



but the bellowing snore of the vigilant police as he naps on a dry goods box.

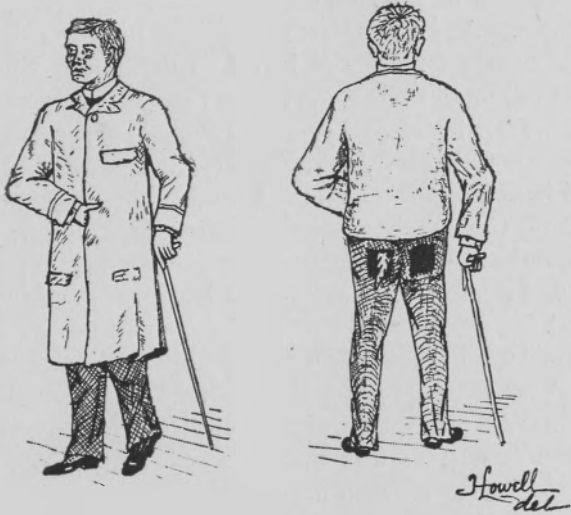
Then enter they the Stillwell House, stones are cast down from the top-most stairs, and great iron balls are rolled along the floor. They that know not fear flash fire from their guns, and the fowls in the coop are scorched and fall to the ground. Then flee the wicked to the campus and there lie in wait until the noise has died away. The tin trumpets are sounded again, and again does the tribe assemble. Those that are brave enter in the window of the rich man's larder, and a great quiet falls upon them. And these things are done not from the speaking of their hearts, for noise is joyful to them; but they like the quiet to fall upon their souls rather than Peter Summey should fall upon their bodies. Yea verily they do have speculation in their eyes. Cakes are brought forth, and wine and eggs and canned fruit, and all manners of good things like unto those in use among the Cobhamites. Their hearts are glad; yea verily, their mouths are filled with praises and with eggs; they make merry and rejoice, they eat the fullness of the land and are satisfied.

Now when these things are transpiring, one Summey, called Peter, is sleeping within his tent and dreaming of the debts he holds against the class of eighty-seven, when lo! there came a vision unto him and he saw a ladder set upon the earth, and its top reached unto his pantry window, and behold a band of students were ascending and descending on it. And his heart misgave him and he wept.



Latin recitation. Mr. Evans (reading)—“And er- he went er- into er- a ship er- and er-”

Prof. Woodfin—“Stop a minute, Mr. Evans, if you please, and do your grunting before you read—you destroy the beauty of the translation.”



Smith's friends couldn't understand why he always wore his  
Overcoat—until they saw him without it.

## A SENIOR'S LAMENT

I

The end is gained, the goal is won,  
I leave the dear old college,  
Closely pursued by many a "dun ;"  
My head chock full of knowledge.

II

I have my "dip"—by what a struggle  
I won it, none can tell.  
O! What a power it is to "juggle,"  
And always "boot-lick" well.

III

No more will "Charby," "Wood," and "Zip"  
Cause fears and gloomy sighs,  
As to whether or not I'll get a "dip,"  
Or be called home "with sore eyes."

IV

No more to stroll by the Institute  
Mr dear, best girl to see.  
No more candy, flowers and fruit  
To make her think of me.

V

No more the sweet town girls I'll know ;  
Our connections we must sever,  
For we may come and we may go,  
But they stick on forever.

VI

But all those ills are over now,  
Farewell to toil and strife,  
I cast the "hacked" look from my brow,  
And start anew my life.



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