



THIS MARKET REPORT MAY BE RELIED UPON.

The Fate of a Femur.

OK, THE LEGEND OF THE STUDENTS AND THE CRUSHERS.

Two students of collegiate fame
Went out upon their muscle;
They both were what is known as "game,"
And lively in a tussle.
I do not wish to name the school,
In fact I always make a rule
To not betray
In any way
The students on their muscle.

One was a youth of medicine
(He owned a mighty femur),
He knew of hydrag and quinine;
He was in fact a dreamer
About materia medica;
He was a nice young educa-
Ted student fine
Of medicine,
And he owned a mighty femur.

The other a youth whose mind was bent
On rising to a bench,
Each morn to 'varsity he went
In academic trencher.
My grammar here is not quite good,
But still let it be understood
That I tell the truth
Of this studious youth
And his academic trencher.

Byles on Bills was his delight,
So was the new "procedure";
Russell and Leith he'd read at night,
He'd "grind" without a teacher.
Learning—or something—swelled his pate,
Especially when he stayed up late;
His landlady
Said, oh, dear me!
He grinds without a teacher!

The student from the hospital
Called on the student legal,
A quite unceremonious call,
In his apartments regal;
Nice cut decanters on the shelf—
(I have not seen the place myself,
But this I know,
Just comme il faut
Are his apartments regal).

Young medico took off his hat,
And in the corner tossed it,
And down upon a sofa sat
And said, "I'm quite ex-austed.
"I've been at 'dry bones' all day long.
What dy'e say to a pipe and song?
Let's have a drink!
I really think—
I know—I'm quite ex-austed!"

"All right!" replied the legal youth
As he passed down the decanter,
"I'm quite used up myself, good sooth!
Now let's go out instantler;
Let's take a walk out in the air,
We'll find perhaps amusement there;

Perhaps we'll drop
On some green 'cop,'
So let's go out instantler.
"Hurrah!" then said the medico,
"Let's go out on a screamer!
You have a heavy rule, I know,
And I my trusty femur.
It's done good service in its time,
Although it cost me but a dime,
You can't but own
A good thigh bone
Is this my trusty femur!"

They sallied forth, and "Vive L'amour"
Soon made the calm night hideous
(They might have got up something newer),
But still with noise prodigious!
Forward on their mad career,
Straight to each boozin' ken they'd steer,
And then hoist in
Their "drops of gin,"
In doses most prodigious.

The man of law waved high his rule,
The medico his femur;
I'll not say frighten, but then you'll
Imagine a slight tremor
Came over people passing by;
The ladies cried, "Oh dear," "Oh my,"
But still the boys,
With hideous noise,
Aloft waved rule and femur.

Hurrah! hurrah! hi! vive la va!
To-night we'll have a "rusher,"
The boys shout out, sing "La de da,"
When on the scene a "crusher,"
A man in blue, with buttons bright,
Stepped up and said, "my lads you're tight,"
"So stop that song
And come along."

Said the big blue-coated crusher!
They both were marched to No. 1,
That aromatic station;
They said that nothing had they done,
"To-morrow an oration,"
The haughty sergeant said, "young cock,
You can give the colonel, from the dock."

The big thigh bone
Is daily shown
By the peelers in the station!



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