Time sped on, but joy came not. He met the enemy, and hated him. Each day found our Soph. hard at work with the chestweights, and he trained, as we may imagine, with a purpose. He looked longingly forward to the day when he could dare to leave “the protector” in the bureau drawer, and would no longer feel a chill sensation as he dodged by dark nooks in that Huntington Avenue mansion. But relief came at last. Once again there was a disturbance upon the ground floor. This time the Freshman was moving out, and our Soph. once more became his old courageous self.

Right here is where our story really begins. Our friend the Freshman, who was smiling to himself in serene unconsciousness of all these circumstances, soon after this, by some sorrowful miscarriage, received from the worthy Ah Sing a—vestment, we shall call it—which happened to belong to Soph. How such a mistake could have occurred is hard to imagine, for is not Ah Sing celebrated for his carelessness? Evidently the fearful hand of fate was present.

How the poor Sophomore was to get his shirt he could not imagine; it was the toughest Chinese puzzle he had ever had to tackle. He began with a dignified command to the Freshman to deliver the garment at Tech. Strange as it may be, this did not seem to work very well. Freshman calmly replied, “Go to; come and get it if you want it.” “Ah!” said Sophomore to himself, “that speech betrays him. I now know well his designs are evil. Once within his lair and I am lost forever; but I will foil him yet.”

So the Soph. toiled away at the gym.; and with his muscle grew his courage. But a few days since he espied the youth of ’96 slowly descending the Rogers steps. “Oho! this is my chance,” thought Soph.; “to be sure I am far taller and stronger than he; but then why should I fear him? Have I not the courage of maddened thirst for revenge; and do I not want my shirt? Besides, see, his hands are full of books; and why should I fear him? Have I not the courage of maddened thirst for revenge; and do I not want my shirt? Besides, see, his hands are full of books; and o’er his arm hangs a heavy coat. Surely this is my opportunity.”

With hurried steps he approaches his victim, grasps him by the arm; in his ear he hisses these curdling words of terror: “Hast thou my shirt?” “No,” comes the faint reply. “Take that then, and that.” Oh! what cruel, vicious blows. A cry of pain and dismay escapes our poor Freshman, as he feels a long-loved tooth rebound from the roof of his mouth. He has been taken off his guard; he is lost. Lost? No, not quite; one is there to save him. “Tis the verdant hand of fate was present.

“Hold, gentle Soph, hold,” he cries. “Stay thy avenging hand; and I will return thy shirt.”

But was this shirt returned? Hardly. Gaudily decorated in water color with a banner of red and black, it hangs in the room of the unfortunate one. And who would begrudge him this consolation?

**An Irish Soldier.**

An Irish soldier once existed, Who in the civil war enlisted, And there the rebels bold resisted; So they say.

A bullet buzzing in him twisted, And there it stuck and there enclasted; Another down his mouth "digisted,"—

Oh, the day!

They sent him to the hospital, And there he met the prettiest gal, Who promised him she’d be his Sal,—

Dull care, away!

Thus, then, his heart she did enthral, Until he’d pawned his gold medal, And then they skipped to Havergal,

Far from the fray.

Then to his friends he made the mention, That it was his profound intention That he would follow up invention

A living for;

He could not keep up his pretention, And so secured an ample pension

On which to live till his ascension,—


**A Student’s Reverie.**

Oh! sparrow bird on yonder leafless bough! Why to one side thy silly head dost cock? Why ruffle up thy dirt-stained coat afore My study drear, as if’twere crumbs thou askst? Why to one side thy silly head dost cock? Why ruffle up thy dirt-stained coat afore

Dost on the alms of busy man or busierfrau depend?

The Boston Herald, in giving an account of a day spent by Princess Kaiulani in Boston, said: “At all events, she has betrayed a lively interest in Boston and all pertaining thereto—the shops, the streets, the suburbs, the Symphony, the “Tech,” and, in fact, almost every Boston fad.” Thanks.

A little squib under “College Notes” in the Sunday Herald of March 5th, would seem to indicate that the Tech Board is suffering from internal warfare. Such, however, is far from being the case. The Board is united in its work, and a more devoted body of students it would be hard to find.