A TOUCHING story of implicit trust on the one side and tender sympathy and care on the other, comes to the Lounger from the unwritten annals of the Freshman laboratory.

It was some years ago that a Freshman—a descendant of one of the old Puritanic leaders (and a bearer of his name), who first touched our now native land on Plymouth Rock, and whose name has ever since been an unfading symbol of chivalry and bravery—walked feebly up to her who reigns patiently and respected over the ever-troubled Chemists, and, passing a handsome old-fashion watch and a well filled pocketbook over the desk, exclaimed, "I'm too sick to care for these; keep them for me!"

She took them, and he walked over to his room, sick with fever. She kept his valuables for a day, then thought she would take them to him. She was told at his boarding house that he was sick—very sick, with "spotted fever," and no one dared go near him.

Ay, yes! but there was one who would dare! She saw him. She cared not for fever; she only thought of him who was friendless, who needed a mother's care. She found him very ill, and bathed his forehead, and gave to him all those little cares which only such as she can give. At last his mother came and took him home. And she? Well, she's in her same quiet corner, just as ever, and you would never have known of this but for the Lounger. It isn't her way to tell you. She only works on in her quiet, beautiful way, giving a sympathetic word here and an encouraging one there. Appreciate her while you may; there'll never be but one Mrs. Stinson.

The Lounger is growing sleepy, and feels like retiring. It's funny how people will get sleepy. The other day the Lounger was with a lot of people, laughing and chatting, when one of the gentlemen, noted for his long, pointless stories, offered to tell a funny story—that is, he said it was a funny story. It is almost incredible, but every one became very sleepy all at once, and though we had just finished dinner, spoke of its getting late, and of its being time for them to go. One or two of the ladies even complained of headaches, and began feeling for their smelling salts. The Lounger felt a trifle drowsy himself, but it seemed so ridiculous to him that this feeling of somnolence should of a sudden come over the party, that he laughed outright.

The gentleman, for some reason unknown to the Lounger, didn't tell his story, but with a glance full of gratitude at the Lounger, which was clearly intended to thank him for his smile, informed him that he had with him two seats for the Tremont that evening, and begged the Lounger to join him. Though the gentleman was of rather portly build, he didn't look as though he had two chairs stowed away in his waistcoat pockets; nevertheless the Lounger took him at his word and "joined" him. As the show proved a good one, all feelings of hypocrisy which had been gnawing at the Lounger's vitals ceased, and after the show was over he bade his friend good night, and wandered home smiling, feeling that he had done a good deed in the right place.

Occasionally on a bright, cheerful Sunday morning, at just that time when the churches are pouring forth their streams of beauty, piety and wealth, the Lounger, rigged from crown to sole in the best he has, with a flower in his buttonhole and surprisingly well satisfied with himself, wanders over to and along the Avenue, or, as his friend the jester calls it, the strasse; and then as the stream of humanity flows by, homeward bound or out for a breath of the ozonized air, the Lounger devotes his eye to the feminine portion, and mentally sums them up, one by one, as they pass. He sees the beauty, the loveliness, the wealth and the aristocracy of his surroundings, and as each smiling face passes by, with occasionally a smile and a bow for the Lounger, he passes on and then back into his student's world. His heart is lighter, the frowns are raised from his brow, and his cares passed away. He starts in on the morrow with a cheerful will to do and pleasant reveries of yesterday,—a happier, a more contented mortal.

MODERN AGnosticism.

"The professors are wrong," said the student at college.
"In giving me marks that are low,
For with Huxley, I think that the height of all knowledge
Is in the three words 'I don't know.'"

—Trinity Tablet.