The game was played as it is by gentlemen; it is scarcely necessary to add that both elevens kept up a spirited conversation throughout.

The twilight slowly deepens
The night comes on full soon
But it doesn't disturb the football team
For they play by the light of the moon.

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A Singing Lesson.

**Scene.—** A luxurious parlor with grand piano at one side.

**Characters.—** Imogene: Monsieur Lachais (her singing teacher).

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Imogene (at piano).

"I wonder why Monsieur Lachais should be so late again today.—"

(The doorbell rings.)

Ah! here he is.

(M. Lachais enters.)

Monsieur is late.

M. Lachais.

"A little, yes; detained by—fate. Your pardon."

Imogene.

"But a penalty for this, your third delinquency, is due."

M. Lachais.

"From me?"

Imogene.

"Of course."

M. Lachais.

"But how?"

Imogene.

"Listen; Monsieur will sing to me today, and I will master be—Monsieur will be so good?"

M. Lachais.

"I bow to your desire. What shall I sing, some song of Cupid's wandering?"

Imogene.

"I care not; only see to it, 'tis short and does not lack in—wit."

M. Lachais (sings).

"Young Cupid, lightly laden,
With quiver, bow, and dart,
One day espied a maiden,
And straightway pierced her heart.
The maid, surprised and frightened,
Off bounded with a start,
But as she fled, Love tightened
Its hold upon her heart.

Ah, cruel Cupid, ever
'Tis thus you use your arts!
You pierce us and forever
Drive peace from out our hearts."

Imogene.

"'Tis short, I grant, and yes, 'tis pretty, but——"

M. Lachais.

"But you scarce could term it witty."

Imogene (a little resentfully).

"I did not say so. What I meant—No matter. You should be content with that."

M. Lachais (angrily).

"You like it then? 'Tis yours."

Imogene.

"Monsieur is far too kind."

M. Lachais.

"O no; when beauty smiles we can but show our gratitude at least."

Imogene (sarcastically).

"Of course."

(M. Lachais looking at his watch.)

"Our time is up, and I must leave. Next Monday morning, I believe."

Imogene (opening the door).

"Yes, Monday morning. Come at ten; and if Monsieur is late again——"

M. Lachais.

"I beg you will not make him pay another fine. Bon jour."

Imogene.

"Good day."

H. A. R.

The new Commencement Hall at Princeton will have a seating capacity of 1,800.

A new institution, to be known as the School of American History and Institutions, is about to be established in the University of Pennsylvania. Its object is to make a distinctive school and to teach everything that pertains to America in the way of history, law, and lore of any kind. It offers eight separate courses, including those for lawyers, teachers, and journalists.