down to plain English and tell me what has occurred!"

"Well, then," I continued, "you must remember that before retiring, last Thursday night, we were busily engaged in discussing the important subject of the Senior ball, and talking over our pleasant call on Grace Leeland. Well, in the middle of the night, I was awakened by a slight noise in the room, and, on opening my eyes, was surprised to find the gas burning, and you sitting calmly at the table, with a pen in your hand, and with head bent down, as if in deep study. I spoke softly. No answer. Then I remembered your old habit of walking in your sleep, and determined to watch your actions. At the same time, I remembered the curious statements made in that book we were reading only the other day, about how people had been known to do strange things in sleep, such as solving problems, answering questions, writing letters, etc. Then the idea occurred to me that I would test their accuracy, which both you and I were inclined to doubt at the time, so I got up softly and sat down opposite you at the table.

"Your eyes were open and fixed on the paper before you. I then told you to write as I dictated, and happened to word aloud a correct invitation to Grace, which, to my surprise, I confess, you immediately wrote out. I then told you to seal and address the note, which you did. I found that you would do anything I directed, but I was all the time afraid that you would wake up suddenly, so I ordered you off to bed, and you obeyed like a valet executing his lord's commands. It was nuts to order you around (you know you never would have stood it if you had been awake), but it did seem kind of weird and ghostly to see you sitting there without a word, writing out everything I said.

"But now comes, perhaps, the funniest part of all. I thought I wouldn't say anything to you about the matter until you had found the note, which I thought you would see on the table in the morning, and which I determined to prevail on you to send. But, as you remember, we were late to breakfast and had to hurry off to applied mechanics right afterwards, so you didn't see it. When we came in to dinner the note was gone, and I immediately guessed where. On making inquiry, I found that the chambermaid, seeing the letter sealed and directed (you had put it into one of those stamped envelopes), had posted it, thinking you had forgotten it.

"It was too late then to ward off the catastrophe, so I resolved to await the result in silence. It is really the best joke I ever heard of, and now, by Jove, whose fault is it? It surely isn't mine, and you couldn't think of blaming the chambermaid. You'll have to consider it the result of one of the strangest chains of circumstances that ever happened."

"If I didn't know your brain was incapable of making up such a story in cold blood, I should more than half believe you were lying to me. But I suppose I must accept it as the truth, and I'm not so sure after all as I am sorry. Don't, for Heaven's sake, let it out among the boys, though, or I'll never hear the last of it. I thought you couldn't be guilty of writing the note yourself, and I've been turning it over in my mind all the afternoon trying to account for it. Yes, it's a good joke." Then looking at this watch by the fire-light, "Gad, man, its after nine o'clock, and if we're going to get in any work to-night, we'd better light up, and go at it."

Thus it happened that Bob surprised all his friends, and as a sequel it might be added that he "did" the ball in good style, hack, flowers, and all; moreover, not to this day does Grace Leeland suspect the true reason of Bob's unwonted freak.

A. E. L.

Students who saw unhappy-looking members of '87 roaming around with straw hats on and shoe-strings for neckties just before the semi-annuals, must not think that their heads had been turned by excessive study, and that the former articles were to cool their heated brains, and the latter to hang themselves with after the examinations were over. No, they had only just been initiated into a new secret society.