

The BUGLE
'98

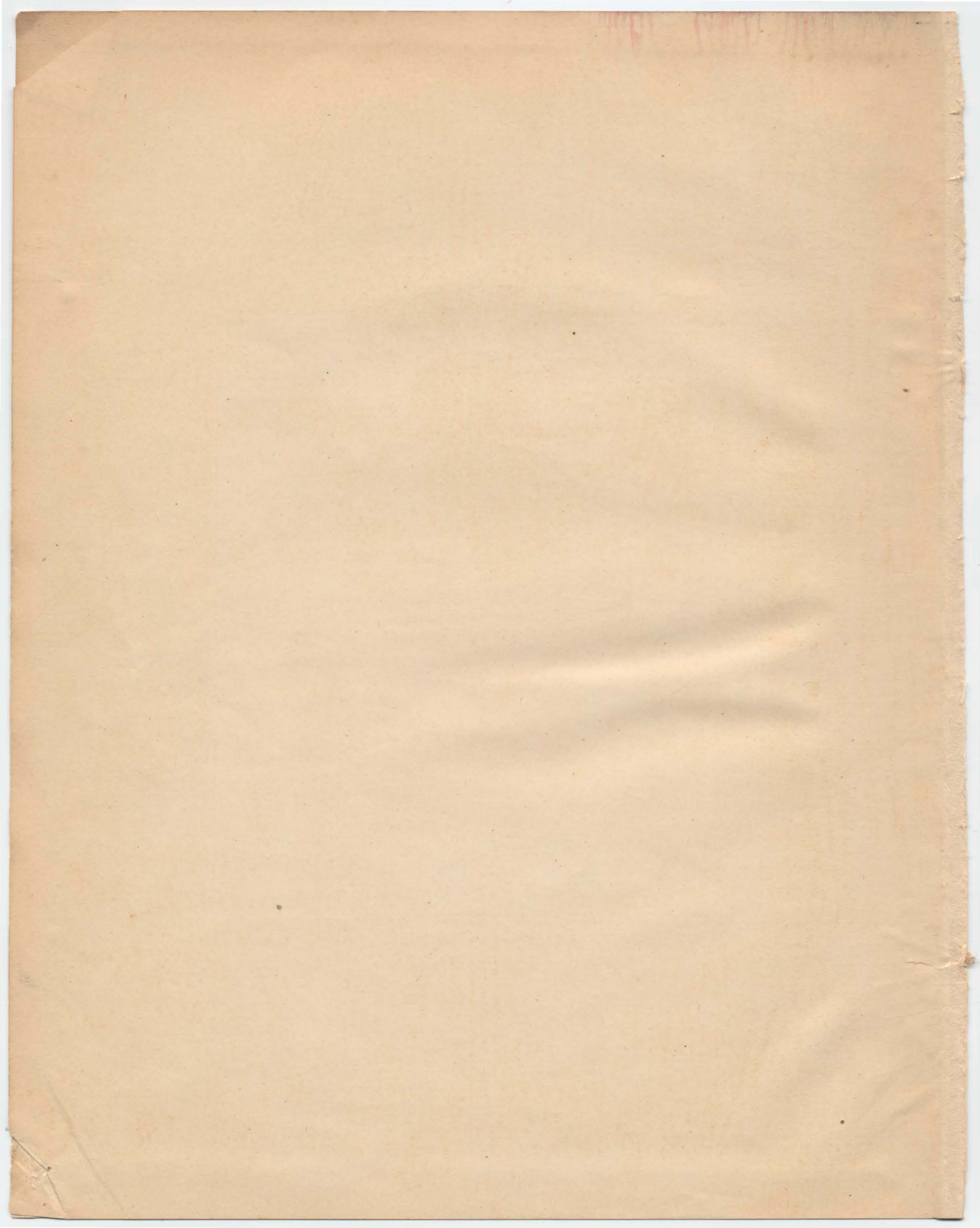
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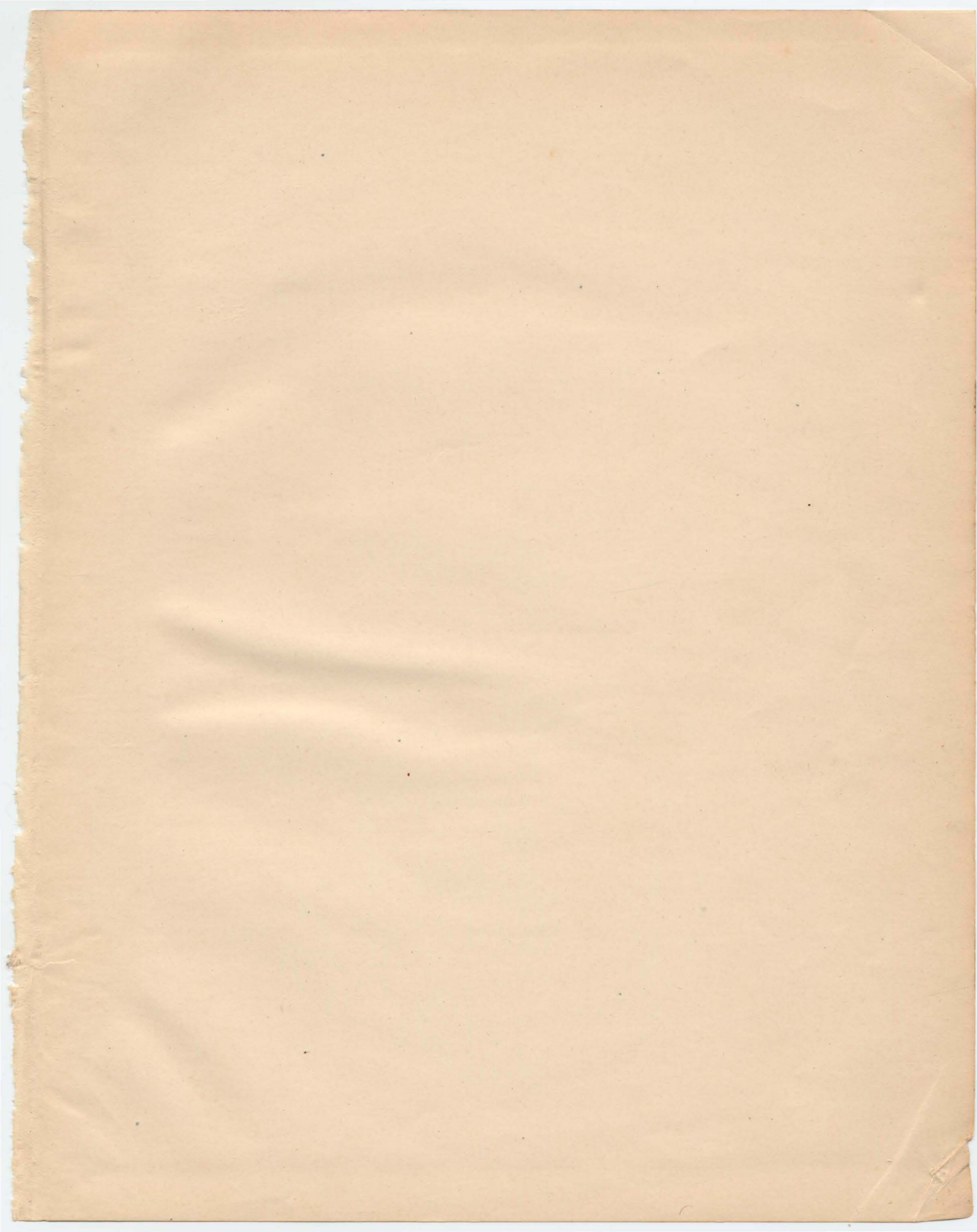
Clara Chrisman
Langhorne

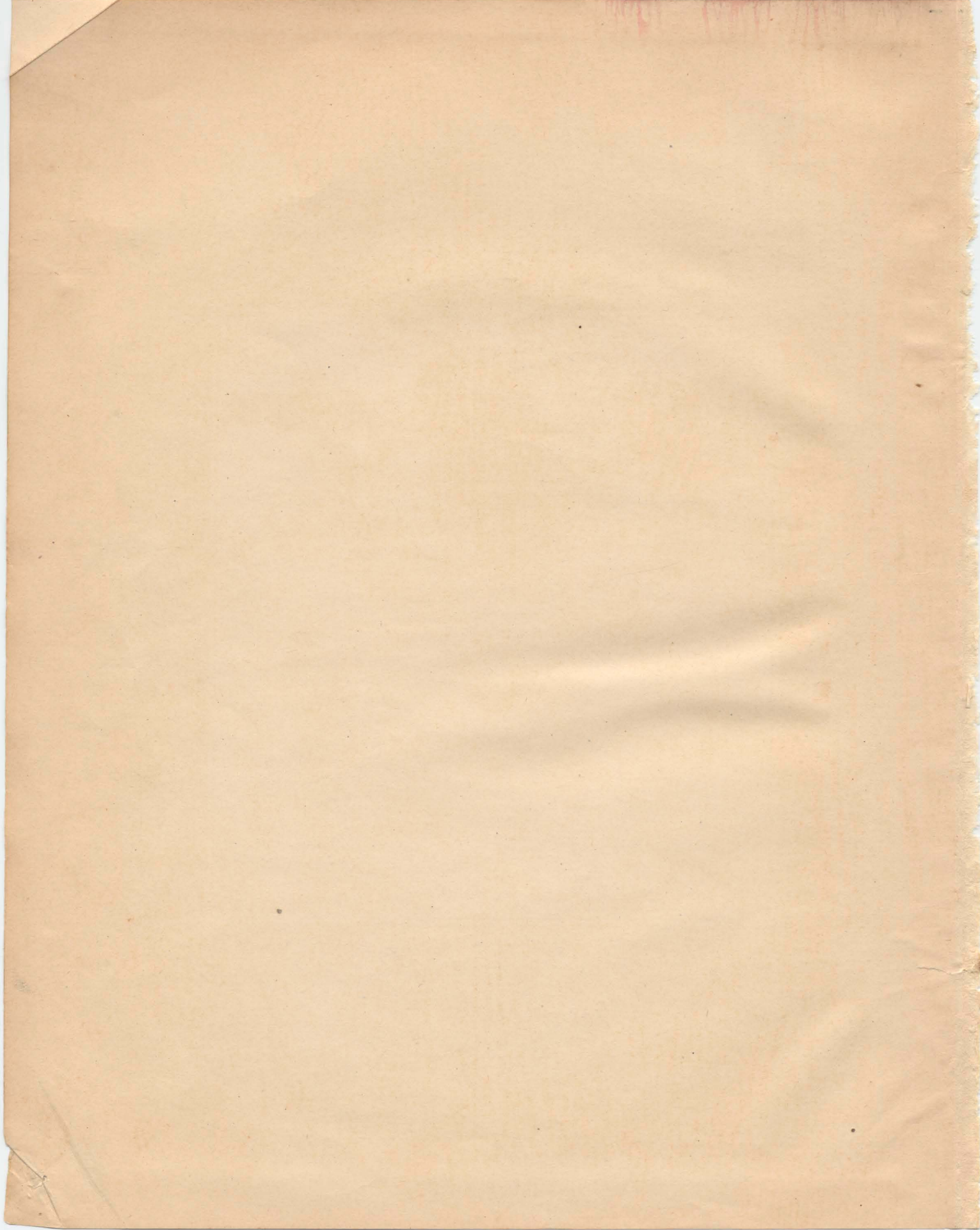
Class of 1931

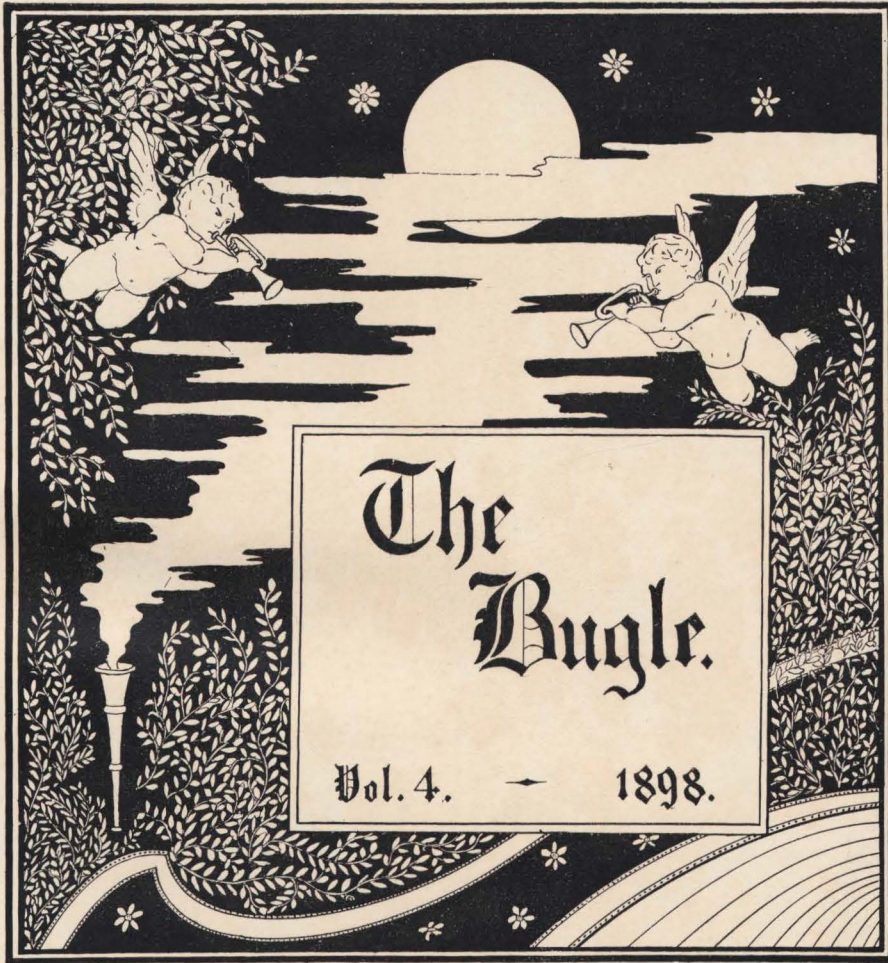










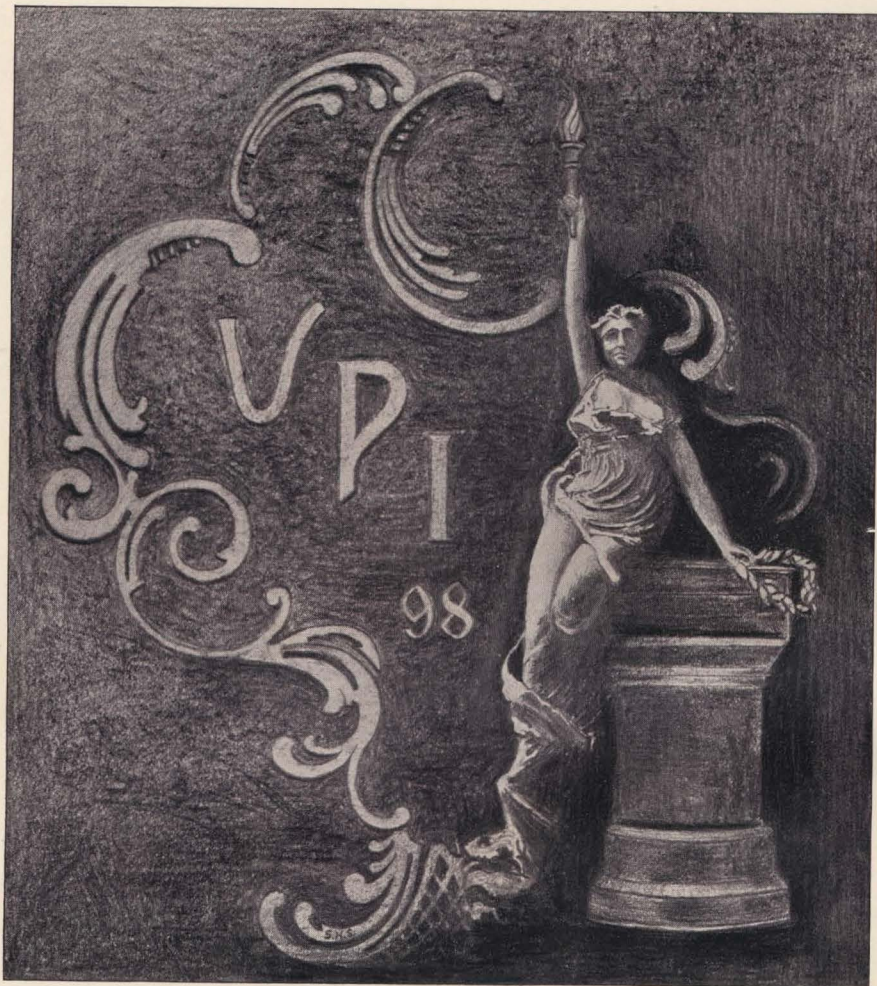


The
Bugle.

Vol. 4. — 1898.



To the Fair Daughters of our Beloved Southland,
this volume is respectfully dedicated,
as a small tribute to their noble work in
War and in Peace.



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O. F. Whitehurst.

R. E. Frazier.

J. A. Burruss.

B. Harrison Jr.

E. Graham.

H. A. Wise.

The BUGLE BOARD
at a
TENDER
AGE.



O. F. WHITEHURST.

Associate Editor.



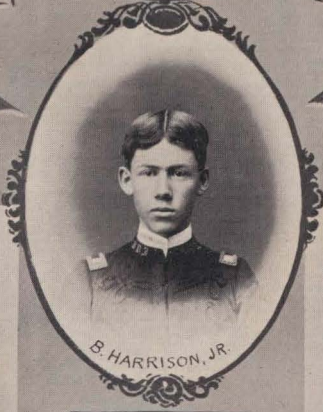
R. E. FRAZIER

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Business Manager.



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Assistant Business Manager



H. A. WISE.

Historian



The Stone Printing & Mill Co., Roanoke, Va.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

IT IS WITH PRIDE AND PLEASURE THAT WE PRESENT THIS THE FOURTH VOLUME OF THE **BUGLE**, TRUSTING THAT IT WILL PROVE OF INTEREST TO OUR FRIENDS. WE HAVE NO APOLOGIES TO MAKE. THE WORK HAS BEEN DONE, TO A LARGE EXTENT, BY THE BOARD OF EDITORS, OFTEN UNDER MOST UNFAVORABLE CIRCUMSTANCES; AND IT IS HOPED THAT THEIR SELF-SACRIFICE WILL BE APPRECIATED. WE GRATEFULLY ACKNOWLEDGE THE KIND AND VALUABLE ASSISTANCE OF MR. SAMUEL H. SHEIB, MR. GEORGE W. HUTCHINSON AND A FEW OTHERS, IN ILLUSTRATING THE WORK; AND ALSO OUR INDEBTEDNESS TO MRS. C. B. PRESTON AND OTHERS WHO CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES TO THE LITERARY DEPARTMENT, AND OTHERWISE AIDED US. WE ASK OF THOSE WHO HAVE HAD NO PART IN THE PRODUCTION OF THE BOOK THE SAME DEGREE OF CHARITABLE SILENCE AS WE HAVE ACCORDED THEM.

“THE BUGLE BOARD.”



CALENDAR.

1897.

Tuesday, September 21st First Term Begins
Thursday, November 25th Thanksgiving Day—Holiday
Wednesday, December 22d Christmas Holidays Begin

1898.

Monday, January 3d Christmas Holidays End
Wednesday, January 19th Lee's Birthday—Holiday
Monday, January 31st Intermediate Examinations End
Tuesday, February 1st Second Term Begins
Tuesday, February 22d Washington's Birthday—Holiday
Friday, June 10th Final Examinations End
Sunday, June 12th 11 A. M. Baccalaureate Sermon
Sunday, June 12th, 8 P. M. Sermon before Y. M. C. A.
Monday, June 13th, 11 A. M. Address before Literary Societies
Monday, June 13th, 3 P. M. Military Manœuvres
Monday, June 13th, 8 P. M. Celebration of Lee Literary Society
Monday, June 13th, 10 P. M. President's Reception to Graduating Class
Tuesday, June 14th, 11 A. M. Address before Alumni
Tuesday, June 14th, 3 P. M. Military Manœuvres
Tuesday, June 14th, 8 P. M. Celebration of Maury Literary Society
Tuesday, June 14th, 10 P. M. Alumni Banquet
Wednesday, June 15th, 10 A. M. Commencement Exercises
Wednesday, June 15th, 10 P. M. Final Ball

BOARD OF VISITORS.

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C. E. VAWTER Crozet, Albemarle County
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Address: Blacksburg, Va.

Annual Oration	Tuesday, June 14th, 1898	11 A. M.
Annual Meeting	Tuesday, June 14th, 1898	12 M.
Annual Banquet	Tuesday, June 14th, 1898	10:30 P. M.

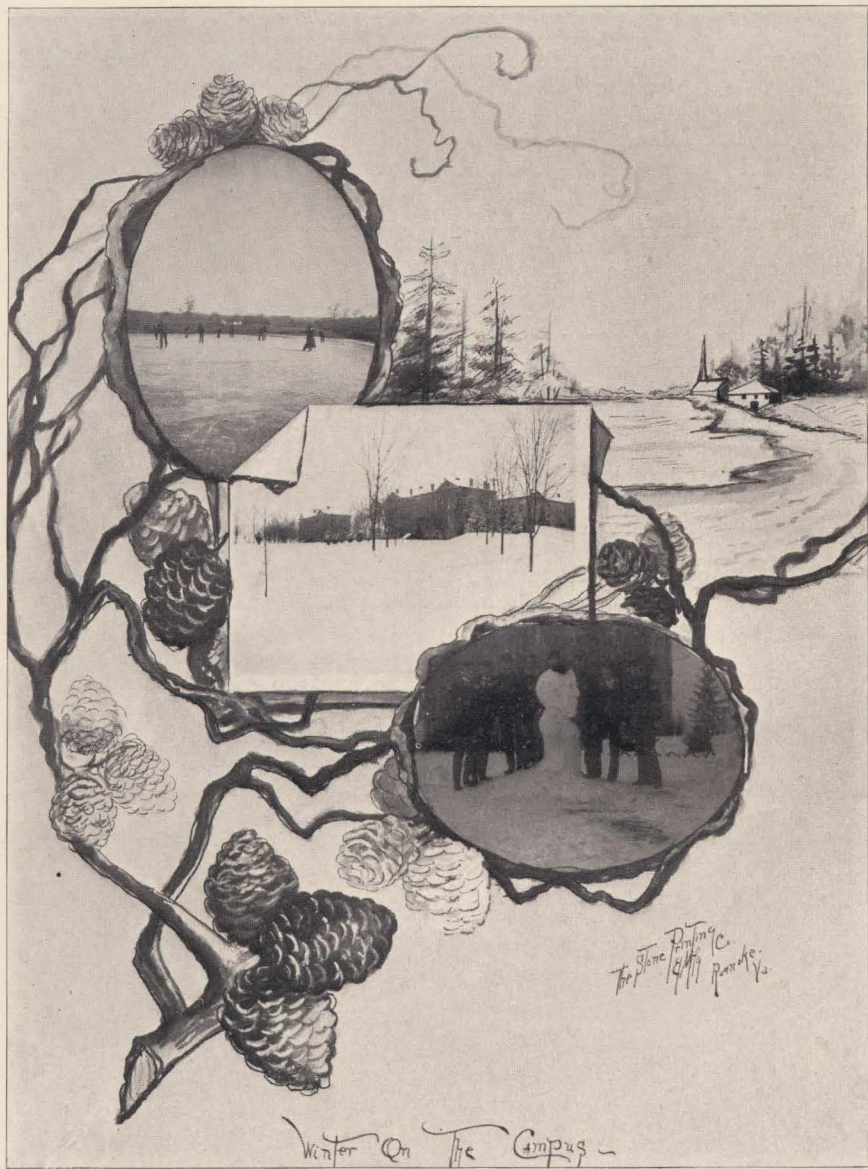
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1897. W. W. HURT	'91.	REV. R. E. L. AYLOR '86

GRADUATE STUDENTS, 1897-98.

