



CONVENTION OF GRADUATES OF THE INSTITUTION, 1894.

The Pilgrims.

Their path who shall unravel,
Their purpose who unfold,
From out the pass they travel,
The future is the goal.

There are the fabled fates,
The spirit's breath in air,
The old eternal fates,
Of youngling time are theirs.

Or gold the sky or ashen,
There broods within their breast
The sleepless pilgrim passion,
The sweet divine unrest.

They neither flag nor falter,
They tarry not nor tire;
Their aim they will not alter,
Although a king desire.

They fear not frost nor fever,
Nor fire nor famine they,
They follow fate, the weaver,
For ever and a day.

Now tell their eyes the story
Of more than mortal tears,
Now gleam with starry glory,
The passing pilgrim years.

Clinton Sedgwick.

Why People Become Deaf.

It has taken the medical world a great many years to discover that loss of hearing is almost invariably caused by some disease of the throat or nose or both. But very recent researches in these fields have demonstrated this fact beyond question, and it is now admitted by the most advanced medical men that aside from rupture of the ear-drum, there is scarcely a symptom of defective hearing which is not traceable directly to the condition of the nose and throat.

In view of the now discovered ear specialists are finding their occupation gone, save as they make their particular branch an assistance in further investigation. It is said, as we have already pointed out, that the use of smelling salts is one of the most prolific causes of deafness, operating by weakening the olfactory nerves, and through them the auditory system. All strong or pungent odors should be avoided as far as possible, especially those which act upon the secretory processes, and, as the popular expression goes, "make the nose run."
—Medical Brief.

A brawny farmer presented himself at a country school, dragging an over-grown boy reluctantly through the door.— "What's yer limit here? This boy's arter an education," he demanded. The timid teacher replied that the curriculum "embraced reading, arithmetic, history, algebra, trigonometry." "That will do," interrupted the farmer. "Load him up heavy with trigonometry; he's the only poor shot in the family."

In Which a Woman Figures.

The tall man in the mackintosh and the short man in the brown over-coat paced the long platform of one of our big depots.

They were waiting for a train which was late and as they waited they ventured various opinions on life in general. As a consequence of their prolonged delay these views were somewhat cynical. It is a sad commentary on the justness of our decisions and opinions to reflect how our physical condition influences them, isn't it?

After getting over a lot of dull subjects they got down to woman. All roads lead to Rome and all talks finally touch on the eternal feminine, if one will notice. The gentleman in the mackintosh shook his head and sighed as he glowered at an old maid in blue. "I think," he said, "that the man in a depot who is employed to slash his brain up into bits to satisfy the questions of a million fool women per day ought to have the salary of president of the road."

"The man?" wearily echoed the short man. "I was under the impression that there was no particular man for that purpose. All human, so unhappy as to be of the male gender—ticket-sellers, police, gatemen, baggagemen and even poor inoffensive travellers—are but the prey and target of the woman traveller with her questions. I wonder if she keeps them bottled in alcohol and saves them over for each trip?"

"I presume so. There goes that infernal old maid again! The ticket-seller will let fly in about another minute—ho is purple in the face now! She's asking what time the 3-45 train leaves, I suppose."

"Poor fellow!" sympathized the man in the brown coat. "But she must be an exception. It can't be that all women are so troublesome."

"Pshaw!" growled his friend and paused dramatically. "See that lady with the snub nose and ginger hair? She's been to the gateman five times. That fat woman in black has asked the baggageman each time he passed if the time is right. The two pretty girls over there besieged the ticket-seller for an hour, and this old maid—oh, I haven't been able to keep track of her at all. Why, I'd be willing to bet you a dinner that a woman can't come into this depot and wait peaceably for her train without asking an unnecessary question of some one!"

"Done," replied the short man. Not that he was sure of winning, only it was a principle of his to always take bets. Then they sat down and waited.

