Elsie's troubles, thoughts of his own position came surging over him again. How it all was to end he could not tell; he almost felt that he did not care. It seemed impossible that he could be plunged into any greater depths of misery than those of the present; he told himself that the worst that could possibly happen had come to pass, and that he cared no more for anything. . . . Then Lena's sweet face came up before him, and for the first time he broke down; he leaned his head against the cool glass of the window, while tears coursed down his cheeks.

(To be concluded in our next.)

COMMUNICATIONS.

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

1825 Fifth Avenue,
New York, Feb. 11, 1889.

To the Editor of The Tech:

Dear Sir,—Last December a circular letter was sent you pertaining to the exhibition of college journals at the Paris Exposition this year.

I would like to say, in reference to the matter, that enough colleges have entered the plan to warrant the fitting up of a reading-room, and you would greatly oblige me if you would bring the matter before the students, and call their careful attention to it.

Your paper is among the best of your particular class, and would very probably obtain an award.

Among those that favor the plan are Harvard, Yale (excepting The News), Cornell, Dartmouth, Williams, Lehigh University, Stevens, R. P. I., etc.

Hoping to hear from you in regard to this matter before the 23d inst., I remain,

Yours respectfully,

C. Wellman Parks,
United States Superintendent of Publications,
Paris Exposition, 1889.

Noticeable Articles.

Scribner's for February has an interesting illustrated article entitled "Walter Scott at Work," by E. H. Woodruff, with a little introduction by Andrew D. White, ex-President of Cornell, who furnishes, as a part of the illustrations, specimens from the proof-sheets of "Peveril of the Peak," now in his possession. Old-fashioned readers like ourselves will enjoy the hearty way in which President White speaks of his youthful obligations to Scott. A curious illustration is given of Scott's immense popularity in the following statistics:—

"Down to 1856 there had been printed of his 'Life and Works' 7,967,369 volumes, requiring 99,592 reams of paper, which weighed 1,245 tons. The People's Edition required 227,851 reams, or 2,848 tons of paper. The number of sheets used was 106,542,438, which, laid side by side, would cover 3,393 square miles,"—that is to say, more than two-fifths of the State of Massachusetts. During the period when Scott was editing the Complete Edition of his novels, no less than a thousand persons, one hundredth part of the population of Edinburgh, were occupied in the manufacture of the books. The whole paper is very interesting.

In the same number is a paper by Austin Dobson, with reproductions of quaint old illustrations, by Hogarth and others, of that famous London place of entertainment of olden times, Vauxhall Gardens.

In gay Vauxhall now saunter beaux and belles,
And happier cits resort to Sadler's Wells,

as some rhymester wrote in the days of George the Second.

Harper's for February contains a very noticeable article upon Ruskin. It might almost be called a treatise on Ruskin, for it occupies thirty-eight of Harper's double columned pages, and is altogether the most elaborate attempt to estimate the value of Ruskin's writing that we have ever met. It is by Dr. Charles Waldstein, a well-known writer on art, and though marked by a certain German ponderosity of style, it is full of interest and instruction. While dealing with Ruskin as a really great writer, "a striking personality, and with a great life-work," he is not blind to one of his eccentricities and absurdities, and, one might almost say, insanities; and he writes as a critic thoroughly versed in aesthetics. He shows how misleading, untrustworthy, and contradictory, with all his brilliancy and eloquence, Ruskin is when taken as a