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THE TECH.

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TECHNIQUE for 1887 has appeared, and has been joyfully welcomed by the whole Institute. The editors deserve great credit for their push and enterprise in getting out the volume a week earlier than usual, and for producing the best "Technique" which has yet appeared. The design for the cover is one of the prettiest we have ever seen on a college annual, and the Institute can be proud in the knowledge that it was the work of one of

its students. The figure of the jester reminds one slightly of Lampy, but his position and occupation is altogether foreign to anything which has ever appeared in the *Lampoon* so that the design may be fairly called original.

A noticeable improvement is the increased number of cuts and local gags, some of the former being very lifelike, whilst the latter are all good.

A good thing is the alphabet in the advertising pages, which for the first time appeared in "Technique" this year.

The department letters were all very good, but undoubtedly the best was that of the Architects, which was very well written indeed.

The number of errors and blanks in the volume is very small this year, and shows great care on the part of the editors. The only error of any magnitude which we have noticed is that the number of students in "Technique" is some twenty less than that shown by the Institute Catalogue. This fact is explained by the list of students having been taken from the uncorrected proof-sheets of the catalogue, which did not contain all the names at that time.

The editors deserve to be well supported by the Institute for producing such a good number, and we wish them every success in the sale of "Technique."

The Class of '90 will have to work hard to bring out a better volume than Volume III.

IN the last TECH we spoke about the advisability of having the Senior Class Society welcome in the New Year, and having this made into a custom which should be continued from year to year. This has evoked considerable comment from the fact that this New Year's Eve is Saturday, and there was a general objection to "raising a row" on Sunday morning. We would like to explain that when writing the editorial it did not occur to us that this was the case, but now that we are aware of it, we can fully see all the objections to holding the meeting New Year's Eve. Still, we see no reason why Monday night might not be appointed for holding this meeting, and thus, although '88, and every now and then some following class, would be unfortunate in having to have a postponed meeting, this custom of having the Senior Class welcome in their graduating year, would be assured as a permanency.

WE would suggest to the Athletic Club, if indeed they have not already had the matter under consideration, that they hire for their next meeting, which will be the open one, some building which will be more commodious than our "gym," which is altogether too small and poorly ventilated for the large crowd which this meeting always brings out. Besides this the light is very poor, and the arrangements for seating the spectators very inadequate indeed. Why would it not be possible to hire Winslow's Skating-rink for these games? The rink could be fitted up for them with but small expense, and by judicious advertising we think that the Athletic Club would make enough more money in gate receipts, than would pay for the increased expenses of hiring and fitting the rink. To one who has attended several of these meetings, and has each time had to stand up, or sit perched in a very precarious condition on the top of a gymnasium locker, such a suggestion seems a very good one, and one which would be productive of much good to the reputation of the Athletic Club, should they accept and act upon it. As it is now, Tech. men are forced to stand

by and listen patiently to the open sneers of the Harvard men, as they know only too well that their objections are well founded; whilst each year the Tech. has to bear the taunts of the Harvard papers, with scarce a reply; for, indeed, no reply is possible. These games are a great source of income to the Athletic Club, and it should not subject outsiders, who help swell the receipts, to the discomfort of sitting, or standing, in a hot, stuffy "gym" for several hours.

THE newspapers complain that colleges are being turned into great gymnasiums, and that nothing is heard of them but reports of games and athletics. This latter complaint may be true, but what does that prove? The great mass of college men work faithfully at their studies, but what variety is there in that study, or how amusing would be reports of the daily hard work done by students? If the press wished such reports, it could get them, though only a few people would be interested in them. On the other hand, everybody is interested in athletics, which is at once amusement and exercise for college men, and is it wonderful that such interesting matter is published, rather than the monotonous details of brain work, however hard? That a few athletic men have done very poorly at college, we admit; but that many of the best men on the crews or teams have stood, and do stand, high in their literary work, is as certain a fact as that some sickly and feeble men have been great scholars. That demand determines the supply, is a law equally true in the newspaper business as in any other.

THE fact that the Institute has no Christmas vacation, or indeed, any intermediate vacation, is one which has been much commented on by Tech. students. Still, we think that the majority are in favor of letting things go on as they have been. This fact was well shown by the recent action of the Senior Class. It was given them to understand that if the members of that class, as a body, would petition to the

Faculty for a Christmas vacation, that it would be granted, the lost time to be made up at the expense of the vacation week following the Semies, and at the end of the year. At a meeting of the class, it was voted not to petition for this, but to let well enough alone. As it is now, the last term of the Institute ends in May, at least a month earlier than at any other college, and this is an advantage which we do not wish to resign. The hard work of our course here could not be carried on advantageously in the warm days of June, as, in addition to our studies, which have to be worked up at home, so much of our time has to be spent in the Chemical Laboratories, or working around the engines of the Mechanical Engineering Laboratory, or over the fires in the Assay Laboratory. Such work as this, in conjunction with our other studies, would be too much for any man, and it is a fact that we think the Faculty fully appreciates.

The Harp-String.

Thou tell'st me, when entranced I stand
 To hear thy harp's sweet tones awake,
 It matters little if thy hand
 With hurried touch a string should break,
 Since thou canst readily restore
 With practiced skill the severed tie,
 And rouse the world of sound once more
 To all its former harmony.
 O, versed in Music's magic art,
 Yet little versed in Feeling's thrill,
 Say, didst thou deem the human heart
 Could thus be played on at thy will?
 Mine with thy harshness learn'd to bear,
 But thou hast rent the chords in twain;
 And now thy life's long toil can ne'er
 Repair the shattered strings again!

A Highland Tale.

THE following is a traditionary tale of the West Highlands; and in relating it the writer has adhered closely, with slight changes in the phraseology, to the book of the old legends from which it was taken.

Calum Dhu was the bravest warrior that followed the banners of the Chief of Colquhoun, with which clan the powerful and war-like M'Gregors were at inveterate feud. Calum lived in a sequestered glen in the vicinity of Ben Lomond. His cottage stood at the base of a steep, ferny hill: retired from the rest of the clan, he lived alone. This solitary being was the deadliest foe of the M'Gregors when the clans were in the red, unyielding battle of their mountain chiefs. His weapon was a bow, in the use of which he was so skillful that he could bring down a bird when on the wing. No man but himself had ever bent his bow; and his arrows were driven with such resistless force that their feathery wings were always drenched with his foeman's best blood. In the use of the sword, also, he had few equals; but the bow was the weapon of his heart.

The son of the chief of the M'Gregors, with two of his clansmen, having gone to hunt, and their game being wide, they wandered far, and found themselves, a little after midday, on the top of the hill at the foot of which stood Calum Dhu's cottage.

"Come," said the young chief, "let us go down and try to bend Calum Dhu's bow. Evan, you and I have got the name of being the best bowmen of our clan. It is said no man but Calum himself can bend his bow; but it will go hard with us if we cannot show him that the M'Gregors are men of thews and sinews equal to the bending of his long bow, with which he has so often sent his arrows through and through our best warriors, as if they had been but men of straw set up to practice on. Come, he will not know us, and if he should we are three to one; and I owe him something," added he, touching the hilt of his dirk, "since the last conflict, where he sent an arrow through my uncle's gallant bosom. Come, follow me down," he continued, his eye gleaming with determined vengeance, and his voice quivering with suppressed passion. The will of a Highland chieftain was law, at the time of which we speak.

"We will go down, if a score of his best

clansmen were with him," said Evan. "Aye, but be cautious." "We shall bend his bow, then break it," replied the young M'Gregor; "and then — then for my uncle's blood." "He is good at the sword," said the third M'Gregor; "but this (showing his dirk) will stretch him on the sward." "Strike him not behind," said the young chief; "hew him down in front; he deserves honorable wounds, for he is brave, though an enemy."

