

tions of crisp doughnuts, succulent tarts and fluffy sponge cake. Every day he was at the postoffice and every day disappointed until his chum made up a nice little bundle for him and put it in the box. Face of despondent Freshie lights up as he finds and opens it. Looks like maple sugar, little off color though. Takes a bite; spits it out; smells, bah! it was an old cookie that had been kicked around their room for a month.

The "artillery squad" took Hallowe'en by the forelock as it were, and performed their brilliant little trick on Sunday evening, we blush to say. They probably thought George would be wide awake and armed with a blunderbuss Monday night, so they took advantage of his absence at church or prayer-meeting or something and laboriously hauled the old cannon around behind the building, loading it up to the brim. Then they trained it in a westerly direction and scattered. The old piece of ordnance scattered a moment later and worked shocking destruction. The scene the next morning beggared description. The cannon trick is not only getting a little old but is always accompanied with a certain amount of actual danger. Possibly that's what makes it so interesting.

The fall appropriation for the University library amounts to about \$600, and is being very judiciously expended by the faculty. Each Professor lays out about \$40 in his department, choosing books he deems most needed. There have already arrived and are being placed on the shelves some choice reference books on mathematics, chemistry, and history. There is Clarendon's History of the Rebellion in seven volumes, and Stubb's English Constitution, in three volumes, which include fac-similes of many famous old documents, among them the Magna Charta. Then there are Hodgkin's "Italy and her invaders," and Norton's "Church Building in the Middle Ages," and Leslie Stephen's "History of English Thought." For scientific works we have Gordon's "Electricity and Magnetism," Wormley's "Micro-Chemistry and Poison," Fourier's "Analytical Theory of Heat."

One of the most popular as well as the most profitable departments of the University is that of painting and drawing. The standard of art-culture, both in the school and in the city, has been wonderfully raised by the efforts of Miss Emma Richardson, who is so thoroughly in love with the study herself that she imbues all her pupils with all her own earnestness. In her studio, at any time, can be found samples of productions of her class, in oils and crayons. The work is largely light and fanciful, plaques and panels, but nevertheless well done. Now and

then a more pretentious piece, portrait or landscape, is attempted, and faithfully executed. Miss Richardson's own color work is exquisite. She has just finished a set of porcelain, every piece different, for a friend in Crete, that would compare favorably with Haviland, we are sure. Step into the studio and see for yourselves.

Below we give the score made by the cadets at rifle practice last Saturday.

COMPANY A.

D. L. Clark.....	34933-13.
E. F. Peck.....	44444-20.
F. J. Benedict.....	40594-13.
G. M. Gregory.....	44 33-17.
E. Hall.....	42334-16.
E. S. Miller.....	30504-12.
H. Bell.....	34323-15.
J. V. Parker.....	52334-17.
N. T. Higgins.....	44433-18.
B. B. Davis.....	44344-19.
Rogers.....	02443-13.

COMPANY B.

G. T. Sprecher.....	42323-14.
D. T. Smith.....	33044-14.
E. C. Wiggerhorn.....	33324-15.
B. W. Holt.....	43223-14.
F. H. Myers.....	35544-21.
Frank Garlock.....	33443-17.
Jesse Holmes.....	32040-9.
Geo. A. Hawley.....	42333-14.
W. H. Lichty.....	02323-10.
F. B. Harris.....	43043-11.
Lieutenant Webster,	17.

There are 2,850 books in the library, and 500 at the farm. The number is constantly increasing. The demand for books and for the best books is growing significantly larger every day. Professors give their classes longer lists of references than heretofore and there is more looking up of authorities and sources. The great and unanimous complaint is that the library is not accessible in the mornings. If the faculty could make some temporary arrangement by which the library could be open, say from nine to twelve every morning, until the regents can appoint a regular librarian, it would be a boon to the students. When a man is referred to some work in the library he would find it an easy matter to step in between classes and look it up, or during a vacant hour, while very few will come down from their distant rooms to the library in the afternoon in search of a single point. The reading, too, which can be done or could be done in a vacant hour of the morning amounts to a great mass during a semester. As to order, the advantage of a quiet nook to read or study would be sufficiently appreciated by students, young or old, to warrant quiet behavior. Moved by complaints from upper class students that they have no place to study and by others that they cannot come to the library in the afternoon, it is hoped that the faculty may conclude to grant our request.

OH! WHAT WAS THAT?

It was the cat. Prof. Thomson's class room was as quiet as usual when suddenly a monster cat came plunging in over the transom of the door. The gentlemen were startled, slightly, the ladies screamed and said, "Oh, my!" Professor smiled quietly, and looked out into the hall to see whence came the animal. The hall was unoccupied. He then looked at the cat and the class looked at the cat and altogether, considering the suddenness of her arrival, it was very embarrassing for the poor thing. But she recovered her thoughts presently and was suffered to remain. That wasn't the worst of it. Coming out of the door the funny Soph. started to remark that "It was nearly a cat-astro—" when Miss Muffins interrupted him bluntly with "Oh, gracious, don't inflict that old pun on us, at least not on pur-puss!" whereupon he replied with great spirit and not the least unabashed, "Now, don't go too far, it might hurt your felines." You're right, it was the cat.

The Union Society, by the loss of so many of its valuable members, has, during the last few months, suffered great loss and Mary A. Hawley, a young lady of much promise, died Friday night, the 14th. Her career at the University was marked by studious application to her work, and earnestness in all that she undertook. The Union Society, of which she was an active member, adopted the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, In the wisdom of our heavenly Father, our loved class mate and earnest co-worker, Mary A. Hawley, has been called from our midst, therefore be it

Resolved, That in her death the Union society and Sophomore Class have lost one of their most efficient members, whose noble traits of character are well worth imitation, and

Resolved, That we hereby express our most tender sympathies to the bereaved family, who have thus lost a loving daughter and sister.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be furnished the parents of the deceased, and that they be published in our college and city papers.

Paper and envelopes very cheap at Fawell's.

Large stock new books just received at Fawell's.

"However great my fall my spirit is unbroken," remarked the overturned bicyclist, feeling in his coat-tail pocket.

A bad-tempered man: He had lost his knife and they asked him the usual question: "Do you know where you lost it?" "Yes, yes," plied, "of course I do. I'm merely hunting in these other places for it to kill time."