on the exact spot in Paris where he first met the stranger. The same man now stood beside him, and addressing him, desired him not to stir from the place where he then was for five minutes, after which he was at liberty to return home; adding that he was a dead man if he moved before the time prescribed. He then left him; and the mason having waited the five minutes, proceeded straight to the police officers, to whom he told his story. They considered the circumstance so curious, that they carried him immediately to the Duke of Abrantes, Governor of Paris. The Duke at first imagined his account to be an invention; but on the production of the purse containing the hundred Louis-d'ors, he was compelled to believe it.

The strictest search was immediately made in and about Paris for the discovery of the perpetrators of this horrid murder; but in vain. The Emperor Napoleon particularly interested himself in it, and special orders were issued by him to the officers of the police, to leave no means untried to attain their object. Many houses were searched, in the hope of finding some place which had been lately walled up, and which answered the account given by the mason;—but, notwithstanding all these endeavors, nothing further has ever transpired respecting this dreadful mystery. Albion.

The Freshman's Cry.

The simple baby in his crib doth lie,  
And stretches out his rosy, dimpled arms  
For papa's watch, and merrily doth cry,  
"Tootsy wants to see the wheel go round."

And if that kid to college wends his way,  
His habits and his talk are just the same;  
As down he lays his "crib" you hear him say,  
"I'll go and see the merry wheel go round."

An Episode of Summer Yatching.

Ever since I was ten years old, my summer vacations have been chiefly given up to boating, and I have always been fortunate in avoiding the accidents which, unhappily, so often occur on the water. A year ago, however, I succeeded in getting into such a dangerous position that an account of my predicament may perhaps be of interest to readers of The Tech.

In August, 1886, I set out with a companion on a short cruise in a cat-rigged boat about nineteen feet long. The early hours of a cloudy afternoon found us near the mouth of the Merrimac River. As the weather looked threatening, we decided to put in for the night at Newburyport harbor, well known as dangerous for strangers to enter. In the attempt to reach this place of refuge we narrowly escaped disaster.

At the mouth of this harbor is a broad sandbar, over which the tide sweeps with great velocity. Near the middle of the bar is a narrow channel marked by buoys, which, unfortunately, are not to be relied upon, as the tide is constantly moving the sand from one position to another, and thus shifting the position of the channel. When we were about to enter, the tide was running out very fast, and the wind was blowing from the eastward, or against the tide, causing the heavy seas to break on the bar. From our position outside the rough water we were unable to realize the size of these waves, so we unhesitatingly started our boat before the wind, heading for the uncertain channel.

In a short time we began to feel the strength of the tide, and could make but little headway against it. After an hour of slow progress, we were among the breakers on the worst part of the bar. The great waves traveled in the same direction that we were moving, and as each one overtook us it would lift our boat's stern, and strive to turn the craft broadside to the breakers. In such a case we should surely be swamped. By the exercise of great care, it was possible to keep the stern presented to the waves. We feared, however, that at any minute a wave striking the rudder might break it off, and render us helpless. But our chief danger was this: as the sail was at right angles to the length of the boat,—which is the case when sailing with the wind,—our main-sheet dropped close to the water each time that the boat rolled. With every sea, the tender towing astern would be thrown alongside and on top of the main-