All the way home I listened to her praises; foolish enough rhapsodies, I suppose, but honest ones, I guess.

Now, it so happened that we were to leave town by the midnight train, that we might seasonably resume our studies next morning.

Behold us, therefore, near the witching hour of midnight, in the large waiting-room of a railway station—silent enough now, chins buried in our overcoat collars, busy with our own thoughts, and possibly sleepy as well. Enter a group of ladies (?)—well, not exactly; their costume is too pronounced, their manner and speech too loud.

As they stand about the radiator, under the full glare of a focus of gaslight, the rude touches with which Art would simulate the honest hand of Nature, are painfully apparent. It is a study. The bismuth used to whiten the complexion, gives, in the unflinching light, the same sickly resemblance to a wholesome fair skin, that the electric light does to that of the sun. Then those eyes, so wonderfully lustrous on the stage,—why, the rude daubing of the edges of the lids and lashes are plainly seen, and the effect is ghastly and unnatural.

My friend was especially a well-bred man, and any breach of the rules of common courtesy was absolutely painful to him. So it was with almost malicious pleasure that I noticed the absence of all the little nothings of manner and speech that mark the young lady of good breeding. Not only that, but the posturing, the yawns visible as well as audible, the high, dissonant laughter, all contributed to offend the good taste of one by no means critical.

I saw by a covert glance at my friend, that he was also an interested observer, and from a new standpoint.

I had failed to distinguish "Juliet," and was regretting that she was not present, to share the fate of her friends, when a bustle and a stir, and lo! Juliet, Romeo, and others. Romeo looks sleepy, and almost imbecile; Mercutio, with bleared eyes and red nose, precedes the manager, who, fiercely defiant, with hand behind him, struts about surveying his troupe; while Juliet, arrayed in surprising costume, with a peevish expression of face, joins the group. Evidently the leading lady feels her vast superiority; she hardly deigns to notice the kindly nurse, and bestows not even a passing glance on Lady Capulet, or the unhappy Paris.

We are unseen, and from our quiet corner still observe. Another glance at my friend, and I see by the slight curling of the lip, that the mists of fancy are rolling away.

With stilted air, and stagy step, young "Juliet" paces beneath the relentless gaslight. If she only knew the story it was telling! But she does not, and a fearful yawn, which she is not at the pains to disguise, discloses a mouth of such generous proportions that we could have wished the teeth within to have been more pearly in their hue. But the dénouement was to come, and it was in this fashion. One of the lesser lights, approaching the star, in a high, artificial voice, interrogates her thus: "Etty voo fat-igay, Mrs. Davenport?" And the star responds with a vicious hunch of the shoulders, "Oh, talk United States, can't you!"

"Come, let's have a breath of air," said my friend; adding, after a few minutes' vigorous promenade, "I am completely disillusioned."

J. T. G.

A Curious Experiment.

As I sat by my desk, the other evening, casually glancing over the last issue of The Tech, and wondering what was the signification of "eighteen hundred and froze to death," I was agreeably surprised by the entrance of two fellow-students, who had dropped in for an informal call. They were brothers, and came from that distant, though well-known land where toboggans and snow-shoes make life glad. One was a flaxen-haired youth, whose dignity became him well; the other, more of a brunette, somewhat younger. As we sat and chatted about the various topics interesting only to students, the conversation gradually took a psychological turn. We began to talk of mind-reading, theosophy, and, finally, mesmerism. Nothing could