They had been concealed by a rising knoll from being seen from the cottage, which they now reached. Knocking loudly at the door, after some delay they were answered by the appearance of a little, thick-set, gray-eyed, oldish looking man, with long arms and a black, bushy beard, hung with gray threads, as if he had been employed in weaving the coarse linen of the country and the time. But as he had none of the muscular symptoms of prodigious strength which Calum Dhu was reported to possess, and which had often proved so fatal to their clan, they could not suppose this to be their redoubted foeman; and to the querulous question of what they wanted, uttered in the impatient tone of one who has been interrupted in some necessary worldly employment, they replied by inquiring if Calum Dhu was at home.

"Na; he's gane to the fishing; but an ye hae one message frae our chief about the coming of the red M'Gregors, and will trust me with it, Calum will get it frae me. Ye may as well tell me as him; he stays lang when he gaes out, for he's a keen fisher."

"We were only wanting to try the bending of his bow," said the disappointed young chief, "which we have heard no man can do save himself."

"Hoo! gin that is a', ye might hae tell'd it at first, an' no keepit me sae lang frae my loom," said the old man. "But stop,"—and giving his shoulders an impatient shrug, which to a keen observer would have passed for one of satisfaction, triumph, and determination, he went into the house and quickly returned, bringing out a strong bow and a sheaf of arrows, and flung them carelessly on the ground,

saying, "Ye'll be for trying your strength at a flight?" pointing to the arrows. "I hae seen Calum send an arrow over the highest point o' that hill like a glance o' lightning; and when the M'Gregors were coming raging up the glen, like red deevils as they are, mony o' their best warriors fell at the farthest entry o' the pass, every man o' them wi' a hole in his breast and his fellow at his back."

He had taken a long arrow out of the sheaf, and stood playing with it in his hand while speaking, seemingly ready to give it to the first man who should bend the bow. The M'Gregors were tall, muscular men, in the prime of youth and manhood. The young chief took up the bow, and after examining its unbending strength, laying all his might to it, strained till the blood rushed to his face, and his temples throbbed almost to bursting—but in vain; the string remained slack as ever. Evan and the other M'Gregor were alike unsuccessful; they might as well have tried to root up the gnarled oaks of their native mountains.

"There is not a man," cried the young chief of M'Gregor, greatly chagrined at the absence of Calum Dhu, and his own clansmen's vain attempts to bend the bow,— "there is not a man in your clan can bend that bow; and if Calum Dhu were here, he should not bend it!" Here he bit his lip, and suppressed the rest of the sentence, for the third M'Gregor gave him a glance of caution.

"Ha!" said the old man, still playing with the long arrow in his hand, and without seeming to observe the latter part of the M'Gregor's speech. "If Calum was here, he would bend it as easily as ye wad bend that rush; and gin ony o' the M'Gregors were in sight, he wad drive this lang arrow through them as easily as ye wad drive your dirk through my old plaid, and the feather wad come out at the other side, wet wi' their heart's bluid. Sometimes even the man behind is wounded, if they are ony way thick in their battle. I once saw a pair o' them stretched on the heather, pinned together with ane of Calum's lang arrows."

This was spoken with the cool composure and

simplicity of one who is talking to friends, or is careless if they are foes. A looker-on could have discerned a checkered shade of pleasure and triumph cross his countenance as M'Gregor's lip quivered, and the scowl of anger fell along his brow at the tale of his kinsmen's destruction by the arm of his most hated enemy.

"He must be a brave warrior," said the young chief, compressing his breath, and looking with anger and astonishment at the tenacious and cool old man. "I should like to see this Calum Dhu."

"Ye may soon enough; an gin ye were a M'Gregor, feel him, too. But what is the man glooming at? Gin ye were Black John himsel' ye couldna look mair deevlish-like. And what are you fidging at, man?" addressing the third M'Gregor, who had both marked and felt the anger of his young chief, and had slowly moved nearer the old man, and stood with his right hand below the left breast of his plaid, probably grasping his dirk, ready to execute the vengeance of his master, as it was displayed on his clouded countenance, which he closely watched. The faith of the Gael is deeper than "to hear is to obey," the slavish obedience of the East. His is to anticipate and perform,—to know and accomplish, or die. It is the sterner devotedness of truth.

But the old man kept his keen gray eye fixed upon him, and continued in the same unsuspecting tone: "But is there ony word o' the M'Gregors soon coming over the hills? Calum wad like to try a shot at Black John, their chief; he wonders gin he could pass an arrow through his great hardy bulk as ready as he sends them through his clansmen's silly bodies. John has a son, too, he wad like to try his craft on; he has the name of a brave warrior—I forget his name. Calum likes to strike at noble game, though he is sometimes forced to kill that which is little worth. But I'm fearfu' that he o'errates his ain strength; his arrow will only, I think, stick weel through Black John, but——"

"Dotard, peace!" roared the young chief, till the glen rang again, his brow darkening.

"Peace! or I shall cut the sacrilegious tongue out of your head and nail it to that door, to show Calum Dhu that you have had visitors since he went away, and bless his stars that he was not here!"

A dark flash of suspicion crossed his mind as he gazed at the cool old tormentor who stood before him, unquailing at his frowns. But it vanished as the imperturbable old man said: "Haoh! ye're no a M'Gregor; and though ye were, ye surely wad na mind the like o' me! But anent bending this bow," striking it with the long arrow, which he still held in his hand, "there is just a knack in it; and your untaught young strength is useless, as ye dinna ken the gait o't. I learned it frae Calum, but I'm sworn never to tell it to a stranger. There is mony a man in the clan I ken naething about. But as ye seem anxious to see the bow bent, I'll no disappoint ye. Rin up to yon gray stane; stand there, and it will no be the same as if ye were standing near me when I'm doing it; but it will just be the same to you, for ye can see weel enough, and when the string is on the bow ye may come down, an' ye like, and try a flight. It's a capital bow, and that ye'll fin."

A promise is sacred with the Gael; and as he was under one, they did not insist on his exhibiting his art while they were in his presence. But curious to see the sturdy bow bent,—a feat of which the best warrior of their clan would have been proud, and which they had in vain essayed,—and perhaps thinking that Calum Dhu would arrive in the interval, and as they feared nothing from the individual who seemed ignorant of their name, and who could not be supposed to send an arrow so far with any effect, they therefore walked away in the direction pointed out, nor did they once turn their faces till they reached the gray rock. They now turned, and saw the old man (who had waited till they had gone the whole way) suddenly bend the stubborn yew, and fix an arrow on the string. In an instant it was strongly drawn to his very ear, and the feathered shaft was fiercely launched in air.

"M'Alp—hooch!" cried the young chief,

meaning to raise the M'Gregor war-cry, clapping his hand on his breast as he fell.

"Ha!" cried Calum Dhu, for it was he himself, "clap your hand behin'; the arm shot that never sent arrow that came out where it went in"—a cry he used in battle, when his foes fell as fast as he could fix arrows to the bow-string. The two M'Gregors hesitated a moment whether to rush down and cut to pieces the old man who had so suddenly caused the death of their beloved young chief. But seeing him fix another arrow to his bow, of which they had just seen the terrible effects, and fearing they might be prevented from carrying the news of his son's death to their old chieftain, and thus cheat him of his revenge, they started over the hill like roes. But a speedy messenger was after them; an arrow caught Evan as he descended out of sight over the hill; sent with a powerful and unerring aim, it transfixed him in the shoulder. It must have grazed the grass that grew on the hilltop to catch him, as only his shoulders could be seen from where Calum Dhu stood. On flew the other M'Gregor, with little abatement of speed, till he reached his chieftain with the bloody tidings of his son's death.

"Raise the clan!" were Black John's first words; "dearly shall they rue it!"

