the still dazed victim of Spooner's cane, and
who at once collared the boy.

"Nin-nin-never mind my name, sir," said Spooner to the reporter, with as much dignity
as his condition would permit. "Officer, I
gig-gig-give that man in charge. Tit-take
off his coat, and put it on the boy. I'll appeare
against him to-morrow. Tit-tit-take the boy
to the station house, and I'll pip-pip-pay any-
thing you have to spend on him. Wh-where's
my coat? Thanks."

The driver of an empty hack offered
Spooner his services. He jumped into the
 carriage, and gave the man his address.

"Did-drive quick," he cried; and away they
rattled just as the patrol wagon from the Back
Bay station came clanging up.

Spooner sat in his room in a far from happy
state of mind. "Taking kik-kik-quinine
by the quart is not the bib-best of fun. Did-
damn that little beggar! I know I'll be sis-sick jy-just on his account. And then
that call I made! Kik-confound the luck !'

His servant entered. "A note for you,
sir," he said, and went out again after laying
a letter upon the table by his master's chair.

Spooner gazed upon it for some time without
its rousing any interest.

"Who's gig-giving a party now?" he said,
at last. "Gig-gig-guess it's not a party;
did-didn't look like a bid. Oh, dear!"
and, groaning at having to disturb himself, he
reached out and took the letter, only to start
up upon looking at it. Was that Her writing?

"He-her, Spooner," he expostulated with
himself, somewhat ashamed, "gig-go slow;
did-didn't excite yourself."

Nevertheless he opened the letter with some
quickness to look at the signature. It was
from Her.

"Dear Mr. Spooner," the note ran, "after you left this
afternoon I drove out, not feeling amiable enough to re-
ceive any others that might call. Passing out over Beacon
Street, I happened to be a witness of an incident -that
you may be able to recall to mind. I wish to apologize for
having been unkind to one whose actions are so noble. I
repent most deeply my conduct of this afternoon, and ask
your forgiveness. I hope that you will experience no ill
effects from your wetting, and will come to see me as soon
as you are able."

Spooner looked up. "Kik-confound it!
Sis-she apologize? Tit-tit-to me? Why, it
was mim-my fault."

Nevertheless he did not seem greatly dis-
tressed over her mistake as he rang for his
man.

"Thomas," he said, as he waved his hand
towards the table, "kik-clear away those sup-
per things, and then help me dress. I'm gig-going out."

The man protested: "But, sir, the doctor
said ——"

Spooner interrupted with dignity: "Nin-
nin-never mind the doctor. I'm gig-going
out."

Co-Education.

We take the following from the Williams Weekly:—

Dr. Bashford's remarks, made at the open-
ing of the term, in which he urged upon the
young ladies and gentlemen the necessity of
using more discretion about walking together
on the streets for pleasure, should be heeded
by every socially inclined student during the
coming months.—Ohio Wesleyan.

Dr. Stetson, President of Des Moines (co-
educational), has announced that students who
fall in love with each other during the term
are violating one of the college rules, and are
liable to severe discipline.—The Delphic.

If these difficulties are customary, it seems
as though the success of co-education must, at
least, be considered doubtful.

In another paper, after announcing the
elopement of a couple of students, the editors
go on to say that the president of the univers-
ity is authorized to solemnize marriages, and
that he requests all students having any such
intentions to come to him rather than go out
of town. Evidently Cupid is no respecter of
places, and is as mischievous amid the sup-
pposed studiousness of college halls as any-
where.