

to our dim vision as a life broken in the midst yet we must bow in obedience and believe all for the best. His wife, a convert of the Yokobas, has returned to her tribe. [N. S. papers please copy.]

The seething potion gurgled and sputtered as if endeavoring to express its sorrow but already the paper had become indistinct. Prof. Nickerson next flashed to view. In a classroom of Gresham University he was explaining with clear, convincing arguments a solution of some astronomical problem. Mindful of the great ability he evinced when connected with '95, intense curiosity seized me regarding his career. The witch, reading my thoughts, explained how after several post-graduate courses in science he had been appointed to this prominent position. He had discovered several new asteroids and indisputably proved Mars to be inhabited, but by men only. Receiving a new impulse from this very satisfying discovery, he is now devoting nearly all his energies to contrive some means by which he may himself join these much envied beings or transform this planet into a Mars by removing the fair sex to Mars.

Again the scene shifted and I was in a court room. Evidently a lengthy case was being discussed or at least one would imagine so from the tired and sleepy expression of the fleshy judge. How little did we think that he who figured as sheriff in Acadia's Mock Trial would some day hold so powerful an influence over one of his classmates and of all others, over MacLean. Yet it was true enough, there in the prisoner's box shone Musty's roseate countenance.

My weird companion explained how it was a breach of promise case between Malcolm A. MacLean and Miss DeWilliams-andercall. But the famous lawyer Lockhart was speaking in his accustomed clear, decisive tones. "We are called on to-day gentlemen, to decide one of the most important questions of the twentieth century. "Should men flirt?" I can answer most emphatically in the negative. Should man the strong, courageous independent noble hearted creation of wonderful deeds and magnificent thoughts be allowed to thus at his will cast his glorious eyes and tender babblings upon the kind, susceptible heart of woman. No, emphatically no. In the case of the prisoner at the bar we have a terrible witness how roseate cheeks and melting looks have crushed the tender heart of an innocent maiden. This has gone on far too long. Men even ministers of the gospel think to cast abroad their sentimental looks and cooing words and then are sur-