

head. But she landed upon her feet like a cat and pounced upon my poor camera. Before I could regain my feet she dodged back past me and met the others as they came puffing along a few rods in the rear. Now what did those redskins do but pound my poor old camera to pieces with rocks and clubs. I was well content at the moment, however, that they were satisfied with smashing it, but trudged back to town in a very bad humor."

"But look here," said my chum with a most provoking grin. "In this picture you are being chased by an Indian girl, but just now you said that they smashed your camera and you say you've never had one since."

"I never have and never will," I replied. "Eaton took that picture from his hiding place."

B. C. BRADY, '00.

H. H. MALLORY, '99.



A FRESHMAN'S SOLILOQUY

Grind, grind, grind,
 O'er these dry old books, oh d—!
 And I would that my tongue could utter
 The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh well for the Sophomore bold
 That he prowls o'er the campus at night;
 O well for the Junior cold,
 Looking pityingly down from his height.

And the stately Senior goes on
 To exam's with never a thrill.
 But oh, for me there is naught but to grind,
 And to grind till my voice shall be still.

Grind, grind, grind,
 Geometry, Algebra Dutch.
 But if ponies avail, and they seldom fail,
 My library fee won't be much.

F. T. B., '98.

