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AFTER ALL.

YOUTH.
Will the seed that I have planted ever grow?
Will the spring to bring it water ever flow?
I will wait from year to year,
In my heart a constant fear,
In my eye a lingering tear,
Till I know.

MANHOOD.
Will the vine that grows so stately ever bear?
Shall I see its purple clusters hanging fair?
I will watch each tender shoot,
While my trembling lips are mute,
Till I see the precious fruit,
Hanging there.

AGE.
I have gathered all the fruit, from my vine,
I have tasted of the sparkling ruby wine;
In my heart has died the fear,
In my eye has dried the tear,
And my lips ring out the cheer,
That is mine.

So I've seen my spring-time seed growing tall,
I have plucked the precious fruit in the fall;
There is no impending ill,
As the golden cup I fill,
For God is with me still,
After all.

THE SMOKER'S MILLENNIUM.

One morning in June, in the year 18—,
I sat by my window, comfortably ensconced
in my ideal easy chair, with my feet perched
at just the proper angle for sublime medita-
tion upon the cushioned window ledge.

It was with sensations of extreme satisfac-
tion that I gazed out over the green lawns,
and let my eyes follow through the shrub-
bery, the graceful windings of the red cinder
approaches till they wandered out through
the arched and pillared gateway to the quiet
street beyond; and there finding nothing, on
that quiet morning, to excite interest, natu-
really, I let them wander back through the
trees, until they rested at length on the rows
of handsomely bound volumes that gazed
back to them from their rich cases.

No wonder I felt satisfaction; I was
young, for thirty-five is young to a man with
so many calm, pleasant years to look forward
to, and yet, owing to my perseverance and
energy, call it luck, if you will, those spread-
ing lawns, those winding road-ways passing
out of the stately gateway, this princely man-
son, filled with all the comforts and all the
luxuries that taste could suggest, art supply,
and money purchase, were mine, and every
breathing thing, from the avenue in front
to the orchard wall behind, from the Irish
setter that was running himself beyond the
elms, to the lovely being I had chosen to
grace the whole, looked up to me as rightful
lord and master.

And so, as I sat on that summer's morning
while the long shadows crept up the lawn, I
fell to musing, as one will, who has no cares
to worry him, upon my pet hobby; my own
invention, in fact, which, beyond any other of my many comforts, afforded me most pleasure and satisfaction. I know it is natural for men of an ingenious turn of mind, such as myself, to cherish and uphold their own inventions, however useless they may be. For instance, my neighbor Picklebrier, having invented a rope ladder fire escape, although he inevitably skins his knees in the use of it, insists upon its merits, and, as a proof of its efficacy, has, for some time past, despite the agony of peeled knee pans, descended by means of it from his bedroom window for his usual morning walk.

I am no such idiot as this, and, moreover, my invention is not a failure, but a delightful success, and lends to my library the one charm that was needed to make it complete. It is nothing more nor less than this:

During the construction of my house, as I was arranging my many plans, for furnace tubes and speaking tubes, for water pipes and air pipes, a bright idea struck me. "Happy thought!" I exclaimed to my architect, one of the very incredulous type. "Why not, while you are putting in my porcelain furnaces and cold-air conduits, why not," and I chuckled with pleasure at my own inventive genius. "why not build a furnace of smaller dimensions for tobacco?"

"For tobacco?" said he, evidently much puzzled. "Yes," I said, "for tobacco; why not for tobacco? While you are putting in all these tubes and pipes, these furnaces, burglar alarms, and so on, why not build a huge pipe, divided into apartments for different kinds of tobacco, and from each apartment conduct a tube to my library?"

The architect was dumfounded; the idea was evidently new to him; but he understood at once, and, clapping my hand with the greatest enthusiasm, he exclaimed, "Your genius has astonished me; your idea shall be carried out to the letter; it shall be done; I myself will do it." I was likewise quite overcome by my own genius, and spared no effort to have all arranged to my satisfaction.

So, as I sat musing six months afterwards, on the morning above mentioned, inhaling in dreamy ease the fragrant smoke of "Sweet Robin" from the tube by the window, I was much pleased to see my old college chum, Charlie Sharp, coming up the walk.

