

H. P. Barrett is now in New York but expects to be back soon and survey during the summer.

Messrs. Shotwell, Ellsworth and Scharman have joined a surveying party and proceeded to Wyoming for a long summer's work.

Union officers for spring term: E. C. Wiggernhorn, Pres.; Jennie C. Bonnell, V. P.; T. S. Allen, Sec.; Miss Fannie Baker, Critic; G. H. Baughman, Treasurer.

Professor of Military Science: Mr. Pl—, what part of the field piece do you consider the most important?

Mr. Pl—(in some confusion): The Swab.

(Scene in boarding house) Mr. S-l-k: "Miss B-l. are you going to the concert this evening?" Miss B-l, "No but I should like to go." Oppressive silence.

Mr. Polk—the big one—was enabled by influential friends to secure a B. & M. pass from Louisville to Lincoln and return last Tuesday, and came up that day to visit the legislature.

Ed. Gillespie and G. H. Baughman have lately been made happy upon the receipt of gold watches, the former on the occasion of his eighteenth and the latter of his twentyfirst birthday.

H. P. Barrett is compelled to fall back into '88 by reason of his recent illness.

MARRIED—At Schuyler, Nebr., Mar. 12th, Mr. O.S. Moore and Miss Mary M. Dworak. Mr. Moore's stay among us was short, but long enough for him to make many friends, all of whom wish the couple boundless happiness. They begin their married life in Chicago.

They boarded at the same place—he had walked from the University with her, and in his confusion had turned to go. She: "Are you not coming in to dinner, Mr. W—?" He: "O, I do board here don't I?" (Other boarders smile) She: (Aside) "How bashful these boarders are!"

A PLAT-ITUDE.

"The course of true love ne'er runs smooth."

How true the saying is!
One poor student feels the truth,
And now, great grief is his.
The incident I have in mind
I really should not tell;
But as I purpose naught unkind,
Perhaps 'tis just as well.
Not long ago a Freshman went
Unto his charmer's home;
For she to him a note had sent,
Entreating him to come.
So merrily the youth set out
In gay and festive guise,
With rapid steps, by shortest route,
Joy beaming from his eyes.
With eager hand he touched the bell
He oft had rung before,
Then heard the step he knew so well
Come tripping towards the door.
To the parlor now they went,
Took their old accustomed seat,
Where they sat in deep content,
Whispering low, in converse sweet.
But hark! There falls upon the ear,
A sound that fills them both with dread;—

"Some one must be coming, dear,
'Tis papa," she wildly said.

Alas! well founded was her fear,
And their fond dream was o'er;
For her stern father did appear,
And dragged him to the door.

The irate parent hurled him hence,
Threw after him his hat;
The student landed on the fence,—
Our poor, crestfallen Pl—

"JACK'S BLUNDER."

"The biggest break I ever made, happened last summer while I was in Montana."

Dan knew a story was at hand, so he laid aside his Geology with a sigh, and reached for his meerschaum. Jack Fennimore was rarely so communicative, but the exam in Calculus was just over, he had received a big 99 and so could afford to treat.

"Well, you know, Dan, when I went out into the wild west and you warned me not to fall in love with every pretty country girl I saw, and I vowed she should be a college graduate or none, to me. I started right after commencement to visit our old friends, the Bentons, out on a Montana ranch, about a hundred miles from Helena. Got there late at night, after an uncomfortable ride of three days over smooth prairies, low hills and for the last day on the roughest road I ever saw—jolting and lurching equal to an ocean steamer. The pleasant sensation was completed by a three miles ride from the little station in the clumsy old farm wagon. I felt as cross as a bear with a sore head, by the time I got there. The next morning I had time to look around before breakfast. The unique position of the house, at the foot of the dark majestic mountains, the beautiful play of colors on the peaks formed a wonderfully picturesque view. I was so absorbed in the grand scene before me that I did not rouse till Mrs. Benton had called 'breakfast' several times. At breakfast we were waited on by a young lady whom Mrs. B. introduced as Dora Brooke, whom I supposed to be a servant. Though I didn't think of it for a long time, I remember now just how she looked that morning as she poured the rich cream and brought our strawberries. There was nothing remarkable in her appearance and I don't remember noticing her until the day of the picnic. She was rather small, dressed in dark brown print, her black hair drawn plainly back from a very pale face, the features were small and regular, her eyes I didn't see, for, like a bashful country girl, she kept them on the ground. If she was spoken to, she would raise them an instant, then drop them again as quickly. She moved in such a quiet, mouse like way, that she did not attract any attention by her appearance and I had never heard her speak. The days passed quickly. As *mater mei* had written Mrs. B. beforehand, telling how tired and worn out I was by the arduous labors of the last year, and how I must pick up so as to be a sturdy Senior. Mrs. B. took pains that I should rusticate to my heart's content. One day it was fishing, next gunning, lumbering off to visit some distant cave, or gather botanical specimens, till I knew the country for miles around and was as brown as Benton himself. One day Mrs. B. proposed a family picnic. Dora went with us "to mind Vallie and Little Jack" she said; the boys were on the front seat, Dora and the children on the back seat. Little Vallie got into a whine. She blubbered and fretted and howled above the noise of wheels, talk and all. It was unbearable.