

PERADVENTURE, A LANCELET.

THE Critic sat at his desk, reading the latest exchanges. The Christmas vacation had come and gone; and with the opening of a new term, he had returned from his round of festivities to find his desk piled high with papers, and the time for the issue of the next LANCE close at hand. It was, therefore, with a due sense of duty that he began his task on this pleasant Winter afternoon.

It had seemed to him a wearisome task, and he began reluctantly. But after reading a few pages carelessly and automatically, he forgot his listlessness and became interested. Surely it seemed to him that college men can write if they try, and some of them had evidently tried. The more he read, the more interested he became. At last he grew so absorbed that his own imagination began to act; and laying the papers aside he began dreaming a day-dream story; and dreaming thus, he slept.

Did some one speak to him? It seemed to him that he heard voices, and he strained his ear to listen. Yes, some one was speaking; and he recognized the voice of Shears.

"By the way" he was saying, "I hear that the readers of the LANCE were pleased with the revival of the exchange department."

"Yes, so I hear," replied Pastepot. "But I wonder how they like the other changes."

"The other changes?" queried Pen. "Why, one Alumnus of whom I know wrote that he 'greatly enjoyed those little sketches of college life, as they go a great ways toward recalling the olden days, the golden days.'"