

beauty, smiled and twinkled at our happiness and the solemn old moon cast her soft, sweet refulgence over us. As we neared the Hall the heavy stillness that rested over that silent building like a pall, subdued our spirits and our thoughts grew great and lofty, when suddenly as we crossed the threshold we came upon the sharp sides of an upturned bed, which lay like a gruesome spectre at the entrance. Our wandering thoughts flew homeward and to judge from the expressions of some who had come into the most forcible contact with the obstruction, they came so suddenly and swiftly that this earth was above their ultimate goal. What had happened? Had an Earthquake struck the Hall or were the boys off on a rampage? A closer look by the aid of a match at the furniture revealed to us the fact, that if our first hypothesis were correct, the demons of the storm were evidently on terms of friendly intimacy with the upper classes, for the chaotic mass had an intensely familiar Freshman look about it.

The less superstitious of our boys however, came to the conclusion that the rampage theory was the more tenable, especially in view of the fact that at the noise of our approach lights were again seen and the innocent faces of the Seniors, Juniors and Sophs. were filled with wonder and amazement when we related to them the fact, that of all our goods and chattels, which at our departure ornamented and beautified our domiciles, not an article remained in our possession, save and except those stoves in which fervent fires were glowing and the bookcases, nailed to the wall. The boys had done their work well and even we could not help admiring the skill and strength necessary to carry stoves and trunks up a rickety ladder to the roof. (*The ladder is there yet, in an even more rickety condition.*) We gathered ourselves together, and planned for action; at that time it was customary when Freshmen were turned out, for the Freshmen to set to work and return things to their original condition. Times have changed since then and the members of the Freshman class are men of influence, and "protection" is the victorious war-cry everywhere.

Pioneers were sent out upon the roof, the sky-light was uncovered and the furniture dropped down with what our genial Classical professor would have called some considerable speed. Order was soon restored, offers of abodes for the night were extended by our magnanimous upheavers, and in every case but one were accepted. He preferred the cool embrace of a snow-bank to the luxurious softness of a Chip. Hall mattress shared with a foe.

But it was long before we retired; plaintive strains of music, fitfully hovered over the Hall, long drawn wails, and pæans over lost furniture disturbed the night and our sister institution across the way, giving to them, for a short time, an experience which we daily had felt when in the afternoon we sought the arms of Morpheus, or in the early evening tackled Wormell's Physics, and the Sem. vocalist alternately mounted and reluctantly descended the suffering scale.

Morning found things at peace and very little in pieces. No complaint was laid, for *of course* if there had been, the faculty would