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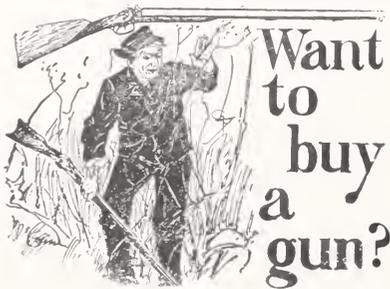
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SANTA CLAUS AND HIS FRIENDS.

# Latin School Register

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BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1894.

No. 3.

## Polly's Pelisse.

CHRISTMAS 1794 and no mistletoe! What misfortune! Squire Jefferson made up his mind he *would* have some,—a tiny sprig, be it ever so small; and he sent out scores of his slaves to scour the woods around. But all in vain; none was to be found. The search was so thorough and so wide-spread that the squire finally made up his mind that there was none in all the Virginia woods. And thereupon his pretty daughter, Polly, declared that it was "right cruel" and demanded an even more vigorous search, though she would never have set one little foot out on the snow-covered ground,—Lord bless you no!

Now Polly was a "pretty Polly," and the Squire's nephew,—Oliver, who lived at the Squire's manor, thought that mistletoe would be far from objectionable. And when Polly herself urged a further search, he decided to find some if possible. He was often out, anyway; for he was collecting gray rabbit skins. And what was he collecting gray rabbit skins for? Oh, once Mistress Polly had expressed a desire for a gray fur pelisse, and, of course, though gray rabbits were not very plentiful, Master Oliver took it into his foolish head to get enough for a coat. So he ranged the neighboring woodland tracts far and wide for gray rabbits. Although the wolves, whose increasing hunger made them more and more savage, had thinned out the number of bunnies, yet Oliver's persevering tours had been rewarded by a large pile of pelts, which he hoarded away in a cupboard in his closet and continually augmented with the results of new day's huntings. Since Polly's interest for mistletoe, Oliver kept a

very sharp eye out for the inconspicuous little plant, but this search was absolutely fruitless.

Christmas was a great day in the seventeen hundreds; and shortly before the eventful holiday, Oliver rode off to a trapper's hut on the base of the distant mountain range. Oliver knew the trapper well, and had often been on long expeditions with him; and now he rode briskly up to the well-known log cabin, with a large pack of furs strapped on behind his saddle.

The trapper smiled in a very amused way when he heard Oliver's request to have the skins made into a young lady's pelisse; but the old man was only too glad to make a Christmas present for the Squire's daughter. He took a deal of pride in his skill in dressing and sewing furs, and with the aid of Oliver's directions as to size and length, he made a most beautiful skin coat, so neatly sewed that it looked like one thing, and so beautifully matched that it seemed the handiwork of Nature.

Oliver had agreed to call for the completed present on Christmas eve (for it could not be finished before); and about four o'clock on the day before Christmas, at the beginning of a snow-storm, he mounted his faithful black horse and set out for the trapper's. The storm increased in violence as he rode along, and the cutting wind drove the icy flakes into his face like so many needles. Once or twice he heard a howling far away, which his trained ear knew to be that of wolves.

He reached the trapper's without any adventures, but stayed so long there, admiring the pelisse, and assuring the trapper of his

entire satisfaction, and forcing his old friend to take as pay the hard-earned shillings of past months, that it was quite dark and the snow had ceased when he started, with his precious bundle strapped on behind, for home.

Ere he had ridden very far the moon rose over the mountains, far across the valley. It was a beautiful sight. The cold, clear atmosphere glistened with the thousand reflections

followed his horse's scent on the way up; but the hoof-prints were almost obliterated by the snow, whereas the footmarks of the wolves had been made since the snow-fall stopped. Then he remembered the howling he had heard, and it made him shiver a bit, though he knew that the wolves rarely got so ravenous as to attack a man. He rode on for a long while meditating. Then he started and listened, but turned and rode on. Again he



POLLY AND OLIVER.

of the newly-born snowflakes, and the clear moon cut out a dark shadow down in the valley. In this shadow Oliver could discern a glimmer of lights which he knew located the village; and one especially bright spot he knew was the Squire's; and he thought how warm and cosy Polly must be there.

His quick eye was not allowed to enjoy the beauty of this winter night, however; for he saw, with a start, right in his path the track of two large wolves. They had evidently

started, and this time there was no mistake. The wolves were following him. But he thought that they would hang along after him in their usual cowardly way.

