

LOVE AND DYNAMITE.

BEFORE the first month of his residence in Morton had ended, Harry Lesgrave had repeatedly and vigorously anathematized the unkind fate which had decreed that he should spend the succeeding three or four months in such a dull, uninteresting town. Like many other students, his normal financial condition was embodied in the phrase "great stringency in the money market," so he thought to add to his slender means by engaging in business during the protracted vacation that intervenes between "exams." and the "hustle." Last year his employers—and fate—had ordained that he should go to Morton, a quiet, subdued town that has bashfully hidden itself in a valley of the nameless range of hills that occupies the western portion of the State of Massachusetts. In obedience to his employers, he journeyed thither to supervise the construction of a street lighting system for the town, the contract for which work had been awarded to the firm in whose employment he usually spent his vacation; in obedience to fate he—well, that is the sequel of this narrative.

The neighborhood was delightful—an ideal place in which to spend the summer months. At this season of the year the scenery was particularly attractive, the town being in the heart of a rich fruit-producing district, while the river which drifted peacefully through the quiet town, afforded delightful facilities for boating and kindred summer sports. As it was his first visit to the State, Harry was unacquainted with any of the townspeople, and the remoteness of his prospects of making any acquaintances was the cause of his discontent.

At the conclusion of an unusually trying day he returned to his boarding-house, tired and out-of-sorts, and experienced the first break in the monotony of his existence in Morton, when, at the tea table, he made the acquaintance of a niece of his landlady. Alice Nixon had dropped in to spend the afternoon with Mrs. Harrison, and the latter had persuaded her to remain for tea. Lesgrave brightened very noticeably at sight of this pleasant acquisition to the ordinary, monotonous household, endeavoring to appear in as favorable a light as possible. Quite naturally he was given the opportunity, later in the evening, of escorting her to her home, and, equally naturally, having found her to be a bright companion, he availed himself of this opening for becoming better acquainted with her.

Then followed formal calls, soon to be replaced with drives, boat rides and moonlight promenades, so that we need not marvel that at the expiration of three months Harry no longer felt inclined to think harshly of the fate which had sent him thither. Frequently his days were brightened by the appearance of the neat little trap in which she frequently drove during the bright, warm days; indeed, the most casual observer could not but have noticed that, as the summer progressed, her favorite drive became the road which, for several miles, lay parallel to the river bank. It may add to the clearness of detail if we state the additional fact that on this road was being constructed the power-house of the gas company, at which place the young engineer was daily occupied.

In addition, the rocky nature of the soil rendered it necessary to frequently blast, in order to make the required excavations for the laying of the pipes. At such times, it devolved upon Harry to see that all approaches to the neighborhood were guarded. So it was that on an afternoon, the memory of which Harry so easily recalls, precautions had been taken to stop all pedestrians and vehicles until after the explosion of several charges, which had been placed in the drilled rock. All was in readiness for the igniting of the fuses, in fact, the first one had been "touched off," when, espying the familiar turnout coming down the street, he hastened to warn her of the impending danger. At Lesgrave's approach she drew rein, while he quickly informed her of the nature of the obstacle to traffic. Pleased to have an excuse for doing so, he stepped into the rig, while awaiting the coming explosions. As the several shocks

followed one another the horse trembled violently at the unusual noises, but Harry had him well under control. The last charge ignited, sending a shower of earth and stones flying through the air, and, this time, the broken rock flew farther than before, one piece striking the horse. Furious with excitement, he started forward in a mad gallop, and it was not until several minutes had elapsed that Harry succeeded in stopping the frightened beast, by which time they were out in the country, with the town left far behind.

After a quick look at his fair companion had assured him of her peace of mind, he jumped out, soothed the trembling beast, turned around towards the town, and in a more sedate manner they commenced the return drive.

On the way home they met various acquaintances who, unaware of the true explanation of the incident, smiled broadly at the sight of the young engineer, in a coatless costume, seated in the vehicle beside the fair owner, with whose name Dame Rumor had already connected his own. Harry was unconscious of any hidden meaning that might be ascribed to their genial salutations, but not so with Alice, whose cheek flushed even more deeply as they neared her home. It seemed to her that each person whom they met was even more pointed in the form of greeting them than the previous ones had been. Uneasy and embarrassed, she rode along, longing for the shelter of her home. The climax was reached when an old neighbor, presuming on her long-standing acquaintance with Alice, remarked, smilingly, "Is it all settled, Alice?"

Harry, turning to her, asked carelessly, "Is what all settled?" The tell-tale flush gave him the first indication of the meaning of the old gossip's remark. Again he looked, and noticed once more the deepening red, then seizing both her hands, whispered, "And is it all settled, Alice?"

Again the tell-tale flush, an uplifting of drooping eyes, in whose clear depths Harry read his answer, as they drove on "in that new world which is the old."

D. P. REES, '03.

THE MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY.

A regular meeting of the Mathematical and Physical Society was held on Friday afternoon. Mr. E. F. Hughes, '03, read a very interesting paper on Infinite Series. He dealt principally with the convergence of series of both real and complex terms, showing that when a series was absolutely convergent its terms may be summed in any order, whereas if only semi-convergent such was not the case. Mr. J. S. Thompson, '05, gave a paper on the Geometric Treatment of Maxima and Minima, which he treated in a very able manner. There was a fair attendance of members and deep interest was shown in the reading of the papers.

The next meeting will be held on February 6th when Mr. J. W. Cantelon, '04, will give a paper on Wireless Telegraphy

SUNDAY EVENING LECTURES.

Attention is called to the announcement in our advertising columns of a series of five Sunday evening lectures under the general title of "Religion in Literature and Life," to be given by Principal Hutton, Professor McCurdy, Professor Coleman, Professor Alexander, and Rev. J. T. Sunderland, in the Unitarian Church, Jarvis street. As the lectures are on subjects of high religious and ethical interest, no doubt many of the students will attend. The first will be next Sunday evening, by Professor McCurdy, on "The Prophets of Israel."

He—"What funny names the Greeks used."

She—"What do you mean?"

He—"Why, they called their heavy-armed troops hop-lights."—Ex.