

THE BATTALION.

VOL. 7.

COLLEGE STATION, TEXAS, DECEMBER, '99.

NO. 3.

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Entered at the College Station Post Office as second-class mail matter.

Published monthly by the Austin and Callie-
ocean Literary Societies of the A. & M.
College.

SUBSCRIPTION—\$1 00 per annum in advance.

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All is quiet on the campus. Not a storm-cloud threatens our peace, but cheerful sunshine comes peeping down to warm our hearts and gladden the long days. Every now and then you can see a stray cloud drift across the sky, but it has no appearance of approaching danger about it. In the distance you can see the woods that once were green, but now have the dull, dead look of Winter, which shows that old Jack Frost has made his annual visit. Here and there a little bird twitters among the branches and

pours forth from its tiny throat melodies that hold one spellbound. Far over the hills old Sol is gently sinking to rest. How beautiful he looks in all his glory, and how his last rays linger on the hill-tops as if they long to remain there forever. Finally they disappear, and all that is left in the far west is the red tinge in the sky just above the horizon. It fades into a lighter shade, then one by one come peeping through the blue veil of the sky little, bright, sparkling specks of fire, until the blue lid seems to be decked with diamonds. The breeze blows softly by, wafting on its wings the perfumes of a thousand flowers; over yonder stand a group of boys dressed in grey; over here another, and there another; yonder are five or six young ladies, surrounded by several grey uniforms, who are doing their best to hold the young ladies' attention; in the far east a ball of fire is seen rising. How it glitters as it forces its way up inch by inch, foot by foot, till finally it bursts into full view, and the queen of the night spreads her gentle rays over our loved land. How lovely she is as she rides through space; with what ease she opens Love's flood-gates and lets the sweet passions flow through. All stop on their journey and with folded hands watch the lovely scene; not a sound breaks the sacred silence; all nature seems to worship this matchless beauty. What lover could wish