THE TECH.

DRIFTING.
Lazily, slowly drifting
Down with the quiet stream,
It seemed to me in my gladness
That it all must be a dream.

For Mabel — my darling Mabel,
Was trying to steer the canoe,
And as I lay there watching,
I fell in love with the crew.

I thought how pleasant it would be
To — Thunder! Where are we now?
The canoe had gone down to the bottom,
With a hole a foot long in the bow.

— Yale Record.

THE PRIMAL PAIR.
When Adam from his sleep awoke,
A radiant creature met his eyes,
Whose beauty on his vision broke
As breaks the morn 'neath tropic skies.
With wonder Adam stood transfixed;
Another day had just begun;
She crossed his vision just betwixt
The dawn and rising of the sun.

"'Tis Morn," he said, "in human guise;
Fair Morn, my homage pray receive."
The vision blushed, cast down her eyes,
And said, "I am not Morn, but Eve."

— Exchange.

THE RISING SUN.— Old Whimple (solemnly):
"Young man, to attain success in this world we must be up and doing. Do you ever see the sun rise?"

Young man: "Yes, sir, occasionally."
"When?"
"On my way home."— Ex.

The wonderful story of Arion riding on the dolphin's back must now take a back seat, for we have it on very good authority that when the nine was in Williamstown last Saturday, one of our men "came home on a fly." — Yale Courant.

HE WAS NO FOOL.

Jepson: "I notice that you always speak well of me to my face, Jobson, and while I have no reason to believe that you do otherwise behind my back, I think it does not harm a man to be criticised by his friends, to be told his little faults. I know I'm not perfect, and I would be glad to have you remind me of the fact sometimes."

Jobson: "Tell you of your faults?"

Jepson: "Yes, criticise me; tell me what your honest private opinion of me is. That's what I want."

Jobson: "Jepson, you are 6 feet 2 and I am 5 feet 4, and you want me to give you my honest private opinion of you? No siree. Jepson, my boy, I'm no fool."— Courier.

LEAP YEAR.

Young Dick to-night is feeling gay,—
Just watch the fellow smile;
One week ago this very day
He looked so blue when at the play,
What can have chanced meanwhile?
At last I see the whole affair,—
His best young girl said "Yes."
"Oh bosh!" you say, "he wouldn't dare
To pop the question to the fair;
You're wrong. Now come, confess."

"Tis true he's no courageous knight,
But leap year now holds sway;
So what he dared not ask through fright,
She's asked, for now she has the right,
And so they've named the day.

— Yale Record.

"Miss Laura," said the young man smilingly,
"may I ask you why you have that string tied around your finger?"

"That string?" said the lovely girl, rousing herself and removing it; "why, I put it on my finger to remind me that you were coming this evening. I have shockingly poor memory, Mr. Van Perkins — What! are you going already? I am so sorry."— Tuftonian.

Why do the ladies all admire,
Much more than's to your liking,
The man who comes up to the bat?
Is it because he's striking?— Ex.