

of stairs, loaded me into an old cart, took me down to the old swimming hole by the present ball grounds, and heartlessly threw me in. There I lay for weeks and weeks. With the returning summer came the boys to swim, and I was found. The magnificent sum of five dollars was paid by the faculty for my recovery, and I was returned to the same old place on top of the 'old brick.' What a privilege, thought I; what a pleasure, what an opportunity to return good for evil! But just one week from that time, those same fellows, in the same way, carted me away again, but this time to the Columbus bridge. A beautiful oration was delivered, an appropriate hymn was sung, a touching prayer was offered, and I was consigned again to a muddy and watery grave. Here I have been for, lo, these twenty-eight years. No one has discovered me, and no has seemed to care for me, for the boys got a new bell. Its tones may be more melodious, its voice more welcome, and its service true, but its purpose, its hope and its ambition not more genuine than was mine.

"Hic jace in pace."

JUDGE HARVEY R. KEELER.

