

brakeman's arms as he attempted to stop. His clothes were torn and he was covered with dust and blood, and through his white lips came in gasps, "Stop the—train—runaway—cars." The brakeman dashed down the track to a switch, the conductor gave a hasty signal, and the engineer pulled back the reverse lever so quickly that some of the passengers in the cars were thrown to the floor. There was a rumble up the track, and around the curve came a cloud of dust surrounding a dozen flying cars. No. 54, was safe on the siding, the runaways went by with a roar, and the station-master went inside to send warning of their approach to the next station.

Adams was carried into the station and made as comfortable as possible. The doctor came and found him weak from loss of blood and suffering from internal injuries. It would be more pleasant to tell of a speedy recovery and a quick promotion but, unfortunately, it did not happen so. In spite of the efforts of doctors and friends, the man died that afternoon.

F. Z. M., '02.



GETTING AHEAD OF THE PROFESSOR.

The Professor came home from the college late in the evening, two days before the last examination of the year in his department. The night was dark and the weather hot, the front rooms of the house were brilliantly lighted, and the windows were all open. The Professor entered his study, took some papers from his coat, glanced through them carelessly, and put them back in his pocket; then he took off the coat and threw it over a chair, lit a cigar, and strolled through the house and out on the porch to enjoy a