A party was soon gathered. Breathing all the vengeance of mountain warriors, they were soon far on their way of fierce retaliation, with Black John at their head. Calum Dhu was in the meantime not idle. Knowing from the escape of one of the three M'Gregors that a battle must quickly ensue, he collected as many of his clansmen as he could; and taking his terrible bow, which he could so bravely use, calmly awaited the approach of the M'Gregors, who did not conceal their coming, for loud and fiercely their pipes flung their notes of war and defiance on the gale as they approached; and mountain, cliff, and glen echoed far and wide the martial strains. They arrived, and a desperate struggle immediately commenced. The M'Gregors carried all before them. No warriors of this time could withstand the hurricane onset, sword in hand, of the far-feared, war-like

M'Gregors. Black John raged through the field like a chafed lion, roaring in a voice of thunder, heard far above the clash, groans, and yells of the unyielding combatants,— "Where was the murderer of his son?" None could tell him,—none was afforded time, for he cut down, in his headlong rage, every foe he met. At length, when but few of his foes remained on whom he could wreak his wrath or exercise his great strength, he spied an old man sitting on a ferny bank, holding the stump of his leg, which had been cut off in the battle, and who beckoned the grim chief to come nearer. Black John rushed forward, brandishing his bloody sword, crying in a loud voice, "Where is my son's murderer?"

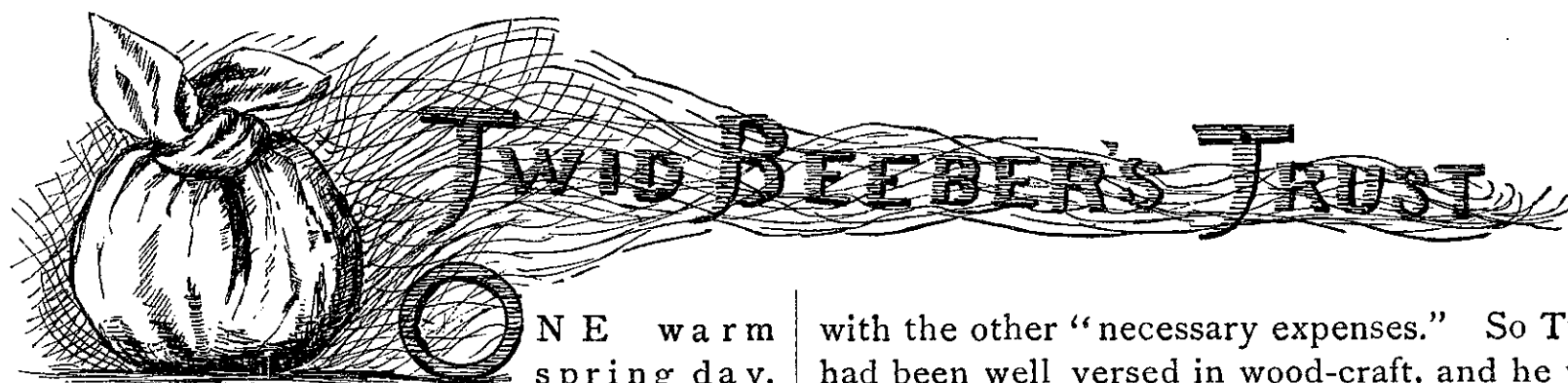
"Shake the leg out o'that brogue," said the old man speaking with difficulty, and squeezing his bleeding stump with both hands with all the energy of pain, "and bring me some o' the water frae yon burn to drink, and I will show you Calum Dhu, for he is yet in the field, and lives. Run, for my heart burns and faints!"

Black John, without speaking, shook the leg out of the brogue, and hastened to bring water, to get the wished-for intelligence. Stooping to dip the bloody brogue in the little stream,— "M'Alp— hooch!" he cried, and splashed lifeless in the water, which in a moment ran thick with his blood.

"Ha!" cried Calum Dhu, for it was he again, "clap your hand behin'; that's the last arrow shot by the arm that sent those which came not out where they went in." ALBION.

A Maid of Athens.

I once had a niece of bearing fine;
 And meeting her after years of time,
 She'd grown to be quite a comely lass
 Since I'd seen her playing on the grass,
 With her hair blown over her shoulders free.
 And I asked her straight, as my heart bid me,—
 "Pray, how are your suitors, maiden mine;
 How go matters in the wooing line?"
 With a little toss of her shapely head,
 "I'm on my fifth lap now," she said.



NE warm spring day, just exactly a week after Twid Beeber's father died, Twid found himself standing on the platform of the little station at Pineville settlement with just four dollars in his pocket, an extra shirt, a razor, and a tooth-brush tied up in a bandanna handkerchief at his back, and the world before him. Yet, thus early in the start, Twid had, in his own expressive language, "run up agin a snag." Now that the world was his to conquer, even that portion within the limited horizon of Pineville bewildered and perplexed him, and it bothered him as to just what he was going to do with himself.

He almost wished somebody would come along and settle it for him. His one summer at school, during a dull season, had given him a smattering of reading, writing, and arithmetic, and he had a hazy idea of the geography of his country. He knew that Pineville settlement and the great North Woods were a mere patch on the map of the United States, and that somewhere beyond, on the great roads with which this little mountain road at his feet connected, were great towns and cities, with customs and interests as yet undreamed of by himself. His father, Zaderiah, or "old Zad" Beeber, as he was familiarly known throughout the length and breadth of the North Woods, had eked out what was at times rather a doubtful living for himself and Twid, by guiding hunting parties and expeditions. In fact, he was a typical Adirondack guide.

From the time that his mother died Twid had always accompanied these expeditions, sometimes as an auxiliary, when such a character was needed; but whether such was the case or not, old man Zad always managed to work him in

with the other "necessary expenses." So Twid had been well versed in wood-craft, and he was a famous shot. Even when a lad of fifteen he had, under old Zad's careful eye, developed into a crack-shot, and his performances at "turkey shooting" were matters of record throughout the settlements.

But now old Zad was gone, and when Twid had settled up with "the store" at the Settlement, and old man Slatterly had accepted the worthless shanty in payment for the lumber for Zad's coffin, Twid Beeber stood alone on the platform, and wondered what the next act would be. He had little idea as to what the rest of the world was like; but Twid was unusually bright and quick-witted, and when he had listened to the talk of the men whom he had guided, as they sat around the camp-fires, he knew that there were better places to live in than Pineville settlement. These men had money,—more than he had ever seen in Pineville in the possession of one man, unless it was old Squire Slatterly, who owned the mills and was the magnate of the region,—and as Twid reasoned it, "If them fellers kin git it, I reckon I kin." However, in spite of his philosophic view of things generally, Twid's frame of mind on this particular day was far from peaceful. When his long-cherished hope of "goin' somewhere" had, the night before, suddenly developed into a resolution, Twid had forgotten in a measure the feeling of loneliness which naturally had rested on him since his father's death, and he went to bed too full of his projects to grieve much. In the morning he went about, getting ready to leave, with a light heart, and his work gave him little time for regret.

But now, as he stood by himself, and looked around on the familiar objects, so identified

with his life that they seemed to have a sort of claim on him, as he gazed at the little cluster of rough, weather-beaten houses in the clearing, and heard the monotonous hum of the busy saw-mill, he felt a great lump rising in his throat, and the tears which had come unbidden so much of late could not be kept back.

