"So the people say," said the hunter; "but who knows if it is true." And now with a friendly greeting the man went on his way.

Arnold turned, and trod slowly along the path. When a little above the level, where he could overlook the entire spot, he stopped and looked back. "Farewell, Gertrud!" he murmured softly; and as he went along over the mountain-path the big, bright tears welled up into his eyes.

(Conclusion.)

A Vacation Conference.

SCENE: Freshman snugly ensconced in the old gentleman's favorite chair, smoking cigarette; his father, sitting so as to obtain a side view, looking him over with a doubtful expression.

Father: "Well, I am glad to see you home again, my son. How do you like the Institute?"

Son: "Come, now, don't you spring that old gag on me, too; every one asks me that."

Father: "But you know we heard nothing of you, except frequent demands for money, and a list of the things you wanted Christmas. By the way, those were very nice presents you sent us all."

Son: "Yes; haven't you received the bill for them, yet? That reminds me, you will get a bill for my chemical breakage — about twenty dollars. I think I'll drop chemistry next term."

Father: "Why, I don't like to have you drop any studies; you know I wish to have you graduate."

Son: "You just wait till you get the report of my examinations, and I guess you'll find that I must drop more studies than chemistry. It's too confounded hard work being a regular; only a fifth of the class will graduate. I don't get time for anything."

Father: "Why, from the reports that Mr. Munroe sent me, I should judge you had taken plenty of leisure."

Son: "Well, I can't study at the Tech., it's so noisy; and I don't like to study evenings, for fear of injuring my eyes."

Father: "What do you do evenings?"

The North American Review for December contains three papers on Gen. Grant — "Halleck's Injustice to Grant," by Col. F. D. Grant; "An Acquaintance with Grant," by Gen. James B. Fry; and "The Mistakes of Grant," by Gen. W. S. Rosecrans. The paper on the "Progress of Texas," by Governor Ireland, gives one a lively idea of the vastness and immense resources of our country. Texas alas "is larger than half of Europe, omitting Russia, and can support a population equal to the present population of the United States, and yet not crowd the people." In 1836 her population numbered 50,000; in 1885, 2,500,000. In 1870, the assessed value of her property was $150,000; it is now $603,000,000. Some of the items are: Cattle, $81,000,000; horse $32,000,000; sheep, $9,000,000; railroads, $40,000,000. Of the 274,000 square miles, a large proportion are rich in minerals; and on 46,000,000 acres of timber land, there grow 194 varieties of wood. There is an account of the capture of John Brown; and E. Gov. Boutwell writes on "President Johnson's Policy and Motives."

In the Atlantic for January, Mr. John Fiske gives an account of "The Political Revolution in England which was set on foot by the American victory at Yorktown. There is an anonymous review of the recently published "Life of Garrison" by his sons, which concludes thus: "It is a striking fact that in the rapid expanding Valhalla of contemporary statues in Boston, only two — those of Webster and Everett — commemorate those who stood for the party of defense in the great anti-slavery conflict; while all the rest—Lincoln, Sumner, Andrew, Warren, Harriet Martineau and prospectively Garrison, Parker, and Shaw — represent the party of attack. It is the verdict of tin confirming in bronze and marble the great words: Emerson: "What forests of laurel we bring, and the