The tall man smiled triumphantly and derisively as the stream of women

of all sizes, and ages poured and jostled through the place with frantic flutterings and a ceaseless chatter. He was just commencing to name over the courses he should like, when the short man clutched his arm and pointed to a new arrival.

She was fair-faced and stylish and walked slowly away from the window with her ticket in her hand. She surveyed the crowd and then sat down. She folded her hands and waited. The tall man began to lose color and the short man held his breath. The crowd surged by, but still she sat, a quiet statue of passivity. After ten minutes she looked at her watch. Then she produced a scrap of paper, on which she scribbled a few words, arose, and moved with the crowd to the gate. She paused long enough to hand the paper to the gateman and that functionary waved his hand. Then she was lost in the throng.

The two men stared at each other. Then with one accord they dashed at the gateman. "Could we see that paper?" they demanded breathlessly while the short man beamed at his sudden triumph. The gateman, a little surprised, handed it over.

It reads: "Please point out the Philadelphia train. I am a deaf mute."

The tall man and the short man fell over against one another. "It wasn't in the form of a question," shouted the short man when he got breath enough. He didn't propose to lose his dinner at the end.

"No," said the tall man, weakly. "I'll allow I've lost. But it's confounded unfair—who'd a dreamed she was dumb?" and he shoved his hands in his pockets and looked forlorn.—Chicago News.

How To Get There.

A writer says: Young men, you are the architects of your own fortunes. Rely upon your own strength of body and soul. Take for your star, self-reliance. Don't take too much advice, keep at your helm and steer your own ship, and remember that the art of commanding is to take a fair share of the work. Think well of yourself. Put potatoes in a cart over a rough road, and the small ones go to the bottom. Rise above the envious and jealous. Fire above the mark you intend to hit. Energy, invincible determination, with a right motive, are the lovers that move the world. Be in earnest. Be self-reliant. Be generous. Be civil. Read the papers. Advertise your business. Make money, and do good with it. Love your God and fellowmen. Love truth and virtue. Love your country and obey its laws."

How Baby Went Home.

The door of Henning's saloon pushed open by a little hand, and a child ran in, looking eagerly about. "Pa, papa! Where is my papa?" she cried. A man standing at the counter with a glass raised half way to his lips started at the sound of the plaintive voice and sat down the unfasted beer.

"What do you want, Bessie?" asked. "Oh papa, come home!" exclaimed; "Baby's dying!"

"Baby's dying!" he repeated mechanically, snatching his hat, and taking the hand of the trembling child they left the saloon together.

Down the street they went, the tall man and the child, he with bare head and lip trembling with emotion, she clinging to his hand, and sobbing out her grief in a helpless, hopeless manner.

She stopped at a tenement house and ascended the stairs, till they reached the fourth story, where they paused at room No. 8. On a wretched bed, covered with a ragged quilt, lay the tiny form "baby," so still, so pure, in the midst of the surrounding dirt and distress.

One glance, and a loud, agonized groan burst from the father's lip. "My God! is our little darling to leave us?"

"Oh, George!" sobbed his wife, creeping to his side, and laying her head timidly on his shoulder. "She'd die for 'papa' right up to a few weeks ago. Our little baby will soon be with the angels."

Reverently the husband and wife knelt beside the little form. The father took one tiny white hand in his own one. The mother took the other little hand, and covered it with tears and kisses.

"George," sobbed the mother, "God is going to take our darling. Don't you think that—to be the father of a baby angel—that we ought to be good?"

"Yes, Mary, I do, and from this moment on, God helping me, I intend to be a different man."

"Amen!" exclaimed Mary.

The baby stirred just then and she laid into the faces of her parents.

"All right, papa," she murmured, then closed her eyes forever. Her father had fulfilled her mission. Her mother's will.

It is easy to learn something about everything, but difficult to learn anything about anything. Love.
Old Bullion: "What! You won't marry my daughter? She's a school-girl yet." Sultor: "You came early to avoid the rush."