NAME.	DEGREE, ETC.	POST-OFFICE AND COUNTY.
Apperson, Alfred Hull		Marion, Smyth
	Bachelor of Science in Electrical Engineering, '94.	
Christian, Charles Meriwether		Baltimore, Baltimore, Maryland
Conner, William George		Max Meadows, Wythe
	Bachelor of Science in Mechanical Engineering, '92; Mechanical Engineer, '96.	
Drinkard, Alfred Washington		Mt. Athos, Campbell
	Bachelor of Science in General Science, '93; Master of Science, '95.	
Eakin, Wilbur Clyde		Blacksburg, Montgomery
	Bachelor of Science in General Science, '97.	
Earhart, William Anderson		Snowville, Pulaski
Ellett, Harry Caperton		Christiansburg, Montgomery
	Bachelor of Science in Electrical Engineering, '97.	
Ferguson, Meade		Hollywood, Appomattox
	Bachelor of Science in Agriculture, '96.	
Finch, Adam Tyre		Boydton, Mecklenburg
	Bachelor of Science in Agriculture, '93; Medical Doctor (U. Va.), '96.	
Fraser, Samuel		Georgetown, Georgetown, South Carolina
Hardy, Carl Ernest		Rome, Floyd, Georgia
	Bachelor of Science in Electrical Engineering, '97.	
Harper, Walter Benjamin		Wakefield, Middlesex, Massachusetts
Hurt, Henry Hicks		Chatham, Pittsylvania
	Bachelor of Science in Applied Chemistry, '97.	
Jerrell, Leslie Wallace		Brockenburg, Spottsylvania
	Bachelor of Science in Mechanical Engineering, '95; Mechanical Engineer, '97.	
Johns, Julian Luther		Millersburg, Dauphin, Pennsylvania
	Bachelor of Science in General Science, '97.	
Johnson, Howard Archer		Catman's, Henrico
Johnson, James Massie		Blacksburg, Montgomery
	Graduate Miller School, '95.	
Jones, Edward Valentine, Jr.,		Cismont, Albemarle
	Bachelor of Science in Mechanical Engineering, '97.	
Karr, William Robert		Blacksburg, Montgomery
	Bachelor of Science in Horticulture, '97.	
Kerfoot, Edward Judson		Millwood, Clarke
	Bachelor of Science in Civil Engineering, '97.	

NAME.	DEGREE, ETC.	POST-OFFICE AND COUNTY.
Kirkpatrick, William Roscoe	Bachelor of Science in Mechanical Engineering, '97.	Alone, Rockbridge
Lee, Claudius	Bachelor of Science in Electrical Engineering, '96.	Danville, Pittsylvania
McBryde, John McLaren, Jr.,	Bachelor of Science in Electrical Engineering, '97.	Lexington, Rockbridge
Moore, Robert Eugene	Bachelor of Science in Mechanical Engineering, '96.	Roanoke, Roanoke
Morton, David Flournoy	Bachelor of Science in Mechanical Engineering, '97.	Eureka Mills, Charlotte
Perry, Warren Andrew	Bachelor of Science in Mechanical Engineering, '95.	Wylliesburg, Charlotte
Phillips, John Lloyd	Bachelor of Science in Horticulture, '97.	Massey, Accomac
Price, Emmett R.		Blacksburg, Montgomery
Priddy, Lawrence	Bachelor of Science in General Science, '97.	Keysville, Charlotte
Rasche, William Henry	Graduate Miller School, '94.	Blacksburg, Montgomery
Roop, Frank Sidney	Doctor Veterinary Medicine (Iowa A. C.), '95; Veterinary Medical Doctor (U. Pa.), '96; Bachelor of Science, '97.	Childress, Montgomery
Saunders, Fleming, Jr.,	Bachelor of Science in Electrical Engineering, '97.	Evington, Campbell
Scott, William Moore	Bachelor of Science in Horticulture, '96.	Sugar Grove, Smyth
Sheib, Samuel Henry	Bachelor of Science in General Science, '96.	Baltimore, Baltimore, Maryland
Stuart, Robert Crockett	Bachelor of Science in Mechanical Engineering, '95.	Rural Retreat, Wythe
Stull, John Walter	Bachelor of Science in Civil Engineering, '93; Civil Engineer, '97.	Rich Patch, Alleghany
Thompson, Osceola Claiborne	Bachelor of Science in Mechanical Engineering, '96.	Petersburg, Dinwiddie
Turner, Franklin Pierce	Bachelor of Science in Mechanical Engineering, '96.	Riner, Montgomery
Woolwine, John Hoge		Pilot, Montgomery



The Stone Printing Co.
1911
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Winter On The Campus -

THE SENIOR



"WHAT NEXT?"



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O. F. WHITEHURST
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RALPH EDWARD FRAZIER *Secretary and Treasurer*
THOMAS ROY BARNETT *Sergeant-at-Arms*
HENRY ARGYLE WISE *Historian*

YELLS.

RAH ! RAH ! RAH !
RAH !! RAH !! RAH !!
'98 ! '98 !
ZIS ! BOOM !! BAH !!

CHICKA-GO-RUNK, GO RUNK,
GO-RATE,
CHU-RU-RU FOR '98 !

COLORS.

ORANGE AND OLIVE.

Motto : " Nunquam non paratus."

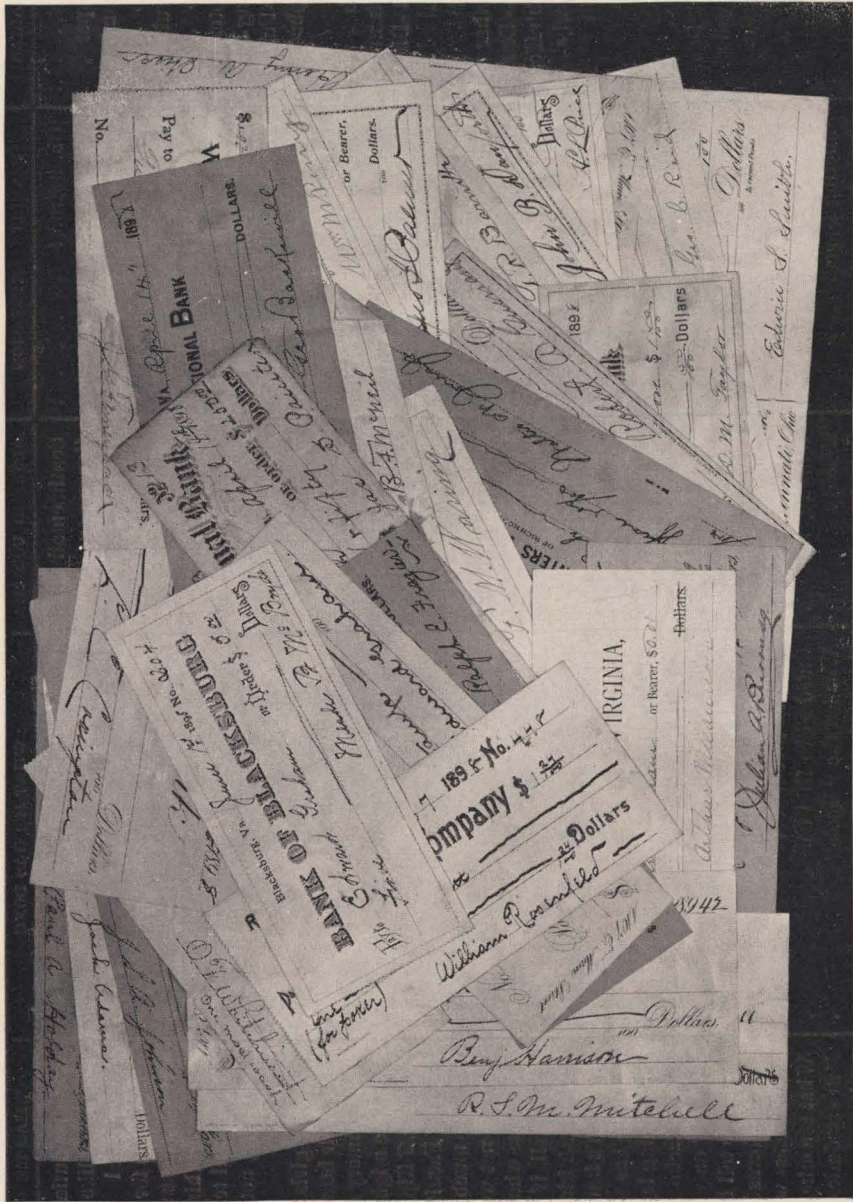
MEMBERS.

NAME.	COURSE.	POST-OFFICE AND COUNTY.
Adams, Jack	Electrical Engineering	Lynchburg, Campbell
Barnett, Thomas Roy	Civil Engineering	Radford, Montgomery
Baskervill George	General Science	Baskerville, Mecklenburg
Bloomberg, Milton Lee	Applied Chemistry	Richmond, Henrico
Burruss Julian Ashby	Civil Engineering	Richmond, Henrico
Bush, William Robert Hayden	Applied Chemistry	Pulaski, Pulaski
Cannon, Arthur Middleton	General Science	Richmond, Henrico
Cochran, Charles Weedon	Civil Engineering	Winchester, Frederick
Covington, Lewis Clyde	Applied Chemistry	Crewe, Nottoway
Danforth, John Buchanan	Electrical Engineering	Richmond, Henrico
Ferneyhough James Goss	General Science	Washington, District Columbia
Frazier, Ralph Edward	Applied Chemistry	Charlotte, Mecklenburg, North Carolina
Graham, Edward	Mechanical Engineering	Richmond, Henrico
Guerrant, Robert Alfred	Agricultural	Richmond, Henrico
Haig, Maham Hume	Mechanical Engineering	Charleston, Charleston, South Carolina
Harrison, Benjamin, Jr	Mechanical Engineering	Petersburg, Dinwiddie
Hobday, Paul Archer	Civil Engineering	Lawrenceville, Brunswick
Johnson, John Samuel Adolphus	Mechanical Engineering	Cismont, Albemarle

NAME.	COURSE.	POST-OFFICE AND COUNTY.
Jones, Walter Nelson, Jr	Electrical Engineering	Petersburg, Dinwiddie
McNeil, Ballard Fairal	Electrical Engineering	Knobb, Tazewell
Mitchell, Richard Sharp Mason	Mechanical Engineering	Tappahannock, Essex
McBryde, Meade	General Science	Blacksburg, Montgomery
Painter, James Snidow	Applied Chemistry	Pulaski, Pulaski
Palmer, John Ingles	Mechanical Engineering	Roanoke, Roanoke
Perry, William Montgomery	Agricultural	Wylliesburg, Charlotte
Price, Harvey Lee	Agricultural	Price's Forks, Montgomery
Reid, George Cornelius	Applied Chemistry	Norfolk, Norfolk
Rosenfeld, William	Applied Chemistry	Radford, Montgomery
Smith, Edward Sexton	Mechanical Engineering	Danville, Pittsylvania
Taylor, Doward Miles	Mechanical Engineering	Chesterfield, Chesterfield
Taylor, Edward Colston	Electrical Engineering	Radford, Montgomery
Waring, Francis Melbone	Electrical Engineering	Charleston, Charleston, South Carolina
Whitehurst, Obed Francis	Electrical Engineering	Norfolk, Norfolk
Wise, Henry Argyle	General Science	Craddockville, Accomac

ALL ABOUT THEM.

NAME	ALIAS	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	ADMIRER FOR HIS	WHAT HE HAS DONE	WHAT HE HAS LEFT UNDONE
Adams . . .	Jack . . .	Oh, horrors!	Sentimentality . . .	Rushed (?) the fair sex	Society's duties.
Barnett . . .	Despot . . .	Hold the deal!	Generosity	What <i>has</i> he done?	Would'nt like to say
Baskervill . .	Jimmie . . .	Good gracious me!	<i>Sweet Voice</i>	Created a new course	A great deal
Burruss . . .	Jab	Oh, thunder!	Auburn Hair	Fallen in love	His studies for THE BUGLE
Bush	Shrub	I'll be consniggered!	Wealth in brass	Made a fool of himself	Showing Sense
Cannon	Zip	Confound it!	Lack of Energy	Well, perhaps—	Most everything
Covington . . .	Tooter	Can't originate one	Conceit	Assisted Bush	"Pat" will tell you
Danforth . . .	Long John . . .	That's no lie	Military Bearing	Become a military genius	One thing, nothing more
Ferreyh'gh . .	Do-Funny . . .	Mr. Johnsing, turn me loose	Horse Sense	Ask "Dummy"	Dutch
Frazier	Raphael	Who-we-e-e-e!	Sweet Smiles	Words can not tell	Only the girls know
Graham	Ed	My gosh	Good Looks	"Rats" will tell you	Many fair hearts
Guerrant	Bob	Hello, there!	Size	Made cheese	The creamery door
Haig	Maham	Hot stuff, Roxey!	Singing	Would have done much, but for "if's"	What he might have done
Harrison	Bull-Dick	By golly!	Any old thing	Bummed	Selling off Rip's old stock
Hobday	Paul	Dad blame it!	Sweet Temper	<i>Studied</i> too hard	Ask the Faculty
Johnson	H ₂ S	That <i>is</i> right	Length	Led the class	Nothing much
Jones	Brother	Now, I'll tell you	Absent Mindedness	Tried to write poetry	Oh, it's not worth knowing!
McBryde	Miss Bessie	Here, Sophomore!	Dancing	Given everybody taffy	Ask those whose hearts he smashed
McNeil	F'th'r Hogan	By Dick!	Irish Grit	Made a reputation as a —	Would tell, if we could
Mitchell	Growly	You're not so warm!	Eccentricity	Defended his honor	Go and ask him
Palmer	John	Dog my stars!	Sporting Blood	Blown his own horn	He doesn't know
Painter	Jim	Gosh dang!	Roman (?) Nose	Practically little	What he has
Perry	Dr. Cox	Oh, pshaw!	Goodness	Made a speech	His dancing lessons
Price	Harv.	Well, I don't know	Rural Talents	Ra sed tomatoes	His mustache
Reid	Slick Duck	Now, there, Brownie	Small Stature	Passed on military	"Buck" only knows
Rosenfeld . . .	Brownie	Poney up!	We don't know	Made love to "Buck"	Some one tell him, please
Smith	Red Coat	Look here	Detective Instinct	Found out everything	Cutting formations
Taylor, D. M. . .	Doyt	Dogged if I know	Just for So	Written love-letters	Not his class work
Taylor, E. C. . .	Ned	Hasn't any	Winning Ways	Ruled Fifth Division	What the other Taylor <i>has</i> done
Waring	Daddy	Suffering Isaacs!	Modesty	Worried the "Buck"	Military duties
Whitehurst . . .	Pothooks	Now—let's—see	Cute Appendages	Tried to reform the corps	Well, not very much
Wise	Silly	Oh, the deuce!	Wisdom	Kept Burruss company	His studies for <i>The Gray Jacket</i>



As the Future will See Them.

THE future of the Class of '98 is to us a sealed book. For the time it must remain such. Yet looking out into the vast unknown we may be able to divine some indications of the fate in store for them. Our prophetic vision may see beyond the dark clouds that envelop us. Through some rift we may be able to catch a glimpse of the glories and honors awaiting them.

Prophecies are usually associated with dark-browed gypsies, burning caldrons, weird caves and fantastic lights. All visions of the future that are prophetic seem to originate from some such source. And yet this prophet has no such surroundings. No dark, mysterious cave, with writhing serpents and solemn-eyed owls is the place of his abode. No weird incantations, no witches' mixtures, have assisted in his divination. No charms have laid bare to him the dark mysteries of the future. The silent witchery of the night has not sharpened his prophetic power. No communings with His Satanic Majesty have given him access to the great unknown. Nor have the angels of darkness contrived to render him aid. But under the most ordinary unprophetic surroundings, influenced by no power that is commonly attributed to the delineators of the future were the prophecies made.

Above smiled the broad, blue heaven, below lay the beautiful green earth, the lofty mountains towered high into the air, the birds were singing sweetly in the blossoming trees, the warm spring sunshine was over all, and nowhere was there indication of those hideous accessories to prophesying. But the prophet, though desirous of any associations that will make clearer his prophetic vision, has no desire for aid from the powers of darkness. The beauties of nature and the companionship of man are too much admired by him for him to secret himself in some dark, mysterious cavern in order to learn the mysteries of the future. Aided by the bright sunshine, looking out into the dim unknown, he sees the mist of the future rolled away, and to him comes a vision of the men of '98, when the years at college have long been added to the vague, irrevocable past.

Beginning with our "Roll-call," Adams, the class comes trooping by. "Jack," shy and bashful, will always endeavor to shun the fair sex. But there

will, one day, come to him, when he least expects, an arrow from the bow of Cupid, driven with unerring aim, and our misogynist will be transformed into the most obedient, hen-pecked — ? His electrical ability and fondness for catenary curves will enable him at some future day to succeed in his highest ambition ; namely, to reach the head of the electrical department in Lynchburg.

They say civil engineering holds many promises for the future. Behold a future engineer, Barnett, surveyor of the long promised railroad from Christiansburg to Blacksburg. This will be the stepping-stone to higher things, and his future, as I see it in my vision, will be as free from care and trouble as the roadbed which he surveys will be free from obstacles. His aims run in another direction, too. Who would have thought that our "Despot" was journalistically inclined ? But he is, and to his other honors will be added that of editor of *The Radford Advance*, an organ supporting woman suffrage and the Prohibition party.

Baskervill, who did not succeed in sending any one to "regions unknown" while acting as the physician's assistant, will make this his one aim in life. Beware of the "Black Pills" and physic of any sort which he shall offer you. He will endeavor to do his utmost for the recovery of those who are rash enough to commit themselves to his care, but he will at that time have a very weighty matter under consideration, making him oblivious to the needs of his patients. Better for them in the end, perhaps.

Another civil engineer appears ; but he combines with his engineering so many other things that my vision is blurred, slightly. But, first, I see him leading to the altar the fair damsel who years before became the object of his youthful affections. Perhaps this is the highest ambition of his life. But I see him assisting Barnett in that wonderful survey, then his aspirations mounting higher, he spans the historic James with noble specimens of his designs. His ambition not yet satisfied, he seeks "other fields to conquer," and from the masterly hands of Burruss, the great civil engineer, we have one of the most celebrated novels of modern times. Still desiring to mount higher, he accepts the chair of civil engineering at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, and then—sinks into oblivion.

Bush and "Brownie," whose lives have been so closely connected during their Senior year, start life's career together. For some years they will be fixtures in the chemical laboratory at Virginia Polytechnic Institute. Then the pension appropriation being exhausted, they will be compelled to withdraw. Bush will once more assume the office of steward for the college mess, where he will feed future Seniors on "growly" and "strap." His favorite pastime will be relating to future students of the times when he was inspector of the First Division.

"Brownie's" life will be more successful. He becomes chief chemist for the Assawannan Zinc and Iron Works, at Hayseedville. Here he is for a number of years successful, but the ruling passion of his race is strong in him, and the desire to accumulate the "filthy lucre" in a more rapid manner at last asserted itself. He opens a pharmacy, but though he is fairly successful, he is not yet in his element. Something is calling him, and, at last, unable longer to resist, he changes his pharmacy to a second-hand clothing establishment, and—at last is happy.

Another one who fain would cure all the "ills that flesh is heir to" passes before my vision. And should he be as well thought of by other people as a physician as he does of himself, I see for him a *glorious* future. Covington's doctoring may not bring his patients to the grave-yard, but the prophet, who knows all things, is wise enough to consult some other physician.

Another electrician passes before my vision. But with Danforth electricity is but a secondary matter. He thirsts for military fame. The important position which he held in the corps of cadets during his college career, and the arduous duties attached to it, prevented his enlisting in the war with Spain, but, should he have another opportunity, he will, doubtless, distinguish himself. While awaiting this he will use this knowledge of electricity in superintending the street lights of the city of Richmond.

The Class of '98 will furnish to the world many chemists. Another one comes within my vision. Frazier, who adds to his desire to become a chemist a thirst for musical glory. As a chemist he will succeed to a certain extent, but through a rift I see him in another sphere, one in which he will become famous. I see him before the footlights, acting with the same enthusiasm and enjoyment as he did in the Thespians of long ago. A successful comic actor has he become, winning smiles and flowers from the fair sex, and plaudits from every one.

Now comes riding by a man whose soul is in his horse. No need to mention his name, for every one knows it is Ferneyhough. He has, and always will have, but two ideas, his horse and the fair maidens, and his horse comes first. He thinks he will be a veterinarian, but he won't. I see him as one of two things, a horse jockey or a horse trader. He may probably combine the two. As a horse trader he possesses two qualities conducive to success, a large amount of brass and a capacity for hoodwinking others. Should he continue to exercise these qualities his life in this line will be successful. He may marry, if by any possibility he can get his horse long enough off his mind, but the woman who consents to share his equestrian love must either know how to keep silent or talk horse.

Graham, the first mechanical engineer before my vision, has a brilliant future before him. As a designer he will achieve success. Everywhere he will be recognized as authority upon mechanics. His fame will be obtained by designing an engine to make the trip to the moon. After that, he will be content to rest on

his honors, satisfied in knowing that he has accomplished that which never mortal man has been able to do before. His income will be in keeping with the notoriety which his engine will bring him.

Guerrant, poor fellow, has the warmest sympathy of the prophet. For him there seems to be no future, because he who is condemned to a life in Blacksburg can not be said to have a future. But this is what the vision tells. He will continue to run the creamery, supplying the Faculty with rich, sweet milk and cream. There is one event in store for him, but the happiness connected with it is doubtful. The indications are that he will be mated to one of the rustic beauties of the mountains. The prophet wishes him all happiness, but can not predict for him that ideal happiness which such a union should bring.

Our man of the "ifs," Haig, might have a successful future were it not for his "ifs." Through all his future runs the same thing, everything is clouded with "buts." Yet, as an engineer, running Graham's engine to the moon, he may reach something after all, even though it is only the moon. Perhaps, by the time he returns from there he may have succeeded in dropping his "ifs and buts." If he has, and wishes to know his future, he may do so by seeing the prophet.

And now comes one of our distinguished men, Benjamin Harrison. Should his future be as brilliant and should he attain to such high honors as did he whose name he bears, there are some who would think he has nothing more to desire. But the aspirations of our "Ben" are not of a political nature. He will be content to follow the profession of a mechanical engineer, satisfied with the honors which this will bring him. Of more importance to him than the honors are the finances. Should he continue to cultivate certain traits, he may have a fair share of this world's goods, yet the prophet will not vouch for it. The vision is not distinct at this point.

Another civil engineer, and what will the future bring to him? Sad it is that my vision does not bring me a brighter future for Paul. But for him the Fates have in store no rich treasures of honor and gold. His generosity will always be greater than his pocket-book. He, too, will assist in making the survey for the Christiansburg and Blacksburg Railroad. This will be a beginning, and he will, probably, rise, but very slowly. Though not wealthy nor famous, save as a stamp-collector, he will be happy. He will experience for a time the delightful sensation of "love in a cottage," but his better half will, one day, fall heiress to a small fortune, and then life will be easier.

Another mechanical engineer, and one whose ambition runs high. For a number of years his name will be on the college pension list. He will become a fixture. Then, his ambition reaching higher, and desiring renown, he will take his knowledge of mechanical engineering into the world, causing it to stand in amazement and astonishment at the wonders which he shall invent. But his

ambition is still unsatisfied. One thing yet he desires, and at last he obtains it, the chair of mechanical engineering at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute. When this is obtained, his future is assured, and Johnson will devote his time to explaining that the "projection of the intersection is the intersection of the projection."

Our electrical genius, "Bro." Jones, will, in time, equal, if not surpass, our wonderful Wizard. He will delve deep into the mysteries of electricity, and will make many valuable experiments. He will search for two things. One, an electrical apparatus capable of doing a man's thinking, and some means by which electricity may be used for renewing youth. He will marry early in life, if possible, but his wife will live in constant fear of death from some of the many electrical contrivances which he will possess.

Again, my vision shows to me two whose lives are closely connected. So necessary have they become to one another's happiness that their future would be nothing to them were they compelled to embark alone upon the sea of life. So, sharing each others joys and sorrows, McBryde and Cannon travel slowly down the river of time. It is plainly seen that McBryde's one element is society. I see him the leader of the fashionable set in some—unknown city, and Cannon will be—led. He will be content to follow in the footsteps of his leader, knowing that through the intricate mazes of society's whirl he will be safely conducted. So be it.