The snarls and howling soon became much nearer and the horse was becoming uneasy, when Oliver unstrapped his gun in case of necessity. For a number of minutes he rode on in silence, when a sudden and furious snarl almost at the horses' heels startled the high-spirited animal, which began immediately to

tear down the bough-crossed woodland road at a mad rate. Oliver dodged most of the obstructing branches, but two, near together formed such a barrier that, in spite of his lightning rapidity, ere he knew it, his gun was caught from his numbed hands and whirled behind him into the snow. Then in truth he was in a most uncomfortable dilemma. But he remembered the cowardly nature of wolves and thought they would not dare attack him.

But looking around two enormous brutes dashed into the moonlight with such savage snarls and gleaming eyes that it left no doubt of their intentions, and sent poor Oliver's heart into his mouth and the shivers running up and down his back at a much swifter rate than his horse was going.

Then more difficulties presented themselves. The projecting branches became more numerous, so that even his horse had to dodge them. On passing one, a sharp twig caught the fur pelisse and jerked it almost from its straps.

But Oliver was not thinking of fur pelisses. It was becoming very serious. It was a furious race of life and death! And his terrified horse plunged madly down the road, and the ravenous brutes galloped as fiercely after. The wind whistled by; and each branch, when brushed aside, sent showers of snowy spray over both pursuers and pursued. The pelisse caught again, and this time was torn loose. The strong wind caught it, spreading it wide, and terrified Oliver saw his treasure whirled away behind him, into the very teeth of his pursuers, on the wings of the wind. He heard loud snarls, and imagined the wolves pausing but a moment to rend his treasure in pieces, and then on, faster than ever! For a moment after, his heart stood still and he dared not

look around. But then he turned; and, to his utmost astonishment, the wolves had disappeared!

As soon as possible he brought his panting horse to a standstill, patted and soothed him, then began to cast around for an explanation. Why, way back on the road, he could faintly descry the pelisse, lying alone in his track. The wolves, true to their cowardly nature, when they saw a huge, gray, demon-like creature fly madly into their faces, with all the force of the wind behind it, snarled in a surprised, then terrified way, turned tail, and fled!

After much persuasion, Oliver rode his horse back until he found his gun, which he fixed for immediate use. Then he started homeward again until he came upon the pelisse. It was lying on the roadside at the base of a tree-trunk. He cautiously dismounted to pick up the treasure which he had given up with so little thought such a short while before. There in the clear light of the moon, twining its pale vine about the tree was a large spray of misletoe. Joyfully Oliver wrenched it from its place; and, mounting speedily, he rode down the valley to that home which he had despaired of reaching but a short while before.

He told his adventure to an excited audience, but said naught of misletoe or the pelisse, until he brought the latter forth to Mistress Polly's pleased eyes. And when he passed it around her shoulders, he shyly held the misletoe spray above her head and saluted the astonished young lady on her rosy cheek. The cloak had a few remaining snowflakes on it, but it must have been very warm, if we are to judge from Mistress Polly's face and color then. S. '96.

## A HERO.

### A CHRISTMAS STORY.

**I**T was Christmas day! The air was cold and clear, and the ice sparkled on the trees, like so many diamonds. The sleigh bells were jingling merrily, and the chimes in the great churches were lustily ringing out their welcome to mankind. Within the cathedrals the organs were pealing forth their rich harmony, and the choirs were singing joyful Christmas carols.

Many people were passing through the

principal thoroughfare of the great metropolis. All were hastening along as if it were their sole desire to get home to the warm fire. There were people of every class. All, however, seemed to realize that it was Christmas, and many faces, usually stern and careworn, bore the semblance of a smile.

It was in the pleasantest possible state of mind that Alfred Montague moved along, in the midst of that great wave of humanity.

Four years before, he had graduated from the law course, in one of the leading colleges, and had started in business with every prospect of success. He had rapidly pushed his way to the front, and at last was considered one of the smartest young lawyers in the city.

But this alone was not the reason of his happiness. He was thinking of pretty Eloise Durand, who, a few months before, had said one word to him, which had decided his future happiness. He was thinking how she would perhaps be waiting for him at the window, this beautiful Christmas morning; how she would rush to the door when she saw him coming; and would thank him with a pretty blush, when he gave her the little jewel which he had for her in his pocket. Oh, pleasant thoughts were his! He also thought of the little home he had just bought, and he thought that no man on earth had more reason to be happy, than he himself.

But look! What was the cause of the great excitement up the street? The people were all rushing into the empty doorways, and the men were shouting, "A runaway! a

runaway!" Soon he saw two horses, with foaming mouths and flashing eyes, dashing down the street with a carriage in which sat a lady pale, and terrified. As it approached nearer, he looked at the lady, and then uttered a cry of anguish.