"Gosh darn queer," he muttered as he looked sheepishly around to see if his weakness was observed, "a fellow kaint change camp 'thout sloppin' over 'bout it. I reckon Twid Beeber your kind o' homesick 'thout leavin' home, aint ye?" he continued, in a ludicrous attempt at self-raillery that was almost pathetic. "No, you aint homesick, but you miss yer gun, mabbe. Darn fool ter give thet there gun to Jack Simms, Twid; you might jist as well tuk it with you!" Twid's heart jumped at this thought. Why not take it with him? Why not go back and ask Jack to give it back to him? Twid loved the old-fashioned muzzle-loader as if it had been a living, breathing thing. Year in and year out it had been his constant companion, lying by his side when he slept in camp, and standing in the chimney-corner, always in sight, during the brief intervals spent at home. It had been one of the hardest parts of his going away, the leaving behind of this old friend. But at the time, it had seemed to Twid that it must be done; and so, when he had carried it over to Jack Simms, and had received Jack's repeated assurances that the beloved gun should have the best of care, Twid had parted from it with a vague feeling that if he had deserted his old friend, he had at least found for it a comfortable place, where it would receive all due attentions. But now it seemed to him that he might take it along after all, and to think was to act with Twid. Impulsively he stepped from the little platform and started off with long strides for the little group of houses which graced the name of settlement. Approaching one of these that had an air of thrift and neatness about it which contrasted strangely with some of its neighbors, Twid waived the ceremony of a knock, and pushing open the plain, unpainted door, boldly entered, thereby much

disturbing the equanimity of an almost featherless parrot who had been serenely dozing near the door. With a shrill scream and uplifted wings he darted at the intruder, only to be met half way by the bandanna and its contents. There was a momentary mixture of parrot and bag; and then with a grunt that bore a startling resemblance to "Damit," his parrotship beat a hasty retreat into the front room.

"Now, Jack Simms, why kaint you leave that there pol' pa'it alone? He aint got no fethers left now to speak on, along with your foolin'; 'sides it's gittin' nigh onto fly-time, an' he'll need all he's got. Your jist pesterin' the life,—Wal, I never! if it aint you, Twid Beeber! Laws sakes, when thet pa'it raised sich a rum-pus, I thot in co'rse it was Jack," and Mrs. Simms dropped into a chair, and vigorously fanned herself with her apron. She was a large woman, and comfortably fat. Her red face was the perfection of good nature, and the laughing twinkle in her eyes softened perceptibly as she caught sight of Twid's long face. Even he caught the infection of her good nature, and allowed a faint smile to brighten his face for the instant; but it disappeared as quickly as he remembered his errand. Uneasily shifting his position, and ignoring the wooden chair pushed toward him, he began, "Missus Simms, I got ter thinkin' this morning, and ——" but he stopped short.

Mrs. Simms was laughing again, and her frank blue eyes, looking straight at him, slightly disconcerted him. "There, now," she exclaimed, "never mind; I know what it is Twid; yer after thet gun a'gin. Law, I know'd it the minit I sot eyes on you! Why, I says to Jack this mornin', says I, I don't b'lieve Twid 'l be satisfied ter leave thet there gun here; an' I told him ef yer came fer it, I guess you'd have to have it."

"An' what did he say ter that?" interrupted Twid, reluctant in the goodness of his heart to disappoint his friend.

"O, never you mind, Twid; Jack won't care," Mrs. Simms replied, reading his anxiety in his face. "Why, lawsakes, boy, it's your gun; you only lent it ter my Jack. Jist wait and I git it

for you ;” and she disappeared through the door, only to reappear a moment later with the beloved gun, held gingerly in front of her. With a cry of delight Twid took it, and then his face sobered up again : “ Jack won’t kere, will he ? ” and he looked anxiously at Jack’s mother.

“ Law, what a tender heart you’ve got, you dear boy ! It’s jist like your mar, Twid ; she was the tenderest-hearted critter I ever knew. But that wa’n’t nothing agin her, an’ it aint nothing agin you, Twid. I used ter laugh at her sometimes, she was that afraid of hurtin’ some one’s feelin’s, an’ she used ter laugh in thet quiet way o’ hern an’ quote thet Scriptur sayin’ ’bout loving your neighbor ; an’ she lived up to it, too. Why, there wus thet year she died, when Sally Ann’s baby wus tuk with dipthery, an’ she — ” ; but Mrs. Simms, lost in her retrospect of her dead friend, seemed to have forgotten Twid, until she was aroused by his uneasily moving toward the door, and looking up she saw the tears in his eyes. Hastily she dashed her hand over her own, and exclaimed : “ But, law, she an’ me wan’t no more alike than if twan’t us ! She wus jist as diff’rent from me as I be tother way ! Come now, boy, don’t do thet ! Where you goin’ now ? ”

“ I don’t zac’ly know yit,” Twid replied from the door-steps ; “ but I reckon I’ll git somewhar whar I’ll hev’ a chance to do something.”

“ Well, good-bye, an’ God bless you ! ” and Mrs. Simms put her arms around his neck and gave him a good motherly kiss.

Twid, with a boy’s dread of “ scenes,” hastily started down the steps, and was almost to the gate when Mrs. Simms’ voice stopped him. “ Say, Twid,” she called, “ you haven’t said good-bye up *there*, yit, have you ? ” and the laugh with which she accompanied her words made Twid blush clear up to the roots of his hair. He knew well what she meant by “ up there.” Up on the hill above the settlement, stood a house very different from its neighbors below. It was a goodly-sized cottage, neatly clapboarded and painted. A covered veranda went around three sides of the house, and its dazzling coat of white paint stood out in neat

contrast to the green lattice-work and shutters. This was the home of “ Squire ” Slatterly, who owned the saw-mills that gave birth to the settlement. Here the Squire and his wife had lived ever since the first year of Pineville’s existence. They had no children of their own, but two years before the opening of this story there had come to them a niece, a young girl of eighteen years, whose parents, dying in an Eastern city, had left her homeless. The good old Squire and his wife had opened their hearts to her, and she, fresh from the luxuries and gayeties of a city life, had entered into their quiet existence. It is needless to say that she proved a blessing to the aged couple. Full of life and animal spirits, she roused the old folks up out of the ruts of their peaceful, well-ordered existence, and her merry ways and lovable disposition took them by storm. In a very short time she usurped the household reins, and the Squire and his wife became her abject slaves. As for the good folk of Pineville, she was to them as a vision from another world. At first they were inclined to look upon her as one likely to hold herself above them, as their superior in attainments, and as one likely to laugh at their simple life and manners ; and as these are things that the mind of the free-born American rustic abhors, they were not inclined to be friendly. But she did nothing of the sort. She came among them, visited them, and sought their friendship with a simple, quiet dignity that could claim nothing for herself other than the respect of the woman-kind and the adoration of the men. She won friends everywhere, and created great commotion among the hearts of Pineville beaux. Twid Beeber was by no means the one among these last who was the least affected. Once acquainted with her, and his handsome face and quiet, earnest ways helped the attainment of this, he lost no opportunity that offered itself of being in her society. As for herself, Twid was a revelation to her. Entirely different from the men whom she had known in her city life, having none of their ease of manner and polished speech, still, Twid, in his earnestness of purpose and simple manli-

ness, did not suffer by the contrast. Their acquaintance ripened into friendship, and even into something deeper on Twid's part. She liked him better than the other boys of the settlement, and she showed it in her manner toward him. Perhaps there was something of the coquette in her disposition. It was certainly pleasant to know that this fellow, so strong in his quiet manhood, could be held subject to her slightest caprice. She was too much of a woman to be blind to his devotion to her, and there were times when she was disposed to humor him; times when she perhaps unconsciously led him on, only to reject it afterward. Trivial as such things might seem to her, they were full of the deepest meaning to Twid, and his great admiration for her strengthened into a love the depth of which even he did not divine.

But Twid's devotion was of a very quiet sort, and he never was demonstrative. His attitude toward her was always very respectful, and he never ventured to presume on their friendship. But his love for her had of late grown unmistakable, and she had become a little frightened at the result of her experimenting,—for it was experimenting, and nothing more. Almost unconsciously she had tried to see how completely under subjection she could get the big backwoodsman, and not until it was too late did she perceive what it was leading to. She had grown to like Twid very much, and to admire his sterling qualities; and now she suddenly awakened to the fact that she was trifling with a man who had a heart, and that she was doing an injury to one whom she liked. She resolved to show him as gently as possible his mistake, to carry herself with more reserve toward him, not doubting but that in time, his ardor once dampened, he would forget, and in time they might resume their old basis of friendship.

