

University Lunatic Asylum.

Our Monomaniacs.

WHEN in sleep, last night, reason had descended from its throne, and fancy had taken possession of the same, weaving ideas and pictures in the mind which caused me to shudder in my sleep, and to almost break, by waking me, the ideas presented, I thought I saw some strange, peculiar sights which I now reproduce on paper.

I thought I was urged on, along the central walk of the campus, by some irresistible force, until I found myself overshadowed by the gloomy walls, in which I remembered King Stillwell had oft presided over a court of unruly cheese and unconquerable butter. Above the door of this still and solitary mansion (?) I beheld a sign which caused my hair to separate and stand on ends, as does Charby's in fooling with an electrical apparatus. The words I read were these, "University Lunatic Asylum." My first impulse was to turn and flee, but on second consideration I resolved to ferret to the bottom this inexplicable mystery. I stood within the portals, the walls around were damp and greasy, looking as though at last some use had been found for that congealed lactic fluid which, loaded down with chains for years, had roamed around the building; a breeze was wafted through the hall, which reminded one of those fresh and wholesome zephyrs which blow over the fertile plains in far-off Egypt.

Presently a door opened and a figure, which I immediately recognized as Dr. Boggs, walked slowly

forward, and I, not forgetting the custom of the college, immediately bent my knee and bowed my head before that supreme being. On being informed that I might resume my natural position, I did so, and was asked what was wanted. I asked for an explanation of the mystery, and was told that I would, as a visitor, be allowed to view the institution, and that the paper posted on each door would explain all. I was told, however, that I need not imagine that the inmates had become insane by an affection of the brain (this being impossible), but it was due no doubt to *overfeeding*, or a disorder of the liver.

The door at the end of the hall was opened and I stepped in.

Imagine my surprise, on approaching a cell marked No. 1, at seeing on the paper posted on the door the following words: "Pryor L. Mynatt, Jr., afflicted with the horrible hallucinations of imagining himself to be somebody," and also, "the only man that God ever made." Sick at the sight of seeing my former friend in his horrible condition, I passed on to cell No. 2, when my eye caught these words:

"A. F. Harrington—total absence of reason, sense, or anything resembling the same." I was now sick at heart, and had almost resolved to go no further when the words at cell No. 3 attracted my attention:

"Within there quietly rests A. S. Harper, who became insane at the sight of a college boy smoking a cigarette, so excessively moral was he." This now raised my curiosity, and I read next on the door of cell No. 4:

"A victim of dipsomania (mania for drink) was discovered in this condition December 20th, when he asked

the waiter at the table for a glass of water. This was evidence enough to send him here. He was Capt. D. S. Sandford."

Cell 5 contained a pitiful object. There sat Bill Ellis, who was supposed to be a kleptomaniac, first being discovered as a victim of the same in 1889, in the Biological laboratory. Here he sat, carefully dissecting a *Protococcus*, a sorrowful looking object indeed.

In the last cage I noticed that which closely resembled an Italian. He was afflicted with pseudomania (the mania of lying), which had grown so much upon him, he no longer could speak the truth. Without looking further I guessed it to be Raph. He was so badly afflicted that when allowed to pursue his avocation, after having some four hours before delivered a suit of clothes, positively promised the owner he would not again disappoint him, but would fix him the next week without fail. I was truly sick at heart, and therefore imagine my joy when I, hearing the bell ring, awoke and found it all a dream.

Yahoo's Boarder.

Pity this poor fellow!
Shield him from all harm,
For he's like a bean-stalk
Tossed by wind and storm.
'Tis a Yahoo boarder,
Looking lank and thin,
Seeming that his stomach
Hurts him from within.

He's a child of sorrow,
Born hard times to see,
Look on him with pity,
Take him out to tea.
This poor Yahoo boarder
Knows not what to do,
For his idle jaw bones
Long for grub to chew.

He lives on soda crackers,
Moistened from the well,
Garnished with the moonlight,
Gives them time to swell;
Then he takes a tooth-pick,
Jams it in his head,
Swears by all that's wicked—
Wishes he was dead.

Now when e'er you see him
Laugh him not to shame;
'Tis his vile misfortune,
He is not to blame.
His poor withered features
Tell his tale of woe,
And he lives in anguish
Where the green flies blow.