

The firelight flickered in the grate,
 The light burned low, the hour was late,
 And still they sat in blissful state,
 A tale of love unfolding.

He took her gently on his lap,
 When at the door they heard a rap,
 And papa, like a thunder clap,
 Yelled, "fifteen yards for holding."—*Ex.*

"My daughter," and his voice was stern,
 "You must set this matter right.
 What time did the sophomore leave,
 Who sent in his card last night?"

"His work was pressing, father dear,
 And his love for it was great;
 He took his leave and went away
 Before a quarter of eight."

Then a twinkle came to her bright blue eyes,
 And her dimple deeper grew;
 "'Tis surely no sin to tell him that,
 For a quarter of eight is two."

ATHLETICS.

W. B. HOKE.

STATE, II—*ALLEGHENY*, 25.

State was defeated in the armory Thursday evening, February 25th, by the swift Allegheny team. The score, 11-25, is not as we would have it, but nevertheless it shows the relative playing merits of the teams. The game was exciting, and at times very rough. Allegheny's men were taller than State's, and they used this to advantage in playing above our men. On the other hand, Dunn's men did not play low enough. Allegheny was surer at shooting, and did not have as many chances as State. There were