Twid, with all of a lover's quick intuition, perceived her change of manner toward him, and it stung him deeply. At first he could not understand it, and then he resented it. He had done nothing to merit coldness from her, and his pride was touched. His visits to the cottage became less frequent, and he avoided

meeting her. Then his father was taken sick, and Twid seldom went far from his bedside.

A week had intervened since his father's death, and Twid had not been near her. With his heart sick and sore under its double load of grief, he had resolved to go away and leave her to herself, as he imagined she wished to be. Now, as he stood by Mrs. Simms' little gate and looked up at the familiar cottage, he fancied he caught a glimpse of a white dress on the little lawn in front. In an instant his good resolution was shaken, and one look at Mrs. Simms' laughing face settled it.

Waving his hand in good-bye to her, he stepped outside the gate, turned to shut it, and then, facing about, he started up the hill, his gun on his shoulder.

May Slatterly was on the little grass-plot in front of the veranda, trimming some rose-bushes that grew between the gravel walk and the porch. She looked very pretty in her simple dress of some filmy white material, with a single red rose at her throat. She kept busily at her task, but her thoughts were not upon it. She was thinking of Twid. Some one had told her that he was going away to-day, and she wondered if he would come and say good-bye to her. He had not been there for weeks, and she had had plenty of time to think over the events of the year since she had known him. How she had grown to almost despise herself, and what would she not have given to undo it all. Twid's long silence hurt her more than his reproaches had. It seemed to her very like contempt, and it had grown to be almost unbearable. If he would only come and say something to her, even if it was only to reproach her, it would be better than this (as it seemed to her) contemptuous silence. But now he was going away,—going without giving her a chance to vindicate herself; going with his heart full of bitterness and contempt for her, and it was unbearable. Slowly the tears came into her eyes, and leaning her head against the lattice-work, she cried as if her heart would break.

There was a slight noise behind her, and

turning quickly around she saw Twid! There, with just the narrow walk between them, he stood leaning on his long gun, his eyes fixed upon her. She was startled to see how changed he was. The events of the past few weeks had paled his bronzed face, and brought great black rings under his eyes.

She could not speak. She had expected reproaches, and perhaps harsh words, but in the face she saw before her, there was nothing but weariness, and the eyes that looked at her were perhaps a little sad. Her first feeling was that of gladness that he had come; her second, resentment that he had seen her in tears, actually crying, *and for him too?* After this it was easy to recover her composure, and in a moment she stood before him, calmly waiting for him to speak. Thus were her good resolutions flung to the winds.

Twid was the first to break the silence.

"What's the matter, Miss May?" he asked, quietly, although she could see that he was trembling.

"Nothing of any consequence, Twid," she replied; "I—I pricked my fingers on a rose-thorn, that was all."

Twid was looking straight at her, and somehow or other she felt that he did not believe her. Summoning all her courage, she crossed over to him.

"Twid," she said, "why have you not been to see me in all these weeks?"

Twid started, and his pale face flushed. With a quick motion he bared his head, and took a step away from her. "Miss May, don't you know?" he exclaimed, and then he turned and faced her. "Ah! why do you ask me sich a question?" he cried, passionately. "There ain't no one knows why as well as you do! You know, an' you know'd it then, that I—that I,—O Miss May! I can't say it, but you know what it is! An' then when you treated me so cold like, I couldn't stand it. It seemed ter me ter be the same as sayin' that you was tired of me, an', an'—well, I jist *couldn't* come no more!" May's face was very white now, as she came up to him and laid her hand on his arm.

"Twid," she said, and her voice trembled, "I want to ask you to forgive me for — for treating you that way, but I did it all for the best. Some day you will see that it is so. Can't you see!" she exclaimed almost passionately, as Twid made no sign whatever that he had heard, "can't you see that — that I didn't love you? that I was trying to show you that I did not?"

Slowly Twid took her hand from his arm, and let it drop to her side.

"Miss May," he said, and his voice was strangely quiet, "I came up here to say good-bye; I'm goin' away. Will you wish me a good journey?" and he held out his hand.

May leaned against the lattice for support. Mechanically she held her hand out to him, but her dry lips refused to frame the words he asked.

He waited a moment, and then suddenly raising her hand to his lips, he turned abruptly away and strode down the path.

Then May's power of speech came back to her. Rushing after him she cried: "Twid! Twid! Have you nothing to say to me? Nothing to do for me?"

Twid stopped and turned around. "There ain't nothing I kin say to you, Miss May, and I don't reckon there's much I kin do for you; but if ever there is anything I kin do for you or yourn, I'll do it. Good-bye;" and once more Twid turned and strode down the hill.

May, standing where he had left her, watched him until he disappeared among the trees. Then retracing her way to the little veranda she sank down on the steps, and Twid, watching her from the edge of the woods at the foot of the hill, felt a great sob rising in his throat, and turned hastily away.

II.

It is toward the close of an autumn day, two years later. The setting sun, about to disappear behind the low line of hills in the West, sends its parting rays down the only street of a Nevada mining town. The dingy fronts of the rough buildings are softly gilded, and the win-

dow-panes reflect a deep red glare. Groups of miners, clad in the nondescript picturesque garb of the Western frontier, are scattered along, up and down the street. These men, scattered during the day on the claims and mines which occupy the surrounding hills and gullies, enjoy this quiet hour between sunset and dark as only hard-working men can. Here, at the close of their day's toil, they meet to talk and discuss the scant bits of news that reach their isolated little town with the advent of a new-comer or the bi-weekly stage.

On this particular evening, by far the largest group is gathered under a crude awning which hangs from the front of a building a trifle more pretentious than its fellows. Over the awning is painted, in great sprawling letters, "Palace Hotel." Through the open window a fat Dutchman dispenses beer and vile whiskey to the crowd.

One of the group, setting his glass upon the window-ledge, turns and saunters carelessly away from the crowd. As he does so, a bit of paper is slipped into his hand by some one in the group.

A look of surprise comes into his face, but as quickly disappears; and thrusting his hands into his pockets, he makes his way slowly down the street. He is a young fellow, tall and stalwart, with a handsome smooth-shaven face and bright gray eyes. He continues his way down the street, and enters one of the houses near the end of it.

Closing the door, he seats himself at a table and spreads the paper, which was slipped into his hand before him, and reads it, slowly spelling the words out to himself.

"Dear Twid," it begins, "we are in danger, and no time must be lost! The gang have in some way discovered us, and even now are preparing to make it hot for us. I say *us*, but, however, the danger does not menace you and I immediately, although it probably will soon. For you to be able to understand this I must make some explanations: you have thought that I am the only one at work on this job; but the fact is, there is another who has been work-

ing up the case, who is the one who is really doing the work, and my position toward him is much the same as yours toward me. When, a year or so ago, I took you into my confidence, and set you to work on the case, he decided that it would be best that you should not know of his connection with us. This was a matter of precaution, and did not necessarily imply distrust of you, Twid. However, he has been the real actor in the work. He came here and got acquainted with this region and the people. He became acquainted with the members of the gang of distillers and counterfeiters, and finally succeeded in joining them. Step by step he has followed them up, until now he has completed his chain of evidence against them. But it has been a fearful risk. They are a desperate lot, and discovery meant almost certain death. You and I have had little to do in the matter, but now the time has come for us to act. The Government official who has risked his life in his attempt to break up the gang, is John Surbiton. He has been discovered at almost the last moment, and the chances are that unless something is done, and done quickly, he will have a hard time of it. The gang are furious; they have had a meeting this afternoon. The case is a desperate one for them, and if it comes to their safety and his life, it is easy to see which they choose. As I said, they have had a meeting at the distillery in the old mine; the men are terribly excited, and I feel sure that they will kill Surbiton if they can.

"Now, what you are to do is this: As soon as you have read this tear it up. Go to Surbiton's house and ask to see him. You can do this without exciting suspicion; I cannot. The gang half suspect me, and I am closely watched. So you see it all depends upon you.

