Dizzy, however, in the face of obstacles, did not cease to meet her beau openly and honestly, as she did everything. Every Sunday morning she was escorted to church by her lover, when he would strut up the street, ring the door-bell and walk off with Dizzy on his arm. It was a fine sight to see the two,—Dizzy the very acme of respectability, her beau in every respect the opposite. His shoes flapped from his heels as he walked, displaying not, as a general thing, stockings, but their absence. A deep worn fringe at the bottom of his trousers enhanced the effect. Himself the smallest of men, he wore a threadbare frockcoat that must have been cut for a giant. Upon the expansive shoulders was dust of various and peculiar kinds,—hay-seed and sawdust, flour and street dust lay there in picturesquely irregular masses.

Yet there was something about the man very aggressively prepossessing. One shook his dirty hand with a surety that it was clean. From his walk, one knew in a moment that he had an immense self-respect. In his blear red eyes shone an unmistakably honest and pure light. His mouth, sadly encroached upon by wrinkles, and overhung by a scraggly, stiff mustache, that looked as if it had been gnawed by rats, nevertheless told a very pleasant story of sensibility and tender good-nature.

Dizzy’s beau had one failing, like other great men before him. A sign in a saloon window possessed an irresistible seductiveness for him. Once within the door and all was lost. Ten to one the old fellow awoke in the morning in the lock-up. A short visit to the Island—merely a little social duty—ended the escapade, and, wretcheder than ever, the poor fellow was at liberty until the next time.

Anxious to see if there were any hopes of his making a passable husband for Dizzy, as husbands go, I got an introduction to him. To my surprise, I found him a man of no little cultivation; conversant with more than one language, he had acquired familiarity with literature, with art, with science; and his acquaintance with a number of prominent history makers enabled him to charm me with anecdote and description. It occurred to me that perhaps he won Dizzy’s heart as Othello won Desdemona’s.

The happiness of the ever-happy couple was consummated several years ago, at their marriage; and ever since that time the happiness has apparently never descended from that highest point. I never saw another couple so bound up in each other. Dizzy’s face wears a continual smile, perhaps of habit, but partly, I am sure, of contentment. As the years go by, her husband’s clothes grow less shabby, and more approximately a fit. His rough, seared countenance grows milder and healthier. His harsh mustache long ago became perfectly amenable to the softening influence to which, I suspect, it is pretty often subjected.

Blue Hill Observatory.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TECH:

You ask for an account of the work which I am doing on Blue Hill, which you say you have seen referred to in the daily papers. As these notices have been premature and ridiculous, I cannot do better than to send you, for publication in The Tech, the substance of a paper read by me at the first meeting of the New England Meteorological Society, recently held in this city.

Very truly yours,

A. LAWRENCE ROTCH.

BOSTON, Nov. 28, 1884.

The Blue Hills, situated in Norfolk County, Mass., are the nearest of the mountain ranges to Boston. Though the hills are not in reality high, the fact that the surrounding country is low makes the range count for its full height. Great Blue Hill, the highest of the range, has an elevation of six hundred and thirty-five feet, and is not only the highest land in Eastern Massachusetts, but is also the highest land on the Atlantic coast from Maine to Georgia. As Great Blue Hill exceeds the other hills in elevation by more than one hundred feet, it possesses the characteristics of an isolated peak, commanding an unbroken view of the horizon and sky within a radius of twenty-five miles. These fea-