It was Eloise! Heedless of the warning cries of the by-standers, he dashed into the middle of the street, and flung himself upon the maddened horses. A shriek of terror went up from the crowd. He struggled for a moment, and the horses slowed up a little. Help came, but not until the body of the young man had been severely trampled upon by the frightened horses.

He was tenderly picked up and carried into a neighboring drug store. Over his mangled body a young woman was violently sobbing. Suddenly, with a great effort, he opened his eyes, glancing tenderly at the kneeling woman, and faintly murmured, "Eloise!"

He then closed his eyes, and the spirit of a hero entered into the kingdom of the heaven, as the cathedral chimes were reminding men of another hero who had died to save the lives of others, long years ago. E. B. T. '95.

### THAYER HOLWORTHY AT SPRINGFIELD.

**E**ARLY in the morning of November twenty fourth, Mr. Thayer Perkins Holworthy hastened to the Albany Station.

He was a freshman, and was going to see his first Yale game. So it was with some trepidation that he approached the ticket office, and said: "One ticket for Springfield and return, please." As he turned from the window an enterprising "fakir" approached and persuaded him to buy a big Harvard flag, besides several smaller things, such as a red chrysanthemum, a little foot-ball fastened with a crimson ribbon, etc.

On the train Thayer found a seat with three friends. He was very particular to hang his flag on the rack, so it would make the very best showing possible, as he noticed that all the cars were thus decorated. After all the foot-ball news in the morning papers had been read and discussed, some one proposed a game of cards. This was soon in progress, and the interest in it never abated, until the train rolled into the station at Springfield.

Thayer and his friends walked about the city for an hour or two; not forgetting to

make several calls at the Massasoit House, as they had heard that it was the rendezvous for all Harvard men.

Soon Thayer, who had now left his friends, found himself walking toward the park where the great game was to be played. When he was shown to his seat, he was much surprised to find that Miss Stoughton-Hollis of Radcliffe occupied the seat next to his. To her anxious inquiry as to which team he thought would win, he replied that Harvard would most assuredly be the winner. Then he watched the vast stands slowly fill with people; and as he saw the Harvard side fill before the Yale stand, he fondly hoped that many Yale men had stayed at home.

When the Harvard eleven came on the field, he stood upon his chair and wildly cheered and waved his flag. Soon, however, he was brought to his senses by cries from behind him of;—"Down front." In response to several questions Thayer endeavored to explain to Miss Stoughton-Hollis the mysteries of "touch-downs," "safeties," "flying interference," *et cetera*.

At last all was ready, and Yale started the play. "You see," said Thayer, turning to his companion, "that is 'the kick-off.'" "Oh; yes!" she replied, "and that is a 'touch-down,' isn't it?" As Thayer looked towards the field, and then to the Yale side, which was a mass of waving blue, a mist came before his eyes, and he sadly thought of several things.

As the teams again came to the center of the field, he noticed the cheering from the Harvard stand was just as loud as that which came from the Yale men. Slowly but surely the ball was going nearer and nearer the Yale line. Thayer could hardly contain himself. Suddenly a mighty roar rolled down the Harvard side, and Thayer jumped from his seat right on the backs of the chairs in front of him, and frantically waving his hat and flag, until both flew off into the crowd, shouted:—"Harvard has scored! Harvard has scored!" Then he found himself hugging Miss Stoughton-Hol-

lis, who did not seem to mind it in the least.

Thus the game went on; whenever a Harvard player was carried from the field, Thayer would emphasize the fact that Yale was playing a very rough game; but when a Yale player left the game, he would think that it was one more chance of victory. At last the game was drawing to a close, and Yale eight points ahead. However, the ball was much nearer Yale's line than Harvard's. Suddenly Thayer gave a bound from his seat, and began to dance about and cry:—"Goal from the field!" Quickly, however, the rumor spread that the "goal" did not count; and when Miss Stoughton-Hollis heard it, she said to Thayer:—"Well, I think it's just too mean for anything that Harvard didn't win. Don't you?" But Thayer did not reply, as he was trying to think just how it all happened, and mentally resolving that next year he would make the "Varsity," and teach those "Elies" how to play football. F. O. W. '95.

### THE CORRIDOR BOY.

*Summum Matutinum*; "Top of the morning."

We are all glad to see H. H. Morse back from his long absence.

Longfellow wrote "Rain in summer." It is a wonder that one of the Latin School's aspiring poets does not write "Hair in autumn."

