the students. This offer will stand open until December 1st, and contributions should be put into our box in Rogers corridor before that time.

The "Technique" Board will appoint a committee to award the prize; hence there will be no mass-meeting for that purpose.

THE EDITORS OF '92 "TECHNIQUE."

A Western Experience.

It was not very many years ago that my friend Frank Weston moved out West, into a then not very thickly settled region of Colorado, and established himself with his wife and child on the land which he had preempted. Last year I met him in New York, and heard from his own lips the story I am about to write.

They lived alone, a mile from the nearest neighbor, and a much longer distance from the settlement. During the day Frank was occupied in business which took him away from home, and his wife remained behind with only her child and an Irish maid of all work as companions. But to be left so much alone was not so trying as might at first be imagined. It was not a dangerous locality, and she was free from fear for her husband's safety. The home surroundings were pleasant, also, with a view for miles of the neighboring country, and with a little garden by the house, in which she spent much of her time. For the house, though a frame structure, and possessed of the architectural magnificence of two stories, at that time an uncommon circumstance, was small, and the home work was consequently not so hard as to deny her time in which to attend to the rudiments of the education of her little son, or even to indulge in the interesting occupation of kitchen gardening. But though the country was quiet, and dangers infrequent, the unsettled state of the country was such as to justify the lessons which she received from her husband in the use of firearms. An expert marksman himself, I can well believe that Frank's teachings would have a great effect upon an apt pupil. She became a very good shot with the rifle, and well practiced in the use of the little revolver that he bought her, and that she always carried about with her.

At the time of which I speak, a noted band of outlaws flourished in a district somewhat removed from the neighborhood of the Westons' home. But the interceptions of the mails and expresses bore quite as heavily upon the localities more remote from, as upon those immediately exposed to, their visitations. That the feeling against them was widespread was immediately made apparent when Frank took the matter in hand, and called for volunteers to form a Vigilance Committee for the purpose of getting rid of the robbers. A great number answered the appeal, and the district was cleared of the outlaws by a method as radical as it was successful. But though the band as a whole was annihilated, individual members escaped, and among them was the leader, a sinister fellow known as Black Bill, desperado and card sharp; a man of polished exterior, but of as great villainy as could be found in all the West. He escaped, but vowing vengeance on his foes, and especially upon their leader.

The excitement had subsided, the Vigilance Committee had dissolved, and its various members had been for several days pursuing their wonted occupations, when one morning Frank rode away from his door, waving goodbye to his wife and child. He had hardly turned from gazing back, to guide his horse through the one difficult and rocky place on the trail, every foot of which for a quarter of a mile could be seen by the loving watchers behind, when he suddenly saw, just come into view from behind a clump of bushes, with his arm upraised in peculiar gesture, a man on horseback. The recognition of Black Bill was immediate, but Frank's impulse to put himself on the defensive was rendered useless by the cleverly thrown lasso, which settled