

A STORMY NIGHT.

Time: March 5th.

Scene: Dormitory.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Swobs Jimmy
 Gus Stow

SCENE I.

Swobs (still speaking of election): So fair and foul a day I have not seen. Three Ministers defeated, and yet our cause is lost.

Gus: 'Tis true, good Swobs; 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true. But what is it o'clock?

Swobs: 'Tis past the eleventh hour.

Gus: I takest 'tis later. Is not the moon gone down?

Swobs: It is.

Gus: And she goes down at twelve; but hark! one—two; there, 'tis stricken twelve; let us part.

Swobs: Good night, good Gus.

Gus: Or rather, Swobs, good morning.

SCENE II.

(Gus in night-dress, and perceiving Jimmy in his bed.)

Gus (gently removing counterpane): Angels and ministers of grace, defend me! Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damned? My eyes are the fools of the other senses or else worth all the rest. Speak! what are you?
 Swobs! Swobs! Swobs!

SCENE III.

Jimmy (talking in sleep): There—there—there; only three months more and the goal is reached.

Enter Stow (hair and whiskers dishevelled) lamenting results of election.

Stow: Two score and five years, can I remember well, within the volume of which time I have seen hours dreadful and things strange, but this sore night hath trifled former knowings. (*noticing Gus excited*) But, pr—ythee, what's amiss?

Gus: You are, and do not know it! Come hither and behold; bid me not speak.

Jimmy (still dreaming): Virtus est vitium fugere, et sapientia prima.

Stow: Jimmy, by his accent.

Gus: Your ear is good, but how cometh he here?

Swobs: Most like he lost his way.

Stow: Not so, good Swobs, he ne'er lost his way this is some new-hatched scheme.

Jimmy (awake): Sirs! why stand you there; what means this dreadful noise? I charge thee not to haunt about this bed; get thee gone!

Gus: Wherefore sleepest thou here; this bed is none of thine? Arise and get thee hence.

Jimmy: Gus, rouse not me, I'll not endure it; you forget yourself to wake me thus.

Stow and *Swobs* (furious): Stay not upon the order of your going, but go at once.

Jimmy (enraged): Unhand me, gentlemen, or—

Gus: Peace! hold! 'tis not meet thus to use violence.

Jimmy (much calmer): Gus, for your sake I will depart, but your companions I'll meet again on the campus.

A free trip to Timbuctoo for him who gives the best explanation of the following. List closed on the calends of April:—

Mumps! thumps! humps! lumps! stumps!
 pumps! chumps! jumps! trumps! dumps!
 clumps!

THE OWL pays all expenses.

A FISH STORY.

'Twas Friday noon; the inward mortal roared;
 A bristling cod-fish decked the festive board,
 Around which many a hungry student sate,
 Successive burdened and relieved his plate.
 There figured John—not greedier than the rest,
 But rendered desperate, by hunger pressed—
 He seized the fish, and the thick yellow sauce
 He o'er it poured, admiring much the gloss
 Which it conferred, but, still, admiring more
 Its power, like that of magic, to restore
 To its condition normal his weak frame.
 Naught he perceived; nor did he merit blame,
 Absorbed by food—absorbing, yet, the same—
 Until one-tenth of his vast plate remained—
 Still half a meal!—then Johnny thus complained:
 "What ails that fish? 'Tis quite unfit to eat!
 "It should be salty; yet, 'tis mighty sweet!"
 Reaction then began—but why portray
 What all may picture? Still, 'tis meet to say
 He ate no more; soon his companions found
 The cause of his disgust; for his wild haste
 To still the craving stomach dulled his taste:
 Mistaken, he had taken the wrong dish,
 And poured the pudding sauce upon his fish.

P.S.—Tuck unavoidably crowded out.