The year is almost over. Only a few more days of agony, and then away for vacation, and this past year of college life will have—

"Gone, glimmering through the things that were."

We are all happy; joy is engraved on every face, although the horrible terrors of the annuals may dim it a little at present. Eighty-Five will soon be with us no more, for in a few days,—

"Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
They'll be gone and forever!"

The Eighty-Six men are commencing to think where they will obtain their stock of dignity with which to do justice to their position as Seniors. The giddy Sophomores dream of the delights of a Junior life, while the humble Freshmen think daily of how they will "come it over" Eighty-Nine, when they walk the earth as proud Sophomores. Yes, the year is drawing to a close, and as we look back over it we find that though it has been a busy one, there are many bright spots among the days of work.

First the torchlight parade; is there one who has forgotten or ever will forget the pleasures (?) of that evening when —

"There was a sound of revelry by night,"
"Midnight shout and revelry."

To be sure our man was not elected, but then our last kick was a good one. And then elec-