

A Little Observer.

HAVE you ever captured a fly in a sort of dazed condition? If so, you have noticed how it sticks to you, without any desire to escape. I took one prisoner in the amphitheatre the other day, and on reaching home I found it exploring a seam in my coat. I think it must have been a fly of the feminine persuasion, for when I entered my room it flew immediately to the mirror. In half a second I heard something that startled me; it was the little, sickly, rasping voice of the fly.

"How pale I look! A few more days in that room would have been the death of me. Two months ago I was as healthy a fly as you could find in the amphitheatre. When I saw the students enter in October I said to myself—'Now for a picnic.' But my health began immediately to fail. All my friends died long ago. I am the last of the Mohicans. Only a few days ago did I learn the reason; the learned lecturer on sanitary science opened my eyes; I am suffering from overdoses of CO₂. After that lecture on air I 'adjusted my activities' to the measurement of the room. Without entering into the analytico-synthetic process, let me simply tell you that I found thirty-five thousand cubic feet a liberal estimate. Now, if the air in the room is completely changed three times per hour, the amount of pure air that enters is one hundred and five cubic feet per hour. But, according to the Doctor, each individual person should have three thousand cubic feet. The conclusion is easy."

"What a mathematician you are," said I. "But why did you stay in the room after learning the cause of your trouble? We students can stand it, because we have been accustomed to such rooms for years."

"I know I should have left the place, but I was really so strongly attached to it that I could not tear

myself away. I am deeply interested in both the students and the lectures. But say—can you tell me why some of the students stamp and clap so excessively? For my part I generally fail to find anything in the lectures so clever as to deserve so much applause. Perhaps the perceptive faculties of those students are keener than mine."

"That is a side of it that never struck me," said I. "I have always considered them possessed of a disease similar to St. Vitus' dance, but there may be something in your suggestion. It is remarkable, however, that the continual 'marking time' on Wednesday afternoon cannot be due altogether to what is contained in the lectures on sanitary science. So far I have not found any satisfactory explanation of it."

"Well" said my little friend, "let it pass for the present. Can you tell me, now, what makes the ladies always late for lectures?"

"No," said I, "I can't understand it, and when they do come in, the bell must be rung to call them to order. The patience of Job would almost cease to be proverbial beside that of some of our lecturers."

"I am afraid you are somewhat severe on the gentler sex. Let the laddies chatter! It's their nature. Don't you think that the College would be a rather dull place without them? Judging from the number of notes that pass to and fro, some of the gentlemen seem to think so."

"Yes," said I, "but, of course, I am not one of that kind. Besides, I am rather tired of forming part of a telegraph line."

Just here the dinner-bell interrupted our conversation, and I have not seen my little friend since.—BOR.

The sol fa are not the only notes of the amphitheatre. The number of folded papers flying about at times is a disgrace to the place. In fact, there is in general too much *buzz* in the atmosphere.