new professor of horticulture, has already begun his duties here.

Miss Hardin was obliged to miss classes a day or two on account of an attack of gripe.

A. M. Troyer has finished the required course, and is now learning to harness cows and curry hogs on the college farm.

Walter Pillsbury's father came down Arbor Day to see that his son celebrated the legal holiday in the correct style.

April 16, was Mr. Whaley's birthday. He received an elegant gold watch and chain, of which, of course, he is very proud.

Dr. H. W. Wiley, chief chemist of the United States department of agriculture, spent one day at the university recently.

'93 has written essays for the last time. Next year the feeble productions will have the more dignified name, orations.

Professor Lees, principal of the Latin school is sending out the annual report blanks to the accredited high schools of the state.