Maguire has been elected captain of next year's eleven. He has won the position by his fine playing, and he deserves every success.

Captain Davis, of the foot ball eleven, has proved to be a great success. May Captain Davis of the base ball nine enjoy the same reputation.

Why are not *steppes* taken in southern Russia for the establishment of insane asylums?

Because there are *nomad* people there.

Overheard at the Thanksgiving foot ball game.

"Where is the English High School?"

"It occupies the southern corner of the Latin School building."

Morris, '95, the gallant and chivalrous sporting editor of the REGISTER, enjoys (?) the reputation of having received the greatest

number of injuries in the recent foot ball contests, of all Latin School players.

#### "NOBIS."

The Christmas bells with rapture ring,  
Proclaiming man's salvation.  
To us they mean another thing;  
We get a week's vacation.

The following B. L. S. men attended the Harvard-Yale game at Springfield: Creden, Morris, De Blois, Jameson, Merrick, White, '95; Davidson, Edmunds, Morrison, '96; Ronimus, Quincy, '97; Bartlett, ex-'95.

P. S. Smith, ex-'95, is now at the Riverview Academy, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

He is evidently very popular, for he is the managing editor of the school paper and the captain of the foot ball team. On the latter he plays full back.

#### CARMEN.

Cano carmen sixpence, a corbis plena rye,  
Multas aves atras percoctas in a pie;  
Ubi pie apertus tum canit avium grex;  
Nonne suavis cibus hoc locari ante rex?  
Fuisset rex in parlor, multo de nummo  
tumens;  
Regina in culina, bread and mel consumens;  
Ancilla was in horto, dependens out her  
clothes,  
Quum venit parva cornix, demorsa est her  
nose.

# The Latin School Register

Published in the best interests of the  
Boston Latin School.

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C. H. MORRIS, Sports.

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All contributions must be plainly, neatly, and correctly written, and on one side only of the paper.

DECEMBER, 1894.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

“BUSINESS before pleasure” is a good rule—especially when business is over with.

THE good beginning and excellent ending of our foot ball team excuse all the disasters on Soldiers' Field.

THIS year's foot ball was more enjoyable for the Latin School than it was for her big sister across the Charles.

AFTER the Christmas vacation we shall enter upon the hardest three months of our school year. It is fortunate that we have such fine opportunities for rest before and after that long stretch.

THE Latin School bayonet squad of last year was the finest that the battalion had ever possessed up to that time. It is pleasing to see that the squad is progressing in a similar way this year.

THE Roman and Greek youths used to exercise so much that they became excellently developed. Later on the practice became nearly extinct; but the throngs of eager students in the gymnasium each morning show that the practice is becoming popular again.

Now that the foot ball season is over, the indoor meet comes next on the list. The Latin School usually has a small, but good representation there. And although quality is to be preferred to quantity, all of us would

be glad to see our school send a larger delegation this year than ever before.

AS every pupil knows, our corridors are lined with a large number of photographs representing scenes in Italy and Greece. A great many of the most prominent men in Massachusetts have graduated from this school, and it is no more than just that their portraits should occupy just as conspicuous a place on the walls of their *Alma Mater*.

TO a casual observer our progress in military drill may not appear to be quite so rapid this year as it has been in years past; but on a closer inspection our battalion does not suffer by the comparison. The battalion drill is superior to that of former years, and the discipline of both officers and men is a great deal better. We will not be caught napping when the time for the parade and prize drill comes round.

NOW that it is too cold to go much out of doors, it would be a good plan for some of us to pass at least a part of our recess in the school library. It contains valuable educational works of all sorts which can not but repay whatever time we employ in perusing them. And even if we do not take books from the shelves it would do us a great deal of good to gain some knowledge of their titles and their location; for, as one of our instructors has very aptly put it: “The knowledge of the place where information can be found is, in itself, a liberal education.”

AT last the Latin School has put forth a foot ball eleven that has brought credit to her. Every game was very strongly played. None were given up without contesting every inch of the ground; no victory was won without a deal of hard fighting.

HAD the team been heavier in the rush line, we should undoubtedly have won more battles than we did; but when one considers the small size of our players he will appreciate the great amount of good playing there must have been to overcome these great set-backs.

THE school's gratitude is extended to each player and substitute for his individual exertions; and we are especially thankful to Mr. C. S. Merrill, through whose efficient coaching much of the final success was due.

# The Mountain of Mystery.

BY GEORGE WASHINGTON FULLER.

VI.



