

world under his control to satisfy his sordid and ambitious desire for this same immortal fame. Sumner, a young man, sauntering over the ancient battle field where on a Warren had fallen, and his forefathers in days of yore had made a bold stand for their liberties and rights, was fired with an enthusiastic desire to make his own name a living monument in the annals of his country as they had done, not indeed upon the battle field, but in the preeminence of his learning and his statesman-like abilities. Fame was his guiding star, by whose brilliant light he was enabled to surmount every obstacle, and rise at last through his indefatigable industry to the towering summit of his youthful ideal. Andrew Jackson, fourteen years of age, unlettered, and earning his daily bread as apprentice to a tailor, is ambitious enough to think that he may be the future president of the United States. Abraham Lincoln, a raftsmen on the Mississippi, spends his evenings in reading of renowned historic names, while his companions have a spree with a bottle of rum and a deck of cards. He sees fame and honor in something nobler than the bully or braggart. Daniel Webster, from beyond the horizon of the bleak hill tops of his New England home, discerns the glimmering light of that glorious renown which in after life adds luster to his very name. As boys these men were poor, and but little distinguished from their companions, except in the lofty ideal which they held of life. They saw Honor and Fame in its richest attire, and the motives by which they were led to perform a long life of the most arduous labor and leave their names inscribed with honor upon the pages of their countries history, give strong and overpowering proof of the power of an honorable ambition. Somebody asks, "What is Glory? What is fame? And then immediately answers, "The echoes of a long lost name." But it is more than this! It is one of the strongest incentives to industry and human exertion. It brings out the noblest promptings of the mind, and furnishes to the very soul of genius a stimulus to lay before the world its very best productions.

But there is another influence which contributes largely toward bringing out the best powers of a man in labor, the genius

(continued.)

OUR COLLEGE NEWS.

—Our good angel has left the office; consequently the devil has it all his own way.

—One of the preps asked "if it was in the *labrador* where they made sirup from sulphuric acid and old rags."

—There is a large constellation of stars of the first magnitude in the choir of one of the churches, and quite a number of the students have become very devoted to the doctrines of that church.

—Latin recitation. Prof.—Miss F.—why is "mind" in the masculine gender?

Miss F.—Because it is so fickle, I suppose.

Prof. (smiling sadly)—You'll pass.

—The business department of the STUDENT has been placed in the hands of Mr. Albert Joyce. All business communications should be addressed to him.

—We noticed amongst the incidental expenses of this office, fifteen cents for benzine, those not initiated may think it a strange item for a printing office, but a printer's devil uses benzine as well as other folks.

—We noticed quite an improvement in the reading room, in the way of racks for the papers. Let the improvement be extended one step further, and have the Library and reading room open every afternoon.

—Go to E. A. Hargrave & Co. to buy your croquet sets, Base ball outfits, newspapers, stationary, pens, ink, &c. They have the best stock in the city; and will sell cheaper than the cheapest. If

—Class in French.

Student translates *Monsieur, me permet de jeter un coup d'œil sur ses plans pendant ce temps-là.*—Sir, permit me to chuck a cup of water on your plans for this time.

—The Chancellor in his opening remarks, at the beginning of this term, said that the faculty were well satisfied with last term's work, and that the students had passed a more satisfactory examination than at any previous term since the opening of the institution.

—The University opened this term with about one hundred and thirty students. This is about double the number that we have usually had in the spring term, and the new students, as a class, are the best that we have ever seen enter.

—Our Janitor has no spare moments to improve: when he is not engaged at duties in the building he is out beautifying the campus, and if "them thar grasshoppers" leave him alone this year we may expect a good sized Eden around the University.

—Owing to the fact that we are engaged in a tournament of uchre and three games of marbles, for the championship of our alley; we have concluded to drop the *Juvenile Quarterly*, and *Harvard Advocate* from our exchange list, as we feel that we have not the time to do their literary merit full justice.

—If the societies wish to make an entire success of their entertainments next June, it is time they were beginning to prepare, for when the warm weather comes we are liable to be taken with the spring fever, and our parts in the entertainments will suffer.

—We have heard several of the boys modestly suggest that now would be a good time for the young ladies to give a leap year excursion and picnic on some of the railroads leading into Lincoln. We would second the motion, and humbly inform any one who wishes to help the poor, that the entire editorial corps could be prevailed on to accompany them.

—One of the candidates for admission to the University, at the recent examination, was so elated when told that he could enter the preparatory department, that the first person he met in the hall, (who happened to be a Senior,) he walked up to, and said very familiarly, "You are a prep, I suppose?"

Senior: (with a frown that would congeal exploding nitro-glycerine.) Sir, what do you mean?

Prep: Oh! ah! I—I—pardon me, sir,—a professor, I presume?

Senior: (with a bland smile) You are excusable for that mistake. I am not a professor but a Senior.

That prep. says he was glad to escape alive, and will never trust to appearances again.

