member of the Faculty. I have been getting rather behindhand in my drawing for some time, and so set to last Thursday afternoon with the determination of finishing all drawings up to the present time.

I had been working pretty steadily all the afternoon, and kept on after all the other students had left the drawing-room. Presently, however, after I had finished one plate, spilt my ink over it, thrown the mucilage into my lap, and gone through with all the other performances that seem to belong to drawing, I noticed that it was growing dark; and on consulting a clock on a neighboring church, I found it was half-past eleven. The clock was on a Unitarian church, and I relied on its accuracy. I have since discovered, however, that it had run down.

I quickly packed up my instruments and started off, but on reaching the door of the drawing-room found it, to my surprise and terror, locked.

My first idea was to yell; and I had arranged my mouth for the purpose, when my eye happened to light on a placard, "Loud Conversation not allowed," which was tacked up in the drawing-room. I refrained from shouting. If conversation was not allowed, a fellow might as well make the arrangements for his funeral, if he went so far as to shout in the drawing-room. I tried in vain to climb over the door, and also tried to attract the attention of some one to help me. So here I was, booked to spend the night alone in the Institute. I soon began to grow hungry, ravenous, voracious, and mechanically fell to chewing at some of the books which I held in my hand. A little German book was the first, which seemed tolerably palatable. However, it was not substantial enough for a square meal, so I tried a little Taylor’s Calculus. This was plenty substantial enough, but it lacked seasoning; so I put it down when I had a mouthful of the “volume generated by the revolution of an ellipse on its semi-major axis.” The notes on heat were tasted next. I didn’t take but one mouthful, though, and I was obliged to eject that. Our professor in heat told us to take our notes and “digest them thoroughly”; but I don’t think I shall try it any more. I think it would take the crushing-machine in the mining laboratory to do thorough justice to them. I made one more effort, and tried a light entrée of Literature. This lasted for some time; but it gave me a violent colic.

Having eaten all I wanted of this heavy repast, I thought I would rather sleep the rest of the night; and so I arranged myself as comfortably as possible, and commenced reading my Applied Mechanics by the light of the moon which shone through the windows. A short time only could have passed before I was wrapped in the arms of Morpheus. I wished afterward that I had stayed awake, as the effect of my supper was a frightful old nightmare. I dreamt that I was chemical molecule, and had found my affinity with a beastly molecule of sulphuretted hydrogen, and could not get away; and also that I was a great hose, and that all the professors were working furiously at an immense fire-engine, pumping something into me from a great vat labelled “Education;” and they pumped so hard that they bursted the hose, and all shouted, “Drop that one; stick on another,—we’ll educate ’em!”

I had scarcely recovered from these horrible experiences when a gaudy-looking demon, with a red-hot pair of pants and overcoat on, escorted me by the ear to a room where, in solemn assembly, were gathered the Faculty. It was a secret midnight session of that august body. As we entered, they were in the heat of a discussion as to the propriety of setting the clock in the hall right; but on seeing me, they all shouted, “A Junior in our secret conclave! He must never leave it alive!” And then various scientific methods were suggested of disposing of me. One person, half of whose body was the color of red, and the other half the color of blue litmus, said he would like to make a good nitro-hydrochloric acid solution of Juniors, in order that he might analyze it. Another screamed, “Let me reduce him in the reverberatory furnace”; at which another one, with blue