

live in your memories like the faint figure of a dream, but we shall cease to be a part of your daily lives. To you we say good-bye, but not farewell.

And now, my beloved classmates, let us endeavor to take up our life-work with enthusiasm, for without enthusiasm all knowledge is dross indeed. Whatever we undertake let us undertake it with a determination to succeed, remembering "there is no destiny, no fate, no chance can circumvent, hinder or control the firm resolve of a determined soul."

Words fail me to express how true has been our intercourse in these past years upon the drill ground, on the athletic field, in the class-room and in the society halls. From the day when, as timorous "fish,"

we entered the strange domains of the A. and M., when visions of a diploma were as yet but vague imaginings, until the present proud moment, when, as seniors, we see the consummation of our ambitions—graduation—we have mingled together in closer unison than the students of almost any other college. Here have we formed the dearest ties of friendship, and we will bear with us as we go into the wide, unfeeling world these precious memories of our early affections at the old Alma Mater, and they will abide with us in sunshine or in storm, in joy or in sorrow, until our own sun of life has set forever.

And now, farewell! A word that in its sadness makes us pause, but must at last be said. Farewell! Farewell!

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

By River Jordan—'95.

"Claud!"

"Arthur!"

They spoke at the same time. The one wore a miner's blue flannel shirt, jeans trousers stuffed into well greased cowhide boots, a large brim black felt hat that shaded his face, sleeves rolled up to the elbows and he wore a belt with a pistol at one side. This was Claud. The other, Arthur, was dressed in a neat, double-breasted suit of dark serge, tan shoes and derby hat. Both were young. Apparently of the same age, somewhere in the neighborhood of 26 or 28; cleanly shaved, finely cut features and about the same stature. At a glance one could tell that they were of

good families, but adventurous youths in a strange and foreign land.

"Well, 'pon my word, I am glad to see you; but tell me, how comes that you are here? Hope 'taint disappointment. Well, let's go in here, and over our glasses you can tell me all about it," spoke Claud.

"It isn't much to tell, Claud. It's only my Christmas story that drove me to these wilds."

"Well, 'pon my word. Christmas story. Humph. Hey, bartender, bring us a bottle of yer best and some tobacco. Come, sit down." They drew chairs to a home-made table, seated themselves opposite each other. Claud, resting his elbows on the