

famous name we know not. Whether from the color of his dark blue eyes, his long neck, or his beautiful shapely legs he was so called, our memory and encyclopædia fail to state. He is a handsome fellow and has made many mashes since entering college. He fell desperately in love once with a beautiful little black-eyed girl, whose poetic name was Delie, and has not recovered from it yet. He is sentimental in his nature, always loves to linger in the woods and hence always goes out to get the Class Tree and usually gets full—of sentimentality before his return. He is the best judge of a tree in the University and has discovered the valuable fact in regard to planting trees, that the roots should always be put in the ground, and if you cut the tree down about three feet from the ground, it won't live no matter how many beer bottles and whiskey corks you may plant with it.

F. E. CALLAWAY.

This gentleman is a striking contrast to Gander Smith. Smith has to pass twice over the same place to cast a shadow, while Callaway can cast one without even going near the place. His weight is nearly 250 pounds and his picture is often seen as an advertisement for a Chicago lard manufactory. He has a fine tenor voice and not long since was used as a decoy to capture cats for use in the laboratory. He is a beautiful dancer, but his weight being so enormous he is obliged to have the aid of a steam-engine before he can navigate. His principal occupation during the last year has been "boot-licking" professors and rooming with Bill Harris, Lieutenant Martin's friend.

## SAM. J. TRIBBLE.

On the banks of a gurgling stream that winds its course through the tertiary rocks of Northeast Georgia stands to-day a hamlet of peculiar build. This hamlet stands amidst the waving oaks and weeping willows, and one is struck with a peculiar feeling while gazing on the mud and stick hamlet and hearing the lonely wail of the whippoorwill in the distant mountains, as the sky becomes painted with the twilight. Here in this dismal forest was born the subject of our sketch, away back yonder, I can't tell when. When he first saw the light of heaven there was no little comment in the neighborhood, for he was pointed to as a new star in the horizon of great men, and was looked upon as the character to whom in all future ages mothers would point their sons.

He is now at school and each day brings more proof to the neighbors that they were not deluded in their anticipations of this man. He came first in all his classes at the old country log cabin backwood's school and had great oratorical powers for a youth.

There was a girl in the neighborhood by the name of Sal Toastin, and although she was cross-eyed, bandy-shanked, knock-kneed and bow-legged, still she seemed to get right hold of young Tribble's heart. He went to the Toastin's every Sunday to see Sallie, always driving his pa's one-legged gray mare or his pa's little bull that hedrove to mill. Everybody said that Sal would do well to get Sam, and she had better take him, if the old man Toastin did have two mules and a reaping blade while old man Tribble didn't have but his old mare and always borrowed old man Toastin's reaper to cut his wheat. So everything moved along quietly, till one morning just as the sun began to climb the blue dome of heaven Sammie was on his way to mill, and behold what strange things

met his eyes ! He meets Bill Dooly and Sal, and Bill tells him they are married. This almost broke Sam's heart, but he seemed to rally and at last determined never to trust woman again, and came off to college to drink from the fountains of knowledge. He has been drinking a great deal since he has been here, but not from that fountain of knowledge of which we hear so much talk, but from another fountain that affords a stronger drink. He has worked hard since he came here, but it has always been some scheme while sitting behind five of those little pasteboard things with spots on them, with the familiar ejaculation of, "I see your two and five better."

How things have changed with him now. Instead of saying he will make an Andrew Jackson everybody exclaims "he is such a brilliant fellow isn't it a pity he drinks." He could be so useful if he would employ his talents in the right direction, but I am afraid he will find an early grave. When he does pass over the river from whence no man returneth, it may well be said that here ends a noble man, but he found his early grave with a broken heart and from drinking at the fountain of knowledge, but he got into the wrong springs. He ought to be buried with two aces and three queens, for it is a paradise when he is behind such a combination.

JOHN GORDON CRAWFORD.

The subject of this short sketch first saw the light gleaming from the spires and turrets of the busy city of Statenville, Echols county, Georgia, U. S. A., away back yonder when one of our Emeritus professors was a small boy. After a probationary stay of about two weeks, long enough to become aware of the extended agricultural facilities and to make himself known

to the inhabitants, he determined to make it his permanent home. Then we lose sight of him till again we catch a view of him as he swims chip-boats and chunks tadpoles on the bank of the tranquil goose-pond in whose limpid waters lives the evanescent cilia of the motile Protococcus. Again we see him sitting on the root of the black-jack tree in the campus of the Statenville University, with his dinner bucket on his knee, knocking the ants off his biscuits with his slate pencil and observing the calorific emanations of the noonday sun. Here that love of knowledge and of study which has characterized his subsequent career was first dialized into his nature. Here the gentle zephyrs, sighing through the dicotyledonous foliage of his native groves, brought gentle whispers of pental radicals and transcendental functions. Through the ventiducts of the school-house the cool spray from the rushing waters of the spring formed into glowing flame the smouldering sparks of his ambition. He has a natural ambition for public honor ; and at a very early age he began his public career as secretary of a Sunday-school, and by upright integrity and strenuous exercise along the line of his preferment, he finally achieved the fourth vice-presidency of a baseball club. But those scenes soon became dry and insipid—his soul had begun to hum with restless admiration at the objective-subjective validity of causal efficiency, and he bids farewell to his pine-clad hills and sedge-clad valleys of his native home, the bright-eyed boys and girls with whom he had often played mumble-peg, paddle-cat and leap-frog, to salt his love of study. His achievements in this University are becoming household words. As Spring Debater his clarion voice reverberated through the banisters of the college chapel. As editor of the *Reporter* he urged the University to uphold ecstasy. But 'tis as editor of this

volume that he has gained undying fame, which will ripple over the sea of time, produce a ripplet on the sandy shore of eternity, and even the spring branch, where in early youth he beguiled the fleeting hours and wary crawfish with his pin-hook, will receive a name which will go down in history along with the Danube and the Rhine.

