

chanically he helped them out with the basket. Dazed and stupefied he watched them ascend the steps of that same stately residence and then beneath the glare of the street lamp he saw turned upon him that same pair of eyes.

"I'm dreaming! I'm dreaming!" he cried as he threw on the current and started the car madly down the street. But he knew better. He knew that he would never recover from the effects of that one mad passion. He saw before him but a life of blasted happiness and then a strong determination came to him. He reached above his head and caught the roof of the car and drew himself quickly up. Wet and half frozen he crept along the top until he came to where the trolley pole was fastened. With the memory of that great day in college when he had won the rope-climbing contest fresh in his mind, he seized the slippery rod and began cautiously to climb upwards. Slowly he drew himself higher and higher, always feeling the rod sink slightly under his weight. He had arrived at the dizzy height of twelve feet and yet could see nothing but the dark outlines of the houses on the side of the street.

Suddenly a flash of lightning lit up the scene. There it was, the deadly wire,—just three feet above him. He hesitated but an instant and then reached quickly out and grasped it.

The car flew conductorless down the street, while B. Wellington Warrens, the end-rusher of the Mushroom University Eleven, the prize debater of the Harpsichold Literary Society and former corresponding secretary of his class, fell into the street a lifeless mass. JAS. CROW, JR.

WHIST.

About a century ago, the old lords and ladies used to enjoy themselves in leisure hours at a hand or so of a game termed "whisk." It was then a past time considered worthy of the attention of the most high in government, as well as affording the mental training, and rapidity of thought and action which is necessary to all law makers in all

ages. There is to-day played, in this and other countries, a modification of this old game. The name *whisk* has been modified to *whist*.

The game of whist is spoken of, without qualification, as being the best of domestic games. The only game that can in any way compare with it as such, is chess. But the fact that chess, after a period became fatiguing, owing to the extreme length of time to which each game is drawn out, causes it to become more or less wearing on both mind and body. The intellectual character of whist becomes evident when we consider the powers of mind which are brought into action. To remember all cards played, to draw inferences and to keep the mind intently on the play, requires no small effort. At the same time boldness, caution and forethought must be exercised. When a person becomes your partner, you look to him as your one friend; you join forces, play with all your power to overcome your adversaries. Every trick lost is a cause for sorrow and every one gained is a sign to rejoice. Mistakes made at your own expense are mourned; any errors made by your opponents are witnessed with a sigh of relief. How can these ups and downs in whist life help but add interest to the play? Not only does whist exercise and perfect the intellectual faculties, but it stands high as amusement. The varieties of hands may be comprehended when it is said that a person may play whist every day of his life and yet never hold two similar hands. Thus variety, which is said to be the spice of life, undoubtedly adds great interest. Again, each of these different hands require a different manner of play; when a person sits to a table, he conceives as many different schemes of play as he holds hands; notwithstanding the fact that all times he conforms to set rules of play. The necessity of such rules of play are obvious to all good players. Nothing is more distressing than to have a partner who acknowledges no regulations of play and who at all times keeps you guessing what he holds. Every one desirous of becoming an expert player needs to study and con-