His Proposal.

The canoe glided silently along, in and out among the quivering shadows of the tree-fringed shore. From around the neighboring point came the faint sound of laughter, mingled with the merry hum of the dance,—a fitting contrast to my loneliness and solitude.

It was fête night at the Casino, and all this small summer world of people about the lake were enjoying, to its fullest extent, what they had looked forward to for weeks.

As, borne along by the cool night breeze of early June, I floated into the denser shadow of the thicker woods, I became aware of two faint, shadowy forms strolling along the shore.

"Ah," thought I, "the conditions are equally propitious for love and for solitude; I seek the solitude, while they are lovers."

Highly satisfied with this rather romantic conclusion, I withdrew my paddle from the water, and the canoe soon ceased to move,—suspended, as it were, in the nothingness of shadow.

Evidently I was unseen, so entirely were the two wrapped up in each other's very being. Occasionally their steps faltered as the two clung to one another. Not a word was spoken, so naturally I concluded that they were conversing in that language which, so the fiction writers tell us, consists of ethereal signs, understood only by those whose hearts beat as one.

The two forms sank into a seat upon a friendly rock. Were they upon a special mission? Was I about to hear spoken those words which, judging from numerous accounts of the same, are of a peculiar cut and dried nature?

I offered to myself no excuse for eavesdropping; I thought of none. I simply waited.

From across the moonlit surface of the bay the deep, mournful notes of the whip-poor-will lent melody to the scene, while all about the lake twinkled the lights of the cottages.

"What a spot, and what a time for a poet!" thought I; "the very scene is an inspiration."

Again my eyes sought the shadowy forms on the rock. They seemed so close together that not even a stray thread of moonbeam could have gotten between them.

Evidently the time was come; and I pictured to myself the man with his heart beating recklessly fast, and his thoughts moving even faster, as he tried to give utterance to those words which, judging from appearances, could have but one answer.

Not a word had been spoken, and I listened with bated breath for the first soft sound. Presently I heard a sigh, and then came the words:

"Shay, Zhimmy, les' g' back an' get sh' more shampagne."

Architectural Society Dinner.

The Architectural Society, famous for its good dinners, capped the climax in the way of originality when it sat down to a Chinese dinner in a Chinese restaurant in Chinatown, Wednesday night. The following are some of the things the men ate with grave doubts and chopsticks: son bi soup, phenix with bird's-nest, hair seaweed with fishball soup, fried noodle epidendrum, chop sooy, goin ghet hong gong, soo gun, quiy yung, tieng moy, and tea.

After the dinner Professor Despradelles, Mr. C. Howard Walker, Mr. Ross Turner, and Mr. Russel Porter were able to make a few remarks. Mr. Jackson, '97, officiated as toastsmaster.

"AUSCULTATION," DEAR.

Maud: "I don't like to have Charlie go to the Medical School at all, so there."

Clare: "Why?"

Maud: "Why, I saw his programme today, and he had four hours a week of auscultation. He said it was about the stethoscope, but I know that was only another big word to confuse me."