Just then the clock on the shelf struck midnight.

STAVE TWO.

An irresistible power seemed to compel Scrooge to follow at the ghost's bidding. He had no time to snatch any covering as he was drawn out into the cold, frosty air; but he did not seem to feel its sting. Apparently he was floating along through a dark, fathomless vacancy, when gradually things began to make themselves distinguishable, and finally he perceived that he was in the well-known chemical laboratory, where he had passed so many dismal hours. Proceeding as though he was familiar with things here, the ghost now led the way down an innumerable number of stairs, — so it seemed to Scrooge, — through long halls and down more stairs, and finally out in the open air over to Rogers Building.

"Look," said the ghost, and with his right hand he waved a glass stirring-rod, which Scrooge had not noticed until now. Scrooge looked, and could he believe his eyes! a number of merry, laughing fellows were singing gay songs, and with joined hands were dancing about a young sapling.

"What is the meaning of this?" cried Scrooge, unable to repress his amazement, for he recognized himself among the crowd.

"Jolly Juniors," replied the ghost; "it is their class tree."

STAVE THREE.

As this faded from his view, the ghost took Scrooge by the arm, and again he seemed to be floating through immense space; but did his senses deceive him, for now he saw that he was walking through a large park, with beautiful, stately trees, which he knew must be the Common?

The ghost touched Scrooge on the shoulder, and pointed to the left. There, under the widespread branches of an old elm, a rollicking crowd of young men was seated around a table, drinking, apparently with much thirst, a dark-brown, foaming liquid. A gay-looking youth, who looks very much like Scrooge, climbs up on the table, and, holding aloft his glass, cries out, "'Rah for '85!" while the others join in with the cheer.

"Sophs, of course," laconically remarks the ghost.

STAVE FOUR.

The cheer dies away in the distance, and Scrooge again finds himself at Rogers Building. He goes into the entrance hall, which he finds to be filled with a throng of innocent-looking boys, who are all evidently strangers to each other, and are feeling very uncomfortable on that account.

Yes; there is Scrooge himself again, standing alone in a corner, but much younger looking than before.

"You were a Freshman then," said the ghost.

A mist or fog gradually crept in and covered this scene, breaking away, however, in a few minutes. Scrooge this time discovers a brilliantly lighted hall, where a crowd of pleasantly-looking young men and handsome young women were dancing to the inspiring strains of a waltz. Around the ball-room in groups stood a number of unhappy-looking youths, all clad in the same kind of a sombre-blue military jacket, with black bone buttons. Suddenly a grin overspread their faces, as they suddenly burst into a cheer, "'Rah for '85, the last class to give a Freshman ball."

Scrooge awoke with a sigh; his book had fallen from his hands. The candle on the table was burning low; it flickered and went out just as Scrooge fell back in his chair with a gasp.

Scrooge was dead. The spirit of '85 had gone to join that of '84, never to return.

The clock had stopped at midnight.

An inspection of the Catalogue for 1884–5 shows no essential changes in the text, which, as usual, describes the courses of instruction given by lectures, recitations, drawing, field and shop-work and laboratory practice. The Faculty has been increased to twenty-nine, and there are, in all, fifty-eight officers of instruction. The names of those composing the visiting committee are published; these committees were created last year, and will visit the lecture and drawing rooms and laboratories during class exercises.