saw what I was about, and I found that my idea was not appreciated.

My next effort was a greater success; I got the cover of a lard pail and with a bradawl and a sharp nail or two, repousseed a bas-relief of Don Quixote in full armor, with his famous helmet on his head. I was so well pleased with the result that I tied a ribbon round it and sent it to a young lady who is much given to repoussé work. I inclosed the following lines, which I meant as a suggestion, but which she took as a joke:

That rare knight errant, Don Quixote,
By his fine imagination,
Made the helmet of Mambrino,
From a battered barber’s basin.

So may we, with repoussé tools,
Endless noise, and much force fistic,
Clothe the commonest utensils
With a lasting worth artistic.  K. C.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING:
BY THE MODERN SHAKESPEARE.

Scene, in front and within the Tech.—Time, the present.

CHARACTERS:
VINCENTIO, an ancient crank; HENRICO, a dude.

“What stately building, Henrico, yonder towers?”

“Prithee, that, me liege, seen by us on the left?”

“The same, sweet Henrico.”

“Hast heard thee of the Tech ?”

“Aye! Oft have I heard of that institution, famous, if mistakes me not; there ’t is the budding youth is crammed with learning and with science.”

“Right thou art, me lord; and now beholdest thou the massive pile wherein is wrought the process.”

“What! Yon pillared building the Tech!”

“Sirrah, thou hast truly spoken.”

“Enough! Enough! Long have I wished this opportunity. Come, Henrico, we enter here.”

“Lead on, me lord, I follow.”

“And knowest thou the secrets of this stately mansion? Canst thou guide me rightly through its many halls and stairways? Speak truly, slave, and let’st thou, like Georgie W., lie not.”

“I’ll do me best, noble sir, to act the part of guide; but better would I do, no doubt, if thou shouldst fee me with a quarter.”

“A silver quarter! Base villain, takest thou me for a Vanderbilt? Nay, bound, I’ll fee thee not; but mark thou leadest me rightly.”

“Since thou biddest me discourse, I will enchant thine ear, and charm thine eye, as I the wonders of the place unfold. Seest thou that room with doors of green? Within those portals dwells the bursar, yea, even him who craves the ducats from the trusting youth.”

“Aha, would that I were a bursar! But tell me, Henrico, wherefore that cage upon our right? Is it there the wilful or delinquent one is imprisoned, to warn his awed companions from such a naughty course?”

“Take comfort, sirrah! It is no place of durance vile. Through yon opening, letters, bills, and such are issued to the struggling crowd, and books, bags, bayonets, and other garments checked.”

“Tis well, Henrico. Now pray enlighten me about yon youth, clothed in brass buttons and a scant-tailed doublet. Can he be one of the flying minions of the telegraph? Methinks he looks like one.”

“Nay, not so, me lord; yon youth is a Freshman, clothed in uniform and cheek.”

“Aye, I tumble, Henrico; but what do the many youths in yon room, all talking in one voice?”

“That, sirrah, is the quiet reading-room, where the studious student pursues his studies.”

“What, base liar! Study in that babel! Surely thou hast lied. Have care thou try not that game again; and now proceed.”

“Where,—to the top story or to the basement, noble sir?”

“To the basement, thou craven one.”

“Seest thou that beam in yon massive press? What thinkest thou of that?”

“What think I? Aye, by my beard, I think ’t will snap at sixty pounds.”

“Well said, thou learned one; see, see, it bends, it cracks, it busts.”

“Enough of this, we’ll go aloft.”