The proceeds from the sale of Captain Darcy's commission were to go to his wife; also a certain quarterly sum, all of which was to be paid through Colonel Erhart.

Fortunately there was an officer at the supply depot at Cairo, who was waiting for a chance to exchange. It took but a fortnight to effect the sale of commission, and then one morning, without so much as saying good-bye to his men, Captain Darcy collected his traps together and departed, and the new man took his place. Whatever lack of regret there might have been in the officers' quarters, there was no lack of curiosity and amazement. But no one knew anything about it; the Colonel alone could have enlightened them,—and the Colonel was silent.

(To be continued.)

A Ballad of '92.

The autumn leaves were falling fast,
As up the steps the Freshman passed,
And on the mat beneath his foot
Read, "Massachusetts Institute Of Technology."

"Waste not thy time," the Sophomore said,
"To cast a smile on that Co-ed;
For knowledge is her sole pursuit
In the Massachusetts Institute Of Technology."

"Beware the boys who do the town."
A Junior warned him, with a frown;
"Life is a grind without dispute
At the Massachusetts Institute Of Technology."

"The coming man that comes to stay,"
The Senior cried, "must work his way;
' Honors are easy'—to compute—
At the Massachusetts Institute Of Technology."

The Freshman smiled, and passed them by,
And fondly believed that he was fly;
For Freshmen long for that repute
At the Massachusetts Institute Of Technology.

The Semies came,—his tale was told,—
The Secretary cut him cold;
And so he left—the quickest route—
The Massachusetts Institute Of Technology.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Editors do not hold themselves responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents.

Dear Tech:

It's been so long since I have heard a word from you—I suppose because I didn't "ante up" two dollars for the privilege—that I am not sure whether you are alive or not. You may be surprised to get this, it's been so long since I wrote you—in fact, too long to slight an old friend; but I hope you will overlook the delay and forgive me, as I want to keep on your good side if only as a means of advertisement. Excuse my candor.

I haven't a great deal to tell you; only a few "squibs," and a little about the doings of the North-Western Association of the M. I. T. I will touch first on the last meeting and banquet of the above Association, and "daily" with the "squibs" later, as they say they are pretty good served with dessert and fizz.

About forty old Techs were present at the second annual meeting and banquet of the N. W. A. M. I. T. (God bless the man who first brought initials into use)! Taking out a few "fillububs," they (you see I am not classed now) were a pretty good looking set. There was the good little boy, and the little boy to whom the Devil, when he died, willed all his wickedness, which in the meantime had been bearing interest; there was the funny boy and the quiet boy, the lean and the fat. They didn't have that tired look a Tech. man usually carries—at least, not at first; that appeared later, with the fizz.

At one end of the board sat our President, E. C. Potter, '80, looking dark and gloomy. He knew his hour had come, and he felt as Grover will feel on March 4th, when he marches forth to his fishing grounds in Kalamazoo. On his right sat Fred Greeley, '76, fat and jolly, and bubbling over with the wit which he let out later. Away down at the other end sat an old patriarch who beamed on everyone, and gave to all a hearty welcome. He it was who told us all about Tech. in its olden days, when it had quarters on Summer Street. Let me give you a "knock-down" to Mr. Russell H. Curtis, '70, first Vice-President. On Mr. Potter's left sat T. W. Robinson, '84. Mr. R. resides at Joliet now, and it was only by special permit that he