

"Now is my time" thought I, and was just about to assume my most entrancing attitude and pour forth the most vehement expressions of my affection, when like a thunderbolt it flashed upon me—my grandfather's will. My knees shook beneath me; my very blood froze in my veins; my whole body seemed convulsed with agony as I sank back in a chair and muttered all the German I knew.

"Ziemlich gut, Katrina."

"What! Fred are you mad," she exclaimed angrily stepping back.

My hair rose on end, the blood left my face, great beads of perspiration broke out upon my forehead. "Ziemlich gut—yah gewiss—Ziemlich gut, I cried in agony as I grasped my hat and tore madly from the house.

Down the street I flew as if pursued by all the demons of the infernal regions; past astounded policemen; past astonished pedestrians; street cars stopped and their occupants crowded to the platforms to wonder at my mad flight. At first but a small crowd followed me, but as I proceeded I heard their yells grow louder and louder until I felt that a small army was in pursuit, all crying "A madman! a madman!"

"Ziemlich gut! Ziemlich gut!" I answered and rushed on the harder. In my excitement I had dropped my overcoat. Oh how often since then have I wished that I had it; not only as a protection against cold, but as a means of hiding this abominable dress coat during the morning hours.

A mad frenzy had seized me. I could not stop. On I went down a steep hill at fearful speed; struck a level at a break neck pace heeding nothing—when horrors—I shot through the air in utter darkness. The next instant I struck the water of the river; felt it closing over my head with a mad rush; uttered a loud cry of "Ziemlich gut" and went down.

Not until I reached the bottom did I realize what was wrong. I had run off the 10th street dock into the river.

There I have been ever since, a ghost, a victim of the german course of this institution. I find the

society in the river pretty poor as most of the ghosts were originally ferrymen or wharf-rats but, however, we do have a few swells.

How did I come here you ask. Well you see the ice broke on the river and as it was just twenty years to-night since I left college I determined to pay a little visit to the old place and here I am." And then the ghost blew out a puff of smoke and heaved a sigh. We sat in silence for a few minutes when suddenly a few faint streaks of early dawn crept through the window.

"Well! Well! I must be going. Excellent tobacco this. Merry Christmas to you," he exclaimed then hastily put on his hat, wiped his brow, and as if by force of habit calmly put my tobacco box in his pocket, bowed and disappeared among the chaos in my closet.

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I did not wake until the bright light of Christmas Day had burst into the room and at first the recollection of my night's adventure struck me as a dream. Hastily I looked about me. There was the closet door splintered into fragments, there was Faust in the distant corner and my pipe and tobacco had disappeared.

I went to the college registra, and obtained permission to look into the record, of twenty years previous; there, I found the name of Frederick Von Bunderstein and opposite the note that he had two conditions in German unremoved. I hastily took the next train home.

L.

THROWN ON HER OWN RESOURCES.

He was a tall manly looking fellow at the time our story opens, and just entering his senior year at college. As he walked into the train two or three of his old friends who were returning to college called out to him and he joined them. For a time they kept up such a chattering that one could not help listening. They talked of the pleasant times they had had during the long summer vacation and all admitted that although they enjoyed