

the students. We understand that the faculty has not the power to make changes of this kind but, owing to the peculiar circumstances attending the time for the opening of the winter session, it took upon itself the responsibility of the change in order that the convenience of the students might be better served.

The trustees will undoubtedly look upon this action with perfect satisfaction and would probably have done the same if their meeting had been held before the close of the session.

A CHRISTMAS DISAPPOINTMENT.

BOB CRADLEY was walking up to his dormitory this evening with a more than ordinary thoughtful look upon his face. Usually he was rather gay spirited, but now he appeared to be in a state of decided wretchedness. And no wonder! He had just received, that bane to all college men, a letter containing bad news from home.

He reached his hand within his coat pocket and drew forth the forboding missive for a second perusal.

Yes, there it was in plain black and white. "I fear, my son," it ran, "that your college days are about over. I have met with reverses lately and, though the final blow has not yet fallen, I write in this way that you may be prepared when it does come." And there at the bottom was his father's signature as plain as daylight.

"If a fellow had only been expecting this," he muttered to himself half aloud as he kept slowly on his way up the path; "and only one year yet to complete," he continued; "it is pretty rough. Well," and a look of determination settled upon his face, "if a fellow must, he must and that is the end of it."

"Hello, Cradley," called out a voice behind him.

He turned and beheld Thurston, captain of the college foot-ball team, hastening after

him, and so he halted to enable him to catch up.

"Well, Cradley, old boy!" impetuously exclaimed this newcomer, "Pittston College has accepted our challenge at last. They will be here next Thursday."

"Will they?" responded nonchalant Cradley.

"Yes, and of course we can count on you to play right end."

"Oh, I'd rather you would secure some one else," most indifferently replied Cradley to the utmost astonishment of his companion, who made no efforts at concealing his surprise.

"Oh, and of course we won't," persisted Thurston; "we depended upon you to uphold the dignity of that position on the team; but, so long, old man, till you are in a happier mood. I must see Hatley," and he darted across the campus to where he observed that third personage.

"What in thunder is wrong with Cradley any way?" he asked breathless of Hatley, the centre rush, after he had imparted to him the news; "he doesn't seem to care a cent whether he plays next Thursday or not."

"Don't know," replied the imperturbable Hatley; "perhaps he's got a melancholy spell."

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The day for the great foot-ball match had dawned at last. The sky was overcast with thick gray clouds threatening snow; the air was just chilly enough to render wraps very comfortable, the ground was frozen under foot, hard and tough—just the kind of a day for an exhilarating foot-ball game. Burkely and Pittston colleges were too well known as rivals for athletic honors not to make this, the last and only foot-ball game of the season between them, an exciting one. Their respective partizans lined the benches on opposite sides of the field, and amongst them could be observed an ample number of the fairer sex. The college yells hurled at each