

He shall hear from me.
I will kill him. I will torture him. I will lynch him.
I will agonize him. I will crucify him.
You bet I will.

—
"JANET! DONKEYS!"

When David's aunt saw her grass-plot invaded she was always petrified with wrath. Fortunately she never so far lost her equanimity as to omit the immortal warning—"Janet! Donkeys!" We often feel the want of a Janet to drive the donkeys from our cherished preserves. Donkeys are so abundant and they so ruthlessly prance through the choicest places, that such a wish is not unreasonable. There is the conceited donkey who continually feels himself above the rest of mankind. He does not scruple to run over those sensitive unfortunates who are too good-natured to drive him away. He is patronizing; he is arrogant; he lacks even common donkey-sense. There is the "cheeky" donkey. He prides himself upon an overplus of disregard for mankind. He is never disconcerted and rebuffs have no effect upon the triple brass plate laid over his feelings and intelligence. He will force himself anywhere, sometimes for no other reason than to exhibit his impenetrable lack of decency. There is the cynical donkey. Listen to his conversation. Watch the pleasant smile that plays around the corners of his mouth. Note his sarcastic bearing towards the world in general. Is he not an agreeable fellow? And so on *ad infinitum*. My friends, we are all donkeys. We should all be driven off when we intrude our own particular donkeyishness upon our fellow-donkeys. Can we not, each one of us, recall some time when we unpardonably inflicted our own ideas, our own individual peculiarities, upon an unwilling victim who, happily for us, but unhappily for public decency lacked the resolution to order us off the premises? The DRIFTER pleads guilty to the charge, who is the next honest man—or donkey—that dares confess it?

Walk down town with your friend, the DRIFTER. We shall no doubt, see something that will interest and amuse us. Is there anything special going on, you ask? Oh no! But human nature is as full of quaint oddities as ever. Let us note the passers-by. Every man, you know, is a character. Here comes Alphonse De Langtry. You have met him. His deluded father thought he might profit by a course at the University. He has gone to expense in sending Alphonse to Lincoln. The young man is lavishing his entire time upon the roller-rink. No not quite his whole time. He spends an hour a week in writing letters to the old folks. He fills every epistle full of Latin and French quotations, copied from the last pages of Webster's Unabridged. The old folks are being bamboozled by their young hopeful.

Look across the street. You see that dishevelled, gloomy, care-worn, nearsighted individual. Another University student. He is the pet of all the professors. Poor fellow! He does not rise above his books and studies. When asked to join the literary societies he said he "had no time." Health and mental vigor must give way under the strain. What a pity that men cannot strike the golden mean. There is a middle course between following the vocation of a dude and that of a dig. Shouldn't be surprised at all to hear some morning that our studious friend over there was down with brain-fever.

That girl is trying to flirt with you I see. Do you know what she entered college for? I do, and I don't mind telling you. She is getting along in years and still remains in single blessedness. In the University there are a goodly number of eligible young men. There are Friday nights and receptions and class meeting and every other kind of meetings. There are, in short, both material and opportunities for forming the matrimonial co-partnership. She is a wise girl. I'm glad, however, that there are few like her.

And there is—why! must you go? Well, good afternoon. I'll see you again.

Campus Gleanings.

Oysters for the band.

Examinations are at hand. Prepare your "ponies."

Beware of the new Bus. Man. Pay up or "lie low."

Latest styles in neck-wear, collars, and cuffs at Ewing & Co's.

Legislature has adjourned and the University is \$160,500 ahead.

The Hesperian has had its back broken. Foree has resigned. The editors were too much for him.

The agony of an oratorical contest is almost upon us. Ye angels of mercy look down with pitying glances upon our suffering.

The legislature has adjourned and the students who were serving the state in the capacity of clerks etc. have returned to their classes.

It makes the eyes of the professor of chemistry sparkle when he speaks of the new building. He says we are to have the finest laboratory in the west.

Squire Mockett's check is undiminished. It is even increased. He can now stand and dun a man for two hours without the least twinge of conscience.

If any of the University girls are desirous of taking lessons in the game of "drop the handkerchief" they should call upon E. R. Wiggenhorn. He is an adept at the game.

H. T. Conlee, an old time student, is with us again after an absence of a year. Mr. Conlee is one of our strongest students and we are glad to welcome him back.

It is now confidently affirmed that Will O. Jones' moustache will actually make its appearance on the 19th of March next. It will not be visible to the naked eye however.

Professor Hicks inspected the schools of Gibbon last week with a view of grading them to the Freshman class of the University. While there he delivered his lecture—"On my pilgrimage to the birth place of Hugh Miller.

We are pained to learn that Mr. Howe was caught in the act of filching a House Roll from the Senate, the last night of its session. This is especially bad for Mr. Howe as he has been considered one of our most sturdy advocates of justice and propriety.

The Union society has elected the following class for the June exhibition. Orations, Miss Nora Gage and W. F. Wiggins; Recitation, Miss Rheta Childe; Original poem, Miss Awana Painter; Eulogy, E. C. Wiggenhorn; Debate, S. D. Killen and H. T. Conlee.