

"English as She is Wrote."

The English department has furnished us certified copies of a couple of themes that are models of what themes ought not to be. We print one of them exactly as it was written. If this stuff would not make a brass monkey howl with anguish, it would at least jar his teeth loose. The English department stands ready to expose anything of this kind that occurs again. Take notice somebody.

"THE DEAD MAN'S BED."

"I pity the person who dares to sleep in that bed." These words were spoken by a dieing man as he LAID ON THE FLOOR of a cosy and neat little room.

His bed was taken from him with which to pay the rent.

That night as the boy entered this room, in which this bed stood, a dreadful feeling came over him.

He saw death step out of one corner in his room. It stood there, with its eyeless sockets, its long bony skull, its double row of white teeth, its hollow chops, its long arms, and over its shoulders a black robe.

The boy's hair raised on ends, he was powerless. The cold sweat run down his face, he could not move. He lost his breath and—TREMBLED.

The death stepped before him and laid one of its long bony, jointed hands on his shoulder.

He fainted, and when brought to his mind, he saw his mother bent over him.

The feeling left him and he told his mother what had passed.

The bed was chopped up for kindling wood. As the first part burned, a cloud of white smoke burst out from the stove and floated through the air in the shape of a man.

TO THE DEFEATED DEBATERS.

"We learn to do by doing,"

I think the song doth run,

But to my mind

More things we find

And learn by being "done."—Ex

The Kansas & Nebraska Fuel Co. guarantees its coal to be the best for the money expended.

*A Crown of Gold.**

(An open letter, as it were, to the Annual Board.)

Men may wax eloquent over the great simplicity of the laurel wreath, the Olympic crown of glory; but it remains for the University of Nebraska to win immortal fame by stimulating ambitious men and maids to strive for a prize which stands alone, unparalleled for its stern, more than Spartan simplicity.

Poets, punch up your muses; and romancers rouse the gods to aid you in the thrilling contest now at hand.

The Junior Annual will give to the successful combatants fifteen gold-standard dollars, ten for the greatest tale of love or war, as the case may be; and five to reward the muse for the brief disturbance of her slumbers.

Hand in three type-written copies,—every mother's son and daughter of you who thirst for Junior Annual fame enough to enter this great contest between intellectual giants.

If ten of you write stories of four thousand words each, at five cents a hundred words you will pay twenty dollars to type-writers. But the more the merrier, and the less will be the proportionate worldly value of our fair prize.

It may be possible to pay eight cents a hundred to fair type-writers. If so, do not degrade your dignity by offering less.

A fair field and no favors. Undying honors to the worthy victors; and eternal fame to our Annual.

*For faithful type-writers

FOOT-BALL RHYMES.

The second half had just begun;

The signals had been given;

He took the ball around the end.

And wakened up in Heaven—Ex

His head was jammed into the sand,

His arms were broke in twain;

Three ribs were snapped, four teeth were gone

He ne'er would walk again.

His lips move slow, I stooped to hear

The whispers they let fall.

His voice was weak, but this I heard.

"Old man, who got the ball?"—Ex