Miss Barclay.—Do tell me about the trouble in Chile. I don't understand it at all, and I can't make anything out of the papers. The news in them is written for the people like you, who know all the ins and outs. Who began it? Of course you'll say the people of Argentina.

Senor Moreno.—No, I vill not tell you about de trouble. Eet iss of dat which I must dink all de days; but eet iss of your beautiful self dat I would dink, of your eyes blue like de heaven, of—but I will not say it in de cold Inglis. Que je vous—you do understand de French?

Miss Barclay.—I did not catch what you said, senor.

Senor Moreno.—Do you understand de French—de French language?

Miss Barclay.—Oh, yes!

Senor Moreno.—Je vous aime. Je vous adore, ma belle Edith. Comprenez-vous mes sentiments? (Rises.) Pouvez-vous m'aimer un peu?

Miss Barclay.—Yes, I understand.

Senor Moreno.—throws his arms around her, and kisses her passionately.)—Je vous aime.

Miss Barclay (frees herself with an effort. Her cheeks are ablaze.)—How dare you? To take advantage of me when you know that I am alone in the house!

Senor Moreno.—Mais, senorita.

Miss Barclay.—Be still! I will not hear a word. You, a Spaniard, so proud of his honor. I would not even think it of you. Is this your chivalry? (Stops from lack of breath.)

Senor Moreno.—But you said that you loved me. Iss eet not de vay een dis country, dat you kiss at de first and den do ask de fader?

Miss Barclay.—I did not say I loved you, senor. I said I understood you, though now it seems that I did not. There is nothing more for you to say. (Rings the bell.)

Senor Moreno.—Ah, I see. Eet vas all a meestake. I did not make myself plain. I beg your pardon most humbly. I am sorry dat I give you de pain. Now I vill go.

Miss Barclay.—The fault was partly mine, senor. I have never told you that I am a little deaf, and can hear you well only when I can see your lips. That is why I preferred the porch to this dark room.

Senor Moreno.—Again I beg your pardon, Miss Barclay, for de pain dat I have given. (Goes toward the door. Turns as he reaches it.) And ven I shall come back de next summer iss eet permitted to me to see you again?

Miss Barclay.—What! You still care, even though you know? (Enter Delia.)

Senor Moreno.—I still care, senorita. I vill always care,—even to de dead. (Exit Moreno.)

Miss Barclay (to Delia).—Open the blinds, please, Delia. It is too dark here.

Curtain.


Mechanical Engineering Circular.

A new illustrated, descriptive circular has been issued by the Department of Mechanical Engineering. It gives, in addition to a schedule of the course and list of officers of instruction, a description of the studies undertaken, photographs and places of the new and extensive Engineering laboratories, statements of tests more frequently conducted, the titles of theses for the Class of 1898, and tables showing the present occupation of all graduates of the Department since 1868. These are of great interest. There are three hundred and eighty-nine living graduates of the Department of Mechanical Engineering, and but four of these are unaccounted for. Definite occupations are stated for the balance. Over ninety per cent are employed in work for which they received special training at the Institute, and most of the remainder are engaged in pursuits demanding some scientific training.