

Editor's office But how did this blessed state of affairs come to exist? How did the new Junior Editor spring into literary recognition? Behold! here is the story as told by Captain Moonlight, who, in the wizard hours of night, was an eye-witness of what happened.

One night last month, the dear old "Bird of Wisdom," who, over a year ago, in a manner somewhat akin to that of an Irish eviction, was ousted from the perch he had honorably held so long, sat on one of the big elm trees that adorn the small yard, in melancholy reflection. As a salty tear rolled down his feathered cheek, he was sorrowfully pouring over, in the quiet moonlight, a volume of favorite sheets containing records of old College days. Happening to raise his venerable head to adjust his spectacles, he, with a start, espied a glimmering light in the literary office where once, in happy times gone by, he reigned supreme. After a moment's hesitation and a deep, heart-breaking, hooty sigh, he summoned one of his feathered heralds, and having given him a few directions, dispatched him towards the twinkling glimmer with the following imperative message:

"Learned Gentleman,—

It will be my good pleasure to see once more a youthful Editor in charge of a Junior Department; for, though old, feeble, crippled, and evicted from a comfortable home, I am still filled with joy when I hear of the successes of the juvenile wisdom-gatherers."

(Signed,) OWL.

The wee, tiny herald, swift of wing, crossed the yard, just above the electric wires, and having soared about for a moment or two as if collecting his thoughts, entered through an open pane into the room where the light was shining. The conversation that took place within that hallowed chamber, escaped the ear of Captain Moonlight; but soon, however, the herald reappeared, with smiling bill, and having circled awhile above the sandy plain of the small yard, entered through another open pane, high up above the place of prayer. The room the herald this time had entered was a large one (some people, fond of big strange words, call it a dormitory) but that didn't matter. The winged messenger