"Surbiton knows you, and whatever you say to him he will know comes from me. You must warn him of his danger. Tell him to be on his guard to-night. If he is called away, by a note or messenger, he must not go, for if once he leaves that house to-night he will never come back to it. For God's sake be careful, Beeber! His life rests in your hands; you had better

keep watch, and if he should undertake to leave the house he must be prevented in some way. Now, be quick, and above all be careful!

Yours, B——."

Twid carefully read the note over again, and then tearing it into fine bits, threw them into the fireplace.

After having taken a revolver from his pocket and carefully examined the chambers, he replaced it, and putting on his hat went out.

He had not changed much in the two years since he left Pineville. He had become, perhaps somewhat taller, and the boyish lines of his face had hardened, until it was a trifle set in its expression.

Now, as he hurried along, it was evident that the strange note worried him. He realized the risk he was about to run; he well knew the quick and terrible vengeance this gang, who were the scourge of the region, visited on those foolhardy enough to cross their path. Although he was no coward, his heart misgave him tonight, and he had a feeling, a vague sort of presentiment, that the night was going to bring forth trouble. He stopped, on the very outskirts of the town, at a house which had two stories, and was painted. Going up to the door he knocked. Presently it was opened by an old negress, who stuck her head through the opening, and, eyeing him askance, asked what he wanted.

Pushing roughly past her, Twid entered the hall, and shut the door after him. "Is Mr. Surbiton in?" he demanded.

"Yes, sah, he am. You jist step in dar, an' I'll go tell him that Misto— Misto——"

"Never you mind," interrupted Twid, sternly; "tell him a man wants to see him on important business!"

The negress shuffled off down the hall, and Twid entered the room that did duty as parlor and office; for Surbiton disguised his real occupation by tendering medical aid to the few who needed it.

Twid seated himself in a chair and looked around him. It was fast growing dark now, and objects in the room were not easily distinguished.

On a stand by the window, however, was a photograph of a woman resting on an easel. This caught Twid's eye, and as he looked at it, even from across the room, it had a familiar look. Going over to the window he took up the picture, and a sudden exclamation escaped him as he looked at it.

For a minute or more he stood silently looking into the face; slowly the tears came into his eyes, and raising the picture to his lips he kissed it. Suddenly he started back; his lips were tightly pressed together, and his breath came thick and fast. Leaning close to the window he read the fine writing on the card, "To Jack, with much love, from May."

With an oath Twid hurled the picture to the floor! The room was dark now, and he could scarcely see. Turning, he strode to the door; with his hand on the knob he stopped.

"Tell him? Never!" came from between his clenched teeth, and in another instant he was gone. . . .

It was past midnight. The moon, clear and full, rose majestically above the trees, and spread a weird light along the highway. The branches swayed and creaked before the night-wind, and the turning leaves fell in silent showers.

From away off down the ravine came, clear and distinct, a long-drawn-out bird-call, and from the slope on the left came an answer. After a short silence it was heard again, but this time much nearer, and when the answer came it was from the woods above the highway. Then the shrill notes came at quicker intervals, and soon were heard from all sides.

Suddenly above them came another sound, the sound of a galloping horse. Nearer and nearer it came, until, around a sharp bend in the road, just where it entered the ravine, appeared a horse and rider. The horse slackened his gait to a walk, and advanced leisurely down the road. The rider, apparently lost to his surroundings, has his head bowed forward toward the loose bridle-rein lying across the pommel. He is aroused from his thoughts by a shrill bird-call which rings out on the air from the ravine

below. The horse, too, pricks up his ears, and comes to a standstill. The call is followed by another, and then another, each one a little nearer, until,—hark! what is that new sound? It is the sound of a running horse. Nearer, and nearer it comes. “Gad! he’s coming like the wind,” mutters the solitary horseman, and he wheels his horse about to face the new-comer. The hoof-beats grow louder and louder, until, with a thundering sound, horse and rider flash in sight around the bend. On they come, a great black horse straining every nerve, while his rider lies forward almost on his neck. At the same time there comes a noise of many horses coming rapidly up the ravine. With a shout, the rider of the big black pulls him up, so suddenly that he almost falls back on to his haunches.

“Fly, for your life! quick, or it will be too late!” cries the new-comer. “For God’s sake, man! Don’t you hear ’em comin’?”

“But you,” cried the other, “what will you do?”

“Never mind me; I’m safe enough. But they’ll kill you. They’re the moonshiners. Come on now, for your life!” and suiting the action to the word the horseman turned the black, and sticking the spurs deep into his sides, he gave the other horse a fearful cut with his whip. With a bound the horse started and went down the road like the wind, and the big black was close behind him. A hundred yards in the rear came a galloping crowd of horsemen.

Suddenly the big black stumbled, and over his head went his rider.

With a yell, the pursuers quickened their speed, and closed in on the prostrate form on the road.

Suddenly the figure sprang to his feet, and ran to the black horse who had stopped a few yards beyond; with a spring he was in the saddle, and turning, he raised the revolver in his hand and fired point-blank into the advancing crowd. Instantly there was an answering volley, and with an awful scream of pain the big black went down, carrying his rider with him;

the next instant the pursuers were upon them. But the quiet figure lying half under the big black horse made no sign of life. Eagerly they gathered around him, and some one lit a match and held it to his face. Then a howl of baffled rage went up from many throats, “Boys, it ain’t him at all! We’ve killed the wrong man!”

“Who is it?” some one asked.

And the reply came in a softened voice, “Boys, it’s too bad; it’s Twidsey Beeber!”

CARL ERNST.

Noticeable Articles.

THE *English National Review* contains one more of the innumerable successful attacks on Lord Macaulay’s crumbling and decaying reputation for accuracy and veracity. Historical students have long known that no historical statement of his can be taken without a good indorser; and as a literary critic no one any longer takes him very seriously. It must be a very youthful reader who now admires the style of his once famous essay on Milton; what a real and genuine critic thinks of it may be seen in Matthew Arnold’s paper, entitled, “A French Critic of Milton,” where he pays his respects to Macaulay while he deals with M. Seherer. One by one his various essays have been dissected, and the misrepresentations which abound in his History shown up. No one will trust the brilliant essay on Warren Hastings since the publication of Sir James Stephen’s damaging book, “Nuncomar, and the Impeachment of Sir Elijah Impey.” His shallow estimate of Johnson, and his absurd theory that Boswell succeeded in writing the best biography in the English language simply by virtue of his being a great fool, were long ago answered in Carlyle’s fine paper on the old Doctor. If any one wants to read a scathing and most amusing piece of criticism, let him turn to “Evenings with a Reviewer,” by the learned biographer and editor of Lord Bacon, Mr. Spedding, and see what the man who knew most about the great philosopher thought about one of the writers who knew least. If any one still puts implicit confidence in his History, let him read in Mr. Paget’s “New Examen” the account of Macaulay’s treatment of William Penn, and the other historical misrepresenta-

tions which that acute writer showed up. In fact, it seems high time that in the interests of historical and literary truth, an annotated edition of Macaulay should be published; for the mischief he does is in proportion to the brilliancy of his style, and the confidence with which he puts forth his prejudices or careless misrepresentations. I could furnish from my own note-books a heap of memoranda of passages collected in the course of reading with other objects in view, where now this and now that writer has taken occasion to show up Macaulay.

