

among the students of this institution, the spirit of patriotism and loyalty is fully aroused. Over the building proudly waves the stars and stripes, and within its walls are those who will gladly march to the defense of that flag when they shall be needed.

"A company has been organized by the students, with a view to taking exercise in drilling. They do not anticipate exchanging at present, their studies for the field of battle, but are determined to be prepared when their country shall call. This movement received great encouragement from the faculty and one of its members having accepted the post of captain. L."

The initial to this communication leads to the belief in fact, the almost absolute certainty, that it was written by Lieutenant Lytle, who then, as a boy and student, stood high for his literary attainments and ambition.

This company continued to drill for some time, but was weakened by the departure of its members from the College to join the army. Lytle graduated that year and soon after enlisted and made a highly creditable record during the war, within a year more than half his classmates and many members of the other classes were in the service. The College was so depleted of students by those enlistments that in 1864 there was no graduating class.

"TALES FROM A FISH HATCHERY."

In a certain old village on the southern shore of one of the chain of Great Lakes, the state fish hatchery is located. Situated as it is on a commanding bluff overlooking the harbor, it has become a favorite lounging place for sailors, mostly retired; old settlers, familiar landmarks of past years; and a few of the younger generation. Especially in the winter, is this the substitute, in this small village, for the corner grocery or the engine house of other towns.

Recently I had the pleasure of making a visit to this village, accompanied by a friend, and of course we visited this dispensary of gossip and town history. On the day of our visit we found a very unique group of loungers. There were some

whiling away the time at checkers, others were playing pinochle, and quite a number were sitting before a large, open fire place, smoking, and spinning yarns with great diversity of tinges.

Mingling with those before the fire place we were just in time to hear a yarn from an anchor line captain, and I, being a ready listener to all such yarns, remember his story, and will endeavor to reproduce it in my own language.

THE CAPTAIN'S YARN.

After prefacing his yarn in this manner: "the fact that the storms on our Great Lakes are very severe, has been brought to general notice by the great number of disasters to lake craft during the last season. To foreigners, especially Englishmen, these storms have a peculiar fascination; whether or not characteristic of all sea travelers, I am unable to say," he continued: "A wealthy Englishman, evidently a retired merchant making a tour of this country, came on board my ship, while at Buffalo one afternoon, for a trip 'up the lakes.'" It was mid summer and the boat was filled with the usual lake tourists. The Englishman made a great many queries in a blustering way; boasted that he had never been seasick and before his valet had found his stateroom, he had attracted considerable attention from those already on board. A party of Buffalo brewers, en route to the "Soo" on a fishing expedition, acquainted me with the arrival of the Englishman and inquired if there was any likelihood of a storm that afternoon. I replied, that although there were not any signs of a storm then, the barometer was falling slowly and that there might be a storm before midnight. This seemed to please them, for, frequenters of the lakes, storms would not strike them with terror as long as there were prospects of giving "J. Bull" a dose of fresh water seasickness."

"After one of the most agreeable afternoons of this beautiful mid summer time had been spent, while the boat was wending its way between the numerous islands of Put-in-Bay, just as the sun was about to set over the famous scene of Perry's