Mr. Adams:—

Friends: It is a dangerous thing to meddle with the future, and it is especially dangerous when one acts as a medium by which his friends learn of the ultimate result of their labors.

I am happy to say that I feel perfectly safe in making known the facts which follow. The cause for this security comes directly from a place of which, doubtless, some of you have heard; a place which Mr. Dooley describes as being "farther thin Boohlgahyra, an' not so far as Bleshchoocho, near Chiny, an' yet not so near; an' if a man was to bore a well through fr'm Goshen, Indianny, he might strike it, an' thin again he might not."

You doubtless recognize the Philippine Islands.

Last winter I received from a friend a large package accompanied by a letter. The following is an extract from the letter:—

"The package which I send with this contains a copy and a translation of a part of one of an almost infinite number of old parchment manuscripts which we discovered in an underground ruin on a small island near the island of Negros. More definite information as to the location I cannot give, and I must caution you to give no hint as to what I've told you until after June rst, as we intend to spring the thing upon the world about that time. The ruin we suppose to have been, in ancient times, the library of a set of men somewhat similar to the Druids. All of these men were wonderful prophets, not one of the events which they foretold having failed to take place, so far as we can ascertain. In prying about among these manuscripts I found this relating to the fate of your class at college, and send it to you, as I said before." The rest of the letter is unimportant with regard to this matter.

The prophecy thus oddly found is written in the form of a play, although plot, motive, and in fact almost all of the requisites of a play are lacking.

The following is taken directly from the translation of the prophecy as I received it:—

(Place—Greater Chelsea. Time—The year 25 A. G. Note.—A. G. means after graduation.)

SCENE I.

A public square.

(Enter from opposite sides a policeman and a man bearing "a banner with this strange device, 'Sapoliodid it.'"

Upon perceiving the man the policeman is about to move him on, but, instead, hastens forward, holding out his hand.)

THE POLICEMAN \\

THE MAN \\

Together \\

HERBERT.

COPP.

(They shake hands violently.)

POLICEMAN (wiping away a tear): Where on earth did you drop from?

HERBERT: That makes no difference. I'm here to take in the twenty-fifth anniversary of the graduation of the Class. Have you seen any of the fellows?

(Copp is about to reply when the blare of music is heard, and from the street at back enters a band of gaudily dressed musicians, led by a long-haired man waving a bâton.)

HERBERT: Lawrence Addicks and his famous band.

COPP: Yes; Sousa's successor.

(The band parades through the square, followed by an irregular crowd of men. The procession passes. At the end of the procession a chariot is seen surrounded by a group of men bearing wreaths of seaweed. In the chariot is a man of stalwart appearance, bearing in one hand a roll of parchment, and in the other a banner inscribed, "At Last." The chariot stops. The occupant waves his hand. Silence ensues.)

He chants:—

O happy me,  
I'm full of glee  
Upon this festal day.  
I'll tell you the reason,  
If you'll say you're not teasin',  
I'm at last an alumnus  
Of dear M. I. 'T.

The standard bearer suddenly gasps, "Corporal Bailey, and faints.

Quick curtain.

SCENE II.

(A large hall arranged for an informal entertainment. Time—Evening of the same day. Two men are discovered sitting at one of the numerous tables. The first speaks.)

A great scheme of yours, Patch, this entertainment for us. How long have you been in the theatrical business?

PATCH: Ever since two years after graduation. I started by going around with the Walker Club on their trips. I like it especially for one thing. It enables me to keep in touch with many of the fellows who have become stars. That is why I am able to get them to perform to-night. But what are you doing nowadays, Ham?

HAMILTON: Since leaving the Institute I have been delivering temperance lectures around Wisconsin. Lately I have had an offer to go to India as a missionary.

PATCH: What has become of the other fellows,—Renshaw, for instance? He isn't here to-night.

HAMILTON: He is now editor of one of our leading magazines, and is making a great hit just now in a series of articles after the style of Addison's Spectator. His non de plume is "The Loafer." By the way, have you talked with Malcom Corse to-night? He is red hot about the Oak Grove prosecution. He is State Inspector of Food, you know, and has caused the Oak Grove to shut down on the charge of selling cheap hardware under the name of dairy lunch. He flunked an exam. once on account of indigestion from the same lunch.

PATCH: I heard of Page and Newell the other day,