It has long been known that his attack on Croker's edition of Boswell was the fruit of bitter personal and political hostility to that editor, the "savage," the "asp," the "polecat," whom he seems positively to have hated; and his bitterness against it and its author is something almost ludicrous. He calls it "a worthless edition, some sheets of which may have been seen round parcels of better books." One would hardly believe that this was the edition which, from that time to this, has continued to sell by the thousand, and till very recently has been reckoned the very best edition of that famous biography, and the foundation on which all others have been built. But the reading world did not know before the publication of this new paper, that Macaulay's entertaining article about Madame D'Arblay was the fruit of the same bitter hatred of Croker, and was almost from beginning to end filled with misrepresentations. It seems that in the publication of Madame D'Arblay's Memoirs, Croker wrote a damaging review of them, and that Macaulay's article, which immediately followed it, is simply a masked attack upon Croker, and one in which the position of Miss Burney at court, the character of Miss Burney herself, the character of the Queen, and the incidents quoted from Miss Burney's diary, are all so misrepresented that, as our writer says, "we can only acquit him of falsehood by imputing to him gross carelessness." In another place he says, respecting some assertion of Macaulay's, "I do not remember ever to have met with another instance in which a critic, while professing careful search through a volume, has hazarded a statement which each of three several entries proves distinctly to be false."

Of course I am not maintaining here the absurd paradox that Macaulay's works are nothing but one mass of error. He was, in his way, a great writer, and his way is a very captivating one, but one sometimes feels like cautioning the careful student

against reading him, just as one cautions a beginner in history against reading Buckle's extraordinary mass of paradoxes and crudities, though the student who knows enough not to be misled, can get much even out of Buckle. As our present critic says: "Macaulay's Essays must ever remain a standard work. His style is so clear, his presentation of facts so vivid, his arguments so cogent, that the reader is at once captivated. Never doubting the correctness of his own opinions, never allowing that anything worthy of notice can be said on the other side,—this most trenchant of writers supplies a perfect instance in literature of Horace's saying that the self-confident man is the leader. . . . It seems impossible not to sit down at the feet of so decided a teacher. One naturally accepts his axioms, and finds his conclusions irresistible; and on many subjects we may safely trust his guidance."

On how many might be a curious question. One of his contemporaries said of him, "I wish I was as cock-sure of anything as Tom Macaulay is of everything." To careless readers it does not matter. If the facts are different, so much the worse for the facts, they say. If this is not the true Bacon, or the true Sir Elijah Impey, or the true Fanny Burney, here at least are very amusing ones. Nevertheless, if Macaulay is to last, there will have to be an annotated edition; only the task of annotating and correcting him would be gigantic. W. P. A.

The Mad, Mad Muse.

Out on the margin of moonshine land

Tickle me, love, in these lonesome ribs;
Out where the Whing-Whang loves to stand,
Writing his name with his tail in the sand,
And wipes it out with the ogerish hand—
Tickle me, love, in these lonesome ribs.

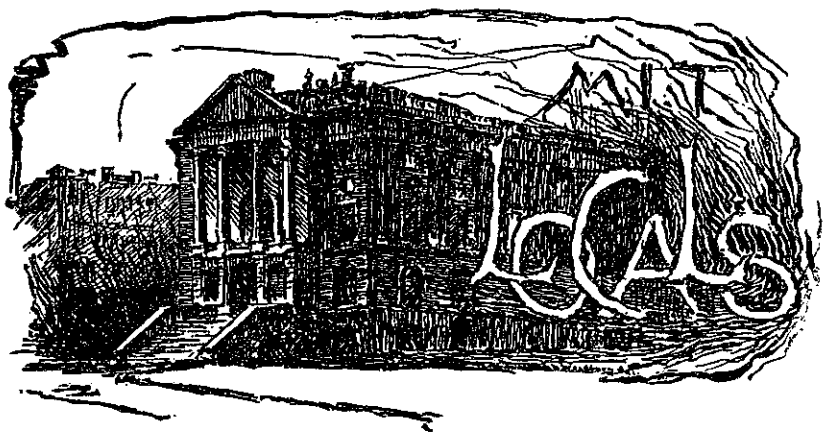
Is it the gibber of gungs and keeks?

Tickle me, love, in these lonesome ribs;
Or what is the sound the Whing-Whang seeks
Crouching low by winding creeks,
And holding his breath for weeks and weeks?
Tickle me, love, in these lonesome ribs.

Annoint him the wealthiest of wraithy things!

Tickle me, love, in these lonesome ribs.
'Tis a fair Whing-Whangess with phosphor rings,
And bridal jewels of fangs and stings,
As she sits and as sadly and softly sings
As the mildewed whir of her own dead wings—

Tickle me, dear, tickle me here;
Tickle me, love, in these lonesome ribs.—*Ex.*



Have you begun to grind for the Semies yet? It's about time for the Senior Ball committee to be chosen.

The Freshman tug-of-war team has been nicknamed the "bluebirds."

The Faculty granted the petition for a holiday on the Saturday before Christmas.

The Freshmen did not win a single event at the recent games. Brace up, '91!

Mr. G. O. Draper, '87, has been confined to his home with a severe attack of diphtheria.

It is a singular coincidence that there are just 89 cuts, counting in the cover, in '89's "Technique."

The electric lights in the buildings are now an assured fact, and have been put up in Kidder.

The Senior Class recently visited the Watertown Arsenal, with Professor Lanza, to inspect the testing machines there.

W. M. Duane, '89, has been unanimously elected captain of next year's foot-ball team, by the members of this year's eleven.

An afternoon party was given at the "gym." on Saturday, December 24th, under the auspices of the Societies of '88, '89, and '90.

Messrs. Mauran and Wales, having now finished their work on "Technique," will resume their work on the editorial board of THE TECH.

At a recent meeting of the Board of Directors of THE TECH, it was decided to have THE TECH on delivery in the new building on the date of its appearance.

The exhibition of photographs by the M. I. T. Photographic Society was much enjoyed last year. It is to be hoped that the Society will soon have another.

The Society of Arts met at the Institute on December 22d. Mr. Wm. Stanley, Jr., read a paper on Recent Improvements in Systems of Electrical Distribution.

The Miners recently had a 33-hour roast in the Lab. to expel sulphur from an ore, and have since been engaged in the pleasant occupation of making bricks of the fine ore.

The students of Technology, Miss Ireland's young ladies, and the Sisters of St. Margaret, make quiet old Louisburg Square a picturesque and animated spot.—*Boston Record*.

Eighty-nine still holds the Institute championship in the tug-of-war. Their anchor, Pierce, is by far the best at the Tech., and probably the equal of any anchor in the country.

A meeting of the local members of the American Institute of Mining Engineers was held in Rogers 15, Dec. 16th, to make arrangements for the winter meeting of the Institute in this city.

Owing to the uncertainty of the time when the eleven will be photographed, we are unable to promise the photogravure for any special number. The editors greatly regret that it was impossible to have it in this.

Much regret was expressed by the '88 men that their team had no chance to pull in the recent games. All preferred that their team should have been badly beaten, as it probably would have been, than to be defeated by a "fluke," as was the case.

A mass-meeting was called December 20th in Room 15, to petition for a holiday on Saturday. A. T. Bradley, '88, the president of the Senior class, presided. A committee of four, consisting of the Class presidents, was appointed to confer with General Walker, and take the necessary steps for making the petition. About 150 were present at the meeting, from all classes.



"MY DEAR, CAN'T YOU INT'DUSHE ME'T ZIS GHEN'LEMIN. I UN'SHITAN' HE'S FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY."

Our biblical editor has hunted up the following quotations, which he thinks are timely, on account of the approaching examinations:—

"Thou shalt not pass."—Numbers xx. 18.

"Suffer not a man to pass."—Judges iii. 28.

"The wicked shall no more pass."—Nahum i. 15.

"None shall ever pass."—Isaiah xxxiv. 10.

"This generation shall no more pass."—Mark xiii. 20.

"Though they roar they cannot pass."—Jer. v. 22.

Considerable amusement was afforded a num-

ber of small gamin the afternoon after the mass-meeting, by snowballing a number of the fellows on the steps. A raid was made, which resulted in the capture of four of the young rascals, one valiant football man catching two of them. They were taken into the building and escorted to the ore vaults, where they were left to meditate on the wickedness of their ways.

Eighty-nine has now adopted a motto similar to '87's slogan, which was, "'87 does the right thing, as usual." We will now probably have it dinned into our ears every day that "'89 has done her duty, as usual."

