

to a proper appreciation of what was beautiful and good. "Brevity is the soul of wit," yet they possessed an individual whose brevity of statue, if not of temperament, made him an object of envy; and none of us can remember any brilliant *repartee* that can be attributed, by fair means or foul, to his genius. Their class yell, though affording a combination of guttural sounds only found in rare and extinct heathen communities, signally failed to impress their linguistic companions with any degree of importance. Perhaps this deficiency may be ascribed to our lack of ability in reading character and deciphering unintelligible combinations. We would rather, however, impute this imperfection on our part to the surprise and want of sufficient control that always proves so fatal in similar cases of emergency.

The "foot-prints in the sands of Time" that all illustrious personages are compelled, according to a recent law of nature to deposit, were in this instance carelessly, if not hurriedly, left in the gravel that surrounds a beautiful and extensive building "across the way." The absence of sand we presume, presented no difficulties to an indomitable will when a substitute of a much more pleasing character was so conveniently near. The arenaceous element being thus at a premium, no apprehension was felt, though the numerousness with which the foot-prints occur, and their closeness to the sacred edifice plainly demonstrates the truth of an old but often repeated proverb "only the brave deserve the fair."

Cupid, so seldom popular, though so extremely intimate with college students in general, gazed long and fondly on the sturdy ranks of '96. As a direct or indirect result of this unseen occurrence several individuals were soon arrayed in an air of indifference that puzzled even the phrenologists of that day to account for. The unfortunate habit that Narcissus was addicted to and which eventually proved fatal, was once more the cause of sorrow and tribulation. Though the clear, quiet water of Mud Bridge may have possessed excellent medicinal properties, it never completely mastered the secret of transformation that made the enamoured youth a flower. No reader of mythology can imagine with what earnestness the followers of this romantic custom persisted in their vain efforts to accomplish a metamorphosis that would secure them a place in a bouquet. Either the unsuspecting maidens or the suspecting instructors had something to do with the meagre results, for it was frequently noted with considerable satisfaction that those whose gaze was fast becoming habitual were treated with studied politeness. On Reception committees