With a firm, confident step, eyes burning with the light of knowledge, and face set in hard, stern resolution, J. C. Grinder, Jr., of Grinderton, Nebraska, approaches the Institute Buildings, and walks boldly forward into the open jaws of the all-devouring Semi-annuals. The final test has come, and the wheels of the great automatic weeding machine are already started. But Grinder never flinches. He walks boldly up the stairs, and with the knowledge of sixty-three hours spent in undivided study over this particular subject, enters the examination room, and quietly seats himself among his fellow-students. The papers are given out, and for two hours and forty-seven minutes Grinder pushes his fountain pen over the surface of the foolscap with never-ceasing energy. One, two, three,—the questions go down before this mighty genius. He does all the problems by seven separate and distinct methods, each of which arrives at the same satisfactory conclusion. The electric car outside runs off the track and smashes into '87's class tree; but Grinder does not lift his eyes from the paper before him. His soul is far removed from material considerations. The sunlight glistens on his long, silky hair, and the dandruff rests on his coat-collar with the airy lightness of the snow on the window-ledge outside. He has not been shaved since Christmas, and, in consequence, a soft down luxuriates on the corners of his face. Of what matter, though, are external appearances? It is the mind of man that is involved in this examination, not the cut of his coat. The fountain pen has reached the last question, and answered it. As in his boyhood's days his father's axe did fell the sturdy trees above his mountain home, so now has his keen edge of knowledge twigged the quizzing of his Prof. He hands the attendant master of ceremonies a couple of reams of closely-written paper, and departs homeward to devour some small truths for the morrow's contest. Great and glorious Grinder! Victory is the reward of your toil. We'll see you again next term.

With trousers turned up out of the mud, eyes burning with the light of having been up all night, and his face set well down into the collar of his ulster, M. Warwhoop Sporter, of Letergy, Georgia, sneaks around the corner of the street, and cautiously approaches the examination room. With the knowledge of the larger part of the subject carefully written on his shirt-front, he, too, quietly seats himself among his fellow students. The examination papers are given out, and a calm surrounds Sporter's chair for several thrilling moments. Then he sharpens his pencil, looks placidly at the Prof., and begins work. Does he turn to his shirt? Not a bit of it. He knows everything that is there, because he spent so much time writing it out and reading it over. Some of it aids him now. He wishes he had made elaborate cribs of everything obtainable on the subject, and then left them at home. Cribs are excellent tutors in their way. One cannot forget all the work that has been put into them. He gets through the first four questions after a fashion, but the fifth is on a matter with which he has never been acquainted.

"So I dreamed that I passed exam.,
Till a question posed me sore."

he quotes. For the sake of a young lady across the street from his house he joined a Browning Club. This is the only one of the poet's thoughts he ever remembered. He remembers the young lady quite distinctly, however, and admires her quite a deal more than he does the poet. Right here the car strikes '87's tree, and Sporter knocks four hats and an overcoat on the floor in his eagerness to see the row. Sporter's soul takes no intellectual flights when there is any prospect of a disturbance about.

There are ten questions on the paper, and Sporter worries though eight of them, using considerable imagination in some of his replies. After an hour and a quarter of this exertion, he hands in the result of his labors, and goes across to the chapel to take a bracer, after such hard work. Success to you, Sporter! We'll see you again next term,—if you return.