

"Swift of foot was Hiawatha;
He could shoot an arrow from him,
And run forward with such fleetness,
That the arrow fell behind him!
Strong of arm was Hiawatha;
He could shoot ten arrows upward,
Shoot them with such strength and swiftness
That the tenth had left the bowstring
Ere the first to earth had fallen!"

Then Prof. Little desired the class to ascertain if it would be safe to bet the odds on Hiawatha at the Derby. The class held a mournful consultation out in the hall after recitation.

"It's very blind," said the short girl.

"It's a sticker," said the short girl.

"What would Longfellow say?" queried the mild-eyed youth.

"I don't know, but I think I can do it," exclaimed the infant prodigy with his eyes on the ground.

"It's an a-narrow problem," remarked the boy who never could do anything but make a poor pun, and the class meeting broke up on the spot.

Sure enough, of course, as everybody expected, the infant prodigy gravely put the figures on the blackboard the next morning, and showed the class that Longfellow had slightly exaggerated his hero's powers, for it would be necessary for Hiawatha to run a mile in forty-six seconds if he performed the feat ascribed to him. The usual time of horses in the Derby is 1:56.

Children's Column.

NOTE.

Complaint having reached our ears that the Freshmen of the University fail to grasp the entire stupendousness of the Student, and desiring to furnish reading matter within the comprehension of all, we have opened a department expressly for the Freshman class. We hope that parents will take notice of this fact and subscribe, for the Student intends to be a most comprehensive periodical and contain something of interest to young as well as old.

THE LOCAL EDITOR.



CHAPTER I.

What is this? This is a Deer. Is it not a pretty Thing? Yes, and it is some times quite Tame. Where are they found? On the big prai-ries and one kind in Towns. Are there any Deer in Lin-coln? Oh, yes, there are many Deer in Lin-coln. Would you not like one for a Pet? Yes, in deed. Well, when you are a big Ju-ior per-haps you may have one. It is very dear Pleasure, though.



CHAPTER II.

These are the Specs of our Ed-i-tor. He puts them on to fright-en little Fresh-men out of the Office. Then he looks ter-ri-

ble! But he is not dan-ger-ous, al-though he is very tall and slim. Is he as tall and slim as Mar-shall? No, he is not as tall and slim as Mar-shall. Most Ed-i-tors are fright-ful-ly Poor. Is our Ed-i-tor Poor? Oh, no; our Ed-i-tor is is Rich.



CHAPTER III.

This is a Soph-o-m-ore. Is it an An-i-mal? That is a problem. Nat-ural-ists have not deter-min-ed what It is. It has no Beard, but It has Brains. See the Brains on Its Head. You can count them. How many Brains has It got? Must it not be very Wise? Yes. It is very wise.



CHAPTER IV.

Is this a Bush? No, this is not a Bush, this is a Tree. It is a Tree on the Col-lege Cam-pus! Is it not nice to stand in the shade of the tree on the Cam-pus? Oh, yes; it is very nice if one has an um-brel-la. Does the Tree grow? Yes, the Tree grows fast. George McLean waters the Tree ev-ery Morning.



CHAPTER V.

Come, now, dear lit-tle Fresh-man, can you tell us what this is? Per-haps you do not do not know. It is a quad-ru-ped found in wild Places and In-sane Asy-lums. It should always be lock-ed up, be-cause it makes aw-ful noises if fro-ol-ed with. There is one in the Room across from our Office. It is a cross Thing. Per-haps it is Sick. It needs a Doc-tor bad-ly. Could Doc Paine do It good? No, not even Doc Paine could do It any Good. Give it a Rest.



CHAPTER VI.

What are these Peo-ple doing? Of course you do not Know. They are doing something very, very wick-ed. They are dan-cing. We pray your tastes may never fall so low as to lead you to Dance. If you want A-muse-ment play nice lit-tle games with each oth-er. There is Pil-low, and King Wil-liam and Post-Office and Ja-cob and Ruth and Co-pen-ha-gen and Spat-'em-out. In these you will not be so fa-mil-iar with each oth-er as in Dan-cing. Hunt-the-But-ton is al-so a quiet pret-ty game for young Lad-dies and Gen-tle-men.



CHAPTER VII.

Are these Dan-cing, too? No, they are not ex-act-ly Dan-cing. They are try-ing the Stand-ing Still Waltz. That is not Bad. Good folks who would not real-ly Dance would do this. Is the lady not beau-ti-ful? Yes, she is quite too-too. Is the Man Sol-id? Yes, he is sol-id there. They are stand-ing by the Bell Rope.



CHAPTER VIII.

See, is this not a fine Bird? Do you rec-og-nize it? It lives but a year, but it is very Proud. It always dies on the last Thurs-day in No-vem-ber. Is that not Strange? Is it not good Grub? Yes, it is im-mense Grub!

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