

chatter hither and thither over the face of the "grey castle on the hill," were hushed and nestled snugly for the night. The Spirit of Peace seemed brooding over all nature, and the magic spell of twilight encompassed this little world.

But such tranquillity could not endure. Into it came the Spirit of Unrest.

"Don't be in a hurry," said one deep voice. "Let's loaf on the campus a bit; I'm sick and tired of study. Thank Heaven there's only a month more of it."

"But I've three hours to-morrow morning—vibratory, calculus and mechanics—and I've four lectures in chemistry to copy up, to say nothing of an oration due last Monday. Besides, I flunked this morning in mechanism and I must take a brace." Such was the remonstrative answer of the second.

"Oh, come," said the Optimist "What signifies a flunk or two? You can manage to keep above grade till reviews begin, and then bone up on it for exams."

So, persuaded by his friend's words, the Pessimist suffered himself to be led off the walk, across the frail and useless barrier of galvanized wire so carefully stretched from tree to tree, and out upon the cool, fresh, velvety sward of the front campus.

"There, that's much better," said the Optimist, as he threw himself down in the shadow of a fir and stretched out at full length.

Somewhat reluctantly, and with a furtive glance toward the building, as though remembering the toil awaiting him there, the other also sat down. There was deep silence for several minutes. Each was busy with his own thoughts. Then the Optimist spoke.

"This term's deuced slow," he said. "The canon haven't been fired, the Freshies have not raised their flag yet, and there has been no mischief in general. Why, if this keeps up, we'll all be disgraced by getting our damage fees back whole."

The other nodded assent, but ventured no opinion of his own.

"What we must do," continued the first speaker, "is to play some prank worthy of our mettle. Why, unless we soon do something, this long line of "college customs" will sink into that lamentable state known as innocuous desuetude."

"There's nothing new under the sun," said the Pessimist. "We can't invent any new tricks."

"Don't you believe it," said the Optimist. "We haven't run