

man who entertains such sentiments as above quoted can feel himself true to the government under which he lives. If the cause was righteous can it sleep? And if righteous, can those who entertain it be considered safe citizens? To both questions I would say, no! When the writer speaks from a philanthropic point of view, we echo his sentiments, but when he eulogises the fallen cause, we can only condemn.

The Vidette comes to us for the first time. It has a very neat appearance, and from a literary stand-point it is very well gotten-up. Taking it as a college journal, we would hesitate to pronounce it entirely a success. It lacks real college news. It takes up a good part of its editorial space to call attention to its literary articles. These are two faults which should not appear in any college paper.

LANCELETS.

A FABLE.

"Oh, you're a hard case," said the ostrich to the tortoise.

"May be I am, but I am not as fast as you," replied the tortoise.

"You're tougher, though," returned the ostrich.

"Yes, but I am no bird," retorted the tortoise.

And for once, Æsop had to scratch his beard and didn't know who had the best of the argument.

ON RECEIVING A VALENTINE.

In your soft and tender verses
Cupid still his tale rehearses;
But, ah, I fear
Your words were dear—
To the sender, who, I find,
Bought and sent you were unsigned.
Whether not or thoughts most tender
Wer the motives of the sender;
From whom you came
'Tis all the same;
This sweet fact I plainly see
There is one who thinks of me.—*Exchange.*

Professor Y.—"If I should tell you that ice could be heated so hot that it could not be held in the hand, what would you say?"

Unsurprised soph.—"Well, Professor, knowing you as I do, I should ask you to prove it."

They had a quarrel and she sent,
His letters back next day;
His ring and all his letters went,
To him without delay.

"Pray send my kisses back to me!"
He wrote; "could you forget them?"
She answered speedily, that he
Must come and get them.—*Puck.*

The following question is recommended as a good one for Literary Societies—"Resolved, That the idiosyncracies of the incorrigible denizens of the second corridor, transcends in collidity, panurgy and duplicity, the meritorious proclivities of the ubiquitousarians of the clearestory," with alterations.—*Vidette.*

A THEORY OF EVOLUTION.

'Way back in those archaic days when time forming got ripe
A tailless ape sat on a tree and smoked a penny pipe,
And as he smoked, lo, thought began. He knew that he
enjoyed.

Be not surprised at this. You see this ape was anthropoid.
Thus thought began, and thought is all that makes a man
a man.

So be it known that thus in smoke the human race began.

But mark how in a circle move all sublinary things,
Events, like smoke, resolve themselves into expanding rings,
And as the monkey's pipe made thought, thought created man,
The cigarette shall take him back to just where he began.

—*Exchange*

Of all the evils here below
There's nothing we can scan
That sickens like a mannish girl,
Or worse—a girlish man.—*Exchange.*

The June-bug flies away in June,
The lightning-bug in May,
The bed-bug takes its bonnet off,
And says "I've come to stay!"—*Exchange.*

We had hoped to see a good game of ball here on the 30th of April, with Altoona, but on some account they did not come. It would no doubt have been a hotly contested game, as our club was in good trim. Our newly adopted colors, white and navy blue, look well.