Now comes "Culpeper's" rival, McNiel. His life will be spent in Blacksburg, where he will have charge of the sewerage system of the town. He will be sued for breach of promise by a maiden of uncertain age, who has bestowed upon him her youthful (?) affections. But the reputation which he gained while at Virginia Polytechnic Institute will stand him in good stead. And when he has "shuffled off this mortal coil," he will be refused admittance into the kingdom of His Satanic Majesty, because His Majesty knows that he, like Culpeper, will "lie himself nine times out of Hades," so it will be useless to let him in when he first makes application.

One of our celebrities next passes in review. "Dr. Mitchell," noted for his eccentricity and his good humor, will, the prophet fears, come to some bad end. But since he will have such a responsible position, it is to be hoped he will continue sane, at least. In my vision he appears as engineer on that great road which will be laid between Blacksburg and Christiansburg. His train will never be behind time, and the mail will reach Blacksburg on the day which it was intended that it should. His passengers need not fear him to be a crazy engineer.

Palmer will enter for a time upon his chosen profession, a mechanical engineer. His future reputation will rest upon the fact that he is an earnest follower of Izaak Walton. Happiest will he be when sitting by some babbling stream with a trout line in his hands. He will be connected with some great

locomotive works in the far North, but will finally return to the Virginia Polytechnic Institute as assistant to Johnson.

The good man of our Class is the next whom the vision shows me, another celebrity, too, "Dr. Perry." What do I see for him? His life will be spent in leading others in the "straight and narrow path." He will not become rich in things of the world, because he is not worldly inclined, but his reward shall, nevertheless, be great. He will probably be a Prohibition candidate for Congress.

A man of rural talents, who has had experience in taking care of "Apple Seed's" orchard and green-house, is Harvey Price. So well has he done this we may know the farm which he shall own will be a model one. He will grow peaches, plums and pears, for the benefit of the Class of '98. Throughout the State will he be recognized as authority on the San José scale. His life will be filled with the joys and cares of country life, and his friends will always be welcome to his farm on New River.

Another chemist, and a Painter, too. If he combines the profession and the trade, his life will not be the most successful of his class. The indications are that he will be more successful at the latter, for chemistry does not appear to be his vocation. His future life will be spent in decorating the houses of the "four hundred" in the swell city of Blacksburg. But the gods have in store for him one gift that will render him famous forever. Behold in him one of the future mayors of that *great* city which he helped to beautify.

Another chemist, but my vision does not see him in the chemical laboratory. Three years in one at Virginia Polytechnic Institute were sufficient for Reid, and he turned to other labors. His fondness for the sea asserts itself, and his highest aim is to be first mate on one of the large sea-going steamers hailing from Norfolk. This he will accomplish by the time he is fifty, and seven years after his ship will be blown up by a submarine mine. Until then, he will spend his time in seeking to discover some method by which he can live without work.

Smith will not follow his intended profession of a mechanical engineer. The work connected with it is not congenial to him. But he need not fear, he has a future. His ferreting instincts will decide that, and his training at Blacksburg gave him good training for the private detective service. A rival of Pinkerton himself will be this member of '98. His fame will be due to his discovery of the man who committed the sole act of hazing at Virginia Polytechnic Institute in the year 2000. This will be his greatest case.

Taylor, D. M., will have a brilliant future, except that he will be disappointed in the one great aim of his life. Honor and wealth will be his, but he will meet with a disappointment that will have its effect all through his after life, making his honors count for nothing. The fair maid whom he adores, the idol of his affections, will prove false to him, and his successful rival will be a red-headed

man. His faith in woman will be destroyed. But at last the high position which he shall hold, and the many honors accompanying it, makes it necessary for him to have a help-mate, and he chooses one who is wealthy, "fair, fat and forty," for service, not for love.

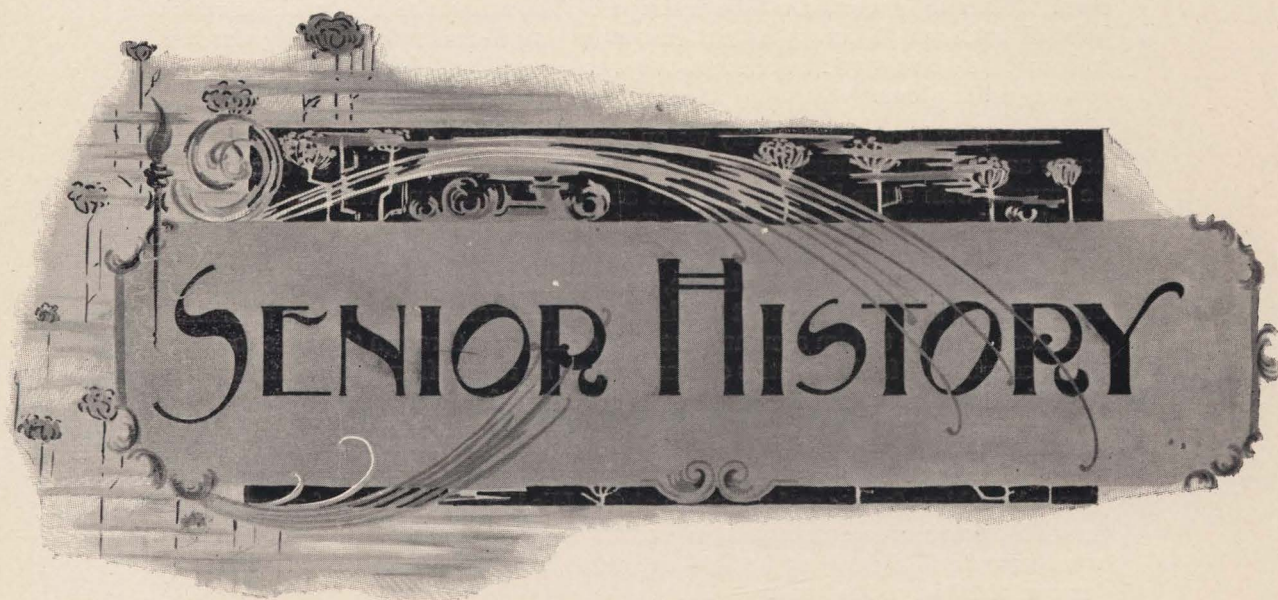
The other Taylor has, as my vision sees it, a future still more brilliant. In honor and wealth, perhaps, he will not be greater, but his "affaire du coeur" will be fraught with more happiness. He and the "Wiseman" will open an office together, the one dispensing aid to suffering humanity in the form of medicines, the other using his legal knowledge to get them out of difficulty. A physician of no mean ability will this Taylor be, winning fame, and honor, and blessings at every turn in life. Throughout the land shall his wonderful cures be published, and these shall be to him a monument that shall stand through the ages to come. Wearing with the faithful duties of many years, he retires from public life, seeking a much-needed rest in the peaceful enjoyment of a happy home.

A gentleman of travel my vision shows to me, also. Waring will wander through foreign lands, by the side of rivers which mortal man has never crossed, through pathless forests and unknown plains. His life shall be one of pleasure, and few of the troubles so common to us mortals shall beset him. After many years of wandering in foreign lands he shall return to his native country to find himself famous, the lion of the hour.

But now the vision begins to grow dim. Almost it has passed from me. Yet by its waning light I behold the future of the two last of the men of '98. One of them, Whitehurst, a great electrician, will aim to be, but a few years' trial at Virginia Polytechnic Institute will convince him that his forte is not electricity, and he will seek for other things. So disturbed does the vision appear to be after this, that I think he must develop into a "Jack-at-all-trades," comprising everything from a book-agent to a socialistic reformer. The last will probably bring him notoriety, if not fame, and will be the most congenial occupation in which he may engage. Through all his life runs the same conscientiousness which characterized him when Officer-of-the-Day at Virginia Polytechnic Institute, so his work will always be thorough.

Quickly the vision is passing away, so quickly that the prophet fears he shall not be able to see the future of the "Wise man" of the class. But, looking quickly, by the fading light he can see him the legal adviser of many men, assisting them out of the many difficulties which are apt to surround them. The first opportunity he has of showing to an expectant world his eloquence will be in a divorce case, but future ages must tell you if he was successful. From law to politics is only a short step, and now our "Wise man" is in his element. He will win— Ah, the vision has passed, its brightness has faded away, all is dark and vague. As, in its brightness and splendor, it has shown to the prophet the future of the men of '98, so has he recorded it. But the vision has passed away, gone to join the many, many dreams and ambitions which long ago have vanished, we know not where, and with it passes—

THE PROPHET.



SENIOR HISTORY

IT has been said that for a history to be complete, exact, and truthful it must be written years after the events to be commemorated have transpired, for histories sometimes engender bitter feelings, and give rise to much that can never be forgotten or forgiven, but a history of a class, and of the "classe superieur" must not wait to be written until the ties that bind its members have been broken. Rather let it be given to the public when they who compose it are given to the world; something for them to take with them when they begin life's battle in earnest, something to treasure, a record of four happy years, years that have passed all too quickly fraught with pleasure mingled with pain, with joy not unmingled with sadness.

Always difficult to write a history, the nature of the many events which have happened during our Senior year have made it doubly difficult. Too well does the historian feel his inability to perform in a competent manner the task assigned him; too well does he feel his inability to do justice to a class which has been acknowledged by so many to be truly worthy of honor and praise, so for fear that some one, whose kindness of heart may cause him to overlook many defects, shall be disappointed after reading this little sketch, let me tell him to expect no flights of burning eloquence, no words that thrill the heart, and take us up to the starry heights, for of none of these is the historian capable.

With highest anticipations, with noble ambitions, with glorious dreams of the future, with ardent desires to accomplish great things, with many promises to ourselves of the excellent use to which we would devote the four years of our college

life, the Class of '98 entered upon its existence. What an event it was in our lives! To be college men, even though we did belong to that down-trodden, much-abused class, the Freshman, was, for the time being, sufficient for us. We felt that now there was nothing to be desired, that we had reached the acme of existence.

'T was a balmy, beautiful day in September, 1894, when we were unloaded from those instruments of torture, Grissom's hack, and deposited upon the parade-ground, in front of barracks, with what mingled feeling of fear, homesickness, uneasiness, it is impossible to describe. Though the years have passed since then, the memory of that long ride from the depot, and our arrival at College remains as distinct as though it were yesterday, and the indescribable feeling which being a "Rat" gave us, will linger in our memory through long years.

But after the customary welcome which those wonderful beings, the Sophomores, considered their religious duty to bestow upon us, after the homesickness had passed away, and we had entered fairly upon the duties of college life, we found that even then our "paths were not strewn with roses;" many thorns, in the shape of dreaded pillowings, sundry "buckings" and the commandant's reception beset our path. Try as we would, we could not escape being torn by them; and they say all this is necessary to the well being of the "rat!"

Many were they who composed the Class of '98 in the beginning of its career. Many were the celebrities which it contained, but gradually they have passed away from our midst, until now, in our Senior year, we number thirty-two. As we glance back over the years, we are compelled to pause and wonder where are the many who cast in their lot with us four years ago; and the answer comes,

"They have all dispersed and wandered,
Far, far away."

Yet we would know if their thoughts ever turn to the dear old College and the class-mates left behind; if they have been with us in spirit during the years we have been "absent one from another;" if they have rejoiced when we rejoiced, and sorrowed when we sorrowed. Much concerning those who once were with us we fain would know, but as Time has winged onward his relentless flight he has taken them far from our lives, and all that is left is, memory.

How quickly the years have passed since we entered college. It is difficult to realize that since then four years have been added to the long vista of ages. But sometimes we think, so much has transpired during this time, that it has been almost an eternity. How distinctly we remember with what awe and admiration we looked upon a Senior. We might dare aspire to being a Sophomore, but to look forward into the future and imagine ourselves *Seniors!* Ye gods and little fishes! we never, in our wildest flights of imagination, dared dream of such heights. For what knew Freshmen of Senior cares and joys? How dare they aspire to one day being honored with this noble title? Such heights were far beyond their ken. But Father Time continued with unabated activity to use his scythe, and when we became transformed into Sophomores, we would occasionally give harbor to the thought that one day we might be

Seniors, even though there was great danger of the noble ship of '98 being wrecked upon some of the many rocks which lay along our course. But when the voyage was ended and we had escaped destruction, when from Sophomores we had been transformed into happy, jolly, studious Juniors, we permitted ourselves to be carried into the future to the time when we, the once despised "rat," should wear the honors of the staid, dignified Senior.

So with the joys and sorrows, the work and play peculiar to each class, passed quickly away the years before we attained this dignity. As Freshmen, we dared not think, dared have no opinion of our own. We were at every one's beck and call, and always running in the way of somebody. Oh, for the good old days, when a "rat" was made a pet of by no one, and was not considered better than the old boy. But, sad to relate, those days are numbered with the boundless past.

When we had passed beyond this degraded state, when we had attained our "Sophomorical growth," we began to feel ourselves, and to feel that after all there was some pleasure in life. Then we had a work to do, and as has always been the case with the Class of '98 it was well done. We were on the reception committee, and it is said that we received remarkably well.

From Sophomores to Juniors was a quick transition. Jolly, studious, fun-loving Juniors were we, combining wonderfully well the numerous traits of character which a Junior should possess. With but little regard for our importance, but possessing a deep love for our College and endeavoring in all things to have it attain that excellence which we wished to belong to our Alma Mater. Happy, jolly Junior year! Long will it linger in our memory as the happiest of our college years. But our happiest days are soonest ended, and once more the session draws to a close, once more we bid each other a fond adieu, and we are Juniors no longer, but Seniors, noble, dignified Seniors, of course, for dignity and the term Senior are synonymous. What visions of Senior glory, Senior joys, and Senior happiness crowded before our mental vision. How proud we felt of our dignity and of our Senior honors. But sometimes that which sparkles the brightest and gives glowing promises of the future does not always fulfil our anticipations.

Though it is always with gladness that we pass from one stage of our college career to another, though we are elated at the prospect of accomplishing our aims, it is always with sadness that we bid adieu to the days that for us contain so much pleasure. Our hearts grow heavy at the thought of bidding farewell to the dear old companions, even though we are nearing the goal for which we are striving. We think sadly that we have only one more year of such close companionship, and the thought detracts somewhat from our Senior anticipations. How often in the years to come will we call to mind the happy by-gone days before we were Seniors, days in which were formed friendships that shall last until the golden eternity.

And now, we have achieved what we had thought would be the crowning glory of our life, that point at which we had once thought there was nothing to be desired. We are Seniors!

Ye who have never experienced the delightful sensation of having bestowed upon you the name Senior, ye who have never revelled in visions of Senior uniforms and shoulder bars, ye who have never had upon your shoulders the almost

insupportable dignity of a Senior, ye who have never listened in vain for the praises and commendations which are bestowed upon a Senior, ye have lived in vain. Ye have lost the greatest joy, the greatest pleasure which life can offer. But hold!

Ye who have never known the cares, the trials which being a Senior entails, ye who have never experienced the thousand and one worries that make life miserable for the Senior, ye who have never been able to see "behind the scenes" as a Senior can, ye whose faith in mankind has not been shattered by such revelations, ye who have never been told that you have neglected your duty, congratulate yourselves and trust that it may never fall to your lot to be Seniors.

The first day of the session of '97-98 was an auspicious one for us. Was it not the beginning of the most important year of our life? Important in more ways than one, too. In our ignorance we imagined there was nothing but smooth sailing ahead, no storms to cause us uneasiness, nothing to disturb the even tenor of our way, and

"Where ignorance is bliss
'T is folly to be wise."

Ye men of '98, how can I, with my unworthy pen, fitly commemorate thy greatness? Material for the greatest epic of modern times might be gathered from thy deeds; from ye might Nature's greatest poet receive inspiration; the most noted historian of the age might be honored in giving thy history to the world; only the pen of a master could accurately portray thy noble achievements; only one inspired could fully do justice to thy merits. How then can I, one of the least of your noble band, perpetuate in writing thy memory?

Men of '98, whose praises have been sung by all—men of '98, whose deeds (and misdeeds) and opinions have struck consternation to the heart of the "Sanhedrin,"—men of '98, who have assisted in bringing lines of care to the brow and removing the signs of youth from the cranium of our Commandant,—men of '98, who have had secret audience given them in the "Holy of Holies,"—men of '98, ye who are brave, and noble, and true, I salute you. May honor and success be yours! May you maintain always that dignity and honor, that nobleness of purpose, which is characteristic of the sons of the South!

All unconscious of the many discouragements awaiting us, oblivious to what the future contained, we entered upon our cares as Seniors. Doubtless had we realized the many cares and responsibilities which would be ours, our hearts would not have been so light, nor would we have anticipated so much from this one year. But fortunately for us mortals the future is closed to us; we must be content to live in the present, hoping that the future will realize our dreams. In our ignorance we supposed ourselves to be entering Elysian fields, an ideal fairyland. Such a rude awakening as we had! Too soon did we find that our visions were only bubbles of air, which vanished at a breath. That our Senior honors were accompanied by other things, and that not always glory, we were soon made aware. We were conscious of the dignity of our position, we felt its responsibilities, but before very long we were forcibly informed that we had not known the hundredth part.

Always, at the opening of the session, the first thing to occupy our attention after we have greeted old friends, and inquired into the manner in which things are to be conducted during the session, is football; and '98 was well represented on the team. What a successful season it was! We went nearly wild when we defeated the University of North Carolina. Even we dignified Seniors so far forgot our dignity as to join in the celebration. It was glorious! But—would there were no “buts”—during the celebration the strangest thing happened. By some unaccountable (?) means, the “calaboose” in town was discovered to be on fire. It was supposed that more fuel was needed for the bonfire. We don't know, but we do know that among those declared guilty of participation in that special feature of the joyous demonstration was—oh, woe is me—a Senior, a *dignified* Senior! Oh, the pity of it! How could you, Ikey? How could you jeopardize our *precious* dignity in such a manner? Then the Faculty met and “Ikey” was probationed. The dignity of the class had received a terrible blow. We must also note the fact that sometime before this “Ikey” had a birthday. The Senior Class extended congratulations.

Almost before we were able to realize it, Autumn had passed away, bringing the close of the football season and Thanksgiving. From the opening of the session we had looked forward to it as does the weary traveler to the verdant oasis in the desert. And now that it had come and gone, we felt that we had very little for which to be thankful. That dreary, dismal, disappointing Thanksgiving Day on which our football team met its Waterloo. How confidently we had accompanied them to Roanoke, thinking only of the victory we were to win. The victory was won, but none of the laurels fell on us. We did not even catch a glimpse of them, and we came back, but not as we had gone.

Thanksgiving past, football over, we turned our attention to more serious things. There was work to be done, and now was the time to do it. But almost before we had recovered from the effects of Thanksgiving, and were able to bestow our valuable time upon our numerous duties, came the thought of Christmas, and when Christmas “gets in a man's bones” there is room for nothing else. We were not exceptions. But such moments as we could have free from Christmas anticipations were profitably employed, because now there was nothing to divert us, nothing was going on. Only some of us were given private audiences rather frequently.

Thus passed quickly and pleasantly the time, until one morning we awoke to the realization that Christmas holidays began today. With what joy we hail the happy Christmas-tide. What happiness it always brings. Now we would have a chance to rest our weary (?) brains. For two whole weeks no reveille, no daily trips on the River Deutsch, no electrical discharges, no generation of heat, nothing to do but show our Senior dignity, talk to the girls and—eat fruit cake! What visions of bliss floated before our minds! What a relief to lay aside for a time our Senior cares. Happy, joyous Christmas of '97! How often in years to come will I recall thy pleasures! What a sacred place wilt thou always have in my memory!

But all happiness seems to end too soon, and once more we were back at College ready (?) to resume our work. But it was hard to erase from our minds

visions of home and Christmas joys. Necessity demanded it though, and when the "devil drives we needs must." Looming up before us, like some dreadful hobgoblin terrible to behold, were—Examinations!! Almost we had forgotten that such things existed. Some of us had devoted so much time to *The Gray Jacket*, football, and—well, some other things, that we had entirely lost sight of the "times that try men's souls." We were made to experience them, at any rate.

Seniors, however, are never daunted, and when examinations came, if we did not come out whole, we were not so badly broken. What a sigh of relief we drew when they were over! Half the course had been run, and soon would we be on the "home stretch." One more set of examinations was the one consoling thought, and then—ah, then!

Immediately after examinations is a trying period with most college men. It was so with us. After the suspense, work, and worry attending them, we feel as though we would like to take life easy for a while. But how can you, with another term and its accompanying work staring you in the face? For the Senior, so much depends upon this second term. More upon its ending than upon the term itself, perhaps. For that ending means the successful completion of four years of college life, or—failure. In the vocabulary of a Senior there should be no such word as *fail*.

The session is fast drawing to a close. The twittering of the birds, the balmy air, the lengthening days, herald the approach of Spring; and beautiful, gentle Spring foretells the advent of Summer, and with Summer, Commencement, to which we have looked forward with such anticipation; and oh, how earnestly we have wished that "it might be soon," for you must know that Spring did not bring to us that peaceful quiet, that calm, blissful solitude of which the poets tell us. The spirit of unrest so prevalent throughout our land penetrated even to the mountains which surrounded our isolated college. The spirit of war was everywhere. There was a vague uncertainty, an undefinable something, we knew not what, in the air. There must be a climax, and it came. It served only to sink us deeper into the depths of misery and uneasiness which surrounded us. Familiar to us all is the eventful night of March 13th. We had hoped that this was the terminating point, the grand finale. But alas for the hopes of men! So often are they only "dead sea fruit." So often do they vanish into the empty air, leaving to us only a vain, intense yearning for that which our fancy had pictured, and the sad thought of what "might have been." How forcibly was this impressed upon us Seniors. All hopes of peace and quietness vanished. Now there was nothing but suspense, unrest, uneasiness. So ardently did we long for the end of the session, or—peace. Anything that would soothe the restless spirits was greatly to be desired. But the troubled waters were not stilled, save by Time, who soothes all troubles, and who was also merciful to us, bringing with his rapid flight promises of relief in the future.

The history of the Class of '98 is but a tale that is soon told and the aim of the historian will be accomplished when the story is ended. His task is almost completed. Sadly does he regret his inability to be able to do full justice to the dear old class. He would have liked in eloquent language to tell of four years of pleasant companionship, of the happy college life so dear to every one. He would

have liked in glowing words to tell of the deeds of the men of '98, and the much which they have accomplished, of the heights which they have attained, but nothing of this has he been able to do. He has only endeavored to give his classmates something which in after years may bring to them pleasant memories, fond recollections and happy friendships of the days of yore.

Soon will be ended four eventful years. Soon will the Class of '98 be thrown upon the world. Soon will we take our places in the battle of life, to fight manfully for all that is noble, honorable and true. Soon will we bid farewell to the dear friends, bidding each God-speed on the voyage of life. Soon will the friendships which have grown and strengthened for so long be severed. Severed? Then of no value are they. Of what use is friendship that can not exist when the friends are apart? Can not those who have known and loved each other during their college life carry the love with them into life's battles? Separated we may be, but our friendships severed? Never.

Looking down the ages of Time I see

" The mists of the past grow bright,
And heroes all garlanded glorious,
Walk forth in the radiant light."

Heroes whose lives tell the men of '98 of the gallant deeds to be accomplished, of the glorious future awaiting them. Heroes whose crowns of laurel tell the men of '98 of victories to be won. Heroes whose spotless lives and noble characters incite us to higher aims and nobler deeds. Heroes garlanded with the love and admiration of ages, tell the men of '98 that they too, may thus be garlanded. Perhaps the gallant deeds of the men of '98 may yet resound through the ages. None can the future foretell; but

Who, looking on this little band,
Shall see the Christ, the Luther, or Lee here?
But doubt it not, throughout the land
Their name and fame shall yet appear—
Lo! the misty clouds of future
From my vision roll away,
And I see the world's heroes
In the boys of the to-day.
Patriots, sages, statesmen,
All their title deeds unrolled
'Gainst the gleaming splendid morrow,
From its mountain peaks of gold.

