

me to Wingate a distance of twelve miles from the spot where I was wounded. My wound was far more serious than I had thought, and I was obliged to remain at Wingate for three long months.

All of the trains on their way to California, stopped here twenty minutes, and every morning I watched with intense interest the people get off, and wonder if I would ever see any one whom I knew stop here.

My arm was steadily improving, and I now began to make my preparations to return to the ranch, I even went so far as to set the day, which was a Saturday. The day soon came, and as I wished to make an early start, I rose at five o'clock and was going down stairs to start, when it flashed across me that I was now at the postoffice and would not have another chance for a long time, to get the mail, so I decided to remain until after the arrival of the ten o'clock train. When the train arrived I was standing on the platform, and who should I see get off the cars but Dr. Livingston, he walked up to me and shook hands. I happened to ask him where his married daughter Lillian was now living, and he seemed amazed, and said; "Why Lillian is not married, she is in the car quite ill, and it is for the benefit of her health that we are making this trip to California."

Imagine my feelings, when I said to myself, there is yet another chance for me. I rushed into the car, and there she sat just as charming as ever although some of the color had left her cheeks, and she did not look at all well. She told me all in a minute, and said she had broken off her engagement. I thought that under the circumstances, the best thing I could do was to take a trip to California also, for my health and I did so. We were on the same train and before we arrived in California I was able to announce my engagement.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Pope, and Mr. and Mrs. Church were present at my wedding. S.

COLLEGE ANTHEM.

AIR :—"IN OLD MADRID."

Oh! Dear Old State, we'll shout abroad
From out our mountain home afar;
We'll swell the song, shout far along
The praises of our Alma Mater's star.
Here by our patron mountains e'er around,
We'll sing a song for P. S. C.,
And, as we tread our mother's hallowed ground,
We'll sing a song of victory,
Champions of the football field
Winners on the fleeting track
And Oh! the slogan of our boys the mountains
echo back.

CHORUS.

Keystone Dear, thy fame we're singing,
Praises ringing, laurels bringing,
To the breeze thy colors flinging,
Waving far thy blue and white,
Thy blue and white, thy blue and white,
The victors colors, blue and white.

As years roll by, our song shall sound
On down the mystic stream of time,
And loyal sons shall e'er be found
To join and shout again the dear old rhyme.
Though wandering far and wide upon life's sea,
Their hearts so true shall ever turn
To where serene and calm in majesty
Thy beacon flame will ever burn.
Round thy altar shall we kneel
Far and near, this fair land o'er
And Oh! the slogan of our boys shall ring from
shore to shore.

CHORUS: Keystone Dear—Etc.

W.

GOVERNOR PATTISON'S SPEECH AT THE DEDICATION OF THE ENGI- NEERING BUILDING.

We have long wished to publish this speech in the columns of the LANCE, but other matter has crowded it out up till this issue. Both from its merits as an entertaining talk and from the large amount of valuable history that it contains, we feel justified in publishing it at this late date.—ED.

"Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen: When I consider the program that has been arranged for this occasion and the hour of the day and the weighty subjects which are to be presented, I am reminded of Mr. Watterson's fellow townsman. He was of convivial habits and he sought on all occasions, the entertainments which afforded him pleasure—not always profit. Upon one occasion