him, and very often he would n't be able to make out what I meant, and would have to come over and find out,—you see it was such a short way,—and then he would stay until he happened to look at the clock, when he would jump up and growl out something about "that confounded thesis," and begin to look for his hat. The best thing is, I've found out he is a New-Yorker, and knows some of the people I know; and the only reason I have n't met him before in society there, is that for the last four years he has been so busy he has hardly had time to go out at all.

I could say lots more that you would give that opal brooch of yours to hear, but I shall only tell you in strict confidence what happened last night, and you must n't breathe a word of it to any living soul. You see Mr. Hadley told me that the architects were great fellows for drawing and sketching, and "all that sort of thing, you know;" so I told Mr. L. — that I was awfully fond of sketches, and he ought to bring some over and show me, since I had played for him so often. He looked at me with an odd expression, but last night he did bring over the cutest little sketch-book, and showed it to me. After looking at a number of rough sketches of some of his professors, which he told me were hastily drawn during lectures, I came upon several sketches of my window, with your humble friend more or less dimly visible inside. I felt that he was watching me, so hurriedly turned them over without comment, when I came upon another quite accurate sketch of myself in full out-door dress. "How did you draw this?" said I, "from memory?" "No," he replied, "most of it at the Art Club." I hastily turned over two or three leaves together, only to be confronted by another representation of myself in ordinary morning wrapper, but in the very act of putting up my back hair, which was hanging over my shoulders. "How could you have seen me like this?" I cried, completely taken by surprise. "Through a telescope," he said, in a tone so low as almost to startle me. "And don't you think," I replied indignantly, closing the sketch-book and handing it back to him, "that it was perfectly abominable of you to steal my portrait in that way, and even use a telescope to assist you, as if I were nothing but a bit of scenery?" "I do," he answered, "but don't you think, Nettie dearest"—he had somehow grasped both my hands along with the sketch-book, and was holding them tight—"don't you think that when a man goes to see a gallery of pictures, and not only sees but hears the most beautiful picture of them all, don't you think that ever so poor a copy of that picture would always be to him a treasured memento of the sweetest moment of his life? And when a poor devil of a student has been grinding away for nearly four years in a strange city, where he hardly has speaking acquaintance with a single girl, and has been drawing columns and capitals and cornices without number, don't you think that when he sees in a window across the way a lovely face that somehow reminds him of home, he finds in that window a study more attractive than in the most classic architecture that ever existed, and don't you think it only natural for him to wish, as I am wishing now, that the thought of home would always remind him of that dear face? Nettie love, what do you think?"

I've no idea what I said — I think, somehow, it must have satisfied him—but, oh, what will mamma say?

Your bewildered

Nettie.

One Case.

Each fresh snowflake which softly falls,
And helps to weave earth's mantle white;
The blithesome sounds and merry calls
From gay young hearts, this wintry night;
Each joyous tinkle of the bells
Which emblemize a time of snow;
Each cheery word, which plainly tells
Of rare good times, and not of woe;
Each slamming of the outside door,
And footfall on the steps beneath;
The joy which speaks of mental lore
Far greater than professors teach;
Each happy sound, which upward borne
Finds me alone in my retreat;
Each signal of the big tin horn,—
But chains me firmer to my seat.

And why not join the merry throng,
Which gladly fills the open sleigh,
And go below, midst mirth and song?
Are these the thoughts you wish to say?
Oh! it were vain to try to tell,
With paltry words, what keeps me here;
The sleigh-bells seem to ring my knell,
The stars each weep a silent tear.

I slave as many others must;
A cheerless cold creeps through the room;
The fire crumbles into dust,
And with its fall completes the gloom.

What solemn sound comes o'er the snow?
A single stroke from the old church bell.
My lamp flickers and then burns low;
The embers smoulder where they fell.

A double stroke comes, ghastly low,
And yet to me it is not late;
For, if the reason you must know,
I'm working on the Fourteenth Plate!

A. W. J., '88.

Fast Ocean Steamships.

A BOUT a year ago an article on the speed of ocean steamships was printed in The Tech, but since that time such remarkable developments in speed have been made that a few supplementary words may be interesting. In the preceding article, the gradual development in the size and speed of steamships was traced up to the then astonishing performances of the