

BIXBY'S RETREAT.

Spades?

Who goes there?

Oh, who will roll the stone away?

Is six feet of clay oblivion?

The "Epes Home Guards" are already organized for business.

McKay (at pay telephone) "Hello Central, give me Heaven, please, I want to say my prayers."

Sweet voice at Central: "Wait a minute please" (Some time elapses) "All ready, begin." (but Mc wasn't used to it.)

A number of loyal students who have seen a pay telephone established in University hall have wondered if it would not be a further sign of advancement to set up a wheel of fortune for the benefit of the College Settlement.

EPITAPHIAN.

The following lines burned on a wooden slab with a red hot poker, are reported to have been found Monday morning on the grave of the campus boulder. Whether they commemorate the class of '92 is not known. The writer only signed his initials:

"There is underneath this stone
Once the source of many a groan,
Which to live had one excuse,
Human likeness to a goose.
Now it skulks in warmer nooks
Among the shade of students' books.
Know all who read, this ancient stone
Conceals the dust of Epsilon.

LIBRARY INVESTIGATION CASE.

(Stenographic report of the findings in the High Court of St. Peter.)

St. Peter: Hello, Sir, stand up! What is your name sir?

Rip Van Winkle: Rip Van Winkle, your Highness.

St. P: State age, occupation, cause of death.

R. V. W: Unmarried, Siberian, cigar-sign, beauty

St. P: Now give the jury your pedigree.

R. V. W: Sired by an illustrious ancestry and dummed by the Student Body.

St. P: Will you now state to the Jury what you have accomplished so far in life.

R. V. W: Raised whiskers, some hair and the dickens—otherwise reposed.

St. P: To what climate have you been accustomed?

R. V. W: Torrid here—cooler in Maryland.

St. P: Yes,—well, you have been accused of being alive—do you plead guilty or not guilty?

R. V. W: Not guilty.

St. P: When the boys buried that rock, did they bury the deadest thing on the campus?

R. V. W: Save one, Your Highness.

St. P: Do you consider the monument erected to your memory on the mound above that rock a compliment or not?

R. V. W: It was no compliment—they waited until too long after death.

St. P: You have been accused of using ordinary discretion in the library—guilty or not guilty?

R. V. W: Not guilty, Your Highness.

St. P: What was your work in St. John's college, Maryland.

R. V. W: Mummy in the department of Archaeology, and janitor of the supply room.

St. P: Do you do any work in the library of the University of Nebraska?

R. V. W: I do not, sir, on the dead.

St. P: It has been rumored that your public address to students had a quieting effect upon them.

R. V. W: The insinuation is absolutely false.

St. P: Kindly state to the jury why you gave only two brief oral notices, and posted no bulletin before the summary removal of students' books, and the consequent destruction of student property.

R. V. W: Sir, I cannot tell a lie—I have a chronic disease which hinders me in the discharge of duty.

St. P: Pray tell the jury the name and nature of your chronic disease.

R. V. W: Absolute and unqualified incompetency.

St. P: Have the doctors no cure therefor?

R. V. W: One only—a citter pellet—dismissal.

St. P: Hm! I see—well, let me see,—what is your personal standing with students of the University?

R. V. W: I am despised and rejected of them.

St. P: (Turns to jury) Gentlemen of the jury, the court urges leniency in this extreme case. No precedents are established either for instructions or for your verdict. The prisoner at the bar can only be tried according to the laws of the Silurian age. The only clause bearing either directly or remotely upon this case is that found in Ernst Bessey's Codified and Amended Laws of Nature, Silurian edition, XXXI:10023, *Callichthys armatus vs Tadpole*. *The fittest shall survive, dust to dust, earth to earth, mummies to Maryland*. The jury is dismissed to prepare a verdict.

The following is a telegram sent by a friend to a member of the Class of '92, C. O. D.

Sunday, March 20, '98.

Mr. C. M. Skiles, Atty. at Law, Ulysses, Neb.

Class of '92 sunk into oblivion. Telegraph instructions.

(Signed) T. F. A. W.

Reply sent to the supposed author, also C. O. D.

Monday, March 21, '98.

Mr. T. F. A. Williams, Atty. at Law,

Burr Block, Lincoln, Neb.

Let the dead past bury its dead.

C. M. Skiles.

Each of the above innocent parties spent the greater part of this week in telegraphing and corresponding in the vain endeavor to find out what the other meant. No results as we go to press.