

P. S. Madden, W. H. Pillsbury, and J. E. Shafer.

The hares returned fresh and vigorous in 1 hour and 24 minutes having run, as estimated, between ten and twelve miles. Two of the hounds returned in 11 minutes after the hares. They had followed the trail a good part of the way. The other pair of hounds just saved their distance. They lost the trail and had some difficulty finding it. Lowry and Madden made good time. The wind nearly obliterated the trail. The hares took a very circuitous route. They first went east, then into north Lincoln by a roundabout way. They ran along creeks, crossed railroads and high roads, wiggled through wire fences, disappeared in dark ravines, plunged wildly over high hills, dashed madly through back yards, disappearing at times behind buildings, only to emerge after a few seconds and plough through a marsh. Once straightened out for home the hares began to run but the leading hounds, catching sight of them, came with such a burst of speed that it looked to be all over but the shouting. But the staying qualities of the hares told in the long, hard finish, and they ran in easily 11 minutes ahead of the leading hounds, who were all out at the finish. Some thought the hounds would have won in a longer race, simply because they made up so much ground at the finish, but it is the unprejudiced opinion of your scribe that it was the distance that killed off those fast-sprinting but faint-hearted sensational finishers. They showed well in the finish, as the pace had been rather slow at first, and in a short run-off they might possibly have won, but the road was too long for them. All honor to the winners, for they not only showed speed but that much rarer quality—the ability to carry it with stout and resolute heart. They not only won easily but had a trifle to spare, and showed clearly that when it came to a bruising race their opponents were not in the same county. Pillsbury and Shafer staggered in just as time was called. Mr. Breckenridge deserves the credit. Next time it will be better. Come and see.

#### AGRICULTURAL.

##### My Flying Dutchman.

BY IGNOTUS NONPOETICUS.

That's my flying Dutchman you see flying away  
To join the freaks who went before. Sir, I say  
He used to ride an easy running sulky plow,  
Which was drawn by an old speckled cow,  
He was a dandy, always in doubt  
Whether he to church should go without  
Bridget Susan. Not rarely did he not  
Work, but standing on the same spot  
Where he meditated (if he durst)  
How he might properly be the first  
To kick up a big row and get enough  
Of that fiery old burly man's stuff  
To pay damages he had to meet.  
He did not often fail to repeat  
That he was very active with his hands,  
Which were usually on lemonade stands.  
He broke my sleek colt's leg whose excellence  
Was amply warranted against resistance.  
Sir, I say he got on a bust, posed as Michael Cuss,  
He had killed six horses and stirred up a fuss  
When he hitched the mules by their tails to the bus,  
Because he found that I was to town gone jus'.  
He went out to hoe potatoes one day  
And cut them all off. Sir, I say  
He used my ax for a cold chisel. Paint  
The fence, said I, he made a feint.  
He was a toper and he blew in poker  
But never turned anything but joker.  
He went joyfully at his task  
Which was taking a cask and flask  
When he went to water the railroad's stock.  
He went out to make hay, sat down by a shock  
And said he had awful hay fever,  
But it must have been high fever;

For he always had a raging thirst  
When he devoured his hot wiener wurst.  
In fact, sir, I say he was a deuce of a flyer.  
"This grew." I could stand it no longer,  
"I gave commands—dismissed him altogether,"  
There he flies like a duckling's feather,  
Charged with hot wine or worst still  
Dried apples (which he found by the hill,  
And which he ate to his satisfaction  
But was not banded to meet the reaction.  
So up into the far regions he will fly  
To join the old freaks that didn't go with McGinty.  
Now sir, I say, isn't that a rarity  
To see him flying away from me.

—Farmers Alliance.

##### Naval Department.

The boy stood on the burning deck,  
His feet were smeared with blisters,  
A cannon ball took off his neck  
And the wind blew through his whiskers.

##### War Department.

GRAVESEND, CHILI, Nov. 15, 1891.

Special flat-boat cablegram to THE HESPERIAN:

Weather observations: Tuesday, Chili; Wednesday, Chil(i) Blaine; Thursday, Chili reigns.

GHOST OF BALMACEDA.

HALIFAX, ALASKA, Nov. 14, 1891.

Special to THE HESPERIAN:

A native has just rushed into the agency exclaiming that suckers are being caught in the Bering Straits with a lasso. The barbarians of the neighborhood are much aroused.

Fraternally, MACORROONEY.

Since "hep" has been abolished by the new tactics each recruit will be expected to furnish his own hay and straw.

Company "A" was composed of Butte one man one day last week. This reminds the war department of old feudal times.

The Corporal Strode to the front.  
The language he uttered was blunt;  
"Advance," he exclaimed, "on the foe there!"  
Forward the awkward squad plunged,  
And sheer at the enemy lunged,—  
But the Corporal stopped them with "whoa there!"

What means that howling, surging throng  
That fills the corridor?  
What means the pounding of the drum?  
What's all the racket for?  
Has there a circus come to town?  
Is there foot ball in the air?  
Has some one spied a senior gown?  
Have they here a dancing bear?  
Are they going to have the cane rush  
That's been put off so late?  
No. Would you know? Then listen, hush!  
PILLSBURY'S SCRATCHED THE SLATE!

The chancellor stood on the pavement wide,  
He wanted to yell and roar;  
His face grew pale, he held his side  
When he heard the foot ball score.

Oh, where! oh, where! did that mail box go that used to be at the south entrance of University Hall.

There will be a meeting of the scientific club in the botanical lecture room, Saturday, November 21, at 3 P. M. H. A. Senter will read a paper on "Aluminum." A. F. Woods will read a paper which is the result of "a study in mechanical evolution." There will also be another exceedingly interesting paper read by a prominent scientific researcher whose full name and title is too long to admit of publication. Come one, come all. Remember the time and place.