personal emotion, except that his eyes seemed to vibrate in their sockets in response to the tremendous inner workings of his being; while, at the same time, there was that in his bearing, his delivery, his voice, that told every hearer, unmistakably, that the minstrel was telling the story of his own life.

Unable longer to restrain the passion that had been growing in his breast during the whole recital, the Dane, with a bound like that of a lion upon his defensive prey, rushed upon the stranger, whom he now recognized as his deadly foe—the son in name, as in blood, of that Ine whom he had slain with his own hand; this was the avenger of blood, the wrester of spoils from unwilling hands. A grim struggle ensued, the followers of the Dane holding back, in haughty pride, from interposing between the two men, whose deadly struggle lent a dignity to combat, while it could not but bring a twinge of pallid horror to the cheeks of even those hardened warriors. The two women, supported by their female servants, gazed, with blanched faces but brave souls, upon the contest, not, now, between minstrels, for the hand of a maiden, but between men, for life and for vengeance.

A wild cry went up from the mother when, after the battle had lasted but a brief space, she saw her son fall beneath the weight of his adversary; but the next moment the younger man had succeeded in getting his opponent on the ground, and—all was over! The sturdy life had been literally crushed out of the mighty Dane by the enormous strength his opponent put forth in his terrible emergency.

Before the death-gasp had rattled in the throat of the Danish leader, the cry of, “An Ine! an Ine!” rang through the hall; and the men who had, silently and unobserved, entered after their commander, while he was absorbing completely the attention of his audience, rapidly surrounded the unarmed, but vigorously resisting Danes, and, not without some bloodshed, reduced them to prisoners.

With an anxious face and a beating heart, Ine of Rising sought his mother when the last ury of the fray was spent, and eagerly said, “Tell me, this maiden, Ethel, is my sister? She is the daughter of my father? That glance can come from none other!” And, after the horror of that night, she still had strength to answer, “Yes!”

To the Butterfly.

(Translated from the French.)

Born with the springtime with roses to die,
To float in a clear sky on wings of the wind,
To poise on the bosom of budlets enshrined,
And ravished by perfumes the sunlight and sky—
Shaking thy wings of their powdery mail,
Like a breath to the arches eternal to sail—
This thy charmed destiny!

Symbol of man’s vague desire,
Thou dost here, then there, aspire,
Never quiet or at rest,
Till, with weary wings, downcast,
We, unsatisfied, at last
Fly to heaven to be blest.

The Difference.

In Carthage, so the story goes,
The ancient maidens fair
Once bravely furnished strings for bows,
By cutting off their hair;
But time, we know, great changes brings,
And now they all take care
To fasten beaux upon their strings
With fresh supplies of hair.—Anon.

Technics.

The literal meaning of “Essen! Fressen! Speisen!” which headed the announcement of the foot-ball dinner, is: “To eat! To eat like a hog! To keep on eating!”

Professor (pointing to diagram): “Chamber A, gentlemen, is a vacuum.”

Senior: “What’s in it? Steam?” (Fact.)

THE ’89 CLASS DIFFICULTY.

First Fresh: “Do you belong to the class society?”

Second Fresh: “There is no class society.”

Third Fresh: “Is unconstitutionality illegal?”

All: “Let’s go and ask President Walker.”

And they did!