

have never seen him in the lobby; he doesn't seem to be pushing his claim at all, but is just waiting, and he don't know enough to realize that won't work in this world. He hasn't a shadow of claim against the state, but some of us old stagers think it would pay to give him what he asks, it is only five hundred dollars. He put about five thousand dollars on that old hole. I'm going to try to push his claim through in some shape next session. It would be only common human charity.

THE SOCIETY BELLE IN THE GALLERY.

"O dear, I wish Adolphus would return. He's so long getting those caramels. What is that man down there yelling so for! That must be the clerk who reads the prayers. Anyhow, I don't see why he's reading that stuff about that old crazy man. Papa said he was crazy, because a long time ago when papa wasn't in office, he just made papa sell him some land that papa didn't want to sell at all, and it wasn't good land either, so papa sold it ever so cheap and lost money on it really. And then the old beggar has been bothering papa because he sold him the land. Oh, I am so bored, I wish Adolphus would return."

THE MORNING NEWSPAPER — LEGISLATIVE —
FEB. 8, 1884.

"The governor to day signed a bill for the payment of five hundred dollars to Samuel D. Bradford. The claim has hung fire for a great many sessions and was at last passed through the efforts of the man's friends. It was rumored later that Bradford was lying at the point of death, but the rumor could not be verified."

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I was roaming around in the cemetery one day, reading the epitaphs on the tombstones and wondering what I should have them put on mine. Down very near the Potter's field I found a grave with a small rough stone at the head. On it I read: "Samuel D. Bradford, born——, died Feb. 7, 1884. The mills of the God's grind slowly."

The old woman who took care of him told me that those were his last words, and she thought he knew what he was saying. She did not know what they meant, but his friend who came almost running down from the capitol with a message a little after the old man died said they would do for an epitaph.

FLORA BULLOCK.

THE STUDENTS WILL DANCE.

"WE'LL HAVE DANCING AFTERWARDS."

Much Ado About Nothing.

It is not often that a college has an opportunity to indulge in such a universal jollification as we will next month, and the students have decided to close the festivities with a grand ball which will be one of the greatest events of that very eventful season. There have been a great many students' dances, but they have all been more or less select and invited. This dance is not given by any one faction of students, or for any one faction; it is a dance at which all the students are going to assemble and dance in honor of the great 'Varsity birthday, dance twenty-five years worth. Those who can't dance are going to buy tickets and go to watch other people dance. The dance will be held in Representative Hall on the evening of the 16th. The hall will be artistically decorated with flowers and bunting and caterers will serve refreshments. The music will be furnished by the best orchestra in the city. The governor and his staff will be invited and the patronesses will be selected from the ladies of the faculty. The dance is to be one of the most elaborate ever held in the city, and will really be the students' part in the great celebration.

There has been a good deal of deliberation on what one thing the students could do to hold up their end of the great University fete, and a dance seems to be decidedly the best thing to decide on. Receptions are always odious because there is nothing to do but be introduced or play "pussy wants the corner." Banquets are dangerous because the Preps. are so likely to over-eat and make