HE will pass rapidly over the next three months, which were mainly occupied in arranging for the journey. During his years of driving and prospecting, Broncho Bob had accumulated

a considerable amount of money, and there were no difficulties about the expense likely to attend such a journey. It was settled that in their absence Maude Clarke should remain with Mrs. West. Squire Clarke was buried quietly. Some money, enough to defray the funeral expenses, was found in his house; but the location of the wealth which all believed he possessed remained a mystery. His murderer succeeded in escaping and was not seen again.

With affairs in this condition at Stony Brook, Broncho Bob and Harry Rivers departed for Alaska on their doubtful quest. It was hard for Mrs. West to part from her son. His had always been a perilous life; but this journey into an unexplored country, among strange peoples, a journey which seemed to her to be fruitless, was the most dangerous enterprise he had ever undertaken. However, she knew her son's good judgment and unwavering determination, and she did not say a word in opposition to the project.

At last the day came when they must part. Harry was very loth to bid good-by to the fair companion of his late adventures. He had been thrown much into her company since the tragic death of Squire Clarke, and it was only now that he realized how lonely he would be when a broad continent should separate them. As he left her to climb into the great coach, he fancied that he saw a tear in her eye. Was she also sorry to part from him? The horses broke into a gallop, and the coach rapidly left Stony Brook behind. As long as he could see, Harry gazed back at the little town, at the girlish figure standing motionless, looking after the departing stage, till finally the picture dissolved in the cloud of dust. But that figure remained graven in

his memory, to cheer him during the months of hardship that were to come, to inspire him in the hours of despair.

\* \* \* \* \*

Four months later, the explorers had reached the point from which their journey might be said to have fairly begun—the mouth of the Copper river in Alaska. This river is also called the Atna, and is comparatively unknown. Most of our information on the locality is derived from a Russian, Serebrnikoff. Another Russian penetrated one hundred and seventeen miles from its mouth; but these were believed to be the only white men who had ever entered this part of Alaska, until Harry Rivers and Bob West completed the wonderful journey which this story records. The river derives its name from the masses of copper which the Indians bring from the interior and sell to the traders. The copper is in the form of the Lake Superior copper, some lumps weighing even thirty-six pounds; but the Indians have always kept the source of the supply a secret. Therefore, it was with scarcely any knowledge of the region that our friends entered upon their quest. They had purchased a light boat at Sitka and laid in a good supply of canned food. Game would be plentiful. It had been deemed unnecessary to go to Alexandrovsk. Indeed, it seemed strange that the letter should have recommended such a circuitous route.

The delta of the Copper river is thirty miles long and five miles broad. It is overgrown with willow. The principal mouth is at the N. W. end. Here is an Innuvit village, Alaganik. Wishing to avoid all possible contact with the natives, our friends took the S. E. mouth. The only natives whom they met during the first few days were a number of Ugalentsi on their annual fishing excursion. These people invariably approached with the cry:

"*Kulaygeh tyahychya!*" ("Big fish!")

Harry generally purchased some of their fish; for, despite his most earnest endeavors, he could not seem to capture fish like the

immense beauties that lay wrapped in reeds in the Indian dug-outs.

One day the great Atna rapids were reached. Here a portage was necessary, and luckily a wandering band of Kenai-tena was met with. With their aid, the boat and supplies were carried above the rapids, and all the payment asked was a few knives. Among these Indians was a man who spoke broken English, and the explorers secured him, after much wrangling about the pay, as a guide and inter-

a lonely island covered with oblong boxes on poles. It was an Indian burial place. Soon the banks of the river became wooded, and in some places rocky bluffs projected into the stream. Snow-capped mountains could also be seen in the distance. These mountains are a branch of our own Rockies, as are also the Alaskan Indians, the Tinneh, of the same stock as the Apaches and Comanches of the United States.

Twelve days from the start, the Chechitno



THE PURSUIT.

preter. Thus Metah was added to the party, and a useful addition he proved to be.

After passing the rapids, many lakes were encountered. The land by the river was low and marshy, and water fowl abounded. Some Indians were passed one day, who were bound for the coast. They had some copper in their boat; but when asked where it came from, all looked blank and answered:

"Shohnoh!" ("Don't know.")

In the center of one of the larger lakes, lay

river was passed. Near this tributary another river enters the Atna from the west. Above these rivers, the country became very wild. Several glaciers were discovered, and large game was very plentiful. Moose, bears, Canada lynxes, and many other animals were seen, and some were bagged.

