

What more interesting than a Chip-Hall scene in the quiet hours of early morning? Behold a group of adventurous seniors just returned from a party at half-past one. There they stand at the head of the stair in attitudes of intense expectancy one holding a lamp through whose dust-laden chimney a triumphant beam of light occasionally emerges, leading an uncanny aspect to the scene; another with attention bent on the dark recesses below, stands by the stair with a glass of water in hand ready to respond vigorously at the slightest warning. Peering into each other's anxious faces and whispering with muffled voices they stand there waiting, — with expressions of mingled excitement and resolve they stand still waiting, waiting for their comrade the pedagogue, who, lingering to say "Good night," in a corner of Palace of Art, thinketh truly that he hath "No need of a candle neither light of the sun," — — but hix! listen! a noise from the region where the senior half-back dwells. Ah! the half-back has forgotten to say his prayers and is now performing that omitted duty, or mayhap he is expressing regret that he remained at home on such a pleasant occasion. "He is saying his prayers," says the *parson* with a well-satisfied look and hearty exclamations of approval. What wondrous rhetoric! What exquisite utterances break the stillness of the night! Certainly the horned and hoofed one will flee away from the half-back's downy couch with terror in his countenance and guardian angels will hover over, — *yes, far* over the couch of the innocent sleeper with their protecting wings. The group at the stair murmur assent, and silence reigns again. Time passes, the pedagogue comes not, and the little group reluctantly breaks up and disappears in the darkness.

ACT I.

Scene 1. The Jones Banquet Room.

Enter gentleman and Lady H.

Lady H. The sight of these familiar faces and the thoughts that we have nearly spent our last year together gives one a lonely feeling which it is not pleasant to contemplate.

Gent. Well yes, I presume a reflex action is created.

Lady H. And our class-mates, too, I find, are very genial companions.

Gent. Yes, but after all do you think they are any of them really clever? (*Clock strikes one A. M.*)

Lady H. Yes, I am inclined to think they are, and if not the ablest, their gentlemanly qualities will lead them— (*Some ladies retire to cloak room.*)

Gent. Will you kindly excuse me as there is a person here I desire to converse with ere we dismiss. (*Exit.*)

Scene 2. A Street.

Enter Gent and Lady K.

Gent. Well, you know, some persons are hard to understand. It seems as though their minds are not capable of appreciating cleverness in its true form.

Lady K. Yes, perhaps there are. Isn't the night beautiful? How lovely the twinkling of the stars?

Gent. Beauty is a strange thing do you know. It appeals to the senses of many, rather than something they are able to appreciate in the mind itself. (*Approaching castle.*)

Lady K. I don't know but what it does. The lights burn dimly or not at