

smoke, and the indefatigable investigator found he had all the "results" for which he cared to pay.

In chemistry it was no uncommon thing for this interrogatory spirit to break out while waiting for a precipitate to "evaporate to dryness." It was frequently manifested in the attempt to see how much water, when quietly applied by means of a wash-bottle, a certain handkerchief could hold by capillarity,—said article for the time being occupying the hip pocket of some industrious, though perhaps not devoted, disciple of Fresenius. When the owner of the handkerchief made the anticipated discovery it was usual for the investigator to adjourn and let him think it over.

The first day that the class entered the blacksmith shop it assumed a reckless air of abandon that displayed itself in flying pieces of hot iron, wild sledge-hammer blows, and pyrotechnic displays of burning steel. In a few days, after several members had indulged in the recreation of picking up pieces of iron and steel that "looked cold" but felt different, there was thrown over the inquisitive spirit a sort of mantle of caution that manifested itself in first delicately touching every piece of iron before attempting to handle it, even though it had lain for a week.

To do justice to the history of this class would require the pen of a Gibbon or a MaCauley. The present writer hasn't the time. As a class, its history ended some time in June, '97. The exact date is not clear in the memory of the undersigned. There were several banquets that week.

Even in this brief interval of eight months the class has become scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific. A few short years and it will suffer the fate of all college classes—sink into oblivion and matrimony.

The class may have had its faults, though they were never discovered by any member. It had aspirations—great, large, rosy ones. Its destiny, or rather the destiny of the men who comprised it, is a question left to the seers and prophets. However, it is the earnest wish of its humble historian that the hopes of youth, ripening into the resolutions of manhood, may some day give to the world the fruit of an honest purpose—a good work well done.

