"A strange night for callers," grumbled the old man, as he went to open the door. He came back followed by a stooping figure, wrapped closely in a heavy cloak, who, walking to the fire, shook the snow from him and stamped his feet, still keeping the cloak about his face. At length John Elton, since the stranger did not speak, said in an inquiring tone, "It's a long mile from the station here, sir, in this gale."

The stranger did not reply, but threw aside his cloak, and stood before them, older and grayer than when he left his home, and with heavier lines upon his brow than time alone had put there.

The two spectators were for some time too astonished to speak; finally the woman said, "Is it you, Mr. Annerling, come back again?"

"Yes," said he; "and this time come back to stay;" then with a determined look he cried, "John, I must have your lantern."

"Not to-night, sir," said the old man, "you are not going out in this storm."

"Yes, to-night, and now; I have business—business that must not be delayed;" and as he spoke his eyes grew brighter, and he walked to and fro with a nervous tread.

"But, sir, the storm," expostulated Mrs. Elton; "cannot the business wait till morning?"

"Wait!" he exclaimed; "have I come here to wait? It cannot wait; it must be done at once."

"If you must go out, sir, let me go with you," said his servant.

"No, no!" he cried, each moment more impatient; "it must be done by me alone. Come, the lantern; we are wasting time," and he fastened his cloak about him.

The old man brought the lantern; and as he put it into his master's hand, he asked, "When shall you come back, sir?"

"Come back?" was the reply. "Yes, yes; if I do not come back in an hour, John, you may come after me to the mine; but you are not to follow me, understand.

"All right, sir; but be careful."

"Careful!" he answered; "I have been over the path a thousand times."

"Yes," muttered John Elton to himself, "so you have; but that was long ago. "I'm sorry we let him go," he said to his wife, "but he knows his own affairs best."

As time passed on, and the wanderer did not return, the couple at the old house grew alarmed. "John," said his wife, "you had better go after him; I'm afraid something has happened."

So John Elton started out. The storm had abated, and the close-packed snow crackled under his feet. He stopped on his way to arouse two or three of his neighbors, and together they proceeded toward the abandoned mine. The drifting snow had covered all tracks, and they found no trace of the object of their search,—not until morning, when, seeing that the ladder which had been fastened at the mouth of the shaft was gone from its place, they lowered a man on a rope, and waited anxiously for the signal to hoist. Carefully they raised their double burden, and laid the still form down by the pit-mouth, into which Henry Annerling had thrown his life, as ten years before he had thrown his fortune.

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Applied Mechanics.

Watching the dance they were sitting together.
He a professor, and she fifty-two,
Sleepily waiting the end of the German,
Which, they were thinking, would never be through.

"I never see any pleasure in waltzing:
Look at that couple there turn 'round and 'round!
How can they keep up that whirling forever?
Really, I don't think their minds can be sound."

"You must not upbraid them for turning," he said;
"They really enjoy the sensation—
And the only effect that a couple can have.
Is just to produce a rotation."

After the publication of the Thanksgiving number, there will be elected one or more editors to The Tech staff from the students handing in contributions.