

Soon beneath the quiet shade tree,
Where the hammock gently sways,
Will the love-sick College maid flee,
There to dream away her days.

Soon will Deer Park's shades be ringing,
With the shouts of laughter sweet ;
Each loud note its echo bringing ;
Some one there his love to meet.

But, alas! how short these dreams are ;
Love—a thing but for a day ;
First, and for a while, our load-star,
Then it fades and dies away.

Report of Statistician for Easter vacation :

	Eggs Per Meal.	Per Day.	Per Vacation.
"Dadd,"	5	15	105
"Freddy,"	4½	13½	95½
Moore,	5½	16½	116½
Camp.,	6	18	126
Total,	21	63	443

Bill of Fare at the "Hotel Sally De Long"
during vacation :

Eggs Fried,	Eggs Boiled,	Eggs Poached,
Eggs Scrambled,	Egg Omlet,	
Roasted Eggs,	Fricassed Eggs,	
(A La Spring Chicken.)		
Desert—Egg Pudding.	Cake—Egg Cake	
Coffee.	Water.	

ECHOES FROM THE GLEE CLUB TRIP.—
While in Clearfield the boys amused themselves in various ways. A party of three stood upon the bridge and watched the log raft go down the river. Several young ladies sauntered along, and of course, were so much impressed with the gallantry of the boys, that an acquaintance almost immediately sprung up. But what was their surprise, when Spanutius, in his dashing and graceful manner, came up, selected the most lively and attractive young lady of the lot, and coolly walked off with her. It is needless to say, Mock felt sold, while Brew's moustache drooped very perceptibly.

It is a wild country and a lonely place where "Sam," "Billy," and "Josephus," cannot pass the time pleasantly. They remained at the College during vacation. Every morning regularly at nine o'clock they would congregate around the stove in Snyder's store and tell long and thrilling love stories for each other's amusement, as well as for that of the other loafers usually found there. The people of the village hearing of this morning entertainment, came in such large numbers to listen, that Snyder was compelled to "bounce" "Fly-harmonic trio."

The two young men who arose from their comfortable beds at the unseasonable hour of 4 o'clock, A. M., to ride three miles in a rickety old coach, in the cold gray of a March morning, each thinking to get ahead of the other in seeing a *fair being* safely to the train, certainly deserve the lasting consideration of this fair one for this practical demonstration of their devotion.

A VACATION LAMENT.—Thou art gone!
The world is dark, and each moment seems an eternity. The harmony of nature has fled. The songs of the birds have no sweetness for me. The very sky seems to mock my loneliness. When I walk amid the groves which thy presence made Eden, each turn mocks my imagination with the outline of thy image. When I wander beneath the window where oft thou has sat, my heart beats faster with the hope of hearing the sound of thy sweet voice; methinks I do hear it. I stop; I sigh, then wearily pursue my way. 'Tis but the phantom of an overwrought imagination. Thus the day drags by, and Oh! Miss J., when wilt thou return.

The W. L. S., on Friday evening of March 22nd, took a step in the right direction by departing from the monotonous routine of business that has been in vogue for the last twenty years, by giving us something new by way of programme. It was called "The