

The University telephone came near destroying the friendship which exists between George McLean and Don Clark, of the Telephone Exchange, the other evening. George had just returned from prayer meeting and was settling down for a quiet hour's reading when the little instrument across the hall spoke up, long and loud,

Ting-a-ling-ling-ling!!

George put down his paper, got out his keys, and started to see what was wanted.

"Hello!"

No answer.

"Hel-loo!!"

Still no answer. After a pause he rang up the central office and demanded,

"What do want, Don? Did you call the University?"

"N a-w!"

"Well, the thing rang, anyway," and George returned to his room; before he could seat himself comfortably again he heard another imperative

Ting-a-ling-a-ling-ling-ling!!

He started and listened, half believing it was the wind, but another sharp ring assured him that it was the telephone.

"Hello!"

Again he could get no answer, and rang up the central office.

"Hello!"

"Hello yourself! What is the matter with you?"

"What do you want?"

"I don't want anything," replied Don crossly.

"What did you ring the University for, then?"

"I didn't! Haven't rung at all for at least an hour!"

"Well the old thing has been ringing, and I know it, and if you don't let up I'll see about it!" shouted George.

"Oh, go off and soak your head, you've been dreaming," was the consoling reply, and here the conversation ended.

Meanwhile, a young man concealed in a dark corner of the hall was hugging himself over the success of his scheme, nearly choking in his efforts to keep from laughing. In his hand was an innocent looking little alarm clock. It had caused all the trouble.

Personalia.

Miss Nellie Reed is visiting at Hastings

H. M. Worley is teaching a fine school at Unadilla.

R. N. Piper observed Xmas out on the Republican this year.

Miss Kate Jones spends the recess with her sister at Villisca, Iowa.

R. L. Marsh is in New Jersey, where his best girl resides. He will be absent two weeks longer

Fred Clark, formerly of the University is now a stock man at Weston.

Miss Emma Richardson, of the art studio, is spending the holidays at Crete.

Our business manager, Mr. B. F. Marshall, spent a part of the holidays visiting friends at Greenwood.

B. B. Davis is in the city, cramming for examinations. He seems pleased with his position at Plattsmouth.

Eb Fairfield and Frank Parks, old students of the University, spent Christmas under the paternal roof.

Dan Wheeler and Clem Chase will return in time to make their New Years calls in the Capital City.

Sheridan and Sullivan yoked up together and ambled off to Saline county to browse during the recess.

Wash. Hare, '76, is farming near Syracuse. Rumor says,—well no matter what it says. Wait for the cards.

Frank Myers will not return to the 'versity next term. He will spend a few months in agricultural pursuits.

Miss Orissa Swisher is in the city visiting friends. "Rissa" is assistant principal of the Unadilla schools this year.

Mr. Don Clark spent the whole of last week pasting up in the back of his head the contents of several ponderous histories.

Mr. A. E. Hargreaves, one of the STUDENT's most genial city patrons, leaves in a few days for a three months' visit in Europe.

Tommy Frahm will not be with us next term, but will attend school at Hastings. In the springs he expects to return to the University.

Our fat friend William Henry Lichty takes his lay-off at Red Cloud. A scarcity of provisions is already reported from that quarter.

H. K. Wolfe, '80, and J. S. Bridenbaugh, '81, were in the city last week. Both are now pedagogues, the former at Edgar, the latter at Dakota City.

Chas. A. Rising, *alias* "Duffy," has gone home and will probably not return until spring. He will be missed by the jokers who congregate in this den.

Mr. Irving Snell, once a student here, was married last week to Miss Hettie Young, of Lincoln. The STUDENT wishes the young couple unbounded happiness.

Among those we noticed taking the train for the east, on the 24th, were Messrs. Snell, Chase, Wheeler, and Wiggenshorn, and Miss Narcissa Snell. A number living in that direction had gone before the close of the term.

Children's Column.



CHAPTER I.

This is a picture of Prof. Church's horse and Bug-gy. It can always be seen standing at the east Door. This horse is a fast animal. He is fast to a post, and has to fast all the morning, and when there is Faculty Meeting, all the Afternoon, too. Must he not have a faculty for fasting? Can the Horse understand Latin, like his Master? Yes, the Professor says, "*Age Equo Gettupibus!*" and the Horse moves,—when he Whips him.



CHAPTER II.

This is the Lincoln Street Rail-way. It runs from the University to the Chancellor's—when it is built. The Car on the left is not wrecked; It is a Mirage, that is, a Cloud effect. The Lincoln Street Rail-way is all Cloud effect. It will never effect anything else.



CHAPTER III.

Here we have a Scene at the De-pot. The Trains have just come in and the Busses are numerous. (Busses are always 'round where there are Trains.) The Coach on the right is the direct line for Salt-til-lo. If some Students don't coach they will go to Salt-til-lo. Queer, isn't it? The Picture in the middle represents Barnard on a Bus(t). He goes very often. Then he is e-le-va-ted. He handles the Whip very gracefully, does he not?



CHAPTER IV.

This is our Ed-rtor's private Bar-on-che. It is an exact model of George Washington's family Car-ri-age. There is more age than carri in this, however. Would it not bring Tears to the Eyes of the Father of his Country? Where are the Horses? Oh, they have gone to feed. They live on (n)otes.

CHAPTER V.



Heigh—ya! hi! heigh—ya! Here they go! Who are they? Why, Soph o-mores, of course, going through Col-lege on their Ponies.

Novelties in fine stationery at Fawell's.