



HE KNEW THEM.

SHE—"You say she fainted when you proposed to her. What in the world did you do to resuscitate her?"

HE—"Oh, I simply whispered that I didn't mean it, that I was only joking."

had shown less ability and still less work, were appointed, and the women purposely left out.

Oh, I tell you, Muldoon knows a thing or two about how things are managed at that University. He says that there are certain sums of public money set apart for Fellowships, five hundred dollar fellowships, but, according to the 'Varsity law, whatever that means, these sums are to be given only to students who intend following out a particular line of study. For instance, a classical Fellowship is to be given only to one pursuing classics, a science Fellowship to those intending to follow up science, and so forth. Well, that's all fair and square, isn't it?

The facts are, according to Muldoon—and he knows—that there is an open, barefaced system of cheaterly going on, and the fellows who get Fellowships have no right to them, inasmuch as they are holding Fellowships in one department while studying in another—thus, for instance and so forth:—

One holds a Fellowship in classics, while studying law. One in moderns, while qualifying in medicine.

One in science, while studying theology—theology, of all things!—holding it while he qualifies as a teacher of

Christian morals—save the mark! "Crippling and damning his own soul," as Muldoon said, bringing down his fist with a thump that made me start—I was so afraid he'd split the knee of his trousers over it. "I'm going to see Blake about this business," said he, "and I'm going to tell him right straight that when fellows get the length of studying constitutional law, and the wisdom of Socrates, and the principles of conduct according to Jesus, they ought to show some acquaintance with the dictionary meaning of the words *honesty* and *honor*—they're not in the Fellowship curriculum, as I can see. And I'm going to give Blake this pointer on Home Rule. Its success all depends on its method of administration. Here's a specimen of 'Varsity Home Rule for you! Lovely, isn't it? Pure, too, and of good report—eh?"

Nett said, after Muldoon had gone, "What a pity Mr. Muldoon is so bald." Of course that's because he talked 'Varsity to her. Mercy! there's a ring at the door. (*Enter Bridget, with a card.*) "Mrs. Silvertongue, The Chestnuts." Odious creature! But I suppose I must hurry down and kiss her. How fortunate I have my new gown! It will simply annihilate her!

(*To be continued.*)