

last year I heerd one of them boys tell how these here wicked cities of ours could be made good, and another knew all about the way to fix up these scraps between Uncle Sam and the powers 'cross the water. I tell you what, Jake, they ken learn you more over thar in two hours than you ken yourself, in a year's readin'.

Jake.—You don't say. Waal, I hadn't thot about that before. But I always hate to go over to the college, count o' them boys guying a feller so.

Reub.—You don't need to be a 'scared of that. None of them other students ever go to hear the speeches. You couldn't pull 'em thar with a team of oxen. Thar's no one goes but people like you and me and their families, and the fathers and mothers of them critters. They want to be thar' to see that Johnnie looks nice and says his little speech well. And if no one else will start to cheer him, you should see 'em give him the send off. Oh, I tell you, it is a sight for sore eyes.

Jake.—Waal, it must be great. And kin them graduaters run an engine or a farm besides doin' all this?

Reub.—You ken bet they ken, they hold a certificate what says that they ken do almost anything.

Jake.—You don't say. Why, that must be worth goin' to see.

Reub.—I guess it is. You and Nancy better go over this year and take the children with you. Take some grub along, and you ken eat it anywhere on the campus.

Jake.—Are all you folks goin'?

Reub.—Waal, now. Me and the ole woman and all the family will be thar all right. We wouldn't miss it fer a picnic. You had better come.

Jake.—I'll think about it, and I guess maybe you'll see us all a goin' over thar. So long.

Reub.—You better had. So long.

PERSONALS.

'94. A. G. Guyer is at Rochester, N. Y., enaged in electrical work with the New York Central Railroad.

'93. H. W. Mattern lately accepted an appointment as one of the engineers to do Government work on the Gettysburg battle-field.