

haps two hundred crows enroute to a fine watermelon field came by and seeing the peculiar sight gathered around. Now, before Sport Crow's alarmed companion could explain matters, the leader says: "That's a new kind of bird. We never were whipped in a fight by any thing that looked like that, so now for him." The whole multitude fled on the unlucky Sport; too foolish to think that taking off of their chum's feathers would change him beyond recognition. In fact, they didn't stop to think. Soon Sport Crow lay dead, bruised and cut by a hundred blows, and the exultant crowd subsided their noise to hear the speech

of flattery from their leader. He would of course praise them for their bravery in killing an unknown thing something never seen by them before that they remembered of. But out stepped the Sport Crow's chum, and called their attention: Said he, "this is our beloved friend, 'Richard the Gay' that you've killed. You didn't recognize him when he had lost his fine black suit and you rushed upon him before I could prevent you." Then he told how "Old Man Owl" had caused it all, and the multitude roared with rage and swore eternal hatred to Brer Owl and all his posterity.

HARRY GLEASON.



THE NOOK THAT IS HIDDEN.

Who'll ramble with me to the valley wild
Where the nook that is hidden has violets first
And the birds with the breath of the spring are
beguiled?

I shall never forget how Gwendolen smiled
When first on her gaze the ferny nook burst,
As she rambled with me to the valley wild.

'Twas a day when the wind grew suddenly wild,
Though March had before been meaning his
worst,

And the birds with the breath of the spring were
beguiled.

She rushed within it with the cry of a child
That has sprung to a stream when sorely
athirst,

When she rambled with me to the valley wild.

From my mountain land and my love exiled,
For many a year my thoughts have rehearsed
How the birds with the breath of the spring
were beguiled.

And now that I'm back and naught has defiled
The nook that is hidden with pleasnres ac-
curst,

Who'll ramble with me to the valley wild
Where the birds with the breath of the spring
are beguiled?

AN UNFORTUNATE CADET.

His pony went dead and his gim went lame,
He lost six cushes in a crap game;
An extra came the next Saturday
And it took two hours of play away.

A headache came when that was gone
And at the Mess Hall he had to look on.
Then the field day collection came round
And charged him for not acting a clown:

Then Mr. Boyett came in view
And said he wanted his bills paid, too,
Did he moan and sigh?

Did he sit and cry,
And cuss the extra now gone by?
Did he grieve that his old friends failed to call
When the collectors had taken all?

Never a word of blame he said
With all the troubles on top of his head.
Not he! He climbed to the top of the suckers'

row
Where extras are something they don't know;
Bowing his head, here is what he said—
'I reckon it is time to get up and get,
But, Lord, I haven't had the mumps yet.'

D. B. and N. H., '01.

If a miss gets a kiss
And goes and tells her mother,
She's a very naughty miss
And doesn't deserve another.—Ex.

