desultory puffs from the ocean across the island, and sweeping over the heated land arrived at Carter Point in anything but a pleasing condition.

Evans discovered that Papa Henridge was on the end of the wharf seeking in vain some relief from the heat; so he left the room he shared with Harris with much determination in his heart, which, by the way, was well up in his throat. He bravely marched across the lawn which separated the Hendriges' house from the hotel grounds. Arrived at the Hendriges' piazza he steadily asked if "Miss Hendrige was in."

"Yes, she was in," the maid brought back answer, and "would he step in?"

"Yes, he would step in;" and so he was shown into the parlor, which was unlighted, and, after a moment of suspense, a voice said from somewhere,—

"It was so hot to-night that I did not light the lamps. They heat the room so."

"Yes, yes," answered Evans; "you are quite right," looking about at the same time to discover the whereabouts of the speaker.

"Won't you sit down?" said the voice, which now came from the dark shadow of a chair which Evans was just about to occupy.

"Your voice sounds so hollow. I'm afraid that you caught cold this afternoon; you know I said you would."

Evans couldn't just then remember when she had said so, but said quite steadily, and collecting himself at the same time, "It isn't cold, but dread."

"Dread?" echoed the voice. "Whatever can make you afraid?"

"Well, you see," said Evans, "I have decided to throw the whole happiness of my life into the answer to one question, and ——" Here he paused, and the whole of his carefully prepared speech fled from his brain. He felt that he must go on, and, desperately nerving himself, he plunged into a most passionate and broken appeal.

(To be continued.)

The regular issue of The Tech will appear next Thursday, as usual.

The following men have been appointed corporals in the Freshman Battalion: Company C, C. M. Brush; Company B, C. M. Dearden; Company D, F. J. Farrar.

The M. I. T. Gun Club has elected the following officers: W. O. Adams, President; S. B. Miller, Vice President and Manager; A. F. Nathan, Secretary and Treasurer.

The Constitution Committee, elected by the new Mining Engineering Society, reported last night. After some discussion the report was accepted. The Society has begun well and is sure to be a success.

The Chess Club is now undergoing reorganization. Last year some first-class chess was played, and this year there seems to be no reason why a creditable showing cannot be made if a tournament can be arranged with Harvard.

After several postponements, Mr. Samuel Cabot delivered his much anticipated lecture on "Flying Machines" before the Mechanical Engineering Society, Wednesday, November 17th. A large number of men were present and were well repaid for their trouble.

The Tech would like to call the attention of the students once more to the fact that the Walker Club are desirous of presenting during Junior Week an original play, by some Tech. student. Any necessary information can be obtained from E. W. Curtis, '98, or C. F. Gauss, 1900.