age is evinced by a slight weakness at the knees and trembling of the hands. In fact, I hope that you do not remember those jokes yourselves, for I should like to make a few similar ones myself.

This ancient hall, too, has not changed. The "learned men upon the frieze" still adorn its walls, and the interesting tug-of-war in the northwest corner seems as far as ever from a decisive ending. Upon the brow of the fair spirit of co-education there still dwells the same calm look of intellectual superiority which used to greet our eyes as we awoke from our dreams at the end of a lecture.

It would, indeed, be pleasant to bring to your minds the recollection of those four happy years spent under the guidance of Fair Technology,—of our boyish escapades, our successes and our failures; but let us leave them to the past. Others have filled our places upon the steps of the Rogers Building. Our children attend the chapel where once we gathered. We have become back numbers, and it is my duty to-day to turn the pages of our lives and reveal to you the fate or fortune of our classmates; a task which I undertake with hesitation. Should I make mistakes, I trust that I may be forgiven, for the time allotted me for preparation has been comparatively short.

Only this morning I was in South Africa, visiting my old friends Blake and Robeson, who have control of the former's invention for the artificial production of diamonds. Mr. Blake was just illustrating the process for my benefit by turning out a very small specimen,—which, by the way, I kept as a curiosity (pulling out from a pocket an immense diamond set in a large ring, and placing it conspicuously on finger),—when a telegram was handed me from Mr. Dickey, secretary of the Alumni, bidding me to be on hand this afternoon at a reunion of '94, prepared to give as full an account as possible of the doings of its members for the last twenty years.

I had just time to catch Benedict's nine o'clock special rapid transit, but did not arrive in Boston until eleven o'clock, as we were delayed on the way by a slight entanglement with one of Cutler's high-speed mail packets. Out of respect to Mr. Cutler we were obliged to slow up and collect the fragments.

All this time I was puzzling my brain—which, by the way, is a false one, manufactured by Mr. N. H. Janvrin. It is really an admirable brain, far superior to anything of the kind I ever had before. As I said, I was puzzling my brain for a method of finding the histories of my old friends, many of whom I had not seen for years. I even went to the trouble of taking out that triumph of human ingenuity and examining it. I tried every combination of push-buttons, catches, and springs, but in vain. The fertile inventor had actually forgotten something.

While in this quandary I happened to glance across the car, where my attention was attracted to a strange-looking machine, something like the ancient phonograph, which bore a placard with the words, "Dalton's Electro-germ Elucidator. Drop a Nickel in the Slot after Reading Directions." By a few moments' study of the latter, I discovered that this was exactly what I wanted, as it would put me in communication with the mind of a friend, by means of his particular electrical condition of mind, which, according to Mr. Dalton's wonderful discovery, corresponds to the number of hairs in one's head.

The machine worked to perfection, even if it did cost a number of nickels. One member of our class I could not reach, however; a circumstance which troubled me exceedingly until it occurred to me that Mr. Anderson was probably bald, and consequently did not come within the scope of the machine. The deficiency was supplied, however; for as soon as I arrived in Boston, and my tired feet mechanically took their way—even after years of absence—toward the abode of one Julius Fellner, what was my surprise to see over the door of that hospitable resort the