

moments until His Royal Highness will arrive, to announce the terms, course, and time to be taken in the last great event.

Let us pause for one brief moment, and from the Grand Stand (the lecture platform) look into the countenances of the student body.

Observe looming up here and there throughout the room the cheerful, nay, even exuberant faces of the Kentucky contingent. See the mirthful faces of the gay representatives from West Virginia soil. Look at the dancing eyes of the confident Hoosiers. See the excited Pennsylvanians. What a careless air they have! Then observe the profound intelligence depicted in the features of the men of Michigan. See the expansive foreheads and hear the quickened breath of the dangerous men of the West. And mark you the serene, unclouded faces of the gentler sex. Lastly, note the restless Ohioans, and the high feather they are in—all eager for the fray.

But now let us see what happens.

His High Mightiness is come. The blackboard concealed behind the lecture platform is straightway raised, and the race is on.

It is an event never to be forgotten. Distinct clickings of wheels may be heard in all parts of the room, emanating from intracranial clocks. Teeth are ground together, both natural and artificial. Heads are scratched to induce a healthy working of the neurons. Feet are shuffled unnecessarily, swelling the horrors of the scene.

The erstwhile cheerful and buoyant physiognomies have begun to change in fitful variance.

See the slowly deepening fissures developing on that student's brow. See the ashy pallor, the heroic resolution, the maddening ferocity, the frantic desperation, the cool determination, exhibited here and there.

Time passes rapidly, as do also the professors in the room who are on guard. Now do they pause to explain something, and immediately in the farthest corner of the room a noise of clattering hoofs is heard, and then again all is silence. His High Mightiness, from his exalted position in the Grand Stand, now speaks forth: "I tell you what's the matter with you, gentlemen, you're scared. Go it easy," says he; but it avails not.

Cold sweats begin to rise, and dire reflections.

Now is the home-stretch dash, and the goal must be made at all hazards! There is too much at stake to lose! On! on, and speed thee! For what were all those nights of troubled dreams, and dusky days of unremitting toil? That we should fail? That we should flunk? NO!!! Beyond the finish line are banquets and bouquets, diplomas and a title. Perchance undying fame—who knows? And trips abroad, and a crowning triumph of three eventful years. Ah! ha! Ah! ha! 'Tis done, 'tis done. And the race is won.

And now, O kindly reader, the atmosphere in the room is restored to its normal equilibrium, the College Building ceases to rock, the great equatorial telescope swings back into place, and the Ohio River flows on, as before, calmly and serenely down the valley to the sea.

And the day is over.

J. R. M.