The explorers were now entering the country of the Ah-tena or Yellow Knife Indians, a very hostile and little known tribe. One day they came in sight of a large village on the

river bank. It was decided that they should not stop, as the friendship of the natives was doubtful. Accordingly, the boat sailed by, hugging the bank opposite the village. Hardly was it past, however, when a canoe manned by a dozen natives put off from the shore and made after it. The Indians were fully armed, and when they came within hailing distance, one of them cried for the explorers to come back. Metah answered in the Ah-tena language, and a short and fiery conversation ensued. Then Metah informed Harry that the natives would kill any one who passed higher up the river, and that they ordered the explorers to turn back. Harry got out the oars and directed Metah and Bob to pull as hard as possible. Aided by the oars,

distance as possible between it and the natives. There was a bend in the river ahead, and the village was soon out of sight; but before rounding the bend, Harry saw a second canoe upset by the efforts of the men in the water to get into it. It was evident that the chase would be considerably delayed, if not abandoned altogether. A favorable breeze was blowing, and the oars were taken in.

Nothing was seen of the natives till afternoon, when several canoes, packed with Indians, suddenly appeared in hot pursuit. The explorers immediately got out their oars to add to the speed at which the sail propelled the boat; but, as before, the canoes, with their many paddles, rapidly gained, and Harry made ready the rifles in case a



"YOUR HAND!"

the boat rapidly gained headway; but the Indians, observing the purpose of the explorers, plied their paddles furiously and uttered loud yells. Harry could see other boats putting off from the village. The pursuers gained rapidly, and soon a native stood up in the canoe and hurled his spear after the fugitives.

#### VII.

The spear struck uncomfortably near the sail boat. Harry seized his rifle, and with a sudden inspiration fired at the pursuing canoe. The result was surprising. The canoe suddenly began to flounder about in the water, and in a few moments sank, leaving the natives swimming about on the surface. In the meantime the sail boat continued to put as much

conflict with the natives should become unavoidable.

The hostile canoes had nearly come within a spear throw when a new arrival appeared upon the scene in the shape of an immense war canoe, which came shooting down the river, driven by fully thirty paddles. The attention of the explorers was first called to it by a shout of affright which arose from the pursuers, who had desisted from the chase and were now making violent efforts to retreat.

The explorers took in their oars and dropped the sail. Then each seized a rifle and awaited the issue. Instead of pursuing the fleeing natives, the great canoe made directly towards the sail boat. The men who manned its paddles did not seem to be of different blood from

the Ah-tena and the explorers afterwards learned that they were not, but were merely another tribe which at that time had hostile relations with the Indians who had been pursuing the explorers.

As the canoe drew up alongside the sail boat, a man arose in the bow. He was clad in skins and wore a fur hat, but the explorers immediately observed that he was a white man. His hair was red and hung in thick curls, while a heavy, drooping moustache gave a romantically fierce expression to his face. Grasping the hideous bow post of the canoe, he stood up and cried with a slight accent:

"Greeting, my friends! If I be not mistaken, my coming does you favor. What brings you hither? Truly, it does me much good to see a civilized face again. Your names, my friends?"

(To be continued.)

Harry stepped into the stern of the sail boat and replied:

"We come from personal motives. Do you know of a man in these parts by the name of Alexis Varusk?"

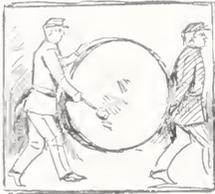
The stranger cast a sharp glance at each of the explorers, and then slowly answered:

"Well, it seems that I have heard his name. But tell me your names, my friend, that I may know to whom I talk."

"My companion," said Harry, "is Mr. Robert West, of the States, and my name is Rivers,—Harry Rivers."

"I felt it from the first," cried the stranger. "You have come to find him whom you have lost. I feared to tell the whereabouts of Alexis Varusk; for he is a fugitive from justice, or rather injustice. I have long awaited your coming. I am Alexis Varusk. Your hand!"

## MILITARY.



ON the evening of Nov. 23, the Chelsea High School held its fourth annual officers' party. A large number of visiting officers were in attendance, principally from the schools which once

formed the Second Massachusetts School Regiment. The variety of style in the uniforms was especially conspicuous. The Chelsea officers wear a wide white stripe on their trousers, and the Lynn Classical School supports an imitation of the M. V. M. fatigue uniform. Several pairs of epaulettes, such as once existed in the B. L. S. within the memory of men, were seen. What fond recollections they aroused,—recollections of the times of long ago, when most of the first class drilled and when unsophisticated strangers took the Adjutant for the Colonel, because of his many yards of golden cord.

