

it seems to me now otherwise. If so, this is an opportune discovery. Can I resign her to Flunkington without first solving this? Or was I about to be too hasty with Vallombrosa?" He remained plunged in deep thought.

Again Vallombrosa Vincent was the first to break the silence.

"You were saying, De Peyster?" she inquired earnestly.

"I was saying," said Mr. Charles De Peyster Thompkinson, "er—er, how beautiful is the moonlight!"

"And is it not mavrellous," she responded with enthusiasm, "that the mere impact of rays of light upon the retina should produce so wonderful an effect?"

A few moments later, when the night-watchman had escorted them to the gates, which he afterwards closed and locked, the old walls of University Hall, looking grey in the creamy moonlight, were still echoing with the last words of Mr. Charles De Peyster Thompkinson.

'It is indeed wonderful, Miss Vincent.

PERSONNE.

#### POINTERS.

Crandall sharpens skates, 1345 O street.

Try the delicious hot soda served by Sutton & Hollowbush.

Dr. Hodgeman's dental parlors are in Funke's Opera House.

Take your shoes to Walt's for repairs. Good work guaranteed.

Cadets can purchase lisle thread gloves at L. A. Bumsteads, at 2 pair for 25 cents.

A special discount. Students purchasing fall clothing can obtain a special discount at Baker's Clothing House.

The new Cloaks, Clothing and Dress Goods shown by Herpolsheimer & Co. are the choicest lines ever shown in the west.

Students should patronize Carder's New Dining Hall, at the northeast corner of 11th and P streets. W. W. Carder, proprietor.

#### AN ENCOURAGING WORD.

The editor of one of the college publications of Williams College, recently asked the chancellor for a contribution. Replying, the following was sent. There may be a word of encouragement in it for some of our own students. If the conditions in the west are so promising to men who come here after graduation, there certainly must be an even larger promise to those of us to the manor born:

LINCOLN, Dec. 5, 1893.

DEAR MR. HEALD:—I find it quite impossible to send you any formal article on or before the date which you named in yours of November 20th. But a short message to the undergraduates may not be out of place. If it should prove so, drop it into the waste basket.

It is a few months more than twenty-five years since I came to the west—came penniless and a perfect stranger, with a promise to return at Thanksgiving; but although coming a perfect stranger, was too busy to keep the promise until three years had passed! Since August, 1868, my home has been west of the Mississippi river; except for about five years, when I was practicing law in Michigan.

During all these years I have been a close observer of western life, western men and western measures. I desire to express my sincere conviction that it is an inviting field, a promising field, a field rich in possibilities, for all young men of earnest purpose, of grip and of grit. The western atmosphere is crisp. Its breezes blow freely. It ministers to life in the largest sense of the word. It demands activity, earnestness, unselfishness and plenty of red blood rather than "blue" blood. It is intense and full of meaning, and very little of its future is behind it. It has no use for the spirit of indifference, and it demands much public service. If a young man has an inheritance of rather scholarly ease, and social comfort, and much leisure, and a fixed business which has long known the family name, it may be