

LOCALS.

- Foot-ball!
- Gobble got his analytic and then ———
- The new cadets are drilling admirably.
- “Birdie” don’t ride the “Bi” any more.
- The Sophomore class feeds on “resolutions.”
- Hallow-E’en came and is gone without much notice.
- H. C. Blair paid his parents a short visit last week.
- “Baldy’s” definition of inertia: Motion at rest.
- A few of the college students went home to vote.
- Brew has been quite lip(py) for the last two weeks.
- There is a tender-foot in the box, but handle him gently.
- The new green-houses are rapidly nearing completion.
- The Juniors are excused from attending rhetorical exercises.
- The Soph’s watchword—Don’t forget those “resolutions.”
- “Cray-fish” is synonymous with chestnuts in Junior “vocab.”
- I wonder, have the Juniors lost their dignity! Well, I guess not.
- The first snow of the season fell here, on Friday, October the 21st.
- Prof. Cleaver is the popular and very fair referee of our foot-ball team.
- Miss Mary Struble has returned to her duties after two weeks serious illness.
- The new bell in the cupolo is certainly a daisy. Oh! no! it is not a ch——t bell.
- The gunning club of the college, brought in thirteen rabbits and a pheasant from a recent hunting trip.

—“Deacon’s” new appellation has a very musical sound: Jimlong Decong Hickmong.

—The poor Preps don’t use the college stairways any more. All succumb to ’90 plus Prex.

—The entertainment to be held by the College Orchestra, on Thanksgiving evening, promises to be a fine display of musical art.

—Lost, some time yesterday, Shorty Fields. Since going into print he has been found in an ant hole into which he had fallen.

—Subscribe for THE FREE LANCE, and those who are in arrears please pay up. No potatoes, hams or beans taken for subscription.

—J. F. L. Morris, our worthy business manager, was very much exercised because he did not get home to cast his first ballot for Leeds.

—Prof. and Mrs. McKee entertained a number of students on Hallow-E’en. All enjoyed themselves very much pulling taffy and playing school.

—Mr. John Stewart, our popular village grocer, has sold his store to Will Foster, and will hereafter devote his attention to the sale of lumber and coal.

—If you want to make the Soph. class happy, give it a weak, helpless, puny, little Freshman secure in his room. Perhaps this explains their superior bravery.

—Would it not be well to discard from our college prizes such prizes as have no backing? It appears that there are such on our prize list, as published in the catalogue.

—Brew and Allen have started a dramatic company, and they make life miserable in the west end of the building by rehearsing Richard III. whenever they get together.

—“Why—a, Professor, I don’t believe—that is right—that is I don’t think—Well, it may be it is right, but I don’t think—that is, let me see, I wish to state—well, that is what I mean.” The above is “Sarah’s” novel way of denying physical principles.