At the Chelsea dance Majors were in abundance. In every school outside the city, if there are two companies of even only three fours each, a Major is deemed necessary, and the six fours forthwith become a battalion, with the full staff and, perhaps, a drum corps.

The Roxbury High gave a very successful

dance in their school hall, Nov. 28, Thanksgiving eve. Unlike the other school dances, it was a one o'clock party. A large number of English High officers were present, including the Lieut. Colonel and one of the Majors. Major Klous of the Highland Battalion was also seen. The B. L. S. was represented by Cpts. White, Lane, and Fuller.

For the benefit of some members of the Boston School Regiment, we wish to announce that the law prohibiting the wearing of uniforms outside the city limits is still in force. Some unprincipled fellows used to take advantage of the distance from civilization, when at an out-of-town dance, to disgrace their uniform by ungentlemanly conduct, and this was the origin of the law. We think, with all respect to the other schools, that they were not B. L. S. men.

The Highland Battalion, it is reported, will have no prize drill this year. Our own prize drill will be much more exacting upon the Captains and Lieutenants than heretofore. Full particulars concerning the changes that will be made will be announced later.

It is rumored that there will be no sword squad this year. If this proves true, we think

that much attractiveness will be subtracted from the prize drills. The sword exercise has always been a prominent feature and has always afforded much relief to the spectators, who become wearied by the sameness of company drill.

Have you seen the new rifle for the pony companies? It weighs but three and one half pounds and fills a long felt want.

The problem for us to consider is where the B. L. S. officers' party will come in this year. We are to have a class dance on Washington's birthday, with part of the committee elected from the non-drillers, but this will be a class dance and not an officers' party.

G. W. F. '95.

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### PERSONALS.

O'Brien, '94, is now attending the Harvard Medical School.

Quinn, '91, is now in the senior class of the Harvard Medical School.

Mackie, B. L. S. ex-'90, Harvard '94, has entered Harvard Medical School.

Chisholm, Bail and White, ex-members of the class of '65, entered Harvard this fall.

G. P. Morey, Jr., ex-'95, was prominent in putting the shot at the Harvard Freshmen sports.

Gavin, '90, entered Harvard Medical School this fall. Hartwell, '90, is also in the Medical School.

Edward Fitzgibbons, ex-member of our school, is conducting a successful pharmacy business in Worcester, Mass.

James A. Dorsey, B. L. S. '91, Boston College '94 has been appointed instructor in English in the latter institution.

Cross, Guiler, Boodro and Vaughn, all past members of the class of '95, are now studying at Harvard Medical School.

In our last issue we failed to record the death of Edward Capen, a past member of this school, and the son of our senior master, Charles J. Capen. His, was a quiet, unobtrusive life and no better lesson could be drawn from it than that which Dr. Merrill placed before us. Truly, we cannot all be great men,

but we may leave behind us the memory of a conscientious, well-spent life.

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### HOW TO BECOME A GREAT AUTHOR.

Of course I understand that any one may be an author or a poet on a small scale. But I will show the means by which any one may become a great author or poet. My information on this subject is gleaned from the most ordinary sources, the anecdotes in the newspapers.

Well, first you retire to the garret. It is a fact well known to the newspapers that the garret is the proper place to accomplish great literary work. As the business man has his office, as the artist has his studio, so the literary man has his garret. Your only materials need be a tallow candle, pen and ink. Above all things don't omit the tallow candle. It is absolutely essential. Dip it in water to make it flicker when burning. The last is a good point. Great literary men's candles always flicker. Then seat yourself on a rickety chair and wait for an inspiration. If the above instructions are followed inspiration must come, according to everything I have been able to learn from the anecdotes.

When the inspiration has seized you the proper thing to do is to grip your pen firmly in one hand, snatch a bundle of old letters from your pocket, and pen on the backs of the letters the greatest poem or the outline of the greatest novel of your age. If by following the above directions you do not arrive at this result, there is some fault in my data, for I am sure I have inferred correctly.

L. '95.

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### EXCHANGES.

The exchange editor has received "The High School Times" from the Dayton, Ohio, High School. This school paper is very finely gotten up, and the management deserves much praise. There is a very fine engraving on the fourth page, entitled "A Point." This engraving represents three fine pointers, just striking a scent.

"The Goddard Record," of Barre, Vermont, is a very neat paper, and contains much interesting material.

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The motto of the REGISTER management is: "You pay the fifty cents, we do the rest."

