

Bixby's Retreat.

"Stolen things are sweet."

Now that the heat of political excitement has sunk to the temperature of the reading room the young men of the university will have a few spare moments in which to sew on buttons.

Nowhere on the face of the earth can a more patient, congenial, long-suffering corps of librarians and assistants be found than those of our own university. The extremes to which Miss Jones' patience is oftentimes tried are phenomenal, but her constant kindness and readiness to accommodate seem to survive each day's trials no worse for the wear.

No sordid cares becloud her face
She plays the better part—
She cheers us all in life's mad race
By her own happy heart.
But when her spirit leaves its mold
For mansions in the sky,
She'll have one on the street of gold
Just sixteen stories high.

PROF. BATES IN EXILE.

Oh, exiled one, I shed a tear
To know you're distant far.
Your "Songs of Exile" reach my ear—
So touching, too, they are;
I read them to a friend of mine
Who wept big weeps of salty brine.
I feel the pathos cropping out
From every gilded page;
I hear in rhythm your genius shout
Its priceless heritage.
We're proud of you, our hearts beat freer
To know you've thrown those wheels in gear.
O speed from New York exile cursed—
We need you here this fall—
I'll bear with themes in red immersed
If you can bear my gall,
I'll ask the regents to restore
My red-ink friend of days of yore.

ECHOES FROM THE DEBATES.

"That, honorable judges, has nothing more to do with the question than a ring in a pig's nose has to do with his capacity for swill."—Perry.

"But did we annex St. Domingo at the suggestion of Gen. Grant?" asked Burt:

then answered with an odd wag of his head, "No, indeed we squelched her."

"Honorable judges, twenty years ago, where Lincoln stands today, the buffalo and the cayote, held unrivalled sway."
—Toby.

"Shall we, sir, extend our territory either north or south?" queried Burt.
"Imagine an Iceland and a briefly clad negro chasing each other about the polls with an American ballot in their hands."

"No sir, on the contrary, I agree with other leading statesmen upon this question."—Baker.

"And so sir," said Bob Graham entirely leaving the floor for a moment, "you had better go study your dictionary."

Comfort to California.

Every Thursday evening, a tourist sleeping car for Salt Lake City, San Francisco and Los Angeles leaves Omaha and Lincoln via the Burlington Route.

It is carpeted; upholstered in rattan; has spring seats and backs and is provided with curtains, bedding, towels, soap, etc. An experienced excursion conductor and a uniformed Pullman porter accompany it through to the Pacific coast.

While neither as expensively finished nor as fine to look at as a palace sleeper, it is just as good to ride in. Second-class tickets are honored and the price of a berth, wide enough and big enough for two, is only \$5.

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