

is a large number, of which Eugenie Grandet is the type, whose purity and true maidenly qualities will compare favorably with those of any nation.

THE STUDENTS' REVENGE.

It was midnight. The halls were deserted. Darkness was everywhere. Silence reigned supreme save when the upper halls echoed the sound of the gentle breathing of a sleeping tutor. Cutting sneers no longer crawled over the transom of No. 62. The arch-fiend of the boiler room no longer paced the halls in search of ceiling kickers.

A certain person suddenly appeared in the darkness. He seated himself on a stairpost and gazed at a certain keyhole. He was as lonely as the "two for five" that once lay upon the chapel floor. He whistled a tune that caused the "ponies" to canter from their hiding places. He vainly tried to remove the blocks from the stair banisters. Then he looked up to the fourth story and groaned. Slowly he slid from the post and began to ascend the stairs. Higher and higher he mounted until he reached the beginning of the upper end of the stair rail. Then he calmly mounted the sloping steed and reached the first floor in three seconds. Again and again he performed the trip, ascending and descending. But he seemed to have no more liking for the trip than the ordinary student.

A sleeping spirit, whose abode was in the room of the departed "medics" was aroused, and started forth to investigate. The lonely rider was approached and asked, "Why are you disturbing the rest of the spirits?" The answer came: "It was my misfortune in the past to arouse the enmity of a tribe of beings, whose hearts were hardened by long endurance. They were called *fili chancelloris*. In an evil hour they seized and brought me to judgment. They condemned me to descend upon this stair rail until the blocks could no longer bring erring students to grief. Such is my fate." "And who art thou? What is thy name?" asked the ghost of the departed "medic." "My name is Legion," answered the unknown personage, "and I was once a Charter Day orator."

CURRENT COMMENT.

The *Plattsmouth Herald* is not a college paper, yet we are glad it comes to us as a regular exchange. We think that we can occasionally discern in its editorial columns traces of the facile pen of a well known former U. of N. man—Mr. C. S. Polk. That Mr. Polk would ever enter the high and noble profession of journalism is quite a surprise to his friends here. Nevertheless we are glad to note that he is a success. The *Herald* is becoming intensely partisan, and we cannot refrain from cautioning the gentleman that his chances for obtaining a soft job under the present administration are becoming microscopically small. But even if he fails in this, the paper gives evidence of good sense and sound judgment from a republican standpoint.

Some means should be devised whereby our criminals can be gotten rid of, without letting newspaper correspondents know about it until after the execution takes place. A great many favor electricity instead of the gallows, and this scheme seems to meet the approval of nearly all who are desirous of a change. We believe that this would limit, to a certain extent, at least, the details of an execution. The worst feature of the journalism of today is the detailed and elaborate account of every execution that occurs. The reporter sets the criminal before the public as a hero, and

makes him the central figure of the whole affair. If some means can be inaugurated, whether it be by electricity or any other way that will be an improvement on the present system, whereby criminals can be dispatched so that the newspaper men may not know the fatal moment, they will condense their observations into a single statement and let it pass, instead of giving an exaggerated and detailed account. If some such method were adopted in this country it would be hailed with delight by all good citizens.

If the Nebraska representatives in congress by their votes and influence support the Dawes Bill, which provides for the appointment of a fish commissioner, they will not only meet the wishes of the major part of their constituents, but will give an impetus to home industries and help to satisfy a want that has long been felt in our state. There is no bureau of the government which has developed more speedily or which has grown to be so popular in so short a time as the fish commission. In many parts of the country it has done much to reduce the price of food, and must be regarded as a benefactor to the poorer classes. There are in the borders of our state many turbid streams where carp would thrive, if there were some means of stocking them. Then, again, if this bill becomes a law it will have a tendency to do away with the existing jealousy on the part of some of the commissions in the different states, and the field of usefulness of the national commission will thereby be enlarged.

The admission of Dakota to a place among the states of the Union is being much agitated at present, and in all probability will be one of the most prominent questions before the present congress. Such questions as this bring out an array of partisan oratory from both of the leading political parties, and give our great guns in congress a chance to put in their valuable time representing their parties instead of making laws to benefit their constituents. While we do not object to a certain amount of party spirit, yet we believe too much tends to create a feeling of discord and sectional strife between parts of the country scrambling for legislation for themselves. We heartily sympathize with Dakota in her noble efforts to become a state, yet we do not feel justified in condemning the party in power for keeping her out, if by so doing there is a chance to score a point. The tendency of political parties in every country and in every age has been to hold on to the reins of government as long as there was a shadow of a chance. Other parties than the one at present in power have objected to the admission of states when they knew such states would be antagonistic to their future prosperity.

The approach of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus seems to be arousing an interest in the claims of earlier discoverers, by their admirers. Most of these claims are not well established, yet there are many now living who credit Lief, son of Eric, with the honor of being the real discoverer. There are some evidences that rumors of a country called Vineland were afloat, and tales were told of men that had been there. But if there is any truth contained in these stories, some falsehoods are mingled, and no one will ever be able to separate the one from the other with any degree of precision. To the average student of history these stories will be taken for what they are worth, and the honor of discovery will be given to Columbus. He did not have to go to the Sagas and read about Lief to tell him of a land beyond the seas. For many centuries stories of a great undiscovered land had floated before the minds of dreamers, and Columbus grasped