

The City.

Large stock new books at Fawell's.
 Have your suits made at W. H. Collins'.
 Novelties in fine stationery at Fawell's.
 It pays to buy your millinery of S. W. Harney, O Street.
 Special prices to students for furniture Hardy's, 10th street.
 Work on the Lincoln & Fremont railway will begin at once.
 Neckwear, the handsomest ever seen in Lincoln, at the Phoenix.
 Buy your clothing, hats and nobby neck-wear at W. H. Collins'.
 All the students go to Fox & Struve for their books and stationery.
 Straw Hats! Straw Hats!! The noblest in Lincoln at the Phoenix.
 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.
 The disclosures in regard to the management of the Government building are startling. The Hull steal is fully \$10,000.
 Students will do well to remember that second hand books are sold low at Branch's fruit and confectionery stand, first door west of Howard House.
 The preliminary survey of the M. P. railroad has reached Lincoln. Whether the road will be built or not cannot be ascertained at the present epoch.
 The numbering of the streets and buildings of the city is in progress. It is made necessary by the free delivery of mail which will be established in July.
 Though not generally known, is nevertheless a fact that an extensive tannery has been in operation in Lincoln for several months. Fifteen men are now employed. The quality of the leather manufactured is said to be first-class.
 Decoration Day will be observed this year in a manner creditable to the capital city. The arrangements are in the hands of the enterprising members of the G. A. R. Col. Smythe of Omaha has already been secured to deliver the address.
 The location of the State Home for the Friendless in Lincoln is an assured thing. Two thousand dollars has been donated by the city and five thousand by the state for a building. There is talk of our useless dormitory passing into the hands of this society.

OSCAR VISITS THE UNIVERSITY.

As Mr. Wilde approached the University Monday morning a casual observer might have seen that he was not happy. Perhaps the building was not aesthetic enough. Perhaps he had stumbled over a heap of ashes on the campus. Possibly he had fallen into a reminder of Arbor Day (a hole.) Maybe he was speculating on the probability of being called upon to speak, and then—? Anyhow the gentleman from Oxford was unhappy. He entered the hall, gazed pensively, almost sweetly, on the caricatures—the product of our "decorative artistic" tendencies—on the walls, and Oscar was himself again. Suddenly his eye caught sight of an object at the end of the passage; his countenance lighted up as he quickened his pace and drew up before the bulletin board of the Union society. "Beautiful," he whispered softly, "beautiful, these yellow letters!—this is the alphabet of the soul, and this dark background! you have here a perpetual funeral announcement!" Oscar next visited Prof. Aughey's room. He had heard of our professor, Oscar had, at Oxford, and wished to know him. No one save Heaven saw that interview; we can only conjecture. I imagine Prof. A.—a practical man, (*practical* in contradistinction to *beautiful*.) whose best years have been cheerfully spent in slavish toil for the advancement of science for the use of man,—I imagine that he threw a few scientific terms at Oscar, advised him to sell his hair, and continued his work; or he might have said, and doubtless did, "the Beautiful has gone down beneath the swelling tide of the Useful and it shall never, never, never, rise again," and bade Oscar "good morning." Wilde muttered an oath as he came out.

THE SPEECH.

The orator mounted the rostrum, advanced to the altar, made a pathetic appeal to heaven and said: "It is a great honor to me to address the students of any university, but had I known I was to address you,—(a smile and another appeal)—I would have spent last evening in preparation of a brilliant impromptu, but what led me to think of the movement which I have instituted lately, was—." Oscar never completed the sentence, but rambled off on another jumble of words. There was nothing striking in his remarks, no indication of genius. The speech was a failure.

Mr. W. was next shown into the library. A young lady on the opposite side of the room had a sunflower in her hair. Oscar cleared the table at a bound and sought an introduction. He remarked, "Are you a lover of art?" "No, no, no, Mr. Wilde," she said dreamily, "not art but poetry I love. Your *Beautiful Snow* is too, too—" Oscar moved away. In the hall he met

another student, a heartless wretch. "Ah," observed Wilde, "you read Ruskin and me?" "Not Ruskin, Oscar, but you I read. I do think your 'Helen's Babies'—." Then Oscar pulled his hair and went out upon the campus. A bad Freshman with more of a vocabulary than morals said: "Oscar, let me show you our dormitory, an imposing pile, most utter structure, a daisy—" Clem interfered and Mr. Wilde retired from this pleasant (?) occasion. Just as he was leaving the grounds he saw an old weed which had escaped the vigilance of the gardener last year. His bosom swelled with emotion and he murmured sadly,

"Oh, see that yaller sunflower
 Against the campus wall.
 Who'd a thought that such a little seed
 Could growed to be so tall." * * *

Chips.

At Geneva College the students are required to attend Sabbath School.

Harvard talks of changing her college color. We are not informed why she objects to crimson.

Oscar Wilde, in the course of his lecture at Harvard, promised to present a statue of a Greek athlete to the Harvard gymnasium.

Prof.—"What do you do when you try to explain the general method of obtaining a tangent to a conic section?" Bright student—"Flunk."

There is a movement in Wisconsin to move the state capital to Milwaukee, and give the capitol building at Madison to the State University.

Virgil informs us, *Aeneid* IV, 235, that Aeneas called on Dido one summer night and inquired tenderly: "Ibisne in festivitatem hoc vespertino?" "Non hoc vespertino." "Forsitan in alio vespertino." "Bonum vespertinum." And he left.

"I never saw a real prize fight, but I saw a fut-ball game. First a man kicks the ball. Then the boys catch each other round the neck and roll in the mud. Then one man yells hold, and they git up in a line and the men on the end they dance. Then the boys on the fens they laf. When a man runs with the ball they catch him and sit on his neck. Then he goze home and another man takes his place. Then one man kicks the ball and the uther side yells fowl. Then they sware. My brother Bill, before the game, sed he was layin' for one of those damfreshmen. When he came down to the feeld in his sute the boys on the fens they yelled, "it came up from New York on the breze." When he came home with his leg broke I asked him if he fixed the Freshman. And my sister's young man laffed and said not his eve, and Bill he kust."—*Athenaeum*.