

zels and Beer, 10c." May the ghosts of the two dutchmen whom I saw there never rest, till one can appease his appetite upon Bedloe's Island. With all this weighing upon my mind, I managed to exist till I could get a square meal. What a western boy is unable to live through isn't worth mentioning.

The time had now come to wend my way homeward and I gladly wended. I had seen the cold, cold, world. I had tasted of some of its pleasures and found them unpalatable. I had felt the sharp pricks of its instruments of torture; but I had come through the ordeal unscathed. O sweet, O happy day, when my head once more reposed upon the goose feathers of my maternal pillow.

BILLYTHERID. '94

### Two Seconds in a Frenchman's Mind.

[TRANSFERRED TO ENGLISH.]

Is it, that it is that which it is, that boy there? My faith! It is it, him. It is true that one might make to say, that that which to me itself shows there, is a boy, that there boy. Parbleu! Is it not, that it is this gamin here, at the home of whose father it is that I remain myself? Some things amazing!!

What is it that it is, that his father makes by allowing to run his boy on the streets so, that little wretch there? Sacre!!! Behold that which the father makes, more cruel than a beast, that man wretched. It runs, those horses there!! One is unable them to hold! It is that they strike the boy, those animals!! Some of horrors!! Some of horrors the most horrible!!!

One is unable to say where it is that it is not that they are, the pieces of that boy, at the home of the father of whom it is that I remain myself, and my two brothers, those pieces, that boy.

It must be that I to myself take the moral and make her to retire in the boys, my brothers, so that when they of him learn, the accident, they will not be searching for some of hoofs of horses, in order that they may experiment with them, immediately, all at once, on the spot.

For certainly it is that it is not only cer-

tain, but sure, that it is this here which those there boys here, will make to do when one to them tells in their ears, the news. There are in it love, more than there are a sense of duty, that prompts one to hasten to those boys, my brothers.

### A Description of Fifteenth Century Foot Ball.

"They get the bladder and blowe it great and thin,

With many beanes and peason put within  
It ratleth, soundeth, and shineth clere and fayre,  
While it is throwen and caste up in the ayre,  
Eche one contendeth and hath a great delite,  
With foote and with hande the bladder for to smite,

If it fall to grounde they lifte it up agayne,  
This wise to labour they count it for no payne,  
Running and leaping they driue away the colde,  
The sturdie plowman lustie, stronge and bolde,  
Quercommeth the winter with driving the foote ball,

Forgetting labour and many a greuous fall."

### THE LAST GLASS.

Last night as I sat brooding,  
On the trouble I had seen,  
My sleepy noddle tilted  
In a lazy flowing dream,  
My truant fancies wondered  
Toward a rippling, gurgling stream,  
That forth from out a silvern fount,  
Was forced by power unseen.

I saw the sparkling bubbles rise  
And change to soda foam—  
My last, my only bit of cash,  
My best girl's brother's loan.

I saw her beauteous image rise  
Upon the violets crushed,  
I viewed her auburn locks of hair,  
It seemed me I should burst.

For, both her eyes were dollar marks,  
Her little lips were dimes,  
Her cheeks were formed of crisp greenbacks  
I'd squandered many times.

Her eyes were bright, her lips were smooth,  
Her cheeks held me enraptured,  
But, thanks unto that blessed dream,  
I'm free, though nearly strapped.

*Vanity Fair* and the *Nebraskan* seem confident that by their combined efforts they can change our present college yell. We would suggest that there are some two hundred alumni who have a right to a voice in this matter. The yell is not our property, nor does it belong particularly to the *Nebraskan*, there was breath and brain spent upon it long before the *Nebraskan* began its fitful, "representative" existence.