**B. L. S., 4—E. H. S., 0.**

Our team defeated the E. H. S. team on Thanksgiving Day by the small score of 4 to 0. The game throughout was exciting, although it was apparent after a few minutes of play that the E. H. S. could win only on a fluke. The game was characterized by rough play toward the end of the second half, but the roughness was soon stopped by the disqualification of Purtell.

The B. L. S. team kept up a kicking game all through the first half, and this was in a great measure the cause of the victory. Maguire punted well and accurately. After the ball had changed hands a number of times it began to be steadily forced into English High's territory. Maguire and Davis made fierce plunges into English High's line, gaining every time, until at last Davis broke through and went across the line for a touchdown. The try for goal failed.

In the second half the ball was kept almost all the time in E. H. S.'s territory. At one time our team was within a few yards of scoring, but E. H. S. made a desperate stand and held our men for four downs. Mann was severely injured in this half.

The best individual work was done for the High School by Ellsworth and Ferguson. Mann played a good game at end, and Dakin and McDonald played well. For Boston Latin MacLachlan, Davis, Maguire, Lowe and Hill played the best game. Meehan's work at quarter was excellent; his passing was clean and his judgment was good. The line-up was as follows:

B. L. S.		E. H. S.
MacLachlan	l.e.	Mann
Hill	l.t.	Purtell
Lowe	l.g.	O'Brien
Eaton	c.	Callahan
Nagle	r.g.	McDonald
Dority	r.t.	Dakin
Rogers	r.e.	Hall
Meehan	q.b.	Mitchell
Davis	l.h.b.	Ward
Hardy	r.h.b.	Ferguson
Maguire	f.b.	Ellsworth

Touchdown, Davis.  
Time, two 35 min. halves.

B. C. '95.

**AFTER THE FOOTBALL SEASON.**

Now that the football season is over, a comparison of the records of the last two years will perhaps be interesting. In 1893 the team won 5 games, lost 9 and tied 1; it won 90 points and lost 224; this year the team won 5 games, lost 8 and tied 1, and won 115 points and lost 166; a very much better record. Most of the games we lost were with very

strong clubs, such as Phillips Andover, Groton, Bridgewater Normal, and Harvard '98. The following is the list of games played during the last two years:

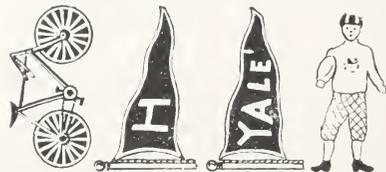
	1893.	1894.
{ B. L. S.,	0	5
{ Phillips Andover,	36	32
{ B. L. S.,	0	10
{ Dorchester High,	10	0
{ B. L. S.,	0	4
{ Bridgewater Normal,	34	8
{ B. L. S.,	16	44
{ Chelsea High,	12	4
{ B. L. S.,	0	22
{ Franklin Dean,	14	4
{ B. L. S.,		0
{ Groton,	Rain	36
{ B. L. S.,	6	No Game
{ Needham A. A.,	12	No Game
{ B. L. S.,	4	No Game
{ Newton A. A.,	22	No Game
{ B. L. S.,		8
{ Charlestown H.	No Game	8
{ B. L. S.,	10	0
{ Brookline High,	8	18
{ B. L. S.,	16	No Game
{ Allston,	0	No Game
{ B. L. S.,	8	No Game
{ Tech. '97,	8	No Game
{ B. L. S.,		0
{ Harvard '98,	No Game	22
{ B. L. S.,	10	12
{ Hopkinson,	6	4
{ B. L. S.,	16	6
{ Newton High,	6	8
{ B. L. S.,	0	0
{ C. M. T. S.,	44	14
{ B. L. S.,	4	0
{ C. H. & L.,	6	6
{ B. L. S.,	0	4
{ E. H. S.,	6	0

F. H. '97.

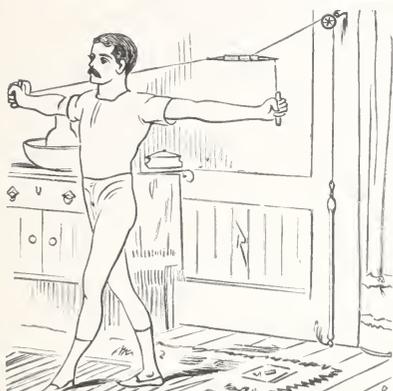
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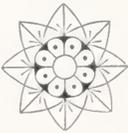
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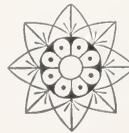
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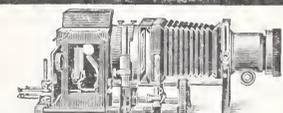
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