An atrocious crime has been committed in the University. We hope the proper authorities will terret it out and mete out the severest penalty to the guilty parties,

that the law will admit. The details, as far as can be discovered, are as follows:

On entering the chapel a few mornings ago, we were horrified by seeing a scalp hanging up over the rostrum, and the perpetrator of the crime, not satisfied with injury, must add insult by scrawling on a card and fastening it to the long "yaller" hair, "Me heap big Injin." The entire school was thrown into intense excitement, and the question ever since has been, Who has lost her hair?

—MARRIED.—At Falls City, April 5th, Mr. Amos E. Gantt and Miss Emma Miller of Falls City. The best wishes of all the students are with the young couple and we hope they may live to realize all their bright hopes of the future. The day after the wedding, they started to North Platte, where Amos takes charge of the *Western Nebraskan*. He has had considerable experience in the newspaper business, and we predict that the *Nebraskan* will enter upon a new and more successful career than ever before.

—The Faculty appointed Friday, the 21st inst., as arbor day. The State Board of Agriculture appointed the 19th, but as it is not very good policy to have holidays in the middle of the week, the Faculty concluded it would be best to have an arbor day of our own, and none of the students seemed to lose any of their enthusiasm because we were alone in celebrating the day. At an early hour quite a number of the students had collected, who wanted to make their names immortal by setting out a tree that they can come back and see in a hundred years and say, "This is the tree that I planted a century ago, while I was attending school here." There were about one hundred and eighty young trees set out, which added very much to the beauty of the grounds, but there could be a great deal more work expended on the campus to advantage, and we would suggest the propriety of getting some one to help Mr. McLean, as the work in the building is enough to keep one man busy, while every year that is wasted in putting in trees and shrubs, to let them die and be replaced the following year, is just so much time lost.

We had the pleasure of attending the Young Ladies' Leap Year Club, in the High School of this city, a few evenings ago, and we were pleased to see with what order and precision every thing was conducted by the accomplished president, Miss Gould, who presided with a grace and dignity well becoming a person of much more experience than Miss Gould has had in that line. The Society was formed for the purpose of literary culture, and consisted of about thirty members, all take hold and work with a will, and they are being rewarded for their exertions, by a constant increase in numbers, and a marked improvement in each week's productions. We would notice each performer separately, but we have not space, so we will content ourselves, by giving a general description. The society opened with music, and we may as well say here that the entire performance was interspersed with music and songs, which we enjoyed very much. The next were essays, which were well written, and showed that there had been considerable thought devoted to them. Then came declamations, and though we heard the most of them before, they sounded new and interesting, from the way in which they were delivered, and some of the ladies exhibited a decided talent for declaiming. Last, was the read-

ing of the "Snowflake," a paper edited by Miss Ida Webster and Miss —, and is issued every two weeks; it alternates with the debate. The articles were well written, and the paper was neat in appearance and had some spicy local news. We think it was named after a snowflake on top of the "Rockys" that does not vanish in a day. The young ladies' society is a very pleasant place to spend an hour and a half on Wednesday evenings.

—Our poet has been spending another month admiring his Idol; and we are almost in love with "Rolling Nell" ourselves if he don't want to loose her, he had better not describe her beauties in such gushing style.

NELL.

Rolling, blue eyed Nell,
Laughing, happy Nell,
Your placid eyes
Are twilight skies,
And the star of joy is there
That shines serene
On every scene
That is dark with nightly care,
Yet far away
Gives life and day
To a world that's always fair.

L.

PERSONAL.

—Miss Genie Field is teaching in Sanders Co. We are going to Rose Hill to school.

—Professor Manley is at Crawford Springs, New York. We are sorry to say he is improving very slowly.

—H. M. Worley is dispensing what he has learned in the University, to the juveniles near Wahoo, Saunders Co.

—Miss Sada Runyon has returned to her home at Summit, Butler Co. We understand she intends to be with us next Sept again.

—James Miller came up during vacation to visit his old friends. He reports the students from Sarpy county, are most all talking of coming back next year.

—Miss Ada Gray has returned to her old home in Wis. She takes with her, the kindest wishes of all the students, and of her many other friends in this city.

—J. F. McCartney, editor of the *Omaha High School*, was in the city last week, and called in to pay his respects to the STUDENT. He is a go-a-head young man, and under his management the *High School* is taking a front rank amongst educational journals.

—C. B. Wooley was recently admitted to the bar. Charley was an old member of the *Palladian* society, and used to make some very stirring speeches. No doubt he there laid the foundation for future greatness in that line.

—Miss Ara Williams was in the city, about the middle of the present month. The next morning after her arrival, we had one of Nebraska's pleasant little snow storms, which necessitated her keeping indoors; and she did not get a chance to visit many of her old friends.

—John McLean, who is practising law in the city, was elected to the office of police judge, at the recent election. John is a young man of sterling qualities, and is fast becoming a favorite with the bar of Lincoln. We predict a bright future for him.

—W. H. McBroom started to Santa Fe New Mexico, about the first inst. to take charge of a surveying party in that territory we are sorry to lose Mc. as he informed us when he left, that he did not expect to attend school any more, but we are glad he has found something that suits him. Mc. is a young man of energy, and ability, and will succeed in whatever he undertakes.