Death and taxes have hitherto been regarded as the only two inevitables, but lately the "kicking" of a Senior has been added to the list.

The Photographic Society have succeeded in obtaining special rates from Allen & Rowell on printing, and French & Co. on general supplies.

There is no reason why Wason should not break the Intercollegiate record at the running high-kick, with proper training of body, and courage.

December 17th the Society of '90 had its second annual dinner at the Tremont House. The dinner passed off very successfully, about thirty-five men being present.

The executive committee of the Athletic Club met on the 20th, and decided upon Saturday, March 3d, as the day for holding the spring in-door meeting,— open to members of the Institute, J. & A. A., B. Y. M. C. A., and B. Y. M. C. U. It is hoped to secure Winslow's rink or the Mechanics' building for these games, which always draw a large crowd.

The Senior Class held a protracted meeting, December 22d, in Room 26, Rogers. After considerable discussion, Holland and Roberts were chosen for Class Photographers. The question of Class-day exercises was then brought up; and although the large majority of the men were in favor of following in '87's footsteps, the meeting was very much lengthened by an attempt to reduce the number of the Class-day committee and entirely alter its duties, so that it would really have nothing to do. Finally, the motion as first put was carried. It was decided to have a committee of fifteen, one man from each course, and the remainder at large. This committee is to make all arrangements for Class Day, and elect the Class-day officers, who shall carry out the programme arranged by the Committee. It was thought that by this method of choice the men best suited for the positions would be chosen, and that more consideration would be given the matter by the Committee than the Class could. When this arrangement was finally agreed upon, it was too late to elect officers, and the meeting was adjourned a week.

M. I. T. A. C.

THE Athletic Club held its in-door winter meeting in the gymnasium, Saturday, December 17th, and many interesting contests took place. M. Durfee, '89, acted as clerk, of course, and W. E. Davis was referee. F. Clement, of Harvard, officiated as referee of sparring, and Mr. Herrick, '88, and Mr. Kelley, of Harvard medical, as judges. The handicap fence vault was the first event, the contestants being H. G. Gross, '88, R. C. Williams, '89, J. C. De Bullet, '90, and H. G. Bradlee, '91. Williams won, vaulting 6 ft. 7 in.; Bradlee second, 6 ft. 5½ in.

In the standing high jump, L. C. Wason, '90, and C. R. Edgerton, '90, entered, the former winning at 4 ft. 7 in. Fault was found with Edgerton's mode of jumping, and he was unable to do well under the restrictions imposed.

J. C. De Bullet, '90, put the shot 33 ft. 6½ in., and won this event, H. G. Gross, '88, entering as company. L. C. Wason, '90, won the running high jump, with a leap of 5 ft. 2 in. L. C. Edgerton, '90, cleared 4 ft. 8½ in. H. Adams, '89, and Z. W. Bliss, '89, entered for the fencing, and the former won by two points in a contest of four minutes. L. C. Edgerton, '90, retired at 8 ft. 3 in. in the running high kick, but L. C. Wason, '90, succeeded in touching the pan at 9 ft., thereby breaking the Institute record of 8 ft. 9½ in., made by himself last March. The Sophomores and Freshmen next contested in the tug-of-war, the teams being: '90, C. H. Alden, E. L. Hamilton, P. H. Tracy, J. C. De Bullet (anchor); '91, C. Garrison, M. Lyman, B. Willard, J. A. Rooney (anchor). '90 had a slight advantage at the drop, which was increased as the five minutes passed, time being called with '90 the winner, by 6½ in.

Shortly the Senior and Junior teams appeared, and took their places along the cleats. The teams: '88, H. F. Pierce, R. Devens, H. G. Gross, A. S. Garfield (anchor); '89, F. W. Ranno, J. N. Bulkley, A. M. Forristall, F. L. Pierce (anchor). On the first drop the '88 anchor was on the floor at the word, so another trial was ordered by the referee. Through a

misunderstanding the second drop resulted unfortunately, and '89 was awarded the pull. The sparring followed closely after, and the first bout was in the middle-weight class, between A. L. Williston, '89, and W. B. Thurber, '89. Three close rounds were fought, at the end of which Thurber was decided the better.

Then followed a contest between W. G. Wui-chet, '89, and E. L. Hamilton, '90, also middle-weights. Hamilton did the best work from the start, and was awarded the bout. In the final bout of the middle-weight Thurber withdrew, and in consequence Hamilton was declared winner in his class. The feather-weights, B. F. Wilson, '89, and J. L. Batchelder, '90, fought an interesting bout, which was awarded to the Sophomore. The final bout of the afternoon was between C. L. Holmes, '88, and A. P. Gaines, '88, and was very lively at times. A fourth round was necessary for decision, the bout being finally awarded to Gaines. The last event of the afternoon was the tug-of-war between '89 and '90, the winner of the trial pulls. '89 gained a little at the drop, but the rope remained near the scratch for the first two minutes. Then as De Bullet came up to heave, Pierce caught him, and the former was unable to straighten out. '89 made good use of this opportunity, and took in rope rapidly; when time was called the rope was 2 ft. 7½ in. in favor of the Juniors.

Over two hundred and fifty people witnessed the events, which, though tame at times, were very good for a closed meeting, and the program was carried out without a hitch.

College Notes.

Columbia has 1,662 students.

Syracuse University has an alumni association in Japan.

It is said that \$440 is the average expenditure for the college year.

The Princeton examinations are held in the Gymnasium this year.

Within five months Harvard has received gifts aggregating \$3,000,000.

The average student at Brown studies but twelve hours weekly.—*Brunonian*.

Bowdoin has decided to withdraw from the Intercollegiate Athletic Association.

There are about thirty-five candidates training daily for the Harvard Freshman crew.

Keefe, of the New Yorks, will train the candidates for the Amherst nine this winter.

There is talk of erecting dormitories at Cornell. The college papers and the students favor the plan.

The new gymnasium at Trinity contains a small theatre, which will be used for college literary exercises.

The number of students in schools of science in this country in 1875, was 7,157, while in 1885 there were 17,086.

F. M. Russell, of Bowdoin College, has made a lift of 1,170 pounds, which is the best ever made under the Sargent System.

According to the *Boston Herald*, tug-of-war contests are slowly but surely being eliminated from the best-conducted gymnasiums throughout the country.

There is to be a public toboggan slide built on the Union Athletic Grounds in Boston. There will be two slides in opposite directions, after the Russian style.—*Crimson*.

The proposed new gymnasium for Yale will be built of brown stone trimmed by some lighter material, and will cost \$300,000. The plans have been approved, but President Dwight has not definitely granted the proposed corner lot diagonally opposite Peabody Museum.—*Ex*.

The Yale Freshmen statistics show the class to be in remarkably good physical condition. The average height is 5 ft. 7¾ in.; average chest capacity, 240 cubic inches; average age, 18 years, 7 months, and 21 days. Thirty-nine per cent of the fathers are merchants, twenty-eight in general business, twenty-six lawyers, and twenty-three manufacturers. Fifteen per cent of the class use tobacco. In the Sheffield Scientific School twenty-five per cent of the Freshmen use tobacco.



Very Pious Young Lady.—"HERE, MY POOR FELLOW, IS A COPY OF THE HOLY BIBLE, TO TEACH YOU TO LEAD A HIGHER AND A BETTER LIFE HEREAFTER."

Inebriated Individual.—"WELL, YER SEE, MUM, DE ONLY OBJECSHUN I HAS TO DE BIBLE AS A LITTOOARY WORK IS DAT IT CONTAINS NO SENTIMENT, NO LOVE, NOR COURTSHIP. YER SEE, I'M ONE ER THESE ERE ROMANTIC CUSSES, I AM. DE FACT IS, I HAS DE ERMAGERNATIVE TEMPIMENT, MUM,—DE ERMAGERNATIVE TEMPIMENT."