
WHY THE STILLWELL BROKE UP,
— OR —
Speech of an Oyster Upon his Return to the Wave.

Fellow High Revellers of the Sea and Low Wallowers of the Mud:

Like a child weary of play, tired, worn, broken-hearted, returning to its fond mother, I come, my comrades, back to the scenes of my youth. I am faint, I am weary of this toy called life. Oh! I am miserable! Miserable! You, into whose heart adversity has shot her leaden arrow, who have seen kindest love turn to bitterest hate; you who have felt the sting of the asp which you have fostered; you who have twined the tendrils of your affections around some beloved object and seen it wither and die; all ye that have experienced the most bitter and agonizing pains of hate and despair, listen, O unfortunates, to your unfortunate brother. Long, long ago, I can scarcely remember it now, an old crippled fisherman, in casting his net for minnows, lifted me from my palatial coal bed into the bright blue ether above. For many days in sportive glee I roamed the boundless expanse of a bright, shining tin can, when a Bi-ologist, Bi-dogist, Bi-catist, or a some kind of a something that looked like he ought to be bought for a nickle, in the shape of a Dormitory Proprietor with spectacles on, purchased me for ten thousand francs, half on time, the fisherman kindly crediting him for the balance. I was carried to the University of Georgia, grand place for one that's not there, at that celestial garden of indolence (?). I was chosen Grand Master Soup Wader. For more than

two generations I waded through every manner of soup or slop the poverty of a boarding-house keeper could invent. My life was fraught with hunger; full many a time, O comrades, have I seen death staring me in the face, as John Boston or "Gander" Smith would fling off their coats in a fit of desperation and plunge to have that oyster, or "dive to the bottom of the deep;" or when "Bunk" Cooper, like as if some vast ocean to swallow, would drain the bowl in hopes of feeding his "gastric mill" on my delicate flesh. An hundred spoons have battled for me at the same time, the fight growing warmer, spoons were dropped to the floor, and an hundred hands grappled for my possession, but every time like the "nigger's flea," I evaded them. And to think that after I had done all this, flavored more than a Mediterranean sea of soup, and run all these dangers the inhuman wretch discharged me. Be calm, comrades; I would not stir your blood, though it makes my bivalves close and my shell turn grey with anger. "For what!" do you ask? I weep as I tell it, for it shows too plainly the miserableness and littleness of poor sinned man. The stingy old proprietor, not satisfied with me flavoring the watery fluid with the delicacy of my shanks, but, Heaven bear witness that I speak the truth, he had the gall to demand that I *furnish the salt too*. I went on a strike. Neither would yield, he claiming that I should furnish the salt, I claiming that I should not; hence you see me a forlorn example of man's inhumanity. But ha! ha! ha! I now have my revenge; not a month passed before his house went to the wall, and my prayer will ever be, may it stay there. Blow, ye winds; freeze me, ye icebergs; burn me to ashes, ye equator; but ye are not so unkind as man's inhumanity to—an oyster.

FINIS.

Our Cigarette Pictures.

Air-brakes—The wind as it tries to rush through Barclay's siders.

Rushing the growler—Battle keeping dogs off the campus.

Organic revolution—Tub with his machine.

An awful waste—Walter Wheatley's.

Dressed beef—Russell dressed up.

Putting on airs—Park Howell trying to sing.

When the swallows homeward fly—"Fresh" Collier putting away hotel hash.

A taking man—Willcoxon with his camera.

College is dull but he can't kick—Pryor Mynatt with a crushed foot.

A heavy ring—Worn by Dan Green around his ankles.

A Great Rent—(See A. H.'s pants.)

A full hand—John B. with Miss —.

Unmatched—most of Athen's maids.

A regular corker—Tom. Cobb as interlocutor.

Leading the German—Joe. Fried being escorted to jail.

A winning way—"Jedge" with four aces.