the counterpart of her lover's pleasure. She was a timid, hesitating little body, and hung back somewhat as the others came forward to meet them.

Miss Brewster lost no time. "Come," she said, as they stood in the slight embarrassment of the meeting, "Mr. Spooner, suppose we go and gather bunchberries. I was going to do it with Miss Ware, but I'm afraid she will not care to walk so far." And then this arch-conspirator coolly walked away down another path.

Spoonер edged behind his uncle, and whispered in his ear: "Now's your tit-tit-time, Uncle," he said. "Kik-keep your spirits up! Nin-never say die! Gig-go in and win!"

His uncle made a wild but effectual clutch at the young man's vanishing blazer. "Hold on," he cried; "I say—"

"Th-that's all right," said Spooner, disengaging himself. "Nin-now or never, Uncle," he whispered again; "'fit-faint heart,' you know,"—and off he went down the path, to find Miss Brewster seated on a fallen tree, weak with laughter, her handkerchief pressed against her mouth.

"Well," she said, when she was able to speak, "it's a success. Did you see his face when we appeared?"

"Did-did I?" he cried. "And did-did you notice hers? It is a success, indeed!"

Spoonер and Miss Brewster gave the others all the time they conscientiously could; but they had to go back to them at last, and did so after preliminary whistlings and laughter. It had been a success, as could be plainly seen by the faces of the two middle-aged lovers. Nothing was said; but Spooner and his uncle put a new meaning in their handclasp, and Miss Brewster took little Miss Ware in her arms and kissed her with as full an understanding of what had passed as if it had all been told in words.

"And now, Uncle," said Spooner, breaking the contented silence that fell on them all, "it—it's supper time, and you must go home with me. Kik-come on!"

"Why, no, Schuyler," said his uncle, able now to assert himself; "you go on with Miss Brewster, and Miss Ware and I will follow."

"Uncle George," said his nephew, severely, "I'm ashamed of you. Wh-what are you thinking of? As sure as I sis-stand here, Mim-Mrs. Von Blenkinsopp and Mrs. Nin-Nin-Norman are this moment on the pippiazza looking for their natural food, and the whole thing will be the talk of the hotel. Nin-nin-no, sir! we go back as we came. Mim-Miss Ware and Miss Brewster, of course you know you haven't sis-sis-seen us this afternoon. We have bib-bib-been to the Stairs. You must excuse our leaving you, but we must return from that direction, and it's rir-rather a roundabout way. Kik-come on, Uncle George. Gig-gig-good-bye," and away he went, dragging his unwilling yet happy uncle.

Ten Little Tech. Men.

Ten would-be Tech. men coming in a line;
One flunks entrance algebra, and so there are but nine.
Nine full-fledged Freshmen studying very late;
One studies much too hard, so there are but eight.
Of the eight Freshmen, one plays on the 'leven;
He, of course, fails everything, and so there are but seven.
Six sturdy Freshmen at the annuals strive;
One gets FF in Chemistry, so there are but five.
Five hearty students come to Tech. once more,
One takes the Five-Year Course, so there are but four.
Four tough Sophomores steal letters M. I. T.;
A "cop." collars on to one, and so there are but three.
Three valiant Tech. men, Juniors tried and true;
One gets stuck on Calculus, and so there graduates but one.
Two haughty Seniors, their S.B.'s almost won;
A thesis is rejected, so there graduates but one.
This happy graduate goes in for social fun;
Alas! he marries the lunch-room belle, and now there are none.