this out, I argued, he of course gave up all hope of succeeding, and when trying to withdraw gracefully, had been seized upon by the careful mother.

"Now," I continued, "if you win this case, and my friend is convicted, I know him well enough to tell you that he will not pay the damages, but will rather marry this girl, of whom he is really very fond. On the other hand, should you fail to establish his guilt you console the mother for the loss of her prize by making an offer of marriage to her daughter. She will of course accept your proposal, realizing the great honor you do her, and you gain your cherished object."

Much to my delight, which I carefully suppressed, however, the old fool, who was greatly tickled by my allusions to his irresistible charms, agreed to throw up the case. This chance was exactly what he wanted—he had been far too timid to make the proposal in the ordinary open manner, whereas he saw his way clearly through this business arrangement of the embarrassing details.

I left, after having received his promise to stand by his agreement, and on the appointed morning we appeared before the court. The mother and daughter were there also, and I must say I didn't blame Jack so very much for falling in love with the latter, knowing his susceptibility in that line; to tell the truth, I felt rather interested in her myself. She was a beautiful creature, with all those graces and peculiar charms of the women of Andalusia; a most inspiring figure, and a beautiful, happy face, with the fresh bloom of perfect health upon her cheek.

Our old friend for the prosecution really did himself proud; he made a very laughable speech, and ended by skillfully turning the whole thing into a huge joke. The evidence against Jack was really very light; the old mother had evidently counted upon prejudice to win the case for her.

The jury returned a verdict favorable to us, much to the rage of the plaintiff, and discharged the prisoner at the bar. I paid the old lawyer a handsome fee, and hurried Jack out of Spain, before he should have the chance to crawl into another hole. Soon afterward, I happened to be reading the society notes of one of the continental journals, and saw that our old friend had actually summoned up the courage to plead his own case, and had married Jack's old flame. How he made his proposal I should very much like to know; the method he pursued must certainly have been a unique one of its kind.

I can never think without laughing of this adventure of ours, and the enormous amount of yankee "gaul" we employed in getting safely out of it, and I must confess to a few qualms of conscience in giving it away. But I hardly think Jack will see it, and he will have to read it through anyway before he recognizes it, as his true name is not Austin.

The Twentieth Century Club.

HERE is a growing impression throughout the country that Technology teaches science only. Such is not the case, however, as a peep into Room 11, on the afternoon of November 17th, would have indicated. It was the first regular meeting of the Twentieth Century Club, composed of young instructors, assistants, post-graduate students, and members of the Junior and Senior classes, for the purpose of discussing the leading questions of the day. The idea of the originator, Mr. Emery, is to have four members prepare arguments pro and con, upon a given subject; after these are delivered the question is thrown before the house for general discussion; the question is then closed by an address from some man who is known to be well posted upon the subject. At the first meeting the question, "Resolved, That immigration should be restricted," called forth able arguments from Messrs. Blanchard, Parrish, Allen, and Calkins, the first two affirmative, the last two negative. The speaker of the day was Gen. Francis A. Walker, whose long experience