

in fact after the students had really grown weary of carrying him about, the professor in charge had the happy thought to disjoint him and hide him away in a number of different drawers about the department.

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## A NARRATIVE.

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**W**HY, I had an experience in my Senior year which, so far as excitement is concerned, beats the stirring times that a college boy generally has. As you well know, a Senior is not overworked, and he sometimes feels as though he would like to be a Sophomore again in order to have an excuse for the carrying out of some of his plans.

Well, one Friday night during the Spring term, after a crowd of us Seniors had been recalling some of our Sophomore history, just such a feeling took possession of our calm and dignified brains. So when our bold, bad man, "Skins" James, made the remark that if we were in for some sport, we should meet him at the "Pines" in half an hour, we all accepted and were there on time, attired in clothes to suit the occasion.

On counting heads we found that there were nine in the party and after making vows to "hang together" we started off under the leadership of "Skins." As we journeyed along he told us that there was a handcar out at Strubles which he thought could be made available for our use.

When we reached Strubles we found the car there but, alas, with only three wheels. Nothing daunted, the crowd set out in search of the missing member, and under the platform of the station we were fortunate enough to find both the wheel and the nut. These were soon put on and after breaking the chain holding the car, we jumped on and