not have been artistic in the extreme, they were, to say the least, admirably suited to the occasion, and well received by all.

The first speaker introduced was Mr. C. W. Dickey, whose toast was "The Institute." He, strange to say, began his address with a story, and after a most excellent speech and some extremely good advice, resigned to the next speaker of the evening.

Mr. L. R. Nash on the Class of '94 did admirably, and spoke in excellent style of the many good qualities of the class. He was followed by Mr. E. D. Clarke, who spoke on Football. Mr. Clarke touched lightly on the class's success in football,—as lightly as he consistently could, considering the size of the success. He took the liberty of overstepping the bounds of football and reprimanded the class on its lack of interest in general athletics. Mr. F. H. Murkland followed Mr. Clarke, and spoke of '94's baseball career; its brilliant beginning and more brilliant prospects for a magnificent termination.

The toastmaster next called upon Mr. Ross, who favored the assembled multitude with a short story finely rendered in broken French.

Mr. Reed's toast to the ladies was also worthy of mention.

Mr. F. H. Holden was the next speaker to be introduced, and gave the class a flow of wit upon the Grind.

To enumerate the list of speakers to its full extent would be too laborious, and we only hope that those not mentioned will not feel slighted, but will realize that the class appreciates their efforts fully as much as those of the more favored ones.

The supper was, on the whole, a most stupendous success, and the committee, Messrs. Spalding, Stevens, and B. E. Holden, deserve great credit for their exertions, and the results achieved.

Warren has been re-elected captain of Princeton's football team.

A Desperate Conspiracy.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Schuyler Standish Spooner was a rich young fellow, and what the Saturday Evening Gazette called "one of Boston's exclusive set"—for he claimed descent from the first settlers of both Plymouth and New York—he was, like just a common, unaristocratic young American, in business. Unlike many others, however, he was one of the firm, and it was with more than ordinary satisfaction that he thought upon the fact as he settled himself for a long journey in the cars. For it was summer, and the fact that he was of consequence in the firm lengthened his vacation from three weeks to six, a source of self-gratulation, since he was bound for the mountains, to spend his time at the Maple Hill House, where she was. She was Miss Ellen Brewster, of Boston, and with her he had recently become quite intimate. His interest in her was of that sudden kind which we often feel when some circumstance unexpectedly puts an acquaintance in an entirely new light. Spooner had known her for years, and had liked her, in an impersonal sort of way, as a very clever girl, different from most, being somewhat independent, yet on the whole very pleasant. It had needed a quarrel with her, a fall from grace, followed by a sudden rise again, as has been elsewhere related, to rouse in Spooner a lively interest in Miss Brewster. He had to admit to himself, ruefully, that the same conjunction of circumstances did not rouse a similar interest on her part. Yet such appeared to be the fact, for she treated him exactly as before, when he had been but a casual caller.

Still, they had reached a perfectly free and easy footing, as one could have seen by watching them as they sat together under the trees, one afternoon a few days after his arrival at the mountains. She was doing fancywork, he was playing with her scissors, and blunting them by cutting grass and twigs; they talked as much or as little as they chose, and she paid as much or as little apparent attention to