If the powers that be had exercised all their ability in devising an absolutely objectionable system of mail delivery, nothing could have met their efforts more satisfactorily than the present combination of package department, coat-room, and post-office. A very few are able to see whether there is a letter in the rack for them; but the great majority, those whose names do not begin with the right letter of the alphabet, are obliged to make personal application to "the bird." Now, "the bird" is of an exceedingly retiring disposition, and does not like to be aroused from her warm little nook in the corner; so it frequently happens that Mr. X. does not receive his letter until it is much overdue. A case at hand is that of a student who received word from an instructor notifying him of an examination after the examination in question had taken place. Such mistakes are frequent, but they are not to be laid at the door of the person in charge; it is the system which is at fault. Any change cannot but be an improvement. An arrangement of lock-boxes is, perhaps, the best; and were such a plan adopted, we feel confident that each student would be happy to pay a small box rent, which would, in the aggregate, cover the expense of construction. When such a system is adopted, and not till then, will letters be received promptly by those to whom they are addressed.

A Tech. Chapel History.

A Prof. unto the Chapel came,
Where Profs. are scarce and few,
And glanced around, as if the ground
On which he trod was new.

A Soph. unto the Chapel came,
As Sophs. are wont to do;
To his surprise, you may surmise,
He found the Prof. there too.

What came to pass is clear as glass,
"And pity 'tis 'tis true,"—
He asked the Prof. to name the stuff,
And let him pay for two.

CHAPTER VIII.

"CROESUS! Croesus! Wait! I knew it was you!" There is a swift patter of little feet down the long hotel corridor, and then Elsie is lifted up in Darcy's strong arms, while her own are thrown tightly around his neck.

"And how did you know it was me, little 'un?" he asked cheerfully as he carries her into the cozy sitting-room, and deposits her on the broad window-seat.

"Oh, I saw you coming from Crump's window, and I hurried as fast as ever I could, so as to be here when you came; but"—glancing ruefully down at the smashed head of a doll which she held dangling by one leg—"I struck Jemima's head on the door, and I stopped to nurse her, else you wouldn't have beat me!"

Jack looked at Jemima's dilapidated scalp, and laughed heartily. It was the old, happy, careless laugh, and so different from the wan smile which Elsie had been accustomed to see, that her eyes grew round with surprise and wonder as she looked at him; then she too caught the infection, and laughed with him. Then these two had a very jolly time of it for a half-hour or so. Jack got a bottle of mucilage and undertook to mend Jemima's scattered features, while Elsie closely watched the operation, and grew alternately merry and indignant at Croesus' flow of comments on the appearance of the beloved doll.

Nearly three months have passed since the events recorded in our last chapter. Mrs. Darcy was buried the day after she died, only Elsie, Jack, and the old doctor following her to her last resting-place. Then followed a few long, miserable weeks for Jack and his little charge. To Darcy life seemed an utter blank. It was as though his life was all behind him; that what had been life in the other days, was merely existence now;—he was without hope, and with scarcely a desire to think of the future. A few days after the funeral a small package came to him. It con-