to the end. Having no time to be affected, they are simple and natural." The plan is a good one, but not, perhaps, quite so simple as it looks; for such exercises, to be effective, must be frequent, and with large classes the amount of labor required for the critical examination of the papers would be enormous.

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Evolution.

We sat in cozy confidence,
Myself and fairy Kate,
In the charming little parlor,
Before the glowing grate;
Our theme was evolution,
And laughingly she asked,
"Do you, a man, acknowledge
The highest types were last?"

"For if you do," she added,
"You must confess it, then,
That women rank up higher,
In the scale of life, than men."

My arms stole softly round her waist,
And then, with merry laughter,
I proved to her 'twas womankind
That men were always after.

— Bowdoin Orient.

The Pecos Ghost.

Two horsemen were riding over the long and dreary road that leads from San José to Santa Fé. One had a pug nose; the other, sandy hair. It was November. The day had been very stormy. There seemed to be no prospect of reaching shelter before darkness would set in. At length the venerable pile known as the Ruins of Pecos were seen through the fast-approaching obscurity of night; owls whooped as the two weary travelers turned toward its ancient and dilapidated gateway. As they entered that gloomy portal, the bats, in countless numbers, wheeled in rapid flight around and above their heads. In the long and gloomy hours that succeeded, the rain poured in torrents, and the wind howled and shrieked through the crumbling towers and time-worn battlements, and sighed along the long-since deserted corridors. The man with a pug nose being of a nervous turn, felt an indescribable awe creep over him. The other was calm as a stoic. The jaded horses, standing on three feet and one toe, with heads drooped, steamed, and trembled, and changed position in a languid and dejected manner. As midnight approached, a faint light, coming from no particular source, pervaded the whole edifice. This concentrated like a nebulous light, until its nucleus appeared to become embodied into the form of a giant of most unearthly aspect. Both travelers knew that they were in the presence of the Aztec god, Itlplityheotchatlithramptl. For a moment he regarded them with a severe stony look. Then in a deep, sepulchral tone he said: "It's a long time between drinks." Then he vanished.

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Technics.

French for Circus—"Un faux pas."

Now doth the April bobolink
Bobble all the day;
Now doth the festive sprinkler sprink
Up and down the way.
And the enterprising maiden
Mends her Saratoga Trunks,
And the dudlelet takes his overcoat,
And hies him to his 'Unc's."

A Freshman is exulting over how he made April fools of his instructors on the 1st. He got all his lessons unusually well, and then when called upon, sang out, "Not prepared."

To M. M. C.

Her tresses of pale gold hair
She wove into a crown,
And over her face so fair
Its sunlight shimmered down.
E'en like a glory round the head
Of some old-pictured saint,
Though its fair radiance shed
What pencil ne'er could paint.

Oh, crown of gold! oh, face so fair!
Oh, form of chintzy mould!
Ye all are but the setting rare,
That jewel doth enfold.

'87 Class Dinner.

With an attendance of over eighty members, some of whom came from a distance, the annual dinner of the Class of '87 on March 25th was certainly a great success. The table was laid in the large dining-room at Young's, and at each plate there was a boutonnière, and the