

But before him high mountains loomed,
 And in his heart he thought, "I'm doomed."
 Excelsior!

"Try not to pass," one fellow said,
 In chapel in his book he read,
 "The roaring torrent is deep and wide."
 And loud the tenor voice replied,
 Ex-cel-si-o-r!

Friend, from the true path do not branch;
 "Beware of the awful avalanche!"
 This was the mother's last good-night,
 A voice replied far up the height,
 Ex-cel-si-o---r!

After chapel, as heavenward
 The boys marched to the "horse" stock-yard,
 Uttering an oft-repeated song,
 A voice cried through the startled throng,
 Excelsior!

A "pony" watcher walked to and fro,
 With eyes somewhat like a dark, black crow;
 And once in walking his usual round
 He, the traveler by pony, found
 Excelsior!

A traveler, by the faithful "horse,"
 Half buried in the "exam.," of course,
 Still grasping in one small hand, not nice,
 That queer machine (?), that strange device,
 —————|

Between the twilight and the far-off night
 He lay a-trembling, most lifeless, from fright;
 Then from the Faculty, serene and far,
 A tenor voice fell, like a falling star,
 "Ex-pell-(ed)—you—are."

A FOOTBALL HERO.

[CONCLUDED.]

The praise and honor were, of course, very pleasant. Fred was the lion of the college, and he could not help liking that; but he was sick at heart, and everything was hollow and unsatisfactory to him. He stayed away from Warrington's altogether. What use was it for him to go there? Carrie would much sooner have Custer, and it was a kindness on his part not to go. The