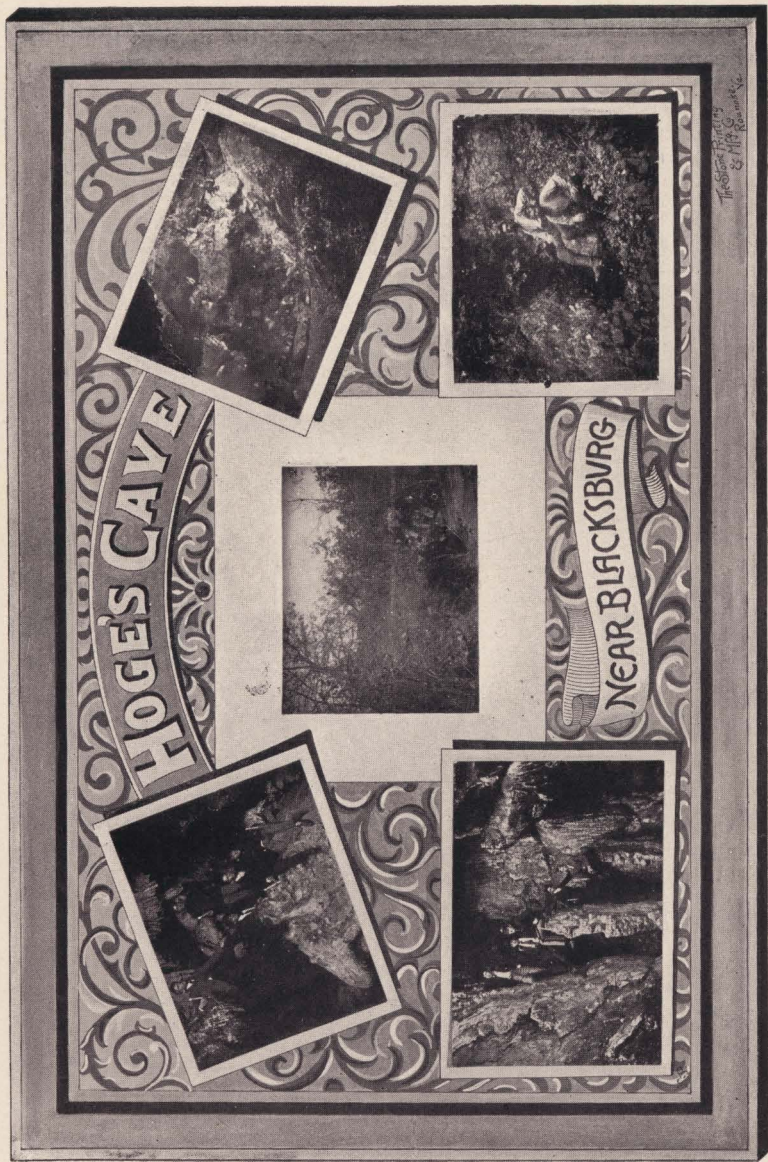
The Patriot, laurelled with great deeds,
The Teacher, bearing wisdom to the race,
The Statesman, grappling with world's needs,
Within this little land have place.
With undeveloped souls they await
The signal and the time
That shall lead them on and upward
To the heights where great souls climb,
And from the battlements of Heaven
Full from the starry way,
Smile the boys of all the yesterdays
On the boys of the to-day.

And now there remains only the little word—*farewell*. What a wealth of sadness it contains ! Farewell ! We are loath to write it. Farewell to our college days, our college “chums !” Farewell to our boyhood ! Welcome manhood ! For College boys no longer are the Class of '98, but men on whom may depend the destiny of a nation, for the boys of to-day are the men of the future.

Our hearts are sad at the thought of parting. The golden chain of friendship has linked us indissolubly together. It is hard to disengage the silken cords of love that unite us. They can not be broken ; but perhaps other joys and sorrows may cloud the memory of the friendships of our college days. And this is the saddest of all.

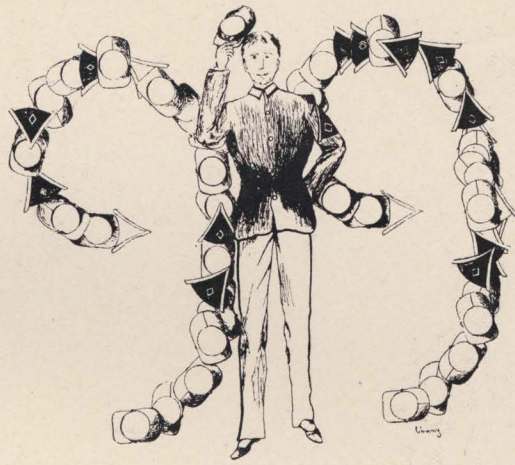
Class of '98, may the highest honors crown your efforts ! May all prosperity, all happiness, be yours ! May the memory of the pleasures of our college life ever remain sacred ! May the friendships formed never be forgotten !

And now the shadows are stealing softly o'er the mountains. The evening sun is slowly sinking to rest, tinting the mountain summits with crimson and gold. The birds are whispering a last good-night. Twilight, calm and peaceful, comes stealing across the meadow. All around is peace. A fitting time to bid farewell to the scenes of our college days. Only our hearts are sorrowful. One last lingering look around the place which memory will hold so dear, one last good-bye and—God bless you, boys ! Farewell !



THE
HOGES
CAYE
NEAR
BLACKSBURG

THE JUNIOR.



Perfection!



CLASS OF 1899.

BOSWELL
W. F. COX
CARTER
M'GAVOCK

HUTCHINSON
NOWLIN
LIGON
SHEIB

MYERS
WILSON
ALLEN

SALE
KINCKLE
JONES
BEGG

CARPER
NEELY
HUBARD
CONNELLY
GIBSON

BEVERLEY
WEISIGER
BELL
FENTRESS

JOHNSON
G. P. COX

BURNER
LEWIS
SEPAK

CLASS OF '99.

OFFICERS.

FRED WILSON *President*
GREEN HOPKINS NOWLIN, JR. *Vice-President*
EDWARD AUGUSTUS SEPARK *Secretary and Treasurer*
GARLAND BOSWELL *Sergeant-at-Arms*

YELL.

NINETY-NINE, NINETY-NINE,
RAH ! RAH ! RAH !
NINETY-NINE !!
S—I—S—S—S—
BOOM !!! COO-COO !

COLORS.

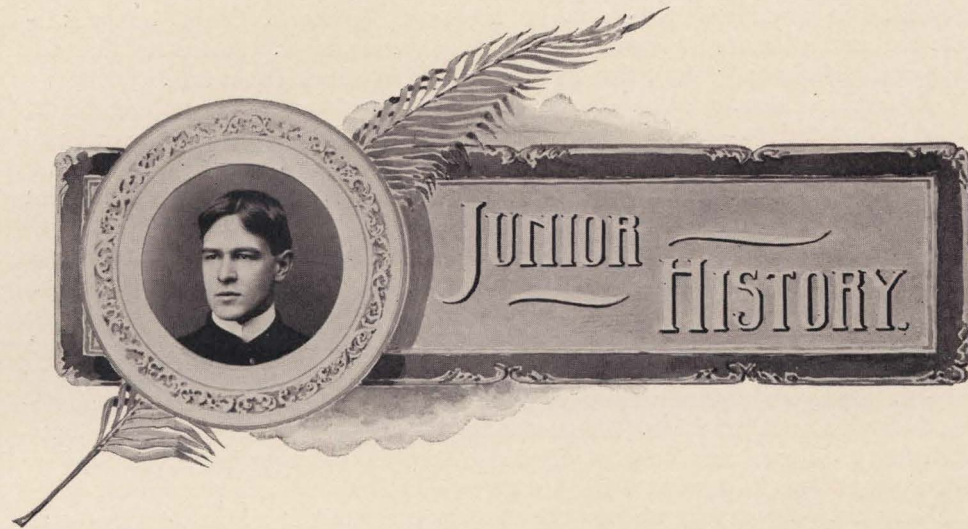
MAROON AND BLUE.

Motto : " Sapere aude. "

CLASS OF 1899.

MEMBERS.

NAME.	POST-OFFICE AND COUNTY.
Allen, Charles Lyle	Buchanan, Botetourt
Begg, Robert Burns Haldane	Bedford Springs, Campbell
Boswell, Garland	Brook Hill, Henrico
Burner, Whitfield Staling	McGaheysville, Rockingham
Bell, William Frazier	Staunton, Augusta
Beverly, Richard Harry Carter	Broad Run, Fauquier
Carter, Percy Hutchings	Chatham, Pittsylvania
Connelly, Charles Broadwell	Winston, Forsyth, North Carolina
Cox, William Francis	Cascade, Pittsylvania
Cox, George Piper	Manchester, Chesterfield
Carper, Frank Clifton	Salem, Roanoke
Cunningham, Frank Boyd	Farmville, Prince Edward
Fentress, George Linwood	Norfolk, Norfolk
Gibson, George Edgar	Perth Amboy, Middlesex, New Jersey
Hankins, Thomas Gilbert	Richmond, Henrico
Holt, Howard Houston	Newport News, Warwick
Hubard, Archibald Blair	Colleen, Nelson
Hutchinson, George William	Staunton, Augusta
Johnson, Bradley Smithson	North View, Mecklenburg
Jones, Benjamin Vaughan	Petersburg, Dinwiddie
Kinckle, James Grammer	Lynchburg, Campbell
Ligon, Willie Daniel, Jr	Montreal, Nelson
Lewis, Harold Benjamin	Lynnwood, Rockingham
McGavock, Ephraim	Graham's Forge, Wythe
Mason, Thomas Mutter	Hagerstown, Washington, Maryland
Myers, Archer Ellis	Christiansburg, Montgomery
Neely, Robert Johnson	Norfolk, Norfolk
Nowlin, Greenwood Hopkins, Jr.	Lynchburg, Campbell
Pack, Leon Early	Blacksburg, Montgomery
Price, Walter Robert	Blacksburg, Montgomery
Painter, William Graham	Draper's Valley, Pulaski
Sale, Matthew Albin	Radford, Montgomery
Separk, Edward Augustus	Richmond, Henrico
Sheib, Edward Sexton	Baltimore, Baltimore, Maryland
Weisiger, Kendall	Richmond, Henrico
Wilson, Frederick	Harrisonburg, Rockingham
Wolfenden, James Gibboney	Barren Springs, Wythe



IT is with a great deal of hesitation that I now make an earnest attempt to write this little bit of history. There must always be more or less of sameness in writings of this kind, and, as my originality is hardly an appreciable quantity I beg the forbearance of the reader. Everything seemed feasible enough until the attempt was made, then all my ideas deserted me, my little stock of originality vanished, the muse refused my wooing, remaining cold and distant. My plea to the reader of these lines is, that he will try and appreciate the effort and should any thought strike him as not being entirely homely, I beg him to make the most of it.

Three long years ago most of us met here for the first time, and as "rats," rats, those indeterminable, yet annoying quantities, without which no college is complete. The events of those first few months remain, above all others, the most vivid of all our impressions. The change at first was almost too great for us to bear, indeed many of us wondered if we were not dead, having been disintegrated by the constant jolting of one of Grissom's old hacks, and was now in—Tartarus.

"Rats!" What an awe-inspiring sound that word had for us; and, as rats always are, we were "fresh,"—very fresh and green—fit subjects for the Sophomores' bayonet and pillow. With all respect to our professors, we learned more about the laws of falling bodies, impact, and heat developed by friction, from the Sophomores' experiments, than from the professors. We were constantly in everybody's way and very undesirable quantities.

The events of this year are too numerous to mention fully, a few of the more important were, the first night and its attendant horrors, matriculation-day, when we became the subjects of "Prexie which is called the great," and slaves in the land of Polyteck. The daily drills—and here, as everywhere else, our Nemesis

took the form of a Sophomore, our sworn enemy. Those terrible nightly vaudeville concerts with the Sophomore again as stage manager. It seemed that the year would never end; but it did, and with it our winter of discontent.

The three short months of vacation passed with amazing swiftness, time enough, however to heal all our bruises, and forget that "rats" possessed any sense of feeling. September saw us all back again—we were early—we did not desire an early matriculation, but to be on hand to receive the rats, to render them a warm reception.

Vacation had wrought a wonderful change in us. The before indeterminate quantities had been resolved into an all-important factor of college life—that is, a Sophomore.

Did we not feel our importance? Well, yes; you bet we did! We were a very exclusive set, the select of the four hundred. Of course we had nothing to do with the upper classmen, they were too sedate and dignified. But the Freshmen—that is another thing. Were they not the rising generation, to be illustrious Sophomores next year, so of course they were our proteges, perhaps we should say "fags," for what is a Freshman good for but to obey implicitly every wish of ours. Again it is the Soph. that is supposed to raise all the devilry—well, we did. The President and Commandant seemed to take an unwonted interest in us, for some of us were always being in consultation with them, or the Faculty. Then, there were some of us who had pieces of gold braid on our sleeves; they were "Corps," the proudest fellows that ever wore a uniform.

Another Commencement and vacation passed and we are again assembled on the College Hill. Now my real task begins. Many and great were the changes we had undergone during the vacation. We had lost the par excellent qualities of the Soph,—the astounding audacity, superb conceit, and persistent inquisitiveness. In other words we had become Juniors, studious, painstaking, unpretending Juniors; fellows with a jolly good humor, full of fun, philosophers, and more than all, possessed of that peculiar brotherly love called class spirit. After matriculation, the few remaining days of the month were spent in readjusting ourselves to the way of Polyteck. Relating our vacation adventures, talking of, and writing lengthy letters every day to *her*; but that does not concern class history.

"Rat" was the first word we heard on entering the campus. Yes; they were here, here, there and everywhere. A swarm, fresh, green and juicy—little innocents.

But, as Juniors, we could not attend to the needs of these verdant things. We held a consultation with the Sophs, and, as "a word to the wise is sufficient," their needs were attended to in the latest and most approved style.

Our respects to the "Rats" having been paid, we were free to pursue our regular duties. This year is undoubtedly the hardest in our college course, one of hard, earnest study. We soon settled down to the "grind." The professors seemed to league against us, to vie with each other, who could give the longest recitation. Seemingly, they considered us mere machines, to be taxed to the utmost; or sponges, to absorb unlimited quantities of knowledge, to give it out easily when pressure, in the shape of problems were brought to bear upon us.

Nothing daunted, we persevered, and as philosophers, made the best of everything.

October ushered in our first class meeting, but, alas ! upon investigation, we found our numbers sadly depleted, and one half of our last year's class had not returned. Some, we fear, had been ensnared by the wiles of winsome lassies ; some are matriculates of other colleges ; and others, to our sorrow, have fallen by the wayside, or, in other words, the frivolities of the Sophomore year proved too fascinating ; perhaps some were lost between the branches of a parabola, or had hidden behind a descriptive plane. These last were only a few.

" Boozy " Harrison is at Cornell ; Newton is working at his home in Richmond.

" Green " Carter is in the laboratory testing department of a large manufactory in Ohio. Bidgood is in Fayetteville, N. C., at work in a railway office. Frank Cox is at home, pretending to be engaged in a mercantile business, but spends most of his time dancing germans. Many others, that I should like to mention individually, are fighting the great battle of life in their several positions. As great as our loss was, we were to a great extent recompensed by such fellows as " Jap " and " Sky-lights."

Football next engaged our attention. All of us are more or less football cranks, consequently we bent our every energy toward its support, if not capable of playing, by our rooting. We pride ourselves on having furnished three very good men, " Jap," at quarter, Lewis, on the end, and " Cascade " as guard. A trio to be proud of—and so we are. " Cascade " certainly deserves special mention. He proved himself worthy of his name, and this is how : In a certain hotel in —, just before one of our most important games, desiring to go to his room, he stepped into the elevator-*shaft*, fell two stories, landed on a brick floor, and picked himself up unhurt !

How the time flew, and before we could fully realize it, Thanksgiving, with all its attendant pleasures and sorrows, was upon us. This is the time when every one goes temporarily insane over football. The game was played in Roanoke, and thither flocked the Polytecks in great numbers. Just think of it ! Once more we walked on genuine pavements, saw the electric cars, buildings over two stories high, and pretty girls galore. At the sight of them, how we cocked our caps on one side, threw our heads back and strutted, that was as much as saying, " Well, now, if you would like to see a *beau ideal*, just look at me ! " Every one was at the highest pitch of excitement, even the Faculty stepped down from their throne of reserve, mingled with the boys, raced up and down the field, and yelled like—Comanche Indians. Everything was awfully jolly until the game, and, then, oh, sorrow of sorrows ! We were defeated !

The very next night came the Thanksgiving german. It is needless to say that those of us that danced enjoyed it, but coming as it did, with the beauty, brilliancy and witchery of the fair, it completed the demoralization begun by our defeat, and left us all unfitted for study. To study was impossible, but the professors did not realize it. They kept us steadily " on the grind." Hydraulics, Mechanics, Calculus and " Dutch " made a miniature chaos of our brains.

Now came a great worker of miracles among us, a certain Doctor —, who promised to relieve us of all our indispositions, to make any of us brilliant lights in the scientific world. Ask the "Maiden" how is his head for "Math.," and "Jap." and Fentress how many fellows they have hypnotized; or, if you are "busted," ask one of them for a loan of ten dollars. Very soon after this the "P's and Q's" gave a delightful entertainment, entitled, "All on Account of a Sandwich," in which "Jap" (who would believe it?) played the part of the devoted.

With the advent of December we began to brighten up. There was something worth striving for—the holidays! We must have a good report for this month, for, when we arrived at our homes, how pleasant it would be for the "governor" to come up, slap you on the back, and say: "My boy, that's a first-class report of yours; here's an X."

Now the holidays! My student pen is inadequate to describe the glorious times we had in those few short days, when studies and college were entirely forgotten.

The tenth of January saw every one of us back,—not one missing—chuck full of plum pudding and "blues." How long we would have been the victims of melancholia I could not say. All at once we were aroused from our lethargy and spurred into action by the approach of the dreaded examinations. How we studied, and strove to untangle all the snarls and knots in our brains, to keep up our E. M. F. in Electricity, to maintain our head in Hydraulics, to deal irregularly with "Dutch" verbs, and to disintegrate our Calculus thoroughly. We went to church regularly, and burnt the midnight electricity, seemingly in vain. At last we tackled them and came out victorious,—most of us, one making the highest mark, others following close seconds.

Soon after the ordeal of the examinations had passed, a strange thing happened. One frosty night the trees between the Academic buildings blossomed and bore strange fruit, having much the appearance of sundry articles of wearing apparel. Next morning, when old Sol was just peeping over Palmer's hill, he described a scene of perfect confusion. Every rat, and some others, too, were striving with as much noise and confusion as they could make to gain possession of these peculiar articles.

"Senator" and "Gib" next acquainted us with their dramatic skill in "Medica" and "A Manager's Trials." Senator, as "Billy Fitz, an Afflicted Mortal," played his part in a manner quite natural; but, as "Eudoxia Persimmons," he overdid his part, being too affected. "Gib," as "Bill Scrapper, a Bowery Boy," assumed his role with characteristic ease.

Now an event of interest occurred. A committee from the Legislature paid us a visit, and we did our best to make their stay pleasant. Our President followed them back to the capital; and, largely through his efforts, the enemies of our college were defeated.

Holt left us about this time, and is now launching war vessels and building dry docks at Newport News. That class-meeting, when we were gathered together, to bid him farewell, was a scene eloquent with deep feeling and touching

sympathies. Some outsiders have said they heard sounds as of blows being given and deep sighs. As some one has it :

Then Holt said good-bye,
With a tear in his eye
And a warm spot in his heart (?) for each one.
So, right well may you bet,
He remembers them yet—
Each blessed "son-of-a gun."

Washington's birthday passed very quietly; and, for a wonder, the "Rats" retained their "scalps." Great baseball interest was displayed. The Class League was discussed and organized, with "Senator" as manager, and "Paddle-foot" as captain of the Juniors. Oh, I was about to forget a very important event! "Jap" and the "Baron" both got "Searges," and Allen, Sergeant-Major.

How time has flown! The days are growing longer and longer. Old Sol is not so reluctant to rise for reveille. The days are hazy and spring-like—the campus is green, and the strawberry plants from their blossoms seem to promise feasts to come. One and all we are becoming sufferers to that agreeable malady, "spring-fever."

Now, soon will come the time, Commencement, with its many pleasures and attendant sorrows of parting—parting, never to meet again as Juniors. Then we will see, perhaps, for the last time, our "Uncle Davy." We wish him every success, wherever he goes, either Cuba or Klondike. Then the vacation, and, presto—we are Seniors!



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SUSPENSION BRIDGE

THE SOPHOMORE.



"I am Monarch of all I survey!"



CLASS OF 1900.

CLASS OF 1900.

OFFICERS.

*CHARLES MORTON WOOD *President*
†LINDSAY LOUIN JEWEL *President*
JAMES ROBERT HARDESTY *Vice-President*
*LINDSAY LOUIN JEWEL *Secretary and Treasurer*
†EDWIN PUTZEL WALKER *Secretary and Treasurer*
ALONZO WHITFIELD OAKES *Sergeant-at-Arms*
SCOTT HUTTON MCGREGOR *Historian*

YELL.

RAZZLE, DAZZLE, HOBBLE, GOBBLE,
SIS, BOOM, BAH!
1900! 1900!
RAH! RAH! RAH!

COLORS.

CRIMSON AND CREAM.

Motto: "Mondum deleti sumus."

*Resigned March 25th, 1898.
†Elected March 29th, 1898.

CLASS OF 1900.

MEMBERS.

NAME.	POST-OFFICE AND COUNTY.
Allen, Edwin Wood	Buchanan, Botetourt
Archer, Deas	Richmond, Henrico
Archer, William Meade	Richmond, Henrico
Baker, George Francis	Graham's Forge, Wythe
Beverly, Richard Carter	Champlaine, Essex
Boorman, James Albert	Catlett's, Fauquier
Brown, Charles Francisco	Greeneville, Green County, Tennessee
Brown, Joseph Ramsay	Greeneville, Green County, Tennessee
Burnett, Wallace Claypole	Norfolk, Norfolk
Carr, John Lewis	Harrisonburg, Rockingham
Carter, Henry Poindexter	Chatham, Pittsylvania
Chapman, Samuel Forrer	Gordonsville, Orange
Clements, Halstead Maynard	Halstead's Point, York
Cook, William Luther	Blacksburg, Montgomery
Cory, William Harrison	Norfolk, Norfolk
Dabney, Chiswell, Jr.,	Chatham, Pittsylvania
Dobie, Henry Ashton	Norfolk, Norfolk
Dundas, Thomas Archibald	Buckland, Prince William
Ellett, Andrew Symington	Christiansburg, Montgomery
Faulkner, Hugh Nicholas	Ashland, Boyd County, Kentucky
Ferguson, Robert Thrift	Rustburg, Campbell
Gerber, Milton Edling	Baltimore, Baltimore County, Maryland
Gildersleeve, John Robison	Gratton, Tazewell
Givens, Robert Tilden	Looney, Craig
Harrison, Joseph Kent	Staunton, Augusta
Hardesty, James Robert	Berryville, Clarke
Hawkins, Edgar Lee	Blacksburg, Montgomery
Herbert, Richard Ainsworth	Portsmouth, Norfolk
Hoffman, Joseph David	Flint Hill, Rappahannock
Hopkins, Mathew Smith	Highland, Howard County, Maryland
Jackson, James Albert	Richmond, Henrico
Jacocks, Henry Morgan	Berkley, Norfolk
Jacocks, Jonathan Wilbur	Berkley, Norfolk
Jamieson, William Jordan	Buffalo Junction, Mecklenburg
Jerdone, Francis	Orange Court House, Orange

NAME.

POST-OFFICE AND COUNTY.

