

through; adopting as a cry, that, "Where there is a 'Pony' there is a way," (T. I.)

We paused on the threshold before entering the Junior portals, to gaze upon those "Darwinian Theories" swarming in the laboratory intent upon wearing our shoes. They are Freshmen, and by their looks we prophesy that many are the farms that will remain uncultivated.

Our Junior year has now opened with a "spasm" of operators, whose history is replete with the stories of great achievements brought to fruition in the prosthetic field.

Any one who is at all a student of Physiognomy would by reading our faces come to the conclusion that we had just been born a Junior class, the Faculty permitting us to omit the Freshman step. For who could possibly discover any similarity between our polished armors, and the verdant Freshmen who follow, they who have a history for which proud distinction they boast, for we will remember that it was from their ranks that the German scientist discovered the "Missing Link."

This year was signalized by unusual diligence to our text-books from which we learned how to properly care for gold [swiped], it being the chief attraction. For this we deserve special mention on account of our clear visual perceptions and ability to avoid notice.

I will here confide (as secrecy was not requested) that several of our boys are very deep in society, "at the request of the Dean," but this was reluctantly received by the majority of the class, they being intensely studious and fully appreciating the fact that the inside workings of society are very shady, and they did not desire to see their colleagues at such a juvenile age clothed in the mysterious shroud of disappointment which is the apparel usually worn by the indulgents.

We devoted ourselves very sternly to learning how to dodge chemical generations in the laboratory; and to see how very attentive Dr. Stern was to us while in there, lest we should in an ungarded moment, swallow some

carbolic acid, or unconsciously carry away a test tube, was very sad.

Especial attention was also given to (dis)cussing the effects of cigarettes; the many charms of our lady students; in figuring out how to pay our tuition; how to fill the minds of the Freshmen with "Flunks;" and lastly how to fill teeth with nine different materials incorrectly. So well was all this accomplished that even the haughty Seniors were compelled to bow themselves to the carpet and do obeisance.

But do not imagine that these are all the attending instances that have marked our progress through this important period of our lives. We would gladly linger over those pleasant memories, but no sooner would the task of detailing our many achievements be commenced until we would be brought to a realization of the incompleteness of the English language. Have we words that can justly paint the artistic feats of Young (a second Porter) for whose skill in drawing from real life, we bow in humble submission?

As a proemial to our Senior pleasures was the Junior examinations, marked by a lack of disorder. Not a sound could be heard in the hall except the heavy breathing of some of the students in a vain attempt at reading the minds of their neighbors. One of the number being an amateur phrenologist, could not at his distance with his dim optics discover the bumps on the head of a prize student. He instinctively arose and advanced to his side, in an endeavor to get the wanted information, but he was by surprise taken, being the recipient of some unmeasured Anglo-Saxon words from the Professor who chanced to see him. The class was deeply offended, but decided that the best way to get even with the Faculty was to return and complete their Senior year, and through semblance of individual opinion you find us X-Juniors, one round higher on the ladder that ascends to the plucking of "Parchments." A proud station it is, and no class ever yielded to those claims with an air more regal than did we.