A week after the Promenade my boat sailed from New York, and when Bobby turned his pale face away from me on the wharf so that I might not see the two big tears on his cheeks, my heart sank like lead, and I felt like a brute for going away and leaving him alone with his trouble. I had had a position offered me in the Argentine, and had accepted it through a contract, which I could not break now if I would. Besides, I thought the feeling I now had would wear off as soon as there was a mile or two of water between us. This in a measure proved to be true until the third day out, and then, Sunday, about four o'clock in the afternoon I had a feeling come over me that if giving twenty years off my life would land that boy safe and sound on board the good boat southward bound, I would never regret the gift. My feeling of anxiety increased daily. I thought of Bobby's sad face in the daytime, and in the night, in my sleep, I saw him in horrible dreams, in which he or his mother was always accusing me of neglecting a charge. I would laugh at myself at times, and call myself all kinds of a croaking idiot, but still the impression stayed with me that the only person who had ever succeeded in warming up my very rugged heart, in the prosaic grey existence I had led all my life, was in danger, was suffering.

There is little more to tell; the first papers I received upon landing, told of how Bobby had stopped a runaway; how he had been dragged for a block or more; how the weight on the bit had finally stopped the heavy trap horse; how several people had rushed to the spot and taken the unconscious woman from the seat, reassuring the jabbering, frightened fool in the bottom of the trap that the danger was over; and finally picked up the boy whose tight-locked hands still held the reins, only to find that he was dead.

No feeling of surprise or shock was in my heart, only a peculiar gladness that she must feel now his true worth, and must know all her life that she owes that life to him.

New Appointments.

We take great pleasure in congratulating those who are mentioned in the following Provisional List of new Appointments for 1896-97:

Associate Professor C. Frank Allen, appointed Professor of Railroad Engineering.
Associate Professor A. E. Burton, appointed Professor of Topographical Engineering.
Associate Professor Dwight Porter, appointed Professor of Hydraulic Engineering.
Associate Professor Peter Schwamb, appointed Professor of Mechanism and Director of the Workshops.
Assistant Professor Linus Faunce, appointed Associate Professor of Drawing.
Mr. W. H. Lawrence, appointed Assistant Professor of Architecture.
Mr. A. G. Robbins, appointed Assistant Professor of Highway Engineering.
Dr. J. J. Skinner, appointed Assistant Professor of Mathematics.
Mr. G. H. Barton, appointed Assistant Professor of Geology.

WHEREAS the Almighty God in his divine providence has seen fit to remove from our midst, on April twenty-third, eighteen hundred and ninety-six, our esteemed classmate Parker Reed McLauthlin, be it

Resolved, That we, the Class of '99, do hereby express our great sorrow, and our heartfelt sympathy for the bereaved family. And be it further

Resolved, That we cause these resolutions to be entered in the minutes of the Class, to be published in The Tech, and to be sent to his afflicted parents.

For the Class,

Edward Hosmer Hammond.
Wallace Field Goodnow.
Clarence Renshaw.
Herbert Douglas Vanderhoof.