THE TECH.

A VISION.
The dying fire's lurid blaze
Lights up her fair face brightly;
In mine her dark eyes seem to gaze—
But stop; do I judge rightly?
Somehow she seems to look away;
What can her looks be keeping?
So quiet, one would almost say
The lovely girl was sleeping.
She seems so very near to me,
Aye, almost at my hand,
And yet we're parted by the sea,
By many miles of land.
The fire is out—the shades of night
Are quickly passing o'er her,
So cruelly bidding from my sight
Her photograph by Mora.
—Williams Weekly.

CONVINCED.
"Now tell me, dearest, truth for truth,—
I sometimes fear you may have known
In boyhood, or your earliest youth,
Another girl you called your own.
"Forgive me if I seem to lapse
From perfect faith—that is not it!
I only wonder if, perhaps,
You ever loved, a little bit."
He thought of Kate, whose brilliant mind
Once gave to life its keenest zest;
He thought of Maud, whose hair had lined
The left-side pocket of his vest.
He thought of Lillie, Nell, and Sue,
Of gentle May, and saucy Nan,
And then, he did as others do,
And proved himself a truthful man.
With injured air and mournful eye
He sadly turned away his head.
"If you can think"—she heard him sigh.
"Oh! no—no—no! I don't!" she said.—Ex.

Adolphus has just folded his arms about her.
"Why," asked she, "am I like a well-made book?" He gave it up. "Because I am bound in calf." The "binding" was hastily torn off.

LETTERS.
"Lovingly yours," she used to write;
That was after our summer's fun—
Mark what the rocks and waves had done.
"Lovingly yours," she used to write
When college begun.
"Ever sincerely"—ah! a change;
Thus she forgets the lesson she taught—
Somebody else is paying court.
"Ever sincerely"—what a change!
She scarcely ought.
"Cordially"—this is very terse;
Such nonchalance will never do—
That summer's faded from her view.
"Cordially"—frigid—very terse.
I wonder—who?
"Yours;" ah well, I expected that;
That was after his winter's fun—
Mark what parties and hops had done.
"Yours, in haste;" I expected that
Ere college was done.
—Harvard Advocate.

FOOLED AGAIN.
Vacation o'er, we said good-bye;
And, with a twinkle in her eye,
She said, "When winter comes about,
I hope you'll try to find me out."
Cold winter came; the earth was bare;
So, as I did not see my fair
At dance, reception, ball or rout,
I went, and called, and found her out.
—Yale Record.

The jockey's horse has feet of speed,
Maud S. has feet of fame;
The student's horse has none at all,
But it gets there just the same.—Ex.

He came into the editor's room with a large roll of manuscript under his arm, and said, very politely, "I have a trifle here about the beautiful sunset yesterday, which was dashed off by friend of mine, and which I would like inserted, if you have room."

"Plenty of room. Just insert it yourself," replied the editor, gently pushing the waste basket toward him.—Ex.

Lady: "Your clothes are very ragged. Can't I do some sewing for you?"

Tramp: "Yes, madam; you may sew an overcoat on this button, if you please. It seems to feel the need of society."—Ex.