

Review—What night was that ?

Eli—Let me see, I guess it was the fifth. Anyhow on his way home he run acrost a sleighin' party stuck in the snow. Of course Josh had to help 'em out. Josh always was handy with his wits. It seems they were on their way to Hespeler, but when Josh told them they were on the wrong road they thought they had best turn back, and Josh went with them to see they didn't get lost again. When they got back near town one of the girls, a kind hearted soul, asked them to go in and stay a while at her house since they'd had so little fun so far,

Review—And was Josh acquainted with any of them ?

Eli—Well, yes, there was a Mr. Ketchen. He was out here last winter to our institute meetin'. Good speaker, too.

Review—You don't mean to say such a man as Ketchen was out on an exploit of that kind ?

Eli—Yes, and Ketchen interduced Josh to the rest of the party.

Review—Oh ! well, who made up the rest of the crowd ?

Eli—There was a Mr. ———a—a—long name, can't remember it, beginning with B. He seemed to have charge of the party, and spoke in a commanding tone, and directed affairs with the air of a British major on his first arrival in South Africa.

Review—What, the fastidious resident master? This is becoming interesting.

Eli—I guess likely he was resident master. Anyway he stayed late enough that morning. Josh couldn't stay awake all next day. Then there was Carson ———

Review—What, our egotistical, dairy specialist ?

Eli—Yes; and Rutherford and Macdonald were too.

Review—Say, did Macdonald have a dairy maid ?

Eli—Well, I don't know, but there were dairy maids in the crowd. There was a couple of others a—a Wiggison and Ruddy.

Review—I guess it is Ready you mean. Well, well, the staff, first year, second year and even third year, were implicated.

Eli—But here is the whole joke. The boys didn't dare go home early, and in tryin to avoid one danger they put their foot in another. They stayed pretty late. Of course the driver outside kept getting colder and madder till finally he up and went home. Good-bye. Bell rings.

Now we have the clue to the whole mystery, and it is easy to account for the weary step and dejected look of the gallant crew of Ichabods who a few hours before breakfast had plodded through two miles of knee-deep snow.

“The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft agley,
An' lea's us naught but grief and pain
For promised joy.”