

odor of "fudge" issuing from a badly broken corner. "Be a wonder she wouldn't use a little more string—thinks perhaps she has me on—well, I guess not," said the Philosopher.

More rummaging followed and the heaps on both sides of the trunk kept on increasing. I was just beginning to wonder if the affair really had a bottom when with a cry of "Ah! at last," Jack brought forth a large package which from all appearances bore signs of being *something* surrounded by a frame. Things were indeed becoming interesting. "Be a wonder the women folks wouldn't put everything in the bottom where a fellow can't get them—think I was going to put everything away before I got to the bottom—well, I guess not." The wrapping paper was now flying in all directions, strings were tearing, and Jack was in rapture.

"Well, Sweetheart, pretty tight place away down there and rather dark but dont let that bother you—I wonder how the dear girl is—haven't seen the dear thing since last night—lucky I didn't miss that last car—think it is about time for a letter or I'll have to hunt up the "long distance"—awful glad you didn't disappoint me—sorry I wasn't around when it came—blame funny she didn't say anything about it last evening." Just as the last fold of paper came off, I was startled by a yell that brought me to my feet. There was Jack holding at arm's length a big card board with the colored inscription, "Use Rap's Horse and Cattle Powder," having a border of small fat porkers and other quadrupeds, while in the corner was a small card with "Regards from the boys at home."

I made good my escape, missing on my retreat several shoes, books, and other articles, last of all being—"Sweetheart".

W. M. S. '01