

THE CITY.

New goods at Barkley & Briscoe's.
 Large stock new books at Fawell's.
 L. J. Byer is the new chief of police.
 Novelties in fine stationery at Fawell's.
 Fashionable Millinery at S. W. Harney's, O street.
 Special prices to students for furniture Hardy's, 10th street.
 The street-sprinklers have commenced their cooling rounds.
 All the students go to Fox & Struve for their books and stationery.
 Bids for the construction of the water-works well are advertised for.
 Go and see M. H. Gustin to get good harness or buggies, on 11th street.
 Preserve your natural teeth by having them attended to early by Dr. Way.
 The churches of the city were beautifully decorated with flowers on Easter.
 For pure fresh made candy call at the Candy Kitchen, 12th street, Little's new block.
 It pays to buy all your boots, shoes and slippers of O. W. Webster, O street, Academy of Music.
 Students will find everything they need in the way of stationery and text books at Fox & Struve's.
 Why not turn the Dormitory into a boarding place exclusively for boys. Then it might be profitable.
 The Herdic coaches have been withdrawn from their routes for several days. The reason assigned is that all the horses belonging to the owners of the line are suffering from "pink-eye."
 A state convention of ministers of all denominations has been called to meet in Lincoln May 9th and 10th. The object is to unite the religious interests in the cause of temperance.
 The city election, held on the 4th, was the most hotly contested one Lincoln has ever known. Victory rested with the party advocating enforcement of the law. A change in municipal affairs is already noticeable.
 At last the temperance people of Lincoln are at the "top of the heap." For several months they have been agitating and remonstrating and when the complexion of the council was changed by the city election the saloon men were unable to secure licenses without making important concessions. The gilded palaces now have nothing to obstruct the view of the interior from the street and close at the reasonable hour of 10 P.M.

SOPHOMORICAL ORATORY—PRICE TWO CENTS PER CWT.

It seems to be a usual thing among college societies for a sort of frenzy or infatuation to unmercifully fall upon and take possession of some members in respect to oratory, debating, etc. My dear would-be orator, please come to your senses! You are not a machine. A succession of words sounded loudly and with arms swinging like a wind-mill, will not seriously injure anybody. Or if you put on those gestures and attitudes which you suppose an ideal orator would use, and frame your sentences after the "eloquential manner" and sound them forth with precise intonation, mark what I say: You appear a fool to every common sense person who hears you, and in the most inward inwardness of your conscience you appear a fool to yourself. You may do this "putting on business" in a clever way; you may think to yourself, "I've done it up brown," but don't be deceived; the intelligent will see through your cloak as though it were transparent as glass. The rabble will applaud you—they always will any piece of foolishness; they will encourage you, in order that the monotony may be relieved at your expense. A college society should not be disgraced by cheap eloquence. Let the politicians have their vicious prize to themselves—alone, unmolested.

Did you ever see a person that "put on airs?" They do that to appear refined. In the same way, only infinitely worse, my dear Shooter off of Eloquence, do you appear; infinitely worse, because while on the one hand there are people, even many, who in all their actions are genteel and worthy of respect, yet, on the other hand, not even the greatest orator has his oratory packed up to be shoveled out at will. Those who put on airs try to imitate qualities which are present all the time with gentleman or lady, while you try to imitate the qualities and put on the dress of oratory on any or every occasion. The true orator is moved only on great occasions to eloquence; you have your dress of oratory ready for all little occasions. Do you see the point? Now in what respect are you infinitely worse than those who put on the gentleman or lady? The true orator is moved only by great occasions, when great affairs are at stake; you put on the assumed passions (acted out with more or less of blunder,) of the orator, on ordinary and trifling occasions when nothing is at stake (except the fact whether you will make a supreme fool of yourself.) The orator is aroused by impending consequences, by the importance of events or acts; he lives, he has his very being in them. You discard place, occasion, interest, and everything of advantage, seeking to create

possibilities from impossibilities, to invest importance where no importance exists. My dear sir, consider the maxim, "Temperance in all things." Give your deep attention to it. You can benefit immensely from adhering to its good sense. It means on ordinary occasions act in a way suitable to ordinary occasions. In a debate speak to your opponent as if he were a person (for I assure you he really is,) and not as if he were a volcano, a thunder-storm, a murmuring brook, or a beautiful violet; not as if you and the audience would go to everlasting perdition if the Senate don't pass some particular law. Now, my dear friend, there are other reasons besides the extreme foolishness of the thing why you should quit being a transparent hypocritical put-on. One is, if you really have a sincere desire to be a veritable orator, by these means you are defeating your aim. Instead of collecting funny newspaper slang and fitting it into your most precious put-on speech, instead of wasting your time thinking out words for a pathetic passage that would be appropriate to a sentimental idiot, do you rather go to work in a more sensible way. If you will examine the preliminary training of the celebrated orators, you will find that they never courted the applause of moon-struck lovers, noisy street urchins, or of those who are willing to clap the louder and louder in proportion as the eloquence driver before them seems more and more to be losing his senses. No! They have abstained from that! They have rather sought to increase their supply of words, their knowledge of things, and they might even be excused, as the greatest of them all actually did, if they strengthened their lungs by shouting and yelling against the noise of the roaring ocean; but never could they be excused, on any occasion or for any reason whatever, if they twisted and contorted their faces into "dispair," "fear," etc., like elocution classes generally do. Would-be orator, have some sense! Believe me, the orator is not a fool. He understands men, words, language, things, acts, consequences. Above all, he is a person most ready to see through hypocrisy. Change your course, young man! Cultivate your intellect, establish a severe and uncorruptable character, and especially raise the virtue in yourself to as high a standard as you possibly can.

Who was the first dead-head on record? Leonidas, for he held a pass.

Song of the medical student: "This world is but an M. D. void."

Buy your boots and shoes at the B. B. store, Tenth street between P and Q.

"All's well that ends well," as the monkey said when examining his pretty tail.