(godfather) for advice. But the jars prove to be cracked beyond relief, the cups to be horrid; nothing seems solid and buyable save the old brass handles, at which the American works persistently and patiently trying to find any two of a pattern and size.

Near by lies a curiously-carved dagger, at which she casts admiring glances. Up lounges a stoutish man, and taking it up examines it carefully. "Such a dangerous thing to have around," he says frowningly to the godson, who is awaiting his pleasure. "Anyone might have this in his hand—get a-talking—get angry;" with an expressive gesture he points the blade toward his capacious stomach. "Dangerous things never should be left lying around." The godson raises his eyebrows and looks around imploringly for his padrinho.

Away strolls the stoutish man, looking at this and that, until before long, finding himself again in the dagger locality, "Do you care to take seis testoes (sixty cents) for something?" he asks, his eyes roving carelessly over everything. "That depends upon what the thing may be," answers the padrinho cautiously; "perhaps." "I will give you sixty cents for this," cries the stout man, pouncing upon the despised dagger. "Ah! nao g'uro" (I do not agree) says the padrinho, shrugging his shoulders. "Pois-benn,"—(very well) answers the clever customer, beaten but shrugging too. But look at this pretty creature who is approaching—all in black, with a Spanish veil pinned with most enchanting grace around her charming head. She is fair, with golden hair (as are many of the Spaniards), and turning her soft brown eyes upon me, dexterously brings out a bewildering dimple— in her round cheek, while the miserable little specimen of manhood upon whose arm she lovingly leans, pulls about an old opera-glass with longing grasp. But it is growing late. Let us pass along—always between piles of old clothes, and chairs, and canes, and horrid pictures of saints (whose lives, it is to be hoped, were better than their faces), each with a wrinkled old creature patiently squatting behind them, and looking as though they were all of a lot with the other things, and soon would be gathered up with them and tossed into some dark corner to await another Tuesday. And here is something really beautiful just as we are leaving—antique tables exquisitely inlaid with light woods, and a great polished chest of almost black wood (pao santo) with its handles and mountings of brass. "Oh!" cries the American, "how lovely! How quaint and old! If I only could have it; and cheap, too—three pounds!" "But what could you do with it?" inquires her practical English friend. "Ah, what!" sighs the American; and so, passing on and down the quaint streets and past the fishwomen with baskets of little pink prawns upon their heads. As the sunset deepens above the Tagus home is reached, and nothing remains of the Fiera da Ladra save a remembrance of piles of old duds, with battered bits of humanity watching over them.

It is with sincere regret that THE TECH hears of the death of Irving L'Hommedieu Gardiner, formerly of the class of '89, at his home in Milford, Pa., on the 6th of June last. An editor of this paper, and the friend of many, he will be sadly missed, not only by his brother editors, but by the Institute at large.


There is some talk of forming a class in Spanish, among the students of the fourth year. It is not surprising that there should be many in an institution as large as our own who wish to enter a field so full of original and quaint literature. Mr. Juan F. Machado, who filled the chair of Spanish so successfully here last year, will have charge of the class.