ills that student flesh is heir to," our numbers were reduced to twenty-nine. Amongst our losses we had to count our pale, flaxen-haired but mighty youth, who now doth reside at West Point; our Wisconsin giant; —

"Ful big he was of brawn and eek of bone";

our inquisitive friend, —

"Ful long were his legges and ful lene,
All like a staff; ther was no calf y-sene";

and many others.

The Soph. year passed only too rapidly; likewise did the Junior. Quiet years they were, too; — saddened once by the departure of our literary prodigy, about whom we can only say, —

"'Tis known he could speak Greek —
As naturally as pigs squeak."

Throughout those two years we bent all our energy towards the attainment of that wretched — when missed — little word of six letters. A few, however, we must except, and especially one, — a most noble mechanical, who, through his superabundant caoutchouc properties, kept the athletic banner of the class waving high above all, and does now. All praise to him!

With the departure of these two years, we left behind us our physics, with its beautiful centimetre-gram-second system; our mining, with its kind chaudrons and plunger pumps; our architecture, with its contracts, specifications, and constructions; our logic, which, like the pre-historic trilobites, has never since its day been seen; our chemical theories and Deutsch translations; our French; our German; our calculus; and last, with bitter pangs of regret, that which had been the salve for our lacerated hearts, we left, to its perpetual repetition, Gresham’s law, Matthew Arnold’s poetry, and McCarthy’s history. Alas! alas! we ne’er more shall hear the beautiful words of our orator, which sparkled and foamed and in vapor were o’er; nor the learned phrases of our savant, which seemed to work themselves out from filtering recesses of thought and of lore. All, all are now but fleeting shadows of the past.

Mark the change. Though lessened in numbers to but twenty-four, with what alacrity and joy we prepared for the final struggle; with what restless energy we strode on, leaving month after month behind us, till at last, — yes, at last that 10th of May came, and with its going went the last wrestle with thesis paper. Now for exams., — few, but terrible, and soon consigned to their proper fate, leaving us free, but anxious. Don’t mention it. Would that that fearful F had never been born!

Two important points can we claim precedence for in our Senior year, — the agitation and attention called to the school’s defective fire apparatus and escapes, and the opposition shown towards the tendency of some of the younger classes to go off in a body to plays, whereby discredit might be brought upon the whole school.

The class as it stands today is in many respects peculiar. As a class of but twenty-four, with an average age of twenty-one years and ten months; an average height of five feet eight inches, with extremes six feet four inches and five feet two inches; with an average weight of one hundred and forty-three and one half pounds, and extremes two hundred pounds and one hundred and four pounds; with hats averaging in size No. 7; with no left-handedness; with but three cases of nearsightedness; with no prominent whiskers, but mustachios, — oh, my! from petits traces of down to immense possibilities; with but six users of tobacco; with eight total abstainers, and the rest practical temperance men; with but twelve dancers; with all holding religious views, the variations of which no pen could describe; with extreme individuality; and with but an average of one condition apiece for the four years, — we stand forth congratulating ourselves that, physically, morally, and intellectually, we are as well off as a class could well be.

Especially do we pride ourselves that two of our number are young ladies, — justly proud, too, for in this age of progression, when equality is rightly claimed, we have had conclusive proof of their equality, Miss Hardaker to the contrary.