Jewell, Lindsay Louin	Christiansburg, Montgomery
Jones, William Catesby	Iron Gate, Alleghany
Keister, John Taylor	Blacksburg, Montgomery
Latane, John Wilson	Oak Grove, Westmoreland
MacGregor, Scott Hutton	Avon, Nelson
McGavock, James Hamilton	Graham's Forge, Wythe
McBroom, Jackson	Abingdon, Washington
McGhee, James William	Bedford City, Bedford
Nicewonger, Olney Warren	Winston, Forsyth Co., North Carolina
Oakes, Alonzo Whitfield	Swansonville, Pittsylvania
Page, James Robert	Christiansburg, Montgomery
Palmer, Frederick Lynn	Atlee, Hanover
Pack, Henry Broderick	Blacksburg, Montgomery
Payne, George William	Rixeyville, Culpeper
Paxton, Edward Preston	Buena Vista, Rockbridge
Pelter, Joseph Glenwood	Riner, Montgomery
Phlegar, Archer Allen, Jr.,	Christiansburg, Montgomery
Poehlman, Leonard Augustus, Jr.,	Baltimore, Baltimore Co., Maryland
Price, Lawrence Taylor	Gala, Botetourt
Price, William Brooke	Lawrenceville, Brunswick
Randolph, Benjamin Franklin	Colleen, Nelson
Reynolds, Charles Luther	Fall Creek, Pittsylvania
Robinson, Samuel Rice	Embreeville, Washington Co., Tennessee
Skelding, Edward James	Covington, Alleghany
Snider, Cecil	Blacksburg, Montgomery
St. Clair, John Witten	Tazewell, Tazewell
Stoneman, George Jacob	Island, Goochland
Terry, John Coles, Jr.,	Bent Mountain, Roanoke
Trolinger, William Hoge	Childress, Montgomery
Turnbull, George Harrison	Lawrenceville, Brunswick
Twyman, David Nicol	Uno, Madison
Uhler, John Lloyd	Alexandria, Alexandria
Waddell, Joseph Addison	Garth's, Albemarle
Walker, Robert James	Chase City, Mecklenburg
Waller, Edwin Putzel	Martinsville, Henry
Walters, George Derry	Christiansburg, Montgomery
White, Frank Robertson	Abingdon, Washington
Williams, James Addison	Red Spring, Robeson Co., North Carolina
Wood, Charles Morton	Glen Wilton, Botetourt
Wysor, William Washington	Dublin, Pulaski

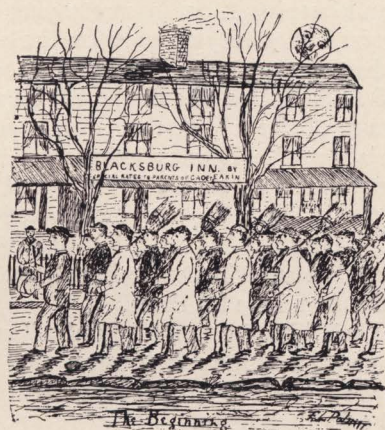


SOME one has remarked that college honors are not great honors after all; at least, there is a certain amount of risk connected with them. They are indeed honors if success goes along with them; but if failure is the companion, where then does the honor come in? It is with misgivings that I respond to the request to write a history of my class; I trust my readers may be merciful in their criticisms, for I shall need all their consideration.

When we arrived last fall, it was with emotions differing from those we experienced in the previous year. Indeed, we were inclined to consider our reception a trifle cold, as we observed all the receiving powers being turned in another direction. Most of us had been promoted. We were no longer privates in the rear ranks, and that circumstance alone was some compensation for the seeming neglect. At all events, with few exceptions, we were all "old boys;" we could strut around, assume an important air; it was no fault of ours if quite frequently we were mistaken for officers of high rank. Looked up to as we had not been before, we were ready to give advice to all who desired it. There was only one feeling which disturbed the general joy, the absence of those of our class-mates who were not to return. In vain we searched for some familiar faces. Here one had decided to take the classics, there another had selected the practical course of quill-driving or of agriculture.

Putting aside pleasantries, our class lost some good men. Richardson and Bugg,—the former historian and the latter vice-president, we were informed by their fellow-citizen, the "Duchess," had taken to other schools and climes. Bugg, aspiring to higher latitudes, is at Eastman Business College, and, probably, has graduated by this time; Richardson is at Hampden-Sidney. "Goldbug" has been lost in the silver crusade, or he may be inventing horserakes in Chicago. His inventive genius is sure to take care of him, but, should that fail him, he has his oratorical powers to fall back upon. Some one said Bradley and Tufts were

studying at Hampden-Sidney, but the statement could not be verified. Little Willie Messervy left before commencement, but he was so generally beloved that I am forced to say a few words about him. He is down somewhere in South Carolina, finding his way into the hearts of those who will listen to his flattery. He lost his wind while out snipe-hunting, and never quite recovered it. Messervy was an extensive visitor, and excelled in cutting reveille and other formations, military and unmilitary. Copenhagen is in the pursuit of knowledge at Emory and Henry; Reddy and he were room-mates on the second floor of the new barracks. The two possessed great affinity for each other, illustrating the law in chemistry that elements with different properties make strong compounds. They



were the disturbing molecule of their floor; they usually acted while in the nascent state.

The places of those who failed to make connection with Blacksburg, were filled by a number of new students, who were courageous enough to enter the Sophomore class; they are almost too numerous to mention, but their names will be found in the class list. The species will be dealt with later. Putting our friends' names last will cause very little comment.

Sad to relate, among those who did return, there were few happy faces. To a casual observer it may have seemed that the prospect of numerous flunks had cast a damper on their spirits, but close scrutiny knocked all that out. It was still too early to think of examinations, what then was the cause of their gloom? Ah! well! all know the strain on a cadet's mind incumbent on leave-takings, separation

from home people, home surroundings and "friends." Of this we must not, can not speak; Christmas would come to heal the hearts, and Christmas did cure those pangs—when it came.

But before that happy event many incidents occurred to break the monotony. Soon after the opening of the session, "Splinter" Wood, the hero of many a football field, was unanimously chosen President; anyway, he received the most votes. The other officers were chosen much in the same way; some for good looks, some for efficiency, and the rest for "just so, you know." The Historian, however, resigned shortly afterwards, having received a loud call to a larger field of usefulness. He spends most of his spare time in sketching, so was requested by THE BUGLE Board of Editors to draw for that publication. They could not get along very well without the Englishman in the decorative department; the present Historian was, accordingly, appointed as his successor.

Till Thanksgiving, football was the outlet for our surplus energy. What, between drilling "rats" and keeping them from straying into the broad road of "freshness," the Sophomores had plenty of work on their hands. Then, Saturday nights, a few of them held dress-parade in "white dominos." In their ardor for the good appearance of the battalion, the Sophs outdid all other classes. Drills were held at the small hours of the night, the parade formed and the squad marched down "Professor's Row." It was a unique review that was occasionally held in front of the professors' doors, and the Faculty and upper-classmen should show a proper sense of appreciation. We may have failed in our duty of training the new students in the way they ought to go, but our failure is not due to lack of ardor on our part. "Rats," it must be remembered, are not capable of appreciating all the good things that are done for them.

"Splinter" Wood, "Dick" Herbert and "Jumbo" were our representatives on the football team, and very good men they were. All know pretty well what they did, or ought to know; I will not sing their deeds of valor. Their names belong to the records of the football team.

Thanksgiving Day is always noted by some special incident. The new feature introduced this year was the giving of free rides to "fresh rats." It really was considerate and kind in the "old boys," to take such an amount of trouble, but the trouble was lost sight of in the thought of the pleasure afforded the "rats." Somehow, the rides terminated abruptly; indeed they might have been termed a descending ratio, with a precipitate to finish up with.

Christmas came, but it was a very long time coming; but at last it came, bringing with it the announcement that the holidays would, under no circumstances whatever, begin before December 23d. We thought we could not be college boys if anything of such little importance as an order from the President should stop us. We were animated with a desire; and that desire was to get away as soon as possible. Stoneman played 'possum, but the rest were above such schemes. We actually began to be industrious, and made up evening work by working at "Release from Quarters." By doing this, most of us managed to leave on the morning of the 22d, reaching home quite unexpectedly a day ahead, and with the satisfaction of having done a most praiseworthy thing. What a great time we had at home!

Now commenced a season of hard work. The examinations would begin within three weeks, and it behooved us to cast aside all recollections of days gone by, and knuckle down to our books. Our storage capacity is somewhat limited, and the wonder grows, like Goldsmith's village schoolmaster, "that one small head should carry all he knew." Our poor heads were strained to the utmost for a time, but when the examination really came, those poor heads seemed as empty as our pockets. Just before those events occurred, we were surprised to hear that our ranking corporal had taken his flight early one Sunday morning. "Corp." Ferguson had accepted a position in Richmond. We might have called on him had we known he was going, to express our regrets in the most feeling manner; but we only found his room bare, and we shed tears over his absence. "Bones" is now ranking "corp.," but that distinction did not make him "stuck up," though, of course, he must have felt his increased importance.

Another promotion took place shortly after, if it could be called a promotion; I think the orders read "appointed." "English" was appointed Drum-Major. He is quite a modest young man, but can keep a stiff upper lip; these qualifications combined make him a tip-top Drum-Major. To judge from the number of broken window-panes down where he passes, we may infer that he is quite an adept at twirling the baton, and does much practicing in his boudoir.

A careful perusal of the honor list, published after examinations, shows that Hardesty made "highly-distinguished;" Jewel, Macgregor, Walker and Wysor were distinguished. The names of those who were extinguished does not appear.

Baseball now became the absorbing theme, taking up the entire attention of the athletic element. Many were the meetings held; many were the speeches made; at last everything was arranged. "Billy" Archer was made captain of the Sophomore team, and that was enough to ensure a gallant class team. "Release from Quarters" was made use of every day, the class-teams almost equalling the first team in their earnest practice. The various parts of the campus were dotted with athletic-spirited cadets, clad in the immortal orange and maroon. Those who did not wear a sweater, of the striped goods pattern, did not seem to be in the game at all. I can not give proofs of the efficiency of our team, but you may be sure that they will be all right at the end of the race.

That little phrase, "honor to whom honor is due," applies to all the varied scenes of life; and I have had it suggested to me that it ought to be applied to ourselves, or, rather, to those of us who are worthy of honorable mention. I refer to my classmates who so bravely and conscientiously guarded our barracks. Hour after hour they walked on their beat, casting sidelong glances to their comrades as if warning them not to venture on the forbidden ground. The weather was cold and dreary occasionally, still the brave hearts plodded on; when the elements threatened to overwhelm them, they retreated to the stoop, and there, under the watchful care of the Officer-of-the-Day, tried to snatch a pull from a cigarette, when his eagle-eye happened to be turned in the right direction. The receptions held in the Commandant's office were numerous; doubtless there they received thanks for the work so nobly performed in the face of many discouragements.

The gratitude of the class is extended to them, with the further hope that "the powers that be" may, in the future, show greater leniency to those willing and faithful souls. Cutting reveille and throwing tin cans may be classed as fine arts, but neither are sufficiently remunerative professions to receive encouragement. A few of our number, not very long ago, realized what "monkeying" with the fine arts was, and to their cost. "All 's well that ends well," but how about ending badly? Usually a reducing agent is employed, and occasionally a reaction takes place. Such was the case with four of our gallant corporals; they were reduced, but after the won't-you-be-good period had expired, they were reinstated. Beware, future Sophomores, if you are walking for a "first serg."

Our college can not be said to lack patriotism; our patriotic spirit is far ahead of our college spirit, or the country would certainly suffer. Well do we remember the twenty-second of February, '97; which date happened to be the anniversary of George Washington's birthday, as the Faculty had the pleasure of informing us. Cold weather set in shortly after that memorable date, and a few of the delicate new students suffered considerably, owing to lack of head-covering. Reveille would find us awake trying to prevent the least possible draught, by chinking up the windows. The times, indeed, were quite breezy, always bringing fresh currents in contact with our craniums. Cast but a glance at the picture of last year's Sophomore Class; a number of that noble collection of specimens of humanity were new students last year. True to our principles, we did not wish to copy from those who had gone before; because such and such a class swiped footgear was no reason for our doing the same. Far from descending to such gross and demoralizing pastimes, our minds soared to higher and more elevated deeds. Like George Washington, who cut his name higher than all others, we, emulating his deeds, raised our flag above all others. The morning broke calmly on a scene which aroused the envy of our honored college-mates; our flag was floating triumphantly from the top of the water-tank. It had been hoisted by one whose name will be handed down to future generations—Matthew S. Hopkins. Those who assisted in this praiseworthy action will excuse me if I do not mention their names; their names will live in the hearts of their class-mates.

It will not do to lay down my pen or stop the flow of rhetoric (?), until I make mention of a few, who (may it be said of them?) helped to smooth out many a rough and knotty problem, and to brighten many a gloomy hour. Looking over the history of our class last year, my eye is caught by the name "Stoneman." It was thought that Stoneman, or "Brickbats," had wheels in his head; when they started running something was bound to come from the interior of his cranium. In Physics this was quite often the case. One day his mind wandered so, that when Professor Pritchard's Toepler-Holtz Influence Machine made a kind of grating noise he exclaimed, "Down brakes! Change cars!"—for what point we are left to infer.

Speaking of Physics, brings another incident into mind. "Chis" was very fond of reclining in his seat, and of elevating, not his thoughts, but his pedal extremities, greatly to the disgust and consternation of Professor Pritchard, who declared that the weight of the said feet had affected his "inclined plane."

“Joey” must not be forgotten, for it was he who did most towards keeping up the spirits of his companions by way of sweet music. “Joey” was really a good singer; and, in addition, a cornetist of some note. He stepped into Barber Mallicote’s place, and filled it quite “all right.” It could be said of him that there was music wherever he went; those who happened to be within earshot usually got the benefit of his performances. The quotation, “Music hath charms,” applied extremely well in this case, that is, when it had the other line tacked on, “Distance lends enchantment.”

My task is done; soon our names will no longer appear on the roll of the Sophomore Class; what has been done throughout the year can not now be recalled. Let us stick together and make this, the first class of the new century, the best that has ever graduated from the Virginia Polytechnic Institute.



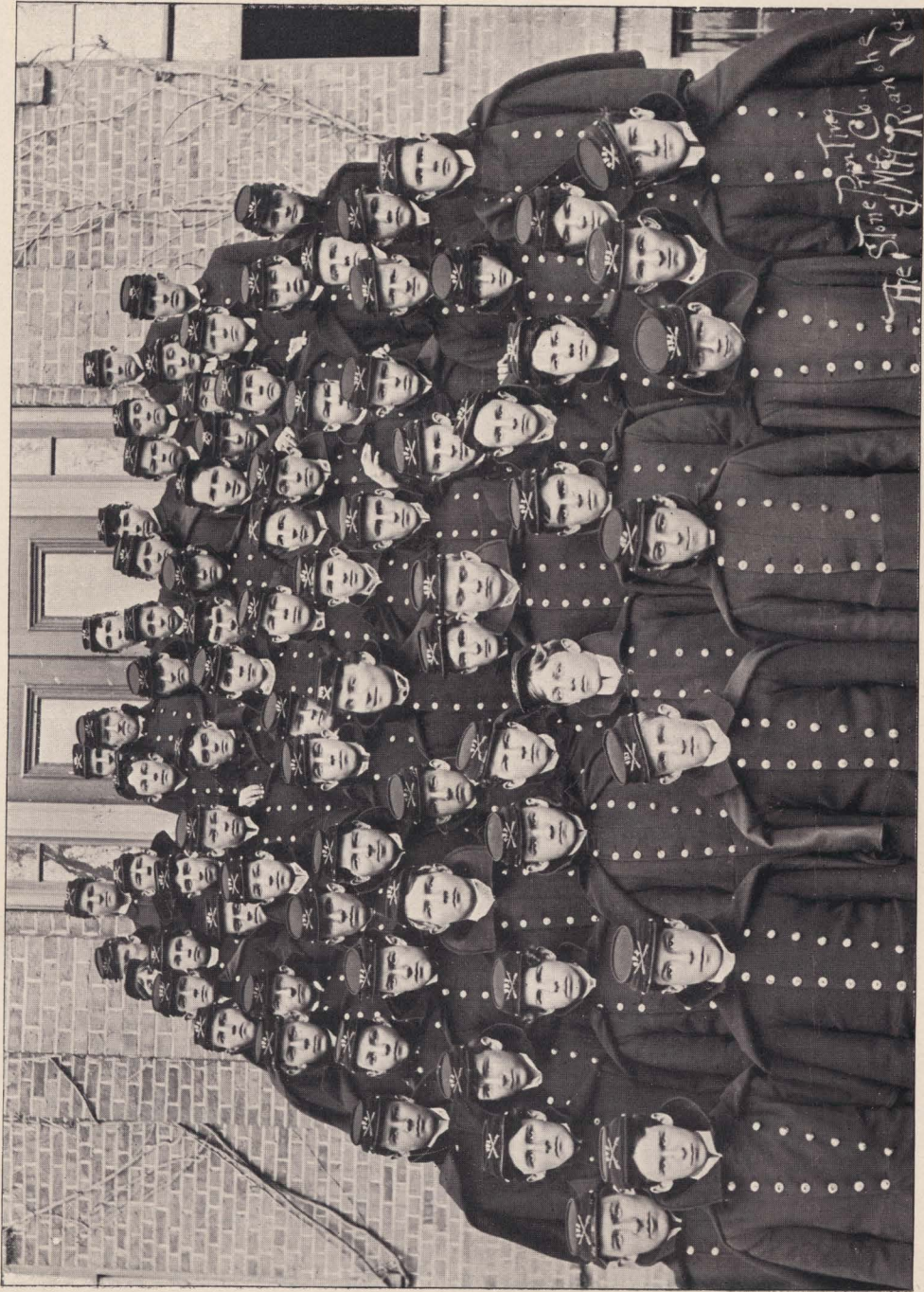


SHOPS

The Freshman.



Boo-hoo-hoo!"



CLASS OF 1901.

CLASS OF 1901.

OFFICERS.

ROBERT BENNETT BEAN	<i>President</i>
JAMES MORRIS HICKS	<i>Vice-President</i>
JAMES HALLER GIBBONEY	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
PHILIP HOWELL LIGHTFOOT	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>
CLARKE VALENTINE FOLAND	<i>Historian</i>

YELL.

RIP-TUM-RAH ! RIP-TUM-RAIT !
WE 'RE THE RATS OF '98 !
RIP-TUM-RAH ! RIP-TUN-RUN !
SENIORS OF 1901 !

COLORS.

BLUE AND WHITE.

Motto : " Stude discere. "

CLASS OF 1901.

MEMBERS.

NAME.	POST-OFFICE AND COUNTY.
Alley, Archer Ernest	Christiansburg, Montgomery
Baylis, Leonard Maitland	Staunton, Augusta
Bean, Robert Bennett	Dagger's, Botetourt
Bledsoe, Champion Goodman	Hylas, Hanover
Borden, Wade Hampton	Cambria, Montgomery
Bowley, Heyward Worgman	Winchester, Frederick
Boykin, Richard Pegram	Smithfield, Isle of Wight
Bralley, Walter Suvier	Walton Furnace, Wythe
Brodie, William Mayo	Coleman's Falls, Bedford
Brooke, John Cooke	Culpeper, Culpeper
Buck, Aubrey Elliott	Waynesboro, Augusta
Bucknel, Ferrell Eugene	Troutville, Botetourt
Burroughs, William Henry	Norfolk, Norfolk
Bush, Melvin Dupuy	Pulaski City, Pulaski
Carper, Robert William	Gala, Botetourt
Carper, Wood Bowyer	Blacksburg, Montgomery
Carter, Herbert Kellar	Washington, District of Columbia
Cave, George Belfield	Madison, Madison
Chapman, John Howe	Warsaw, Kosciusko, Indiana
Chrisman, William George	Chrisman, Rockingham
Corneal, Charles Baynham	Lloyds, Essex
Craig, Albert Sidney Johnston	Craigsville, Augusta
Crockett, David Bowie	Wytheville, Wythe
Crowgey, Robert Verran	Wytheville, Wythe
Cuthbert, Robert McKenney	Petersburg, Dinwiddie
Davidson, Morgan Woodworth	Blacksburg, Montgomery
Dawson, Arthur Manley	Brooklyn, New York
Derrick, Clarence	Houston, Halifax
Dickenson, John Ellis	Marion, Smyth
Dollman, Mazarine Clarence	New Castle, Craig

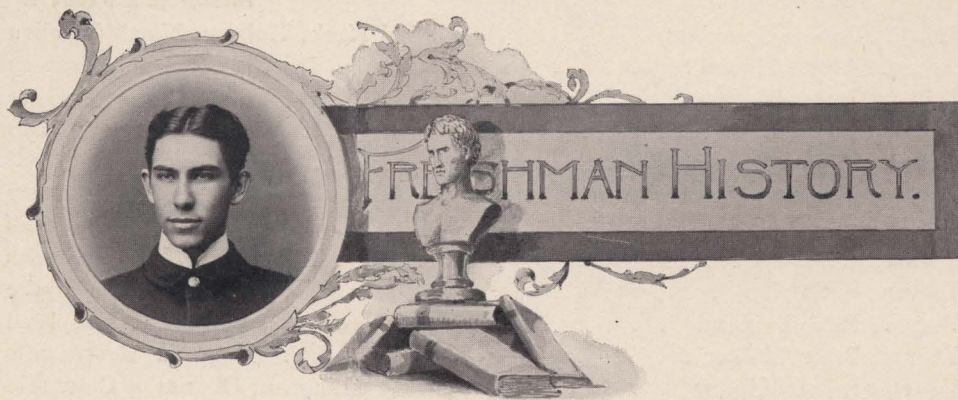
NAME.	POST-OFFICE AND COUNTY.
Durphey, Joseph Emmerson	Lynchburg, Campbell
Earle, Paul Bayard	Mill Dale, Warren
Eoff, Beverly McKill	Christiansburg, Montgomery
Fickling, Thomas White	Roanoke, Roanoke
Flannagan, Pitman	Charlottesville, Albemarle
Foland, Clarke Valentine	Scottsville, Albemarle
Ford, George Burette	Irwin, Goochland
Gaar, Michael Howard	Madison, Madison
Gatlin, Frank Porter	Tarboro, Edgecombe, North Carolina
Gibboney, James Haller	Wytheville, Wythe
Gleaves, James Taylor	Cripple Creek, Wythe
Grant, Walter Endess, Jr.	Grantland, Henrico
Gray, Rufus Irby	Vontag, Hanover
Gwathmey, Joseph Hardin, Jr.	Beulahville, King William
Hall, William Duane	Pulaski City, Pulaski
Hanger, David Franklin	Fishersville, Augusta
Hardwick, Herbert Snidow	Blacksburg, Montgomery
Harvie, Westmore Gordon	Chula, Amelia
Henritze, Benson Price	Welch, McDowell, West Virginia
Hewitt, Louis Charles	New Orleans, Louisiana
Hicks, James Morris	Bedford Springs, Campbell
Hufford, John Brabson	Wytheville, Wythe
Hundley, George Tylor	Richmond, Henrico
Hurt, George Ira	Helms, Franklin
Jacobs, Irving Taylor	Mason's, Orange
Johnson, Richard Sylvester	Richmond, Henrico
Johnson, Samuel Bartley	Northview, Mecklenburg
Jordan, Glenn Thomas	Pulaski City, Pulaski
Kabrisch, Benjamin Franklin	Blacksburg, Montgomery
Kanode, Charles Bernard	Slusser, Montgomery
Killinger, Joseph Atkins	Marion, Smyth
Kipps, Louis Leonard	Blacksburg, Montgomery
Lightfoot, Philip Howell	Petersburg, Dinwiddie
Luger, Ellette Cortie	Maywood, Craig
Lyon, Joseph Wilson	Greeneville, Greene, Tennessee
Maclin, Willie Walker	Belfield, Greenville
Mann, William Lowry	Cobham, Albemarle
McBroom, Jackson	Abingdon, Washington
McCroskey, Sidney Lee	Newport, Giles
McGavock, Joseph Cloyd	Max Meadows, Wythe
McGhee, Walter Bayne	Bedford City, Bedford

NAME.

POST-OFFICE AND COUNTY.

