

As the young man rolls back in his chair, his attention is arrested by a hearty laugh that comes trilling from the street underneath. Gazing quickly in the region from whence the sound protruded, he sees two from the "region of the fair" approach, with beaming expectancy in every look and joyful buoyancy in every step. What hath wrought the change? Are not these under the constitution of the Medes; or have they so broken these enactments—so encroached upon those long standing fruits of faithful administration? Whence then cometh these aberrations? Whence cometh this marvelous transformation—from restrained cheerfulness unto cheerfulness restrained? These and many kindred interrogations chase each other through his not unpleasant comments. Nor is he left long to guess but all is speedily revealed, and all made straight and plain. When a polite entrance is secured and he is confronted by a mild and kindly request to "buy a ticket for our concert please?"

The morning sun shone o'er the encampment of the sophi. The braves are on the warpath and a council gathers around the camp fire as the traditional pipe is smoked in gloomy silenee. At length the mighty Chief Hookiwooligooli rises 'mid a silence deep and awful. He stretches forth his sinewy arm and says in accents fierce and guttural: "Young hawks of the mountain find the traitor who steals into our camp on his errands of mischief like the wind of the night. Watch for him with an eye as clear as a star, and ye may do with him as ye will." He sits down amid muttered "good"—"good" from the dusky braves around the embers, and things apparently move onward in their ordinary wont. But ye gods of noise what is that? A howl rises as though the fiends of darkness were on a sophomore racket. The eager Sophi jumps like the crouching panther, seizes tomahawk and spear, and rush forth with war whoop to the scene of excitement. The traitor has been found. With shrieks of vengeance he lays around him. The young bucks leap through the air like bullets, whooping and flourishing tomahawks. The daring Nickowaki seizes him by the legs, and double jointed Squashus pins his mighty arm. They hurry the struggling form to the waters brink, there to bury him in its crystal bosom. But why do the braves scatter like the leaves before the autumn wind? The mighty Hookiwooligooli strides forward like a western blizzard, and in a voice that echoed to the loftiest mountain bade the knaves begone, and, like a ministering angel, hauled the victim from his watery doom.

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