

Bixby's Retreat.

Oratory a la Denison suprema est.

Our Chape! Rule of Three:—Empty seats: seats taken-mosquitoes: Saville's whiskers.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE DEVIL.

Dear Devil:—As I have been on intimate terms with you for some time I feel free to make a request. In the library of the state university of Nebraska, there is some noise To stop this noise I have a scheme,—but first let me say that Philbrick, Julius Sebastian, Dettmar, Mumford and Pillsbury never disturb the peace on any pretext The Baker Reform Rules have been posted in the Seminar room, and sometimes the silence is so dense there as to have to be dug out in small fragments with a pick-ax. There is never any disturbance in the ladies corner, Oh no! We have already exhausted Prof. Caldwell's patience and our own resources. The Lincoln City Police, State Militia, and U. S. Regulars have been successively summoned without avail. Baker's editorials refuse to blossom and bear further fruitage Our scheme is this: As you have so many warm personal friends here, I am sure the sympathetic force of your personality is the only effective remedy for our moral decadence. Can you come?
Yours, "Bix."

ANDRESON MAKES LOVE.

The Delians sometimes dress up Sayer
In woman's garb for programs rare
Whene'er they have a swell affair,
I'm told.

In dusky midnight's cool retreat
Andreson sees Sayer on the street
And runs, his faithful friend to greet,
So bold.

"Help, mubdah, fiab, bad man, go way!
You bad white man, g'way suh, I say.—
Police, patrol, help here, hooray!"
And then

Andreson's foot-falls quick retreat
Adown the dark and icy street—
Her heart resumes its normal beat
Again.

M'KINLEY STRICTLY IN IT.

I sat within that holy place
Imbued with joy and peace,
While heavenly grace illumed my face
In sorrow's glad surcease
The lowly Savior bowed and wept,
As he rode o'er the way branch strown,
To look below where sin-wrapt slept
Jerusalem in darkness thrown,
Soon by his blood as by his tears
He paid man's sin-debt on the cross;
Broad heart, true soul, warm sympathy,
And life on earth that knew not dross.

And then to supplement the text
M'Kinley's journey was related:—
Dear friends, I cannot tell what next—
Just then I died and was translated.

POLLARD'S CONSTITUENTS WITH HIM; WE ARE A SUN-OF-A-GUN.

[Communicated.]

Yes, sonny, thats so. In eighty-nine
E. M. to larnin' took a shine,
Went to the Uni. and jest did fine!
E. M. Pollard.

An' you'll admit he worked a heap
To dig that mine o'larnin' deep,
Long arter you was sound asleep,
E. M. Pollard.

A young hard-working chap, and, sir,
Too kind to kick a barkin cur,
Or you'd be supplicatin ter
E. E. Pollard.

I s'pose I'm "a consumate,—chump,"
An' orter let the matter pass;
But, sir, we're with him here in Cass,
E. M. Pollard.

You prate at "Nebraska's loyal son;"
But, sir, you rantin son of a gun,
Your neck will crack afore you've done
E. M. Pollard.

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