Mease, Aubrey Abel	Sandy Level, Pittsylvania
Miles, Clarence Paul	Richmond, Henrico
Moore, Harry Talman	Richmond, Henrico
Moore, William Judson	Baltimore, Baltimore, Maryland
Morehead, McCall	Browne's Wells, Copiah, Mississippi
Morris, Philip Cæsar	Pace's, Halifax
Nettleton, Charles Blakeslee	Covington, Alleghany
Obenshain, Schuyler Anthony	Fincastle, Botetourt
Oewel, Henry John	Wytheville, Wythe
Oglesby, Albert Crockett	Lucretia, Pulaski
Painter, Charles Whitfield	Blacksburg, Montgomery
Percivall, Richard Reynolds	Petersburg, Dinwiddie
Pierce, Samuel Kimbrey	Enfield, Halifax, North Carolina
Potts, Edwin Hammond	Hillsborough, Loudon
Powell, Ferdinand	Wytheville, Wythe
Powell, Robert Allen	Thomasburg, Brunswick
Pratt, Charles Sayers	Lucretia, Pulaski
Preston, Samuel Davies Stuart	Abingdon, Washington
Pryor, Theodorick Bland	Petersburg, Dinwiddie
Ramsay, Edwin Cornelius, Jr.	Chickatuck, Nansemond
Reeve, Hubert Frank	Greeneville, Greene, Tennessee
Ricamore, Wilfred Pulliam	Berryville, Clarke
Riddley, Fenton Garnett	Courtland, Southampton
Robinson, Eugene Claiborne	Rexburg, Essex
Roop, Archer Hamilton	Childress, Montgomery
Ross, Leslie Leo	Sinking Creek, Craig
Royer, Henry Howard	Roanoke, Roanoke
Rucker, Bayard Ambrose	Delaplane, Fauquier
Ruff, Robert Rosebro	Lexington, Rockbridge
Sample, John McCoy	Hopeville, Mecklenburg, North Carolina
Sarver, Pearl Wilson	Newport, Giles
Sarver, Walker	Newport, Giles
Scott, Robert Mayo	Childress, Montgomery
Sheffey, Hugh Trigg	Marion, Smyth
Shelton, Thomas Henderson	Tindall, Floyd
Skelding, Arthur Henry	Covington, Alleghany
Skelding, Edward James	Covington, Alleghany
Sloan, Robert Beverly	Columbia, Richland, South Carolina
Slusser, Arthur Herbert	Slusser, Montgomery
Slusser, Judson Brown	Slusser, Montgomery
Smith, Minor Hampton	Newport, Giles

NAME.	POST-OFFICE AND COUNTY.
Smith, Norfleet Saunders	Scotland Neck, Halifax, North Carolina
Snider, Gilbert Haven	Price's Fork, Montgomery
Snidow, James Harvey	White Gate, Giles
Strauss, Anthony John	Pulaski City, Pulaski
Stuart, William St. Clair	Tazewell, Tazewell
Surface, Emerson Fletcher	Blacksburg, Montgomery
Sydnor, Edward Meredith	Richmond, Henrico
Trenor, William Oren	Newport, Giles
Treverton, Stephen	Ivanhoe, Wythe
Turner, Paul Rowland	Baltimore, Baltimore, Maryland
Turner, Peter Walker	Emporia, Greeneville
VanDyke, John Henry	Washington, District of Columbia
Werner, Edgar	Atlanta, Fulton, Georgia
Wilkins, Robert Sherwood	Wilson, Wilson, North Carolina
Williams, Lloyd Leonidas	Blacksburg, Montgomery
Williams, Robert Walker	Wytheville, Wythe
Williamson, Albert Lewis	Darlington, Darlington, South Carolina
Wilson, Samuel White	Lewisburg, Greenbrier, West Virginia
Winston, James Sulton	Hanover, Hanover
Witt, George William	Lexington, Rockbridge
Woltz, Roscoe	Gala, Botetourt
Wood, Thomas Gilbert	Priddy's Albemarle
Wooldridge, Strother	Roanoke, Roanoke
Wyche, John Ira	Emporia, Greenville
Wysor, Aston Adolphus	Sword Creek, Russell



IN attempting to write the history of my class, I naturally feel my incompetency to bear so great a responsibility. Man, so imperfect in his nature, and often so erroneous in his conceptions, can not hope to attain perfection in any respect; nor can he always even produce anything that will deserve the epithet "well done." So, then, we must content ourselves with imperfect productions and it is only with this consolation that I dare undertake the task assigned me.

It is with pleasure, yet with a degree of melancholy, that we recall the day of our departure from home. Bidding our loved ones farewell, we started on our journey to "Grand Old V. P. I.," the Polytechnic Institute of the South. It is useless to describe our feelings on the way, for it was natural that our thoughts should take us back to our homes, while our anticipations placed us at Blacksburg, busily engaged arranging matters with the President and Commandant. And, I dare say, resolutions were made on our way that we would seize the golden opportunity of life, for such it is, and use it, not in striving to satisfy our own selfish desires, but in doing all in our power to promote that which is honest, upright and noble.

On our arrival we were greeted with a hearty welcome. The "board of reception" was kept busily engaged trying to make us feel at home, as it were, upon our father's knee. For the first few days we were inclined to suspect ourselves of being on the other side of the earth; for at any time of night we might awake and find ourselves lying upon the floor with our bed on top of us; or, instead of our heads being laid gently upon our pillows, the pillows were laid gently (?) upon our heads. Moreover, the constant cry of "rats," by the natives, almost convinced us that we were in the midst of China-land. We soon learned that, though we were as green as an unripe watermelon, yet we were not to be fresh as sea-water.

It will not be out of place to mention here the reception given to new students by the Y. M. C. A., a few days after we arrived. Professor Campbell, through an



invitation by the President, J. A. Burruss, gave us an interesting talk, which was much enjoyed by all. After services in the chapel, we were ushered into the mess-hall, where many games were indulged in, and elegant refreshments served. It is useless to say that every one was highly entertained, but it may well be said that without the ladies the reception would have been devoid of merriment.

Some time after the session began, "Willie" Hudgins, a rather small youth, came to the College with the intention of entering our class, but on his arrival he found that he was not able to *carry* the studies; so he concluded that he would go back to his home in Eastern Virginia, where they *carry* horses to water.

About this time football was in full progress. The team did fine work, still holding the championship which they so well deserve. Our representatives were Bean, Nettleton, Rucker and Scott.

In military, we were as bright as an "old shoe." In fact, we learned so fast that, instead of waiting till more seasonable weather, we had a white dress parade in the midst of winter, at 11:30 p. m. The night was cold, when, suddenly, we were aroused from our peaceful slumber and hurried out to the roll-call, the north winds whispering gently messages from Klondike, or some other region of *snow* and *ice*. Then came the dress-parade, after which we were allowed to retire. We had another parade later on, but—!

Well do we remember those happy (?) days, when we used to take such pleasant rides in the king of jumpers, the "ambulance." There are no springs to speak of on the "ambulance." So great became the enthusiasm of the rider when he entered the conveyance, that he lost sight of everything else, especially a flight of steps down which he was to go. About this time the conductor cried, "all aboard!" and away went the lightning car. But it had gone only a short distance, when there was a jar, a jolting, and immediately the earth flew up about three feet to meet the delighted excursionist. Then he arose and looked about for the supposed flying machine, but, alas! he saw it no more; and the poor fellow walked slowly to his room.



Some of us took much interest in literature. One night, when it seemed as if a *storm* were going to arise, a party of us took refuge in the library. This showed the confidence we had in that department. It was rumored the next day that we had been "sleeping in the library," but it was a mistake. Ere our eyes closed in slumber, there was a gentle tapping about the building as that of rain drops; suddenly the door flew open, a light flashed in, and before we could realize it, the storm was upon us. What followed will be left for the reader to guess, but none of our class ever again showed such confidence in the literary department.

In process of time Christmas holidays came around. We had hoped to be able to leave on the eighteenth, but the Faculty thought the twenty-second a more suitable day. So we had to wait until that day, consoling ourselves with the thought that the longer we were away from home the better we would appreciate our visit. So, when the twenty-second came, we left for home, and, after twelve seemingly short days, we returned to College, more homesick than ever; but the intermediate examinations coming on, we soon turned our attention to our books.

We studied hard that month, yet, when examination time came, we felt little prepared for them. However, when the honor list was posted, we found that our worthy President, R. B. Bean, was Highly Distinguished, and M. W. Davidson, C. Derrick, B. M. Eoff, C. V. Foland, J. H. Gibboney, F. Powell, B. A. Rucker and E. Werner were Distinguished; while a large number were Proficient.

Shortly after Christmas we were visited by the "measles," to which R. V. Crowgey fell a victim and was taken to the hospital, where he remained for several weeks. R. M. Scott and S. Treverton, who had been exposed to the contagious disease, left for home, and did not return until they had recovered.

About this time A. A. Mease left us, and later on H. T. Sheffey, neither of whom returned.

That we ranked next to Solomon in wisdom was an accepted truth (?) among us, yet we possessed those human failings so common among country lads.

First, we find Obenshain seeking wealth and honor. So, in an edition of *The Gray Jacket*, we find the request that "some one will please inform Mr. Obenshain that the Officer-of-the-Day receives no salary, consequently, his application will not be considered."

During the Christmas holidays "Little Doll-man" received an invitation to dine with one of his friends, which he gladly accepted. So, on the appointed day, he strolled quietly around to his friend's house, where there were many guests assembled. In one of the courses was passed around some *boiled custard*, and he, pouring it out upon his plate, and sopping it up with childish simplicity, remarked to his nearest neighbor that it was as good *gravy* as he ever ate.

At the latter part of the first term there entered our class a young man named Slusser, from the neighborhood of a well-known village not far distant. He, of course, possessed that characteristic peculiar to the inhabitants of his neighborhood, namely, to be backed down by no one. Seeing the other cadets drill so well, his ambition rose almost beyond control, and he remarked that he would apply for his gun immediately. On being informed that he could not get it, he declared that he would not allow himself to be bluffed, and in a moment he was at the Commandant's Office. However, he did not get the gun, but he got the musket (must get).

The following incident occurred in one of the lecture-rooms not long since:

Professor S.: "Mr. Ruff, how many flowers go to make up a solitary flower?"

Mr. Ruff (after much thought): "Two, of course."

Rucker, the "Smart Alec," while walking along the street in one of our large towns, chanced to see a peanut roaster by the sidewalk. So he bought some peanuts, and, after eating for a while, he dropped a nickel into the smoke stack and exclaimed: "I have had all I want to eat, now play me a tune!"

Nor is this all that happened in that town. "Great" Scott, when it fell upon him to extinguish the gas light, thought to make a new improvement on the present mode of extinguishing gas lights; he simply *blew* it out.

One of the most interesting events connected with our class is the great snow-ball contest between the "rats" of the Old and those of the New Barracks. Two days were necessary to decide the contest. The first battle was fought almost directly between the two buildings, commencing about 5 p. m., and continuing

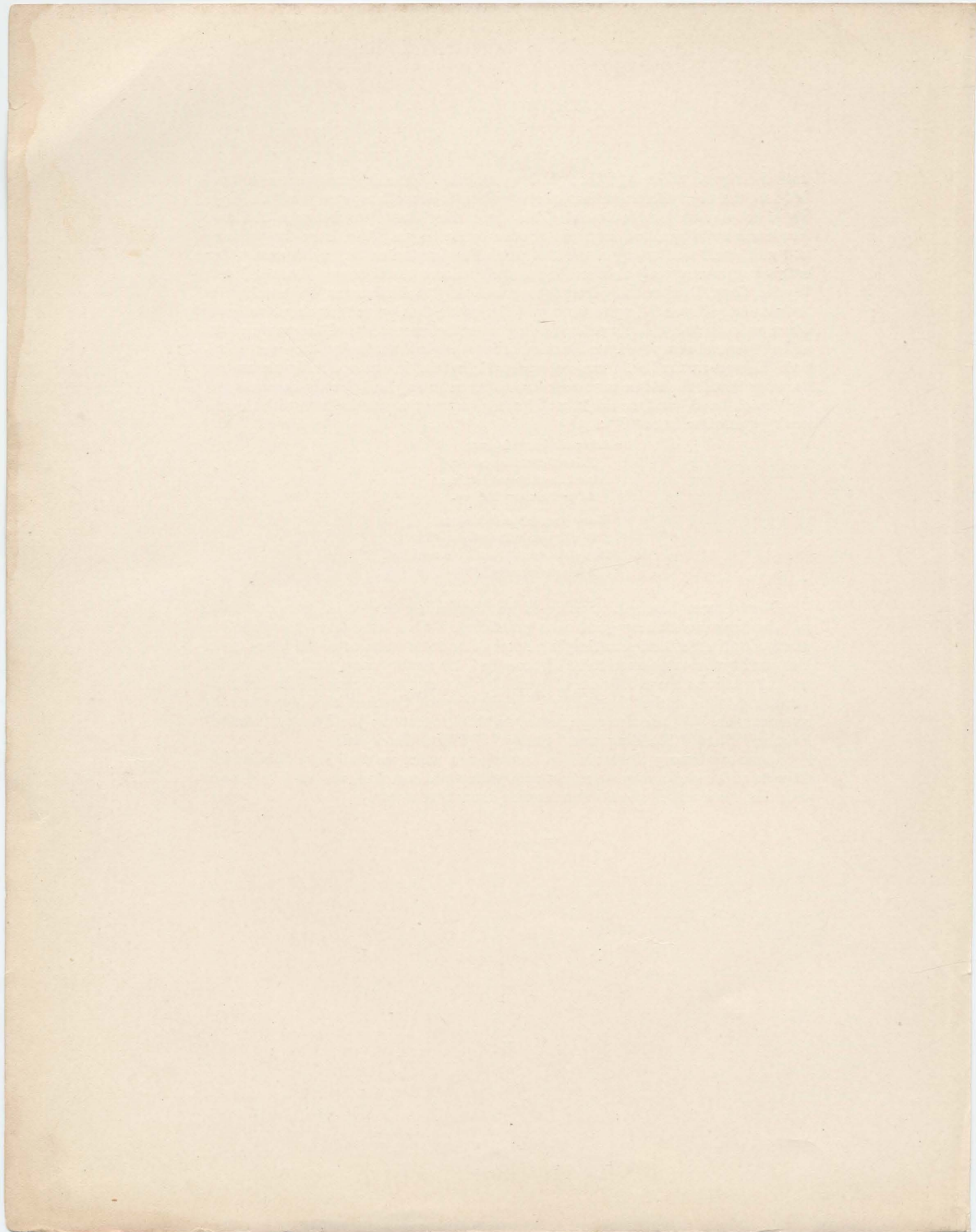
until the signal, "Retreat," brought it to a close. But neither side seemed satisfied; so, the next afternoon, immediately after "release from quarters," the boys began to prepare for the battle. This time they drew up between the two Academic buildings, and immediately the battle began. The boys fought long and well, each one having a spirit of patriotism implanted in his breast. Our enthusiasm was greatly aroused to see such fellows as Crowgey, Powell, Pratt, Wycke, Gray, Rucker and others, going fearlessly to the front as if the welfare of their country depended upon victory. The battle thus waged for about an hour, when, unfortunately, a misunderstanding arose between some of the participants, and a "general scrap" seemed inevitable for a while, but, finally, they were pacified. However, the battle was not renewed; in fact, it was not desirable among the boys that it should be renewed; for, as it was, many had already begun to get the "swell-head," and we might well have given vent to our feelings with the following quotation from " ?" :

" After the battle is over,
After the sun has shown,
After the old boys' leaving,
After the snow is gone.

Many are the heads broken
Could you but see them all,
Many the 'rats' that have vanished
After the snowball."

Next comes baseball. Spring is just beginning to put in its appearance, and the boys are making good time practicing. Our class-team has played a game with the Seniors, resulting in a score of 21 to 11 in favor of the latter team. Yet our boys have no need to be discouraged, for victory may yet be in store for us. Our officers are as follows. Bayard Rucker, captain; Frank Gatlin, business manager; Johnson, the "hog-caller," bat carrier; and Crockett, the inquisitive (?), water carrier. We are also represented on the first team by Joe Durphy, "Pickle" Painter, "Shoat" Skelding, and "Reddy" Wilkins, the captain.

Thus our history closes; and in future years, when we shall have dispersed to all parts of the globe, may we reflect with pride upon our class, and read its history with that spirit which should characterize every true man.





NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

CHAPTER I.

THE rain had fallen heavily all day, the lake was veiled in mist, the mountains clouds, as usual, only now they were dark and menacing. Over all that loomed dark and gloomy beyond; Bald Knob towered aloft, covered with look of depression common to a pleasure resort in the mountains during a long rainy spell. Perhaps, at Mountain Lake the disagreeable is intensified, because to mist and gloom and dampness, are added intense cold and execrable roads, giving one a depressing sense of remoteness.

A few conscientious, semi-invalids were valorously struggling against wind and rain on the long gallery, their noses tingled a melancholy purple, the rain beating upon their glistening mackintoshes. Presently, even they owned to defeat, and the rain was left in full possession.

The girl standing at the window had been watching the struggles of the pedestrians with a faint show of interest; now she shivered slightly and gave a disconsolate sigh. Then she made a clear spot on the window pane with her morsel of a handkerchief, and resumed her watch upon what was visible of the outside world.

"Why can't you sit down, Dorothy?" a voice said, querulously. "In *my* day, a young woman had too fine a sense of her own dignity to spend hours at a window watching for a *man!*"

"O, Aunt Serena! You are severe," said Dorothy, blushing vividly. "I've only been here an hour; besides which," she added, smilingly, "Malcolm isn't just an ordinary man."

"No," replied her aunt, grimly, "he is also a cadet, and that alone is sufficient to make him only a little lower than the angels."

Dorothy laughed gaily. "Well, now, auntie, confess, haven't you in your heart of hearts a little weakness for brass buttons? You can't deny they are an attraction."

"No," said the old lady, grimly. "I don't—when they are on a policeman, and he has one of your fine gentlemen in tow." Dead silence followed this bombshell, and Dorothy took the opportunity to resume her watch at the window.

"Is it *possible*, Dorothy," said Miss March, "that you are weak enough to be expecting Malcolm to-day? When even the mail could not be sent, and Mr. Blake pronounces the roads impassable?"

"I can't say I expect him, auntie," replied the girl, "but I can't help hoping for him."

Miss Serena knitted away vigorously, exasperated boredom in every line of her frowning face. "It is no more than you deserve! I said from the first it was a wild-goose chase to come up to these wilds. If you must needs see Malcolm distinguish himself, I am at a loss to know why you could not have gone straight to Blacksburg, instead of rushing off up here."

"It is so lovely here in fair weather, Aunt Serena," said Dorothy, wistfully. "I had hoped it might, perhaps, be pleasant for us both."

"Well, well, child, there's nothing to do but grin and endure; it must stop raining some time, only don't set your heart upon seeing Malcolm graduate. It is my firm belief we are here for ten days to come." The last with a look of stony despair, comical to behold.

The amusing aspect was wholly lost upon Dorothy March, who turned upon her aunt a look full of distress, and was about to reply, when, above the monotonous drip, drip of the rain, and the wild southing of the wind, there came another sound; oh, joy! a rapid, firm, step upon the gallery. A moment more, and Malcolm Carruthers, wet, cold, but brightly smiling, walked into the room. Dorothy made a little rush, and grasped his arm.

"Oh Malcolm!" she said, fervently, "it isn't really *you*? You look as though you were in danger of melting."

She laughed with sheer relief and happiness, and Malcolm, seeing her excitement, guessed something of the weary watch that had gone before.

"Of course I came! Did you think I had grown such a milk-sop as to be afraid of getting wet?"

"O, Aunt Serena has been prophesying all sorts of horrors, and I was 'deeply, darkly, beautifully blue,' when you came."

"Well, Mr. Carruthers, when you can spare a few minutes to mere mortals, I shall be glad to know how you managed what Mr. Blake positively asserted was impossible."

Aunt Serena spoke in a much mollified tone—her severity was more upon the surface than inherent, and who could resist Malcolm's bright cheeriness?

"I came as far as Newport last night," he replied, "slept the sleep of the just, and awoke up in the morning to find the weather, well," waving his hand to the window—"what you see, beyond expression. I interviewed mine host as to means of reaching here, and when he told me there was no earthly chance of procuring horse or vehicle, I concluded to try that steady, faithful 'Old Reliable, *Shanks' mare*," with a twinkle of his eyes in the direction of Miss Serena, "and here I am!"

"You *walked!*" cried Miss Serena, in a horrified tone. "No wonder you are muddy," with a significant glance at his boots and trousers.

Malcolm glanced down upon the spectacle with a smile. "Oh, well, Miss Serena, you will pardon all that, I am sure, as being one of the necessary evils of this charming spot. I dare say, in time you will object to neat trousers and boots as incongruous. Of course, you are in raptures over this 'Garden of the Gods?'"

"I might be," said Miss March, drily, "if I were a mermaid, or a—duck. So far I have seen nothing but water, and heard nothing but Dorothy's ceaseless—"

"Aunt Serena!" cried Dorothy, appealingly.

"Well, my dear, if you are not ashamed to waste an entire day at the window, watching for Malcolm, you certainly need not be ashamed to acknowledge it. I dare say he will think it pardonable." With this parting shaft, Aunt Serena gathered together her possessions and mercifully retired to her own apartments, where she immediately rang the bell, and thus found a vent for her excess of misery in an unoffending chamber-maid.

Malcolm Carruthers was a handsome, manly young fellow; courage, truth and gentleness spoke in every line of the bright young face; the beautiful mouth was set in rather grave curves for one so young, but the whole face was instinct with strength and tenderness. The girl beside him owned beauty of an uncommon and bewitching type; masses of rich, wavy black hair covered a small and graceful head; cloudy rings clustered round a low, white forehead; she had well-marked eye-brows, and her eyes were of deepest blue, set in a sweet, pale, piquant face, with lips of delightful cherry red; her teeth were like two rows of pearls, and her figure was tall, lithe and slender. Carruthers had just come to the close of his fourth year at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, with striking success. Prime favorite with his comrades, approved and trusted by his instructors, his future seemed full of promise this dark June day, when he came to take the girl he was to marry to see him receive the just reward of his labors. The following day the Commencement exercises at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute were to open, and Dorothy's anxiety and distress were pardonable, in the face of the probable loss of them all.

Malcolm and Dorothy had been meant for each other since their babyhood; ever since Malcolm's gentle mother, dying, smiled her last farewell into the face of her life-long friend, and more than sister. "Look after my boy, Clare," said the failing voice, "and give him Dorothy." One more yearning look from the closing blue eyes, which fell upon the two children, standing near the bed, their big eyes filled with wonder and alarm,—the boy's chubby arm thrown protectingly around his companion's neck—then there fell upon her face a reflex of the "light that never was on land or sea," and she passed "to where beyond these voices there is peace."

Strange to say, there had resulted none of the usual antagonisms and objections to these preconcerted plans; as the children grew, they grew also in sympathy and understanding; absence only strengthened the bond, and now they both looked forward gladly and happily, to a long life spent together.

During the night, wind and rain died away, the moon sailed serenely through a peaceful sky, her image buried in the depths of a "sea of glass." Morning dawned, gloriously fair, and by seven the lovers were floating quietly on the bosom of the little lake, gazing with wondering eyes at the gaunt, ghost like skeleton trees, still standing erect and defiant in the very bottom of the lake.

Long ago, what is now fair Mountain Lake was only a bold and beautiful spring, having its source in some dim recess of the mountains, its outlet at the bottom of this great ravine, deep dented in the highest point of the Alleghanies.

Here, the cattle merchants traveling over "Peter's Mountain," on their way to their shipping point, stopped to salt and water their stock—hence its former name of "Salt Pond," which was changed to its present title not only because the latest name is more euphonious, but "Salt Pond" created a false impression, the waters of the lake being fresh and sweet, proving conclusively that there exists a hidden outlet at some mysterious point though not of sufficient volume to exhaust the lake. The trampling of thousands of hoofs for so many years dammed up the larger outlet, and then year by year the water increased, until the wondrous beauty of Mountain Lake was bestowed upon us by a beneficent Creator. Two hundred and fifty feet deep in places, the water is yet so purely clear that, looking down, these silent, white corpses of the former monarchs of the forest are distinctly visible, and fill us with a weird, half fear, while the soul seems wrapt in bewildering surprise at this scene of entrancing beauty. Before us, the limpid stillness of the crystal water, reflecting in its depth the glorious flower-crowned hills that encircle it. Down to the very water's edge grow magnificent rhododendrons and crepe myrtle, shedding their purple and pink radiance in reflected brilliancy upon the mirror-like bosom of the lake. Delicate ferns fringe the base—nature beautifies and adorns this mountain yonder—her stern parents hem her in with mighty force, but clothe their giant strength with flowers, and smile upon her in rainbow hues. To the right, Bald Knob—standing in austere and massive grandeur,—hidden oftimes in clouds, and again defined clear and sharp against the dazzling radiance of the mountain sky—a king, in his silent, stern, loneliness, his subjects at his feet.

Dorothy glanced up at the noble outline, as the little boat glided swiftly shoreward:

"'The everlasting hills were bowed,'" she quoted softly. "We don't realize the full significance of those words, until we have seen Bald Knob. It must, indeed, be chaos come again, when that mighty mass is shaken."

