have pleased me more, as I was always interested in all such mysteries, and had practically investigated the latter branch. I asked the blonde if he would allow me to experiment with him. After some hesitation he consented, and I began my mysterious demonstrations. I soon found that he was very hard to influence, so I thought I would bring trickery to my aid. While closing the eyes of my victim, I motioned to his brother to turn down the gas. He understood at once, and the room was in total darkness. Then I informed my subject that he could not open his eyes. He immediately obeyed a natural inclination, and raised his eyelids. To his surprise, he found that he was apparently blind. Keeping on with my system, I said, "I told you you couldn't open your eyes."

"Why, certainly I can."
"Do you really think you have them open?"
"Why, of course I have."
"Can you see anything?"

Of course I expected he would admit his incapacity, but to our surprise he answered, "Certainly I can see." It was very apparent that he thought he was mesmerized, and was ashamed to own it, and so persisted in saying he could see when it was impossible. I said aside to his brother, "It is very strange that he can see with his eyes shut," to which the subject contemptuously answered, "Rats! do you think you can fool me? I can see all right." After turning up the gas while his eyes were shut, he seemed to see no difference; and he left with the idea that if he was mesmerized, I didn't know anything about it. This little tale may enlighten him, and show him that although he was not under the influence, which fact may relieve him, he gave himself away badly about his supposed vision. This is a deceitful world, and many come to grief thereby.

The moral of this sketch is apparent: Never deny a fact, even if it does not conform with your wishes.

Wayback, Me., Feb. 15, 1887.

To the Editor of The Tech:

Will you kindly say good-bye for me to all the boys? I am not coming back any more,—at any rate not till next fall. I find my eyes bother me, and my health is failing. Those last weeks of the term were very wearing upon me; and when my father saw how badly I was looking, he felt awfully cut up. The Faculty, they wrote down to him about it, and between them they decided to let me take a needed rest. I am kind of glad to get back home again, after all. I am the biggest gun in Wayback just now, and I tell you I make the natives' eyes stick out. I went through my great Adonis act, the other night, to a select audience. They all went wild over it,—only Sol. Smith, and he never was any use. He said it made him think of a pair of white-washed tongs in abbreviated pantalettes; but when I showed him the half-page engraving in The Tech, he shut up quick, I tell you.

It doesn't seem like six months since I struck Boston. Old Tempus fuged right along. You see, after I found out that I had got through the entrance exams all right, with only three conditions, I saw I had no need to waste much time on studying. Then I had to hunt the gymnasium up, too. I had no trouble in finding your chapel, because all I had to do was to follow the crowd. I hunted all over town for the gym, but I never once thought of looking for a hole in the ground up among the freight-yards. After I found it once, I never could remember the way. Quite often of a drill-morning I didn't find the place at all.

The laboratory was the best fun. I used to have an explosion pretty nearly every day. I never used to bother much to do the experiments it said in the book,—original investigation was what I was after. My uncle says that that is the only way to learn anything, and he is a school trustee. I got my notes from the fellow beside me. They use to read like this:—

(a.) Materials.—Water.
(b.) Apparatus.—Test-tube and lamp.

It is a wise stock that knows its own par.—Life.