teries of the Doric Order."

"Well, give it to us," I said impatiently.

"You know, Lawrence, it has always been my aim in life to relieve beauty in distress. Did you know it?" he said, turning sharply on me.

"I did," I replied, striving vainly to suppress a smile.

"That is, in fact, to save a fair maiden from the jaws of death. Well, that aim was, as I thought, about fulfilled to-day, as I said before." He puffed vigorously a few times, and then continued: "As I was proceeding through the Public Garden to the Tech., this afternoon, I looked up, and to my horror saw a furious runaway—a stylish coupé drawn by two frantic horses, with the alarmed coachman vainly endeavoring to hold them in. But it was of no avail. The carriage, in being turned down Arlington Street, 'slewed' around and fell over with a crash, and precipitated the driver with terrific force to the sidewalk. The horses, maddened to fury by this new fright, started away at full speed, dragging the overturned carriage with them. Now, said I, here's my chance; I vow I saw something white appear in the carriage window as it went over. Now, there's my fate there, in that coupé. Now I will gallantly stop that runaway, rush to the door, seize the fainting maid, bring her back to life, and present my card and say, 'Oh! ah! I only did my duty, you know.' 'Yes, I am at the Tech.' 'I will call, thank you.' So off I started across the Garden, and really did stop the now nearly exhausted steeds, after having been 'wiped' all over the muddy street, and having my shins nicely em-barked in the enterprise. No, don't throw it, I beg! Well, I was already in the act of presenting my card, when I rushed to the door, tore it open, to find—O, Lawrence, to find—say, why in thunder don't you ever clean your pipe?"

"O go on," I answered quickly.

"O yes—to find only a large bundle labelled, 'To the Troy Laundry.' Laugh! It was funny, but oh! the rage I felt. And there in that muddy street I registered a solemn, sacred vow that the next time I ever thought of stopping a runaway coach, I would ask the overturned coachman (who by the way was only stunned) who or what was in that vehicle, before using up all the strength and wind that nature has supplied me with."

Laurens, '88.

The Last Match.

What man is there, however commonplace his existence may be, who has not, at some time during his life, found himself in a predicament where his last match was most precious to him. I do not refer to those explorers and hunters who have been lost on the plains or in the forest, and, with the snow falling fast around them, huddled around a pile of brushwood, have anxiously awaited the fate of the last match. It is not these I mean, but the men whose feet never carry them beyond the domain of paved streets, or, at the most, of sidewalks.

Who is there who has not been obliged to be out on a rainy, windy night, and wishing the solace of a pipeful of tobacco, has found only one lone match in his pocket. With what anxiety is that match lighted; with what interest does he watch its flickering flame; and with what feelings of disgust and sorrow does he view its premature extinction by a gust of wind.

I had walked out one evening a mile or two into the suburbs, in order to make a call, and on my way back I thought to beguile the time with a cigarette. I had a box of wax-tapers in my pocket, and one by one I struck them; they would give forth a fitful glare, then die out, but that cigarette would not light. I had stood behind a tree for ten minutes and used all my tapers but one, before I discovered that there was a hole in the paper of the cigarette. I pulled out a fresh cigarette, and lighted the last taper, but of course it went out before I could secure a light.

A queer example of the perversity of the match is the way in which it will burn after you finally have lit your cigar. Then, when you no longer have any use for it, it will flame like a