Charlie was a great smoker while we roomed together at H., and together we often made our cozy little room redolent with blue hazes; so it was not without a feeling of pride—for I foresaw his delight—that I established him in the big chair opposite mine, and proceeded to initiate him into the luxury of my pet invention.

"My dear fellow," I said, "I cannot wonder at your astonished looks as you see me drawing from its invisible source this delicious aroma, but the Lone Jack tube is just behind you, and if you will indulge with me, I will explain everything to your satisfaction."

Without a word, Charlie inserted the mouth piece between his teeth, and with a look of utter bewilderment was soon blowing forth clouds of the fragrant smoke. I proceeded.

"Down stairs," I said, "in my furnace room, I have had constructed an uncommonly large pipe of clay, which is divided into eight compartments, each calculated to hold a pound of tobacco, and from which come the light tubes, which you see coiled on their pins in the wall in various parts of the room. The eight compartments are for different kinds of tobacco, and should a mixture be desired, the adjustable mouth-pieces are arranged so as to receive two tubes into one stem, and there you have it. Saying this, I lifted a tube protruding from the end of the mantle, and adjusting it to the mouth-piece that I was using, assured him by the delightful odor, that I was now inhaling a mixture of Honduras and Turkish Green Seal, and that he might enjoy the same from the tubes on the left, above which were the numbers 6 and 8.

"A servant," I said, "is in attendance below, who lights any one of the eight compartments as may be indicated by the eight bells, rung by the electric knobs on your right.

"For instance, you see, that from this tube,
marked 4, no smoke exudes, but upon pressing the fourth knob and drawing, thus, for a moment, I have, you perceive, a plentiful supply of ‘Balm of Gilead.’"

Charlie sat for a moment, wrapped in deep thought, while he hid himself behind a cloud of Hondurades and Turkish Green Seal; then leaning toward me, and regarding me with his old time look of affection, he said, "Tom, you are a genius; you have rendered a service to your fellow-men and have made a thousand bachelors happy, and as one of them, I embrace you." He gave me an affectionate hug, and proceeded, "Listen to my idea, one that has suggested itself while I listened to your account of this astonishing invention.

"It is a grand idea, my dear boy, and should be made known to the world at large, that every man, fortunate enough to own a house from garret to cellar, may enjoy the fruits of your genius. But we poor mortals, living in our bachelor quarters, could hardly induce our landlady, kind-hearted though she were, to turn her basement into a clay pipe for our benefit, and to hire a man to keep the bowl alight, to say nothing of the electric bells, and so forth. "But why not?" said he, unconsciously using the same phraseology with which I had astonished my architect, "Why not get up a company? Why not have a huge pipe, centrally located, and from it lead pipes to the houses of all who desire to indulge in the luxury? Why not lay down, besides the gas pipes and water pipes, tobacco pipes, to every house?"

"Let a company be organized called the "Millennium Smoke Supply Company," or some such attractive name, which, at a moderate rate, can supply any variety of smoke, and keep the great bowl in a constant glow; then, upon returning home, tired and worn, all cares could be laid aside, and all trouble forgotten under the influence of the soothing weed, simply by taking one of your ready tubes in hand, and turning on the smoke as you would your gas.

"Smoke meters of course would be necessary to measure the amount consumed, and a cheap luxury thus afforded to all. Then the mortification of inviting a friend to your room, and finding that your tobacco had just given out, would be done away with; but you need simply ask, ‘What is your favorite brand?’ and on receiving his answer, hand him, with graceful courtesy, the proper tube."

Having unfolded at such length his vaster project, he came to a pause, and then, as he adjusted the tubes for Perique and Virginity, exclaimed: "Well, Tom; what do you think of it?" My answer, as he afterwards said, was the key-note to his success.

Ten years have passed since that morning, and Charlie Sharp is now living near me in a house as elegant as my own, having in his basement a pipe after the model of mine, to which he owes so much. His Company proved a grand success, and now, as he sits in his beautiful library, enjoying his Hondurades, Perique, Virginity or Turkish Green Seal at will, he often thinks with joy of my big clay pipe, for which he has, ever since that memorable morning, had an unbounded affection.

