Smelting of Native Copper, Dean William Park, Newton, Mass.
Treatment of Copper Residue for Gold, Silver, Copper, and Lead, William Lewis Puffer, West Newton, Mass.
Included Copper in Calumet Sand, William James Rich, Pembroke, Me.
Water Jacket Furnace, Franklin Batchelder Richards, Somerville, Mass.
Metallurgical Treatment of the Vershire Copper Ore to a High Grate Matte, Theodore Winthrop Robinson, Wareham, Mass.
Extraction of Gold and Silver from Copper Residue, Alfred Stebbins, Jr., Boston, Mass.
Refining of Black Copper, Elliot Torrey Sturgis, Boston, Mass.

Architects.
Design for a Church and Theological School, Samuel Marshall Ilsley, Milwaukee, Wis.

Chemists.
Action of Isobulyric Acid on Aniline, Fred. Leslie Bardwell, B. S., Minneapolis, Minn.
The Separation of the Phosphates of Calcium, Henry Alger Boardman, Melrose, Mass.
Experiments upon the Freezing of Dilute Saline Solutions, Alice Irving Brown, Roxbury, Mass.
The Ethyl Tolnidines, Roscoe Leland Chase, Lowell, Mass.
Action of the Halogen Acids upon Allyl Alcohol, Augustus Herman Gill, Canton, Mass.
Oxidation of Benzol, James Gordon Holder, Lynn, Mass.
Etherification, Charles Oliver Prescott, Westford, Mass.
Action of Neutral Salts on Metals, Josiah Peterson Ryder, East Boston, Mass.
Action of Phosphorous Bromide on Isobutyl Alcohol, Amy Maria Stantial, Melrose, Mass.

The Story of a Supernumerary.
It was my first year at college. I had been brought up in the strict and proper way in which many New England boys are, and as a consequence there was a good deal in the world for me to see. I was almost afraid to enjoy myself thoroughly for fear of doing wrong, but this feeling gradually wore away. My friends had fortunately been well chosen, thanks partly to my family and partly to my natural tastes. One evening some of the fellows suggested that we go in town to the theatre to see the great spectacular presentation of “Cosmos,” which was then attracting crowded houses. The project was hailed with a chorus of assent and was modified only in that we decided to go on as “supes” in order to see the interesting machinery behind the scenes,—in fact, to see how they managed things in general behind there. We went, and by great good fortune and a little judicious talking, my chum and I got a good position behind the front wings and had no work to do, while the rest of the fellows were slaving around as wrecked sailors in baggy trousers, or as porters to put baggage on the steamer. One fellow was immensely tall, and by a queer freak of fate he had on a suit which was made for a man four sizes smaller. We had a very good time all in all,—oh, I had almost forgotten to mention that there was a ballet connected with the performance.

After the performance was ended, we went home, but Alan Duane and I had foxily secured yellow tickets to go on another night. At the appointed hour we presented ourselves, were admitted, and I soon after was drafted for a sailor boy, but Alan escaped and disappeared, I know not where (he afterwards said he had enjoyed the evening’s entertainment). I went down to put on the costume with my brother sailors and there gave the “boss of the supes” a couple of cigars which I had previously carefully selected for the purpose in order to secure his cooperation and to get on his right side; but I think they must have been strong or something and have embittered his character,—at least I thought so a little later on. We were all packed