She gazed in reverent wonder, for a few moments, at the entire scene in its perfect, God-given beauty; then, with one of those rapid changes of mood which constituted her chief charm, said mischievously:

"Take it as an omen, Malcolm! You will find it just as hard to shake me off as to move Bald Knob—any attempt will only result in what I have just remarked—'chaos come again!'"

"My thoughts are running in a different channel," said Malcolm, smilingly. "I am just forging (or trying to forge) the 'tie that binds,' not meditating your becoming a mountain upon my hands."

"Oh, Dorothy," he continued, eagerly, "I have so much to tell you, sweetheart! Do you know, I have had a position offered me, which I dare ask *even you* to share?"

"An offer? Already, Malcolm?"

"You remember hearing me speak of a devoted friend of my mother's, Julian Duchesne? Well, he has large interests in California, as in almost every state, and he wishes me to go to Los Angeles and manage a place he has there; the house and grounds, he tells me, are beautiful, and his terms liberal beyond anything I dared hope. I shall have to go there as soon as I can leave Blacksburg,

to be gone a year, and what I hope is, that when I return, it will be to take you out. You won't disappoint me, dearest?"

"Indeed, no, Malcolm," said the girl, her voice trembling. "I only wish the year was over—I dread to have you so far away—and there is one fault only I have to find with your charming plans, it gives no scope to your talents, your work seems to be purely physical."

"Oh, there you are wrong," said Malcolm, laughing, "one has to have a good, steady head to manage a place of that kind, besides which, Mr. Duchesne wishes me to become assistant editor on his magazine, "The New South," upon which he has done such great work lately. So hands and head will have their full measure of development, and all that is lacking will be the *heart*, and that you will supply."

She answered his half merry, wholly loving look with sweet gravity: "Doesn't it seem almost too good to be true, Malcolm? Everything is smoothed before us; it almost makes me tremble—'the course of true love,' you know—"

"We will subvert that tiresome proverb," interrupted Malcolm, "it does not frighten *me*, but rather fills me with strenuous desire to be worthy of it all—and of *you*," he whispered, for they were on the gallery now, where Aunt Serena sat, a picture of maiden martyrdom. "I have only been waiting breakfast since seven, Dorothy," she began, without deigning to notice Malcolm, "it is now nine!"

"So late, Miss Serena? who would have believed it? However, I have been out since five, and gave cook a nice string of trout, with instructions to put them on when she saw us returning, so, perhaps, after all, your fast may help you to enjoy them." Who could resist his frank kindness? Not Miss Serena! In a short time she was thoroughly enjoying the "speckled beauties," and Dorothy's soft chatter, while Malcolm soon left them to prepare for the drive to Blacksburg.

Evening found them driving through the beautiful campus, the college buildings showing finely against the vivid green of the perfectly kept grass, and even Aunt Serena's scorn of brass buttons did not prevent her sharp old eyes from brightening with real interest, as group after group of students passed them by—all looking so happy and so well, in their immaculate uniforms, and not one failing to render all due courtesy to the strangers within their gates.

Dorothy had the perfect happiness of seeing the man she loved the first and highest honored of all that goodly band. She sat with a proud heart and glistening eye, as she heard his name called again and again, as again and again he was distinguished. And when at last he came to her, to claim the dearest prize of all, her cup of happiness seemed full to overflow. "I am too happy, Malcolm; it frightens me."

Malcolm laughed from sheer happiness. "You foolish, morbid, little soul! A good dance will drive that nonsense out of your head." And sure enough, when, a few hours later, they entered the handsome ballroom, a fairy-like vision, with its handsome decorations and brilliant uniforms, as they floated down the long room to the thrilling strains of "The Last Waltz," all gloomy forebodings had flown far away, and there was room in her heart for nothing but its perfect happiness.

CHAPTER II.

The morning after the ball found Dorothy fresh and bright, her superb health enabling her to rebound easily from fatigue that left most girls pale and weary. She stood on the porch of the little Inn, "as usual," Miss Serena said, discontentedly, "watching for that boy." Presently she saw him, coming down the broad walk through the college grounds. But, what was the matter? Surely, the loss of one night's rest could not so transform the sturdy young fellow? He walked with heavy, dragging step, and as he drew nearer, Dorothy saw that his face was very pale. She flew to the gate at the end of the little lawn.

"Malcolm," she said, breathlessly, "what is it? Are you ill? Have you had bad news?"

He tried to smile a reassurance, but his lips quivered and hastily turning away, he said,

"I must go and bid Miss Serena good morning; won't you get your hat, and go for a walk?" Dorothy went, without a word more. She was too truly unselfish to rack him with questions when she saw how greatly he needed time to compose himself.

They passed down the road in front of the college, in perfect silence, until they reached the magnificent grove beyond. Once installed on the velvet sward, beneath the shelter of the great trees, Dorothy's fortitude gave way.

"Malcolm, tell me quickly, *what* is it that is hurting you so?" Tears fell fast upon the hand he had laid upon her own. The poor boy looked at her with anguished eyes.

"Dorothy, how can I tell you? You remember when you asked me if George was coming to Commencement?"

She bent her head. "I might have known it was George," she said bitterly.

"You know you said I looked annoyed by the question—it was not annoyance, dear, but wretched anxiety. George has been giving us a lot of trouble for the past six months; for the last two, I have had no news of him until"—

"Until what, Malcolm, dear?"

"Until this letter," he said huskily. "It is from mother. George has gotten into trouble in Richmond—he had been playing and—drinking—there were high words, and one of the men struck him across the face. He was not himself, Dorothy," he said, appealingly, "and—he is only eighteen; don't judge him too harshly."

"What *is* it? Oh Malcolm, don't torture me so!"

Malcolm covered his face—when he removed his hands there was a look of shrinking shame there it broke her heart to see.

"He came again into the room, when the fellow was playing cards, and—shot him in the back. He must have died instantly."

There was a moments dead silence, then the girl's face flamed with love and pity. "Oh, my poor boy," she said, "how I shall love you for this! I must love you more and more, to make you forget."

"But, Dorothy," he cried, hoarsely, "you don't understand—can't you see?"

"See *what*?" she cried, bewildered. "I *can't* tell you, read it." He thrust a letter in her hand, and moved off a little way,—he could not bear to see her read it. It was a terrible letter, pitiable in its wounded mother love, its crushed hopes, its bitter shame and awful fear—but marred by the vein of selfishness all through. "Remember, Malcolm, your promise to your father—'look after the child, lad; he will never have your steady head, he will always need a firm hand, and a loving heart; for my sake, stick to him, my boy.' And you, Malcolm, since it should be so—I don't deny you have been good to him, had he been your own, instead of your half-brother, you could not have done more, but now, *now*, is the test! Now is the chance to save him from a felon's cell—the gallows—God knows what. I wish I could go to you and get on my knees, until you promised to save him. There is but one chance, and not that *one* unless you consent to give it to him. Captain Stanley is here with his yacht, and he offers to take George on board at once, and sail to-morrow night, but he positively refuses to take the responsibility unless you go with him. He is in fearful danger all the time he remains. Captain Stanley tells me the feeling against him is so strong it would be almost impossible to protect him from violence. I have not dared tell him anything, but that he must go, and at once. Our idea is to get him to France for several years, when, possibly, I might join him and release you, but the Captain tells me should I go now it would mean certain discovery. Can you walk to your luxury and prosperity over your brother's dishonored grave? Could any love keep you happy, knowing you had gained it at the cost of body and soul to the brother you are sworn to protect? God forbid! I await you in Norfolk. Do not delay an hour."

Dorothy read the letter, then sat with dazed eyes, gazing stupidly at the fair scene spread before her. Then *this* is the end to all their hopes! The sun bathed the lovely meadows in almost unearthly beauty—the voice of summer was calling softly through the balmy air. Brightness and peace and happiness everywhere, but not for them. Malcolm came back, presently, and took the cold hand in his—gently opening the little fingers crushed so desperately over the cruel letter, and smoothing the deep, red lines left upon the tender palm. The look of hopeless anguish in her sweet eyes almost unmanned him. He put his hand over his own and groaned.

"Malcolm, *must* it be? I put aside our happiness," she said, brokenly, "but is it just and right that the whole course of such a life as yours should be marred and broken by a selfish woman and a worthless boy?"

"Not necessarily marred, my dearest," said he, "God only knows why my whole plan of life should be thus laid in ruins, but He can make it a true one, even though joy is slain." He spoke of sacred things with simple manliness, without a sign of false shame or constraint. "I *know* this is my duty—it is too plainly marked for doubt—and I *must* do it. If I fail now, no matter what comes to me of fame or fortune, I should feel 'my honor rooted in dishonor,' and you would be the first to urge me on, with ringing words, if you thought me wavering." The sun was getting low when they rose from that long interview, and turned their faces homeward. At the gate, Malcolm paused.

"I can't go in,—yes, I will of course—you must not be left to explain to Aunt Serena; but Dorothy, one thing—you two will surely go to Norfolk with me in the morning?"

"Why do you even *ask* me, Malcolm? You *know* I will."

So Dorothy went in to make her simple preparations, while Malcolm's brave lips recounted once again their sorrowful story.

CHAPTER III.

Next evening found Malcolm in conference with his stepmother and her son, while Dorothy and Miss March were with friends in another portion of the city. It was hard indeed, in the man who sat there with such stern gravity, arranging plans with iron self-control, to recognize the buoyant, happy youth of twenty-four hours ago. He looked years older, and his face was lined with pain. Even the careless heart of his step-brother momentarily recognized the fact, although the mother's idolatrous folly had so smoothed and softened his crime and the entailed sacrifice, that it was impossible he should appreciate adequately his own position, or that which he had thrust upon others.

"I say, old fellow," he said, as he sat on the edge of a table, carelessly swinging one foot, his face, faultless in feature and coloring, as *insouciant* and gay as though arranging for a pleasure party. "I say, old fellow, you are taking this deucedly hard, I'll swear, but don't pull such a long face, man! By Jove! a fellow may as well be hung at once, as to go about with judge and executioner both rolled into one." Malcolm's eyes flashed. "Do you remember what nurse Barbara used to say, George?" he said slowly, "when people praised your rose-leaf skin and golden hair, and called you 'angel' and 'darling?' Nurse Barbara would say, 'Master George is like a peach, that has a stone for a heart.'"

Mrs Carruthers colored angrily—that any one should dare reflect upon her darling! And now, when he was in such "trouble," (for so she designated to him and others, his dastardly murder of a man who had only given him his just punishment for cheating at cards). "Really, Malcolm," she said, resentfully, "I think you need not add to our misery by hard words. George isn't the first man who has taken life to avenge an insult, though you *do* seem to be looking for the brand of Cain upon him."

Malcolm rose without replying. "I believe everything is settled; I will not see you again until we meet at the appointed place."

"Where are you going now?" asked George, briskly.

"I am going to say goodbye to Dorothy and Miss March," he replied, coldly.

"I believe I'll go with you. It is perfectly dark, and I will never be seen or noticed in this coat," tapping the breast of a much too large and heavy garment he had assumed for the purpose of disguise. "At any rate, there's a little excitement about it, and it is so cursed slow in this hole."

"George!" cried his mother, her voice trembling with wounded feeling, "leave me *tonight*—the last you may spend with me for years?"

"Oh, well, Mater," he said, kissing her carelessly, "we have talked out by this time, surely."

Malcolm's face quivered with the tremendous effort he made for self-control. "Don't dare to come to Captain Eyerer! I shall wash my hands of the whole business if you do." Without waiting for a reply he abruptly left the room.

CHAPTER IV.

In the dusky fragrance of Captain Eyerer's flower-filled library, Malcolm and Dorothy stood, hand in hand, with faces white and drawn, but in their eyes the dauntless courage of the truly brave—those who have battled against self and won the fight.

"Don't fail me, dearest," he said, "be brave, and I will not say 'be true,' for you are truth itself. '*Noblesse oblige*,' you know! I think the Doctor's noblest work has been raising the standard of morality among his boys, and teaching us the undying worth of honor. It makes it easier to leave you"—his voice faltered—"God bless you, dear. I *feel* we shall be happy, some day. Trust and wait!"

The words had scarcely passed his lips, when there was a light step in the dim room, and the sound of suppressed laughter.

Malcolm turned violently. "*George!* is it possible?" "Hush! hush! Malcolm, this house has been shadowed all day. There has been a man at each corner whenever I looked out. Oh *how* did he get here, and how will we *ever* get him out?" She wrung her hands desperately. Malcolm stood as if stunned, looking first at one and then at the other. George seemed to awake to a sense of his own danger, while over his light and careless soul there at last rushed some sense of his awful crime, and of its terrible consequences. Even then, though, self was uppermost. "You—you don't think there is any danger, do you?" his voice shaking.

"Hush! here are two of the men I saw, coming up the front way," said Dorothy, in a low whisper.

"Be perfectly still, George," said Malcolm, in measured tones, "don't attempt to run. I'll see what can be done."

"But they may take me—what then?"

"Then take the consequences of your own mad folly," said his brother, sternly, "but don't dare run; in this light, it might cause Dorothy to be injured." Just then the outlines of two dark forms were dimly visible at the open window—the electric lights flamed up.

"George Carruthers, I arrest you for the——." There was a sudden mad rush to the back window, a pistol levelled straight at the back of George Carruthers' curly head. Malcolm flung himself in front of the boy, and threw up his arm in deprecation. The motion was misunderstood, or disregarded; there was a flash—a cry—and Malcolm Carruthers fell heavily.

His eyes opened soon, and fell upon Dorothy, leaning over him, his head upon her breast. He smiled, then tried to speak, but the effort was too much. There was a faint sigh, a look of yearning love—and so, with a parting thought for the man he had saved, the woman he had loved, the promise he had kept, a great and tender soul went out upon the waters of that unknown sea, whose waves wash the boundaries of the eternal city.

C. B. P.



LENA.

Little Lena,
Girlish sweetheart,
This I know: that I love thee—
With thine eyes like golden sunlight,
Wistful eyes like pensive twilight,
On the sea.

Golden Lena,
With thy warm lips
Like twin rosebuds washed in dew—
With thy cheeks like orchard blossoms,
Soft cheeks like the mellow blossoms—
I love you.

Rosy Lena,
Dimpled darling,
When the shadows come and go,
I can see your bright eyes laving
In the dusky ringlets, waving
O'er your brow.

Pretty Lena,
Little sweetheart,
I can hear your sweet voice still—
Hear your laughter in the wind's song,
In the soft, seductive wind's song,
And the rill

And I love you,
Sweetheart, love you,
As the wild flowers love the dew ;
As the mockingbird the sunlight,
As the whippoorwill the moonlight,
I love you.

A LEGEND OF LOVER'S LEAP.

THE autumn sun was slowly sinking to rest behind the massive mountain peaks of the Alleghanies, casting its parting rays on the rough mountain crags, which stood under its effulgent coloring robbed of their grim and awful solemnity, and took upon themselves an almost pleasant look under such a gentle influence. The leaves of the forest, already brown and golden tinted by autumn's delicate touch, were made even more beautiful by the soft, mellow, golden sunlight. The sky above appeared like a limitless ocean expanse, the blue and white, and gray of the clouds blending in perfect harmony appeared as far-away islands in this beautiful sea; and, as the sun sunk lower and lower, the red and gold mingled with the clouds, and the ever-changing, ever more beautiful scene appeared like a fairy-land in its splendor. Far in the West, the sun himself was seen, appearing as a huge ball of fire; and, as he touched the horizon, it seemed as though the whole earth would take fire from the contact.

On these last moments of the dying day, a slight rustling of the dead leaves and twigs disturbed the death-like stillness, and two young people came slowly arm in arm through the forest. They conversed in soft, low tones, lest even the trees might hear and reveal the thoughts of their hearts; and why should not the trees too have curiosity to know who these intruders of their domain were, for they were certainly an uncommon couple.

The youth was an Indian, handsome and stalwart, with sinews as strong and firm as the iron in the bosom of the earth on which he trod. He was dressed in the full attire of a chief of the tribe to which he belonged, for indeed he belonged to a family of chiefs, his father being at the head of the nation which occupied the territory for many miles around. He was tall and erect, of stately carriage and lofty mien, every feature of his face well-formed and sharply defined; his long straight jet-black hair fell gracefully over the back of his neck, his brown face and dark eyes all showed a character as noble, as fearless and brave as any chieftain of his manly race, yet lacked the treachery and blood-thirsty cruelty of many of them. Any one looking at this monarch of the forest-wilds could not suppress a feeling of admiration, nor resist the magnetic influence of the piercing eyes which revealed the gentle, kind spirit resting beneath the threatening feathers and war paint on the exterior.

In what marked contrast to this mountain brave was his companion! She was a girl of apparently eighteen summers, although life in the American mountains had given her the experience of one much older, as fair as the hawthorn bud, and simply but neatly dressed in white. Her long golden hair hung freely in the wind, and little ringlets fell bewitchingly over her fair forehead. Beneath the gently arched eyebrows were eyes which had caught down the blue of the sky above, and which beamed with gentleness, meekness, and tender affection.

The two lovers—for such they were, no matter how strange it might seem—walked arm in arm in the evening stillness. The delicate, perfectly shaped, snow-white, little hand was clasped in the strong, brown, large one, and when he spoke she tossed her pretty head back, and looked up into his face all covered with the hideous paint of the savage. But there was nothing in that face to cause terror for her; and with child-like simplicity, she had no thought of harm, fully trusting him whom she loved—even if he was of a savage tribe.

Elizabeth Darringer was the daughter of an English nobleman, who, having lost favor at court, determined to try his fortune in the newly-discovered continent, and, together with a few companions, crossed the sea, pushed into the mountain regions of Virginia, and there established a small colony. The Indians, who dwelt around the humble habitations of these brave white men, as soon as they saw them encroaching on their territory, became very vicious and troublesome, and many times the whole settlement had been nearly massacred. They had sworn vengeance on the “pale-faces,” and were only awaiting the opportunity for wreaking it upon them.

It so happened one morning in October that Darringer and the other men of the little colony were away, some distance from their homes, on the side of the river, preparing to launch a small boat which they had built. Elizabeth was left alone at her home, performing her household duties. She was sitting on the door-step, sewing, and humming an old Scotch love-song as she worked, when, chancing to raise her head, she saw a sight which made her blood run cold—first the head-feathers, then a pair of sly, piercing eyes directed upon her; and then, upon looking closer through the pile of brush concealing his body, she saw clearly the painted face of an Indian warrior!

Her first impulse was to shriek out for help and run into the house; but, as she caught the look from the eyes of the savage, something irresistible seemed to take hold of her, and she could not move. She could only remain still and silent, as if under the influence of some charm. Before she could gain control of herself, the Indian had risen from his concealment and, approaching with a slow, graceful movement, bowed himself humbly at her feet. She was amazed at such conduct. Her fear changed to embarrassment; she felt that she had never before been in such a peculiar position or had such a peculiar feeling, and she remained silent.

The Indian, however, soon broke the stillness. He had picked up from the settlers whom he had heard, enough English to make himself partially understood and, with the assistance of signs, he told her he had been sent by his tribe as a spy; and how he had been attracted by her singing; and, hiding in the brush in front of the house door, had been able to watch her every movement; and had

so admired her beauty that he had—. Oh, how silently love works! If there be no language, no means of making signs, still "Love will find a way." This war-like savage with all his war-paint, his deadly bow and arrows, had been unable to defend himself from the tiny darts of the innocent little baby sprite; and she, the daughter of an Englishman, she so small, so gentle, so utterly defenseless, could not but admire the manly, handsome, noble youth before her, even if he were a savage. She not only admired him, but she felt another sensation also; she did not know what it was, perhaps it was what some call—love!

Thus had the affection sprung up between these two so entirely different people; thus had her life and her father's life, and his friends' lives been spared. After this, many times came the Indian wooer to visit his fair inamorata, under whose teaching he rapidly learned to speak English, and, as often, he returned and reported to the other warriors around their wigwams, that it would be unwise to attack the whites. Finally, however, their thirst for the scalp of the white man, and their restless desire to have vengeance upon the intruders on their hunting-grounds became so great, that they grew impatient and began among themselves to suspect something against their fellow-chief. After holding council in his absence several times, they at last decided upon a plan. One of their number was detailed to follow Black Wing—for such was our hero's name—and see what he did when he went on his customary visit to the white colony, ostensibly to ascertain the strength of the settlers and to report on the advisability of an attack.

Accordingly, when Black Wing set out the next morning as usual, another brave followed close in his tracks. The unsuspecting lover, as was his custom, met his fair sweetheart a short distance from the house, and the interview was held directly in the sight of the watching chief. He, not understanding English, could only draw conclusions from what he saw, and so, returning to the camp, he made his report. The whole council was thrown into the greatest excitement and uproar by the revelations of their spy; and it was decided to remain silent concerning it until the next day, and then send their wisest man, Grey Owl, who understood the foreign language better than any of the others, in the hope that he might unravel the mystery of the actions of Black Wing.

So, accordingly, next morning Grey Owl followed, heard and understood a good portion of the conversation, returned and related it. Such was the indignation occasioned by the announcement that one of their number had violated all the principles and laws of their tribe and was thus wooing a hated "pale-face" maiden, that they at once determined to punish him by death as soon as he returned.

They did not perceive that during their council they had been watched and overheard by an Indian maiden, who herself had always loved—as Indians love—Black Wing! Without stopping to debate any interests of her own in her mind, she resolved what to do. She would meet Black Wing on his return that evening and warn him of his danger. This she did, and when the brave fellow found himself discovered, he was almost driven to despair, and wandered around in the forest like a madman, neither knowing nor caring whither he went. Thus he continued during the whole night and the following day, neither eating nor sleep-

ing; and in this state he was, when he was awakened to his senses again. He heard a voice, a familiar voice, calling to him in English, and he almost involuntarily answered it in his usual manner.

Elizabeth was walking near her home, and she met her lover.

So we find them, at the evening sunset, walking arm in arm and hand in hand conversing in low tones, as they passed through the silent forest. He told her of his discovery, that its penalty was death as soon as he was captured. He felt that he was safe there so near the white settlement, for a time at least; and that he would live close by in the woods until he could escape to another region.

As they walked, they came to a rugged bluff, whose sides towered majestically and almost perpendicularly from the river far below. They clambered some way down the cliff, and then seated themselves on the roots of a tree growing among the rocks.

The picture presented to their view, as they looked out over the mountains and valley, was an ideal one. The tall gray cliffs on either side rose as mighty sentinels, standing in all the awful sublimity of nature. The rushing river lay far below; and the last rays of the sinking sun stooped and kissed the merry waters, and they sparkled as gems imbedded in the green carpet of the valley. The scene was a lovely and inspiring one, and one such that even an Indian's "untutored mind" could appreciate, and even an Indian's savage breast could respond to with emotions of love and tenderness! They admired the beautiful sight, and were so lost in their admiration that they forgot their trouble and talked on and on.

Their theme was the ever-new, never-ending "old, old story," and it called up a variety of subjects. He at times grew eloquent, his thoughts were so beautiful! He told her of the belief of his people, of the Great Spirit, of the Happy Hunting Ground to which he hoped to go after death, to have her with him forever and ever. He compared the dying day to the death of man. It was dying; but, in death, how glorious! At its birth men rise to pay it homage; when it sinks to rest, they too seek rest. The sun never dies, it lives forever, it is only the day that perishes. So with man; his soul lives forever, it is only his earthly tabernacle which decays. Another comes to take his place, like one day succeeds another. The soul, like the sun, never needs a successor. And so he reasoned, and so she listened, her head on his shoulder, her hand in his. They were lost to everything but their own emotions.

Suddenly an arrow struck violently the rock near them, rebounded and fell below! Black Wing started, with a cry of alarm! He hastily surveyed his surroundings. Looking up in the direction from which the arrow came, he saw the rugged face of a member of his tribe. Then he heard a yell. He knew what that meant, for now he saw ten other Indians in full war-colors leap upon the rock not forty feet above them! He cast a hasty glance below. The river flowed tranquilly in its green bed far, far away. There was no escape. The way back up the cliff was blocked by drawn bows. If they remained where they were, death—or even worse—would surely follow.

Elizabeth took in the situation at a glance. She looked down at the waters beneath, then into the face of her lover. It was sufficient. He understood her

wishes. Taking one last fond look into the eyes of his sweetheart, he clasped her gently to his breast and wound his strong arms about her body.

