

Yet there are some few who still remain in the swim. They are not pulled along, and can neither swim nor wade, and yet they stay in. We think sometimes their motives take the form of an agricultural implement which was used a great deal in former times when the land was rough, but has since gone out of use *in agriculture*, and is now used almost entirely in military work. In fact, it has become such a desirable thing to have in after life, that you can't get them second-hand. You have to have them made to order and sand-papered to fit. Perhaps it may be more clearly expressed in the metre of an old song:

"The man that has the biggest one  
For major is deemed fit;  
They hang on him a golden sword  
And make him think he's "it."

For an example of how one of these implements work, take "Charlie." And his case reminds me of a story of the Italian. He thought he would like to have a wife, so sent transportation over for one highly recommended, but when he got sight of her said: "Me no marry her, me no like the looks." One of his fellow-countrymen volunteered, saying: "Me marry her, me no care for looks." So thus it went with "Charlie" when he hugged a girl of Mexican extraction for a whole summer in order to be first sergeant that fall.

But there is still another branch of the battalion, the artillery. These are the men who have worn out their vitality and nearly all their clothes in the service of the battalion. After consulting their feelings, they felt as Grant did after the surrender, when he immortalized the saying: "Let us have peace." It was during this time of peace that these famous artillerymen got in the habit of lying abed mornings and simply turning over at the sound of the bugle. It was to this fact that we attribute the remarkable recovery of "Fats," who, for the first time in his life, was in perfect physical condition. He acted on the spur of the moment, moved around among the officials like Swamp Pond in his Lab, obtained without faculty action his divi-