[JUNE,

When a few minutes later Fred was escorting Bessie home she suddenly broke out: "Oh Fred, I'm so glad. I knew it all along, but somehow or other I couldn't tell you." Fred gave her hand a little squeeze of gratitude, and as he left her at the door he said: "Well, you know now what I was thinking about that day on the train when I made no comments on your choice bit of gossip." State College, Pa. March 20, 1895.

IN SOLUTION.

AS TO THE PROF.

Curious reader, didst thou ne'er Behold a worshipful chemist there Seated on his revolving chair, So dear?

Then cast thy longing eyes— It is a February day— And in his new-born state survey One here!

AS TO THE ONE QUIZZED.

The Lord had made it soluble. The old Prof. thundered, and the student once so voluble Dropped through the floor; although it's not impossible, 'Tis queer.

To rise from little into great Is pleasant; but to sink in state From high to lowly is a fate

Severe.

AS TO SOPHISTO M. ENGINOS.

Too soon his shine is overcast, Chilled by the next reporter's blast, His blushing honors only cast One fear.

He casts his fur and sheds his chains, And moults till not a plume remains; The next impending term distrains His gear.

He slips like water through a sieve; Ah! could his little splendor only live Another short term, he would give One ear.