

—Miss Gray, Messrs. Walker, Struble, Downing, and Prof. Bohn render valued assistance to the singing in the M. E. choir.

—The annual convention of the Q. T. V. fraternity will meet here on Friday and Saturday, May 18th and 19th. The chapter here will give the delegates a royal time

—A want long felt by the members of the engineering classes has been met through the organization of an engineering society. Its members think it more beneficial to an engineering student than a society strictly literary; hence its organization.

—The athletic association was organized recently. The following are the members of the several committees: Base ball committee, Messrs. Mock, Morris, McLean, McClaran, and Rose. Cricket committee: Messrs. Brown, Linsz, McKee, McClaran and Stevenson. Tennis committee: Messrs. Darlington, Jackson, Meek, Geo., Patterson, J. G., and Small.

—The Sophomores are contemplating the advisability of publishing a college annual. Many of the friends of the college would undoubtedly like to be the possessors of such an annual. But are friends numerous enough to secure the class against any possibility of being the losers financially? On the answer to this question depends whether it will or will not be published.

—“Manyunk” had forgotten his spectacles and was coming up the path the other evening after dusk, when he espied what he thought was a familiar figure coming down towards him. Culling up for the occasion his blandest smile, he tipped his hat and exclaimed: “Ah, good evening, Miss Blank!” The wind was taken clear out of “Manny’s” sails when the fair one responded: “See heab! you fool white trash, de next time you insult a cullud lady from Virginy you want to look a little out; deed yo’ do!” Manyunk hasn’t forgotten his glasses since.

—The first base-ball game of the season opened last Saturday by a picked nine, better known as the sluggers, from the three college classes, accepting a challenge from the Sophomore team. Thus all the base ball talent of the three college classes was pitted against the superior ability of their antagonists, but without avail. After a spirited contest of 1 hour and 55 minutes, victory was snatched from the sluggers and the triumphant Sophomores were exultingly ushered off the field of glory by their loyal classmates amid the cheers of the applauding spectators.

—The rifle pit is now in elegant condition, and also Lieut. Pague’s tennis court. We make this statement on good authority, as Lieut. Pague invited local editor Smiley to inspect the work, which the latter did on Saturday, May 4, from 8 to 10 a. m., and he assures us that the above statement is true.

—A party of students, consisting of sixteen young ladies and gentlemen, secured the prairie schooner “Mountain Echo” on Saturday, April 29th, and drove to the mountains in search of arbutus. Mrs. Lieut. Pague chaperoned the party. The day was a beautiful one and the fragrant arbutus plentiful. The only excitement of the trip was caused by three tramps suddenly appearing in the road near a portion of the party including Mrs. Pague and Miss Ball. The tramps did not make any demonstration, however, and at the appearance of “Zach” immediately made their escape. The party returned about seven o’clock in the evening laden with flowers, and were heartily cheered as the Tally-ho drew up to the college.

—The “Rebel” came smashing into the sanctum the other evening with a smile that stretched the hole in his face from under his left ear to the corner of his right eye. “Say!” (nobody said anything). “What kind of a musical organization does the fellows who carry notes, etc., into Johndy Hunter’s room represent?” The editor is very wise but he gave up this conundrum. “Why, a ‘string band’, of course, you did.” Slug! slug!! bang!!! It was noticed when the remains of the fiery band—it from Tennessee—were removed from the room, that his head was band-aged with a band-anna handkerchief, and that the probabilities are that he will abandon “monkeying” with the editorial “buzz-saw.”

—Pennsylvania State College boasts of the finest campus in the State and well she may. It lies on a plateau in the heart of Penns Valley, and containing about 75 acres of land, is tastefully laid out, having beautiful avenues, drives, and promenades lined with evergreen trees, shady maples, weeping willows and other ornamental trees. Many flower gardens, rich in the choicest flowers, dot its surface; nor has this work of beautifying ceased. Other avenues are being laid out and other gardens plotted. We expect ere long to see the beautiful grove in the rear of the college fitted up into a fine park. “Lovers Lane” yet remains the fashionable promenade, perhaps on account of its strikingly romantic appearance. Lovers of the sad and pathetic, lovers of mirth and pleasure, meet and exchange sentiments and experiences. Beardless poets here find inspiration