

the slumbers of the inmates. One night a member of that lodge, having retired at a late hour, was aroused on the point of falling asleep, by hollow rappings on the wall near him, w^h at length were accompanied by ghostly groans. The hair of the first year student at once began to stand on end. His blood was quickly congealing in his veins. With a frantic scream he leaped from his couch, and in excited tones awakened his fellows. A consultation was held, and a party set forth in search of the ghost. Finding it not, a small door leading into a narrow apartment between the sloping wall of the attic and the roof (through which a ghost might be reasonably expected to find entrance) falling upon their notice, they securely bolted and barred it, and retired again for the night. The next morning as Ferg. walked into class thirty minutes late, with solemn step and haggard countenance, his pantaloons worn through at the knees, and the heel knocked off one of his boots through hammering away at bars and bolts, something in his manner seemed to say that a ghost leads a troubled life. Since that eventful night the attic has never been haunted.

In the cellar of that far-famed boarding-house was discovered one day a mine of apples, it is said. The opening into it, tho' at first no larger than a man's hand, assumed at length such dimensions as to permit a small-sized Freshman thro'. The student of the correct size was at once forth-coming. On one occasion while the slender youth was doing service for his more stalwart class-mates,—passing through the apples to be borne aloft,—a noise above was heard. In consternation the small-sized Freshman pleaded to be lifted out, but the requisite number of apples had not yet been procured. Quickly and nervously were they handed thro' the meagre opening, but before the stated number had arrived, the footsteps above had approached too near to tarry longer. The stalwart Freshmen had fled. Attempting to hide himself in the great mound of apples, the slender youth succeeded in concealing all but his feet, which alas! disclosed all. Even to this day, when such Freshman foibles have long since been overcome, it is said that much of Elisha's nervousness and trepidation can be traced to this event.

But all the occurrences of that first winter it would be useless to attempt to narrate. Both rendezvous were scenes of startling incidents. Their memories will long linger with the students of '94.

The receptions of that first winter were entered into very cautiously by not a few of the Freshmen. However, before the months wore away it was to be seen that our class was not destined to be behind in social intercourse. Poor Johnnie Parker! adapted in every way to lead the college in this department, had not the fates determined otherwise. After the Freshman year he never came back. But fine-looking, curly-