

But hark! What's that? No! Yes, some one is coming! Those are footfalls, albeit in tennis shoes they are almost noiseless. Alarmed, amazed I step back to the rail as two young men come slowly up the stairway. "By jove, that's a pull!" "Yes, its no snap like going down: let me take it now," said the other. "Oh, no, no, I'm good for it: this is *my* picnic," replied the first. After a moment's breathing they passed on. I watched them as they climbed and gradually disappeared in the loft above. A few moments of suppressed conversation, an occasional flash of light and the monotonous twist of the wrench, and they began to descend. Reaching the cupola floor they paused as for a moment and glanced back. "She's just as she was except for the riveting," said one, as he slowly and meditatively wiped his brow. "Yes," said the other, "I hope she'll ring, come morning." Something must be done! "Yes, I too hope she'll ring, come morning," said I, as I stepped through the open doorway. A start, an abortive attempt to blow out the light, a quick word or two: it was all over. Soon the humor of the situation came over us and features relaxed. We were bodily at ease again, but conversation was constrained. It was picketed about with Gail Hamilton's five points of Calvinism "Of whom you speak, to whom you speak, and when and how and where." I put my hand in my pocket, and drew out my cigars. "Have a light?" "Thanks!" And as the curling smoke rose like incense in the air our tongues were slowly loosed and we talked naturally and freely, as men ever talk when under the strange spell of tobacco. The seconds changed to minutes, the minutes were lengthening fast. Why leave room for any awkward silence? Silently I rose. "It's getting pretty chilly up here, let's go down." Slowly and quietly we made the descent. Not a word was spoken: each seemed wrapped up in himself. As we filed down the steps at the front door I instinctively verged toward the right, my companions hesitatingly toward the left. "Come this way," said I. "No, thanks." "But this is the shorter way, and better, too." "Yes, but we are going—down by—by the church" (as he shifted something uneasily under his sweater). "Well, just as you — — Ah! yes, I see! Well, I hope she, too, will ring, come Sunday. Good Night."

W. A. BUCKHOUT.

*October 21, 1895.*

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THERE are eighteen college bred men in the U. S. Senate.