

Seniors, Juniors, Sophs. and a congregation of Preps. assembled on the base ball diamond the other day and enjoyed a good old fashioned game of "every one for himself."

DON'T FORGET when you want any thing in the Grocery line to call on W. W. English, west 11 st., near N. The best grades of Tobaccos and Cigars on hand. Good goods and satisfaction or no trade.

Don't scuffle near a window. Ye Local and another young man possessed of a motive temperment scuffled two dollars worth in just two seconds, over at the Dormitory the other day. We play marles now—it's less expensive.

The Senior Class are allowed to deliver an oration in public this term and next, instead of taking the regular rhetorical—and have chosen to do so. They will deliver them at an exhibition to be held Dec. 13th.

There is nothing very funny about it, but the boys always applaud when the Chancellor announces two tickets for a quarter as special rates for students. The question is, why not give rates on more than two.

Henry Ward Beecher may tell us that brain is superior to muscle as long as he makes \$500 a night by it. But he takes a fishing pole when he goes to get a croquet ball from the vicinity of a mule's heels, just the same.

Lincoln's Tailoring Art Gallery and Display Room.

I deal in **Eastern Styles and Eastern Prices.** If you want something New and Fashionable, fail not to call on **J. B. Bowling**, O St. bet. 10th & 11th.

The Senior Class in Phædo recites only four times a week this term. Friday is the off-day. As the class will be at leisure that hour on Friday, all lower students desiring information on any subject will apply then.

Division of labor;— First urchin to smaller one: "Now Tommy, you pull the hod by this rope, an' I'll throw clods at you an' say, 'Get up there, you blasted lazy old bagobones.'"

The opportunities for making money at the Fair present a temptation to the av. aricious too strong to be overcome. The lemonade and peanut epidemic carried off one of our most promising graduates this fa'r.

When a High School girl turns up her nose as she passes you and kicks her books off the sidewalk when she drops them by accident, you may feel assured that the object she mistook for a handkerchief was a dish-rag hung out of a bach's window to dry.

The boys are beginning to write up excuses to let them out of drill on October 3d, when the circus comes around. We saw four of them practising the art of limping, and heard two more negotiating with a physician for a certificate of physical disability.

Those young ladies who attempted to inveigle a few innocent students into buying lecture tickets, had better have a care or they shall be reported to the Faculty. It is about time we had an other investigating committee, and certainly so important a matter deserves one.

That Junior's arm looks very well in a coat sleeve, but when he undertakes to use it as a substitute for a certain young lady's belt, he was compelled to consult a tooth wrestler. He now wears false teeth. This may be a warning to some but it don't scare us worth a cent.

The Military department is looming up this term. Instead of the ten or fifteen that used to constitute the company, they have about forty five members. Lieut. Webster is an earnest, energetic officer, with lots of life and get up, and is well liked by the boys. The increased number makes the drill vastly more interesting.