over his shoulders and tightened around his elbows. A quick and powerful effort to free himself proved to be futile. He was caught, trapped, powerless in the deadly thong. Nothing was to be done but to resign himself to passivity as Black Bill rode up to make his captive more secure.

Not a word was said as the desperado leaned from his saddle to tighten the lasso. That stoical habit which is often caught from the Indians by continual contact with them perhaps prevented Black Bill from expressing his exultation; it was certainly pride that kept Frank from begging for mercy. But as Bill straightened up and grasped Weston's bridle, to lead him, by a refinement of cruelty, away from before the eyes of his wife and child, in slow preparation for his savage vengeance, Frank's feelings must have been less describable than imaginable, and less enviable than either, though I know my friend too well to suspect that he betrayed the slightest sign of any unmanly weakness. They reached the last point in the trail from where Frank's house could be seen, and Black Bill, turning the horses' heads, pointed back the way they had come, and said, his voice showing in a slight tremor his suppressed feeling of triumph, "Look, for the last time!"

That moment's respite saved Frank's life. Back at the house his wife, crouching against its door in half-stupefied terror at the blow about to fall upon her, —for she recognized too well the often described figure of the desperado, and needed small intuition to understand his purpose,—received a flash of inspiration that put a man's strength in her limbs. Quickly she sped up stairs to her chamber, and reached down with firm hands the heavy rifle that hung, always loaded, above the mantel. In haste she lowered the upper sash of the window, and rested the rifle across it. A quarter of a mile away the two figures were at the turn of the trail. There was no mistaking her husband's well-known form. But not long did she look upon the familiar figure; with all her attention strained and centred upon one object, she took a hasty, but steady aim, and pressed the trigger. Her husband, taking a farewell of each familiar object, looking eagerly for a last sign of his wife, saw a puff of smoke from the house float lazily away on the breeze, heard a choking cry by his side, and turned in time to see Black Bill fall heavily from his saddle, and lie, stretched at full length, dead,—shot through the brain.

A meeting of the Athletic Club was held Tuesday, October 7th. The object of the meeting was the election of officers to positions left vacant by the non-return of members. E. Cunningham, '91, was elected President; W. C. Dart, '91, Vice-President; W. B. Trowbridge, '91, Treasurer. A. H. Alley was elected by '91 on the Executive Committee, and J. S. Parish by '92. It was decided to hold the three usual meetings during the year, special arrangements being made for the second. It was decided that sparring should be one of the events at the indoor games. There was also some discussion in regard to the present facilities for record breaking. A vote of thanks was extended to G. K. Hooper, '91, for the presentation of a 16-pound shot to the Athletic Club.

At a meeting of the Architectural Society last week, the following men were elected to membership: L. Feland, '92, L. V. Pulsifer, '92, B. L. Fenner, '93, G. B. Perkins, '93, W. E. Davis, '93, J. V. Dutton, '93, R. Measures, '93. The proposition made by Professor Chandler for a course of lectures to be given by Boston architects was accepted. The Society offered a prize of ten dollars for the best drawings suitable for the two pages devoted to the Society by the "Technique." The following have entered into competition: Messrs. Carlson, Dutton, Donn, Koch, Ingraham, and Davis.