

imparted gave the entire file the creeps. Allison fainted, and number twenty-three collapsed in a heap, and I drew my breath in with a gulp, my limbs caved in, and my head swam with vertigo, and I would have toppled over, if it hadn't been for old 'Yang Tse Kiang.'" [Yang Tse Kiang was the nickname for a veteran regular, who had served with distinction in the Crimea, and in the Abyssinian and Chinese embroglios. His "whoppers" about the Chinese campaign were responsible for the Mongolian appellation, by which he was invariably called.]

"As soon as the moon gets up, the colonel intends to break camp, and we are to be the advance guard. The colonel evidently wishes us to know that this is no picnic." As Seymour finished, they were joined by "Yang Tse Kiang" and Frank White.

"You kids haven't a bit of sand. The first thing yer know, yer won't know nothing. The Injuns will swoop down and massacre (with the accent on the 'ere) the hull kaboodle. Yer want to scrape up a little spunk. Why, Seymour nearly fell over hisself, if I hadn't went and giv him a lift."

"Well, you may chaff as much as you like, but, Archer, I'm in dead earnest, and don't laugh, please. I have a nameless dread—a premonition that I am going to pass in my checks to-morrow. But I mustn't make you all despondent. You know, I'm no coward, but I can't get rid of this awful foreshadowing of death, that seems to have taken entire possession of my being. Say, Archer, I want you to do something for me. I'll be back in a few moments," and Frank White walked away slowly, with his hands clasped behind his back, and a most dejected expression in place of his customary happy look.

"What's come over every one" said Archer to Seymour, Yang Tse Kiang having moved off, after giving Seymour's hand a cordial shake, and telling him that he "would be all right as soon as the lightin' began."

"I'm getting affected with melancholy, too," said Archer, loath to make such a confession. "White and you, Seymour, are acting in a deucedly strange manner. I always thought that fear was an unknown quantity in White's mental equipment. He was the leading spirit in the maddest of college escapades. In the scraps with the police, White was always to the fore, and his blackthorn was more than a match for the baton of the burly 'cop." I remember once a foxy senior incited the freshmen to resist initiation. He urged them to vindicate their dignity, their manhood, and not tamely submit to the impositions of the sophomores, to whom were entrusted the torturing of the verdant first-year-men. At the same time, he treacherously informed the

seniors that the freshmen intended to resent any interference with their liberties. A night had been arranged for rounding up the freshmen, and the usual scenes of humiliation were to be enacted for the seniors' delectation. Freshmen would have to mount the table, and dance in a perfect frenzy of fear, as bed-slats were pounded on the table in every direction in dangerous proximity to freshmen toes. They also were forced to tell stories, in which the freshman was the only one who saw the point, the seniors greeting the alleged humor with a blank stare, supplemented by anxious enquiries among themselves as to whether any one had discovered the joke. Pulling corks, filling glasses and handing them around, playing leap-frog, hurdle races over tables and chairs, were just a few of the diversions that fell to the freshman's lot. The freshmen were advised of the visit, and they barricaded the entrance to their quarters with bureaus, trunks and mattresses, and armed themselves with pistols, knives and canes. As soon as the seniors made their appearance, the freshmen fired a volley at the ceiling, and the invaders retired precipitately, with the exception of Frank White. He crawled over the barricade, laid out a few freshmen with well directed lefts and rights, broke down the defence, and let in the other seniors, who had mustered sufficient courage to return to the assault. The freshmen were cowed, and the seniors masters of the situation. But here comes White. He hasn't taken long to scribble his farewells."

"Archer," White said with lowered brows, "You attend to this letter. We were to have been married in the fall. She'll know I thought of her to the last." (To be continued.)

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