THE TECH.

furnished with what is so universally held to be a necessary attribute. Especially is this needed in our case, as most of us live in the city during the college year, and our pursuits are necessarily sedentary.

Something should be done at once, as this section of the city is rapidly being built up, and it will soon be impossible to secure a plot of sufficient size within any reasonable distance from either the Institute or our residences.

It is well known that the Institute has never favored athletics, but a new feeling is apparent among the students, at least, which influence cannot fail to have its effect. It is impossible for the Institute to sustain a place among high-grade American colleges without providing equal advantages.

A Hunting Experience.

WHILST camping out last summer I was much amused by some of the tall stories our guides got off. After supper we used to lie around our camp-fire and smoke, some of us whiling away the time by cleaning a gun or overhauling our fishing-tackle for the morrow’s sport.

Our two guides, both old hunters, and bearing the respective names of Bill and Pete, seemed to have an inexhaustible supply of stories, with which they regaled us at this time. As each endeavored to excel the other in the marvelous and exciting character of his narration, and to that end drew largely upon his imagination, their adventures seemed to be at times almost miraculous. One story, I remember in particular, that Pete got off one night, we thought especially fine. Bill had just finished a story of a small-sized deer hunt he had been on some years before, and in the silence that ensued, we thought that for once Pete had met his master. But we were mistaken. After deliberately filling his short, black pipe with tobacco, and taking a few prefatory puffs, he began thus: "Wal, boys! that yarn that Bill was just tellin’ puts me in mind of a little scrape I got into about twenty years ago, when I was livin’ down near Bung-town. You see it was gettin’ along towards the middle of November, an’ I wur putty busy killin’ up my winter venison, and so fur I’d had first-rate luck. Wal, one mornin’, arter there’d been a light fall of snow, I shouldered ‘Old Betsy’ an’ started off, intendin’, if possible, to get on a deer-track, and by followin’ on’t up, to get a crack at the varmint. Wal, arter awhile I cum acrost one that looked putty fresh, so I follered on mighty keerful, knowin’ the feller warn’t fur off; nor I warn’t mistaken. Arter follerin’ on about four hundred yards I cum to a deep sort o’ gully; here the track turned to the left, along the edge of the bank. Wal, I follered on, keepin’ my eye skinned, when purty soon, sure enough, I seen a piece of him stickin’ out from behind an old hickory stump, alongside of which he was lyin’ down. From what I stood I couldn’t git a fair sight at his witels. So cockin’ my gun, I cracked a stick to attract his attention. He hear’n it, and up he jumps like lightnin’, and begins snuffin’ round to see what war in the wind. He smelt somethin’ wrong and wur just makin’ tracks, when ‘Old Betsy’ dropped him. He wur mortal wounded; but bein’ a buck, an’ a tarnal big one at that, I kept shy till I seen him give his last kick, as I calc’lated, when haulin’ out my old knife, I stepped up to cut his windpipe. I hadn’t more’n got hold of his horn when he wur on his feet. The knife went flyin’ about forty rods, and I wur nearly upsot. I stuck on fur dear life, fur I knew that ef he could once shake me off, an’ git the use of his horns, he would make short work with me. Wal, we fou’t putty even fur about five minutes, when all of a sudden I felt that we were again’ off the bank. I tried to cotch myself, but it were no go, and down we went, head over heels, through the snow. In that place it wur about fifty feet high, and putty steep. Wal, we got about half way down when, kerclunk, we cum rite slap up agin a monstrous old sycamore log; but instead of this stoppin’ us, the old log took a notion to join the crowd, and on we went, all three of us, rollin’ and tumblin’ to the bottom. When we got thar, it took me some time to find out just what we wur.