ferent classes to see which class could have the largest representation. Such a friendly rivalry would be as beneficial to the college as the rivalry which exists among the different classes in regard to athletics. This we hope every student will consider and the next time there is occasion to help to pay debts of the Association, we shall have the support of everybody in the college.

* * *

JUDGING from notes that appear from time to time in the *Press*, as coming from the different colleges in the Inter-Collegiate Foot-Ball Association and also as coming from outside sources, there seems to be quite a diversified opinion as to the interpretation of the constitution of the League. The constitution has the same fault that most other constitutions have—that is, it does not cover every possible contingency that may arise. This is no reason why it should be condemned. The points that arise to discover the weak parts in it, should be taken advantage of at the January meeting, and amendments made to cover such questions as have arisen this past season.

HIS LAST SEASON.

High up in the closet he tearfully hangs them,
Those old canvas garments, bespattered with mud
From fields upon which he had tussled, fought, scrimmaged,

And covered himself with both glory and blood.

He seemed to see tears in the eyes of the jacket, To hear his shoes hang out their tongues and

exclaim,—
'Tis hard, yes 'tis fearfully hard to believe it,
That you, you poor senior, have played your last
game.

Next year you will live upon starvation wages, In a boarding house, say, in some dingy old town, Far off from the rush and the noise of the scrimmage, The referce's whistle, the loud cries of "down."

Then sadly, ah sadly, he leaves them in darkness, And carefully straightens his disjointed nose, Then he winks his swelled eye and longingly

O'er the field thats now covered with winter's chill snows.

A CHRISTMAS TALE.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., Dec. 22nd, 189-

My DEAR NEPHEW:

It has been long years since I have heard from the branch of my family, with which you are connected. Since the time of your mother's marriage, some thirty years ago, I have seen nor heard nothing of her. A misunderstanding separated us and I misunderstood. So I take this step to reunite us, believing it to have been to my error that the breach occurred. Will you spend Christmas week with me? My daughter Mary, sends kindest love to her unknown cousin and says she much wishes to see you come.

Your Affectionate Uncle, JNO. SAUNDERS.

Such was the letter which Charles Grafton read and re-read, as he paced thoughtfully up and down his room. With a low prolonged whistle, he dropped into his writing chair. What could all this mean? He had no uncle named Saundersin fact his last uncle had died only the spring before. Evidently this letter had reached the wrong Charles Grafton. After a few moments of thought a smile of amusement passes over his face, and jumping to his feet he exclaims, "By jove, I'll do it." Hastely grasping the map of New York State, which lay conveniently on his table, he scans it with close scrutiny. At length his eyes rests on a small black dot marked Jamestown, which is situated in a remote county. "Take the Central, change at Buffalo, and be there at four to-night," he muttered to himself as he grasps his valise and begins packing. Collars, cuffs, neckties all jammed hastily in and he is ready to depart. "Sambo, tell the landlady I shall return in one week" he exclaims to the porter as he slams the door hastily in the astonished negro's face. Rushing rapidly down the street, he boards the Buffalo train just as it draws out of the depot.

CHAP. II

The train steams slowly into Jamestown. Stepping from the car upon the platform of the dingy