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WITH the first issue of the Student Life begins a new era in our University publications. The Irving Union, which has so long been our representative, is no more, but the Student Life, representing as it does all the departments of the University, is destined, we hope, to fully take the place of our old paper, of which it is the natural outgrowth. It may be well, here, to say a word to the members of the organization, and to whatever outsiders choose to listen, as to the manner in which they can most aid us.

In the first place, a paper published, as ours must be, by students whose interests are much the same, and whose daily occupations vary but little, is apt to be dry and uninteresting, on account of the sameness of many of its articles.

Essays written for class work and made to serve a double purpose are apt to dry up every body but the writer, and even then within or without the college walls care to read a repeat of Julius Caesar, Solon and Lycurgus, Hannibal and Scipio, drawn out to weary length and taken probably from some familiar history.

Again, literary criticisms on Shakespeare or any other writer are very much out of place in a college paper, and we must admit that the study of literature, or our progress in that study, such articles would be well and good; but we are expected to interest our readers and give our subscribers something which they can get nowhere else.

Do not be afraid to write original articles; they will show better than any other, just what progress you are making, and what your course is doing for you, and will be interesting from the very fact that they are not old and worn threadbare.
STUDENT LIFE.

Do not, however, imagine that an article made up of scraps from great writers, ingeniously woven together, is an original article. Write from your imagination, if you have one—and you probably have—and if the result does not suit you, tear it up, take a walk round the square, and begin over.

Don’t write long prosy articles on heavy subjects. We know that you are familiar with the career of William of Orange, and as for Elizabeth, you undoubtedly appreciate her good points. But, Mr. Motley has written us a little sketch of the former, and Mr. Froude and Mr. Macaulay have spoken at some length, concerning Her Majesty, the Queen; enough at least for a few years to come.

Let us have more humorous articles, that the paper may have some life.

We would much rather publish an article on “The Aerial Cow,” than on “Whether Rhetoric or Metaphysics is of most advantage.”

Lastly, don’t leave the paper in the hands of one or two men, and expect to see a sheet bristling with news and interest, and crowded with advertisements.

Let each member interest himself for the benefit of the locals and pick up scraps of college gossip, and let no one think that because he is not an editor an article from him will not be accepted.

The editors are but your mouth-pieces, men of your own choice. The Student Life is yours, and its columns are always open to you.

The organization should command the editors, and not the editors the organization.

Wake up, and, what is of more importance, keep awake.

At the marriage of an Alabama widower, one of the servants was asked if his master would take a bridal tour. “Dunno, sah; when ole misses’s alive he tak a paddle to ’er; dunno if he take a bridie to do new one or not.”—Ex.

LOCAL ITEMS.

—Prof. of Chemistry to M—d, handling a hot crucible rather tenderly—“Mr. M—d, I’m afraid you won’t be able to stand the heat in the other world.” M—d seizes the hot crucible violently, animated by new ambition.

—New Year’s Day was well spent by the students. One called on one hundred and six ladies. Isn’t that immense.

—The Smith Lecture Fund is giving out. Only the two smaller classes of the College have tickets to the course on Russia and Turkey.

—The elevator still travels, and Hermann is gaining in weight. The influence of ladies’ society is good for him.

—During the recent cold weather, the skaters held high carnival. Ask S—b, ’81, if three students didn’t have a good time at Lafayette Park.

—The ardent patriotism of the Freshmen has recently been shocked by learning that one of their honored body did not know what the Revolutionary War was, or when it happened.

—It is strange to see what an attraction French History has for the Coll. Soph. Class. The majority of them seem to have decided to take it next term, even in preference to their favorite study—Greek.

—A mighty feud is reported to be raging in the Junior Class. We hope there will be no duel. They might settle it by a walking match, or, perhaps, by a trial in pronouncing Greek.

—A College History Class was “electrified” the other day by the answer given to the Professor’s following question: “How does the derivation of the term Jacobite show the political tendency of the class to which it was applied?” Student—“It is from Jacob; they were the Jews.”

—The Seniors have passed a resolution to lynch any man in their class who studies Hegel, and belongs to the Kant Club.