"The Great Spirit will take us, little White Dove, be not afraid!" he whispered.

"I am satisfied. We are together," she answered; and lifting her in his arms he leaped far out from the cliff, and they fell far, far below in the rushing waters of the river!

The sound of the splash reached the ears of the startled and amazed Indians above, who, after looking down at the river awhile, turned away, and, with an oft-repeated and significant "Ugh! Ugh!" slowly disappeared in the surrounding forest.

Thus Elizabeth Darringer and her Indian wooer were not separated even in death; and thus the beautiful spot so familiarly known as Lover's Leap won its name, and will stand throughout the coming ages an imperishable monument to that love which knows no fear, and whose mysteries are past finding out.

J. A. B.

INDIAN PIPES.

Deep in the fragrant heart of the forest,
I find them growing, fragile and slight,
Children of silence, born in darkness,
Shunned of color and sound and light.

Into my memory flocked the legends,
Grim traditions and fables old ;
Tales of the days of Indian warfare,
Unwrit histories, quaintly told.

Once a brave, in the forest sleeping,
Wearied with hunting the wary deer,
Bow and arrow flung down beside him,
Was shot by a white man passing near.

None but the squirrels knew the secret,
None but the wild birds knew the spot,
Or knew why the squaw in the distant wigwam,
Waiting her warrior saw him not.

Never the funeral dance around him,
Never the tom-tom's eerie sound ;
Not even a scaffold, gaunt and cheerless,
Raised in the Indian burial ground.

But over the grave the small wild creatures,
Ran and gamboled the whole day long,
As if nowhere in their gentle presence,
Man or creature had suffered wrong.

The red man's pipe on the dead leaves lying,
Its ashes fallen upon the mould,
Rested still, while the summer hastened,
And autumn turned into winter cold.

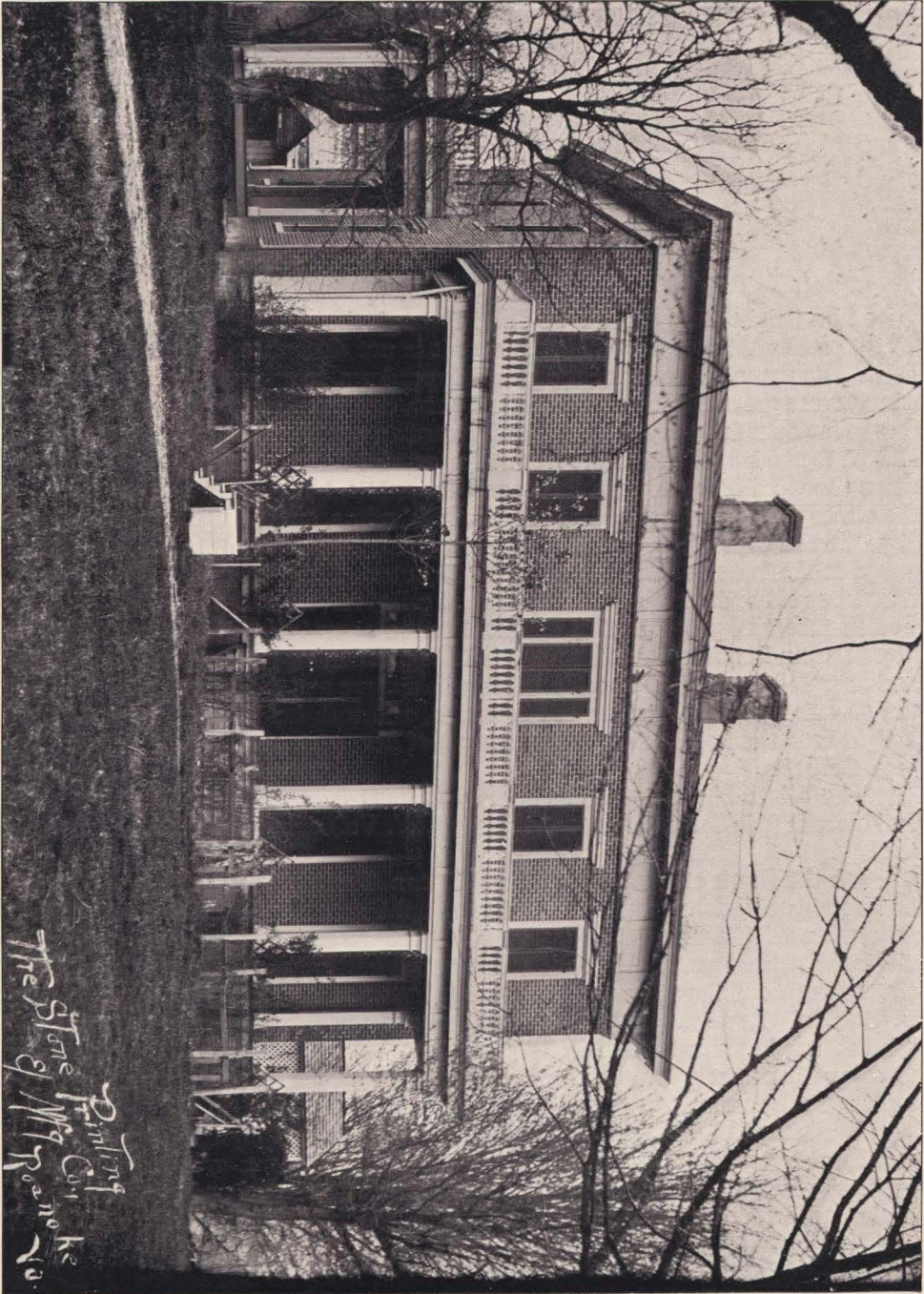
Then the springtime its days told over,
Till the very day when the brave was slain,
On that day, through the forest carpet,
Rose these flowers, a ghostly train.

Faintly gray, like the hue of ashes,
Shaped like a pipe with inverted bowl,
They stood to mark the place disastrous
Where forth from the body sped the soul.

To this very day you may find them growing,
All alone in the forest wide ;
Many a flower blooms around them,
Never a flower blooms close beside.

'T is said that at night a red flame glowing
Lights each pipe with a mystic ray ;
But the first faint flush of new dawn, showing,
Turns the fire to ashes gray.

G. W. L.



WHITE THORN.

*The Stone Printing
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WHITE THORN.

ON a bright May day, as we stroll through the green pastures, and by the still waters of fair White Thorn, it is not difficult to trace the origin of its name, dotted over the emerald meadows, in spaces between the noble trees, we see great clusters of the White Thorn, clad in robes of purest snow—their thorns for swords—they seem nature's guardian angels to the place, to ward off all that is not bright and sweet from this peaceful Eden. Standing on the lawn, when the wind blows toward the house, the subtle, haunting perfume pervades the atmosphere, a concentration of all woods' odors, sweet, vague, yet penetrating. In the days when White Thorn was young, there was once given a dinner party, at the house of Senator Allen T. Caperton, a brother of Mrs. Preston; in the course of the entertainment, toasts were called for, when the Hon. J. Randolph Tucker rose, and proposed that Colonel Preston's new home should be christened Caperton, in honor of its mistress. The suggestion was greeted with applause, and accepted by Colonel Preston in his wife's name and his own; but Mrs. Preston shrank from the seeming self-assertion, and with her keen and sympathetic insight into the nature and characteristics of her surroundings, she gave it its present name.

The White Thorn house was built by Colonel James Francis Preston, and he and his wife (née Sarah Caperton, of Union, W. Va.) entered into residence there in 1857.

On the death of Governor James Patton Preston, his estate was divided between his three sons; Hon. William Ballard Preston, as the oldest son, taking possession of Smithfield, the venerable home of many generations; while to Colonel Robert Preston fell "Solitude," now a portion of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, and the other end of the estate became the property of Colonel James F. Preston. In earlier days, "Solitude" must have been an expressive name for any country home in Southwest Virginia, but to those whose good fortune it was to enjoy the princely hospitality of Colonel Robert Preston and his wife, it seems a strange misnomer.

While the White Thorn house can lay no claims to antiquity, there are many stories of interest told in connection with the magnificent groves and limpid springs, which go to make the farm one of the most beautiful and valuable in Virginia. Many a bygone night have the woods echoed to howl of wolf and the yell

of wild cat; the delicate, small figure of Governor Preston's city-bred wife has often stood, framed in the old Smithfield door, gazing down the waste of uncultivated land which now forms the lovely meadows lying between the two homes—listening with a kind of awful fascination to sounds so weird and strange, to one reared among city sounds and scenes. That frail, diminutive body held a master mind and an iron will, and in spite of a life into which a certain element of hardship necessarily entered, she lived to be revered and beloved, by the people among whom her long life was spent, and died to leave a name honored wherever known.

To the wife of Colonel James Preston was given the pleasure and privilege of making the wilderness blossom as a rose. When she and her husband went to live at White Thorn, the house stood in the midst of a bare expanse of field—two trees there were, to break the dreary outlook, and no more; but innate love of flowers and trees, energy and good taste, soon wrought a change so great as to seem the work of magic. Not a tree in the grounds, but was selected by her, its position chosen by her, and planted under her own direction; the orchard bears testimony to her thrift and judgment, while the quaint old garden, its broad walks bordered with all the old time flowers and simples so dear to our hearts, all speak of her, the directing spirit of the place.

There is a story told of a raid made by the Indians, in the days when Smithfield was a fort, when its inmates lived in hourly fear of an attack, which last was of only too frequent occurrence. Mr. William Preston was harvesting on that portion of the estate known as White Thorn; he saw smoke and flames issuing from Smithfield, and knew the Indians were upon them. He and his harvesters attempted to escape, but were seen and overtaken, with the single exception of Mr. Preston, who avoided capture by a fortunate accident; in his headlong flight he jumped upon a huge log, slipped and fell. He gave himself up for lost as an Indian was in direct pursuit; the intuitive law of self-preservation, however, impelled him to creep as far as possible under the shelter of the great tree; he lay there trembling, every moment expecting death or capture. The Indian came on in swift pursuit, stepped on the same great log, passed over Mr. Preston and went on his way, leaving behind him a much surprised, but very thankful man.

White Thorn is not without its ghostly visitant, as is only in keeping with most "Old Virginia" homes. There are many who claim to have seen "The Man in Red" (not the red man) wending his solitary way through the "Hunter's Gate" to the wood beyond. Why he could not rest in his grave, but spent his time in such unprofitable wanderings, history sayeth not—however, on summer nights, when the moon floods the sleeping meadows, transforming the little stream into a shining pathway, leading to some divine, far land, where all is peace, when the ceaseless voice of the waters mingle with the thrilling, pathetic, flute-note of the whippoorwill, all blending with the myriad, mystic voices of the night—there are worse things than walking amid the stillness of earth's quiet places, through the dim aisles of nature's great cathedral—so it may well be, he comes in peace, not penance.

The lives of these three brothers and their families form a unique instance of domestic concord. No rift in the lute of kindred love and sympathy ever marred

the peaceful harmony, and when death entered the little circle it was to draw closer the hearts that ached in mutual bereavement.

Visitors to White Thorn grew familiar with the sight of a massive, brass-bound desk, which was placed on a table in the dining-room; strangers were always attracted, and eager to learn its history; but that was rather disappointing, since nothing was known beyond the fact that it was originally the property of an English colonel, who had been captured in Canada, during the war of 1812, by Governor James Patton Preston, who, on his return home, brought the desk with him. But there came at last, one whose vision was more keen and accurate than most; his practised eye soon saw there was space not accounted for, in the open receptacles of the desk, and he at once proceeded to investigate. With some difficulty he finally brought to light a secret compartment beneath the open space, and several small secret drawers—all filled with papers. With delightful excitement, and yet, with reverent hands, we drew them forth; worn, discolored, covered with the dust of more than eighty years, yet in most instances, decipherable—while, so carefully had the letters been preserved, and copies taken of all replies, that with but little trouble, we were able to weave a connected history.

The original owner of the desk was one, John Highmore Jeboult, ensign in the English Army, and, according to letters from his superior officers, "a young gentleman of birth and breeding." His commission is there, a very imposing looking document, with many letters of more or less interest. Two there are from his sweetheart, which, for innocent, sweet coquetry, are unsurpassed. His mother, having made a visit to London, on her return home, writes her son her impressions of his lady-love; she says "Her auburn hair and beautiful blue eyes are beyond anything I have ever seen—and I think I never saw so white a skin—except when your name was mentioned, when she turned a most beautiful pink." Her name was as pretty as she seems to have been—Eleanor Millicent Hayter—and she must have been as gentle and good, as she was fair. In one of the little secret drawers is a lock of bright hair, tied with a tiny gold wire, and folded in a paper on which, in the quaint stilted style of the day, is written a verse of poetry, telling of faithful love. But the "old, old story" ended the proverbial way—indeed from the first their love failed to "run smooth." A slanderous tongue made mischief, and his ship received sailing orders for Canada before he could obtain leave of absence to go to London and endeavor to heal the breach. There is a very disconsolate letter to his mother, in which he implores her to see Miss Hayter, and clear him from the unjust aspersions. It was, doubtless, to plead his cause that she undertook the journey to London, which followed so soon after; and yet, if such is the case, it is certainly singular that in the first letter written to her son, after her return home, the only reference to Miss Hayter is that already quoted, relative to her personal appearance. Perhaps she had the marvelous discretion to feel that "silence is golden"—or to let facts speak for themselves. That she succeeded in her mission is obvious, for the next letter received by Ensign Jeboult was a most demure and proper little note, from Miss Hayter, "introducing a friend," and ending—incidentally—with a few words telling him "how *all* his friends had missed him and longed for his return." To read between the lines was not difficult to the clear eye of love, and his reply to her little olive branch was

full of triumph and eager hope for the future. It seems a little strange that any one could sit down and deliberately copy such an epistle, but we can only be thankful for Mr. Jeboult's methodical habits, since it gives us a glimpse of as manly and tender a heart as one could wish to know. The last letter of the series is from our hero's colonel—a Scotchman, Galbraith Gordon Friend, and is written to Jeboult's father in England—this gives us the finale to the pretty idyl. Colonel Friend tells of Jeboult's death upon the field, and of how nobly and gallantly he gave his life for his country. Colonel Friend ends by saying he will place his letter with Jeboult's private papers, in the secret compartment of the latter's desk (the key to which he gave Colonel Friend, when he confided the desk to his friend's care) and will take the first opportunity to send the whole to England.

Then followed the capture of Colonel Friend, and the confiscation of the desk, with that officer's personal effects.

So, to the waiting parents and sweetheart, his letters never came—and it may well be, their bitter grief was never soothed in this life, by knowledge of his dauntless heroism.

“To the old, sorrow is sorrow ; to the young, sorrow is despair.

Perhaps his parents, sustained by remembering how soon their pain would cease, found resignation through their perfect trust in God, which is seldom vouchsafed to youth—but who can tell what agonies of suspense that poor girl knew ? What heartsick hoping against hope deferred—what weary waiting—what yearning prayers—what anguished disappointment ? Who knows but the “man in red” may be the shade of the young English officer, still clothed in the uniform he wore so gallantly, drawn back to earth until such time as his letters should be released from their long obscurity ?

Let us hope Colonel Friend returned to England in safety, and, that to hopelessness succeeded at length, pride in his splendid bravery and peace in his peaceful end.

In 1892, White Thorn passed into the hands of Captain Stockton Heth, under whose fostering hand new beauties are being daily added, and the old ones much enhanced.

I close with a few verses, commemorative of the White Thorn garden, which dear spot is as fragrant with happy memories as it is with innumerable flowers.

In a Virginia Garden.

Out in the garden—hear the catbird singing !
The nest 's in that syringa bush you know ;
Straight down the walk I see my cowslips springing,
Not far from where my valley lilies blow.
Turn down the path where damask roses greet you,
Flanked by rock lilies, rearing great, green stalk,
Pass this way, where the apple blossoms greet you,
And muse with me within “My Lady's Walk.”

A rare old place ! where apple boughs low bending,
Arch the broad walk with verdure dim and sweet ;
Above, the leaves their green and gold are blending,
The grass is deep and soft beneath my feet.
I see the orchard in its springtide splendor,
Clasped in the emerald crescent of the wood,
Where many a gallant oak in stately splendor,
Keeps watch and ward where gloom and silence brood.

Far spreads the glowing beauty of the meadows,
A jewel set within a jewelled rim
Where, flashing fair, the sunshine blends with shadows,
And soft o'er all the golden hazes swim.
I see the lawn, with gentle slope descending
To where the little streamlet flows below ;
The song of bird, and tuneful waters blending,
Will echo ever in my heart I know.

C. B. P.

A PRECOCIOUS RAT.

“**N**OW give us a song. You must have a melodious voice,” said Bob Mann, as the Sophomores crowded around the “rat.”

“Here, Bob, set her up on this old stool,” said Harry Dabney, thrusting forward a dilapidated three-legged affair.

Then several of them took the poor victim up bodily and perched him upon the stool.

“Don’t he look sanctimonious, though? He’s mamma’s little darling—yes, he is,” chimed in another.

“Well, what are you going to give us? It had better be a hymn—look at those pious liquid orbs. Yes; let it be ‘Jesus, Lover of My Soul.’” Jack Randolph’s handsome face flushed and his bright eyes flashed.

“Ah! look at him, goody—goody—sissy—how’s granny, dear?” Jack’s fists clenched in his pockets; but he raised his head a little, cleared his throat and began in a sweet, rich tenor to sing the hymn. There was a hush among the boys as Jack went on. His voice was his forte, and he held them thrilled. When he had finished, one of the boys said, “Well, that’ll do for to-night. You sing pretty well for a “rat.” We’ll train you up a bit and put you in the Glee Club.”

After Jack was dismissed, the boys held a consultation. “We’ll have to find some way to squelch him,” said Tom Marshall. “He kinder got the best of us to-night. Let’s appoint Bill Simmons and Bob Mann on a committee to arrange a scheme to subdue him.”

“All right. I move that Bill and Bob be appointed on a ‘squelching committee,’” said another.

“I second the motion,” answered Harry.

“Well, as the motion’s carried, we’d better adjourn.”

A day or so later another meeting was held, and the committee’s plans were laid open for consideration. The plot was this: They were to get up a grand expedition to make a raid upon a neighboring farmer’s turnip patch. Jack was to overhear the whisperings, and be invited to join them, apparently to keep him from “putting the Faculty on to it.” Then they were to send some fellows ahead dressed as “hayseeds,” with guns (loaded with blank cartridges). “And, if we don’t scare the very stuffin’ out of that ‘rat,’ you may have my suspender buttons!” said Bob.

"I didn't know you had such a head on you, Bob," said some of the others.

Friday was chosen for the adventure, and late that evening all things were in readiness. Jack had bitten well at the bait. They had him this time, sure. A beautiful moon added inspiration to the frolic.

"Be sure you have the right guns, boys," said Bob, as he bade farewell to two queer-looking figures in large straw hats, who were creeping out by the back way.

"Yes, indeed; no trouble about that. So long! we'll see you later," and the two seedy farmers stole off with a little chuckle.

Presently dark figures might have been seen gliding softly down various corridors, out through the rear hall window, and stealthily through the garden gate, over to a spot behind the wall, which had been chosen as a place of rendezvous. In a little while they were all there. Quite a merry party they made stumbling over the rough country roads, and there was not a livelier, merrier one among them than Jack Randolph. "He'll change his tune soon," thought some of them as they neared the fateful turnip patch. This patch was just on the edge of a cornfield in which the farmers were secluded. The boys crept silently along and presently they all stooped down and began grubbing for turnips. Just then there was a rustle in the corn. "Hush! what was that?" said Jack in a frightened tone. Then came a wild, "Halloa! who's that after my turnips!"—a stampede among the boys—turnips flew in every direction—bang!—bang!—more trampling of corn and scampering of boys—another report—a flash, the farmers were nearer now, then a wild agonized cry of "O, God!" rang out on the clear night air. The boys turned in their flight just in time to see Jack Randolph fall back into the corn!

"Gosh! boys, what's happened?" cried one of them as they all hastened to Jack's side. The farmers were there before them. One of them was holding the poor boy's helpless head upon his knee, while the other was pulling open his coat which was torn and damp. What a sight! His shirt was covered with blood! How ghastly he looked in the pale moonlight! Not a man uttered a sound; but they only gazed at one another in helpless horror. The long black shadows of the corn, with their curving slender arms, wavered back and forth, seeming with their weird, fantastic shapes to mock, to accuse, to condemn them. Now and then, when a breeze passed over the field, there was a faint rustling among the corn as if it, too, were trembling in ghostly dread of what lay before it. The boys' teeth chattered.

"Oh!" moaned Jack, and his lips moved.

"Listen, Bob, he's trying to say something!"

"Tell—tell—her," then he seemed to lose consciousness again.

"Run for a doctor, Harry," said Bob, and away dashed two of the boys to run three miles without pausing a moment.

Presently Jack stirred again. This time they caught something about, "mother." They made a bed of their coats and laid him tenderly upon it. One of them ran half a mile to a spring and brought water in his hat to bathe his head and wound. What if he should die there? They had murdered him? They must have gotten the wrong guns after all!

Just as they were about to bathe his head, again Jack raised up, opened his bright eyes and said, "Here, don't waste all that nice, cool water on my head. Give me a drink. I'm thirsty."

"But your side, Jack," they cried in astonishment, "aren't you—!"

"Oh, pshaw!" said he, sitting up, "you boys think I'm a great fool. I've been to college before. I had this same trick played on me once in Richmond." So saying, he took a bottle of red ink from his pocket, tilting it, and letting the contents trickle down through his fingers. "It looks right bloody, don't it?" And Jack laughed—a merry, boyish laugh. "You did your part beautifully boys, and, really, if I should meet these two on the road in the day time," he said, turning to the farmers, "I should take them for sure enough 'hayseeds.'"

"Well, I'll be jabbered!" said Bill Simmons, "if we won't have to give up hazing after this! This is one on us!" So they all shook hands with Jack, telling him he was a fine chap, and they'd stick by him hereafter. Jack didn't crow over them either. He saw he was hero, and let it rest there.

On the way home they "jumped on" Jack for a story. "Did I ever tell you about my ex-mother-in-law?"

"Who on earth was she?"

"Well," said Jack, looking very pathetic, "I was in love once. Yes; I loved Kitty awfully."

"Don't you love her now?"

"No," answered Jack, very decidedly.

"Why?"

"Well, I was a little shaver and so was Kit. She was a tiny creature with great black eyes. I used to carry her books from school; *but—*"

"But what?"

"She had a mother," said Jack.

"Well, that was quite natural, wasn't it?"

"No—no, it wasn't natural for any one to have a mother like that."

"What did she do?"

"You'd better ask what she didn't do! Here is one little incident which will give you an idea of the rest. She was a queer, 'old timy' little woman with eyes like Kitty's, only hers had a kind of glitter in them that filled me with horror. One day I went home from school with Kitty, and she said, 'Mamma's having some papering done to-day.'

"That's nice," said I. 'Who selected the paper?'

"She did, and I hope she will like it when its up.'

"When we reached the gate, a strange sight met my eyes. There was the old girl, ruffles, white cap and all, out in the front yard, shaking her fist at a terrified-looking man who was standing at the parlor window. 'No you shan't come out!' she shrieked, 'you shan't budge till you take every scrap of it down!' She was blazing! I dared not speak to her; but we learned from the almost petrified servants that, upon inspecting the job and not being pleased, she flew out, slammed and locked the door, vowing that he should not leave till it was all taken down. I pitied the poor man; and, after she had gone in, I found a ladder and placed it softly against the window. He was just in the act of making his

escape, when—ugh! here came a bucket of slimy paste ruining us both. We fled together, and through a clammy, sticky film of that sickening oozy liquid, I could faintly discern the old lady, at the parlor window, gesticulating wildly, and forbidding me ever to venture there again. I didn't!"

"And Kitty?"

"Somehow I never did feel fond of Kit after that. Her eyes were too much like the old lady's!"

"So that's why you call her your ex-mother-in-law?"

"Yes," sighed Jack. "It might have been. I shall never cease to be grateful to that paperhanger for bringing me to my senses. Even now I have a great tenderness for paperhangers wherever I see them."

They were nearing college now. "Here comes my doctor," said Jack. And so it was, and the two frightened boys were with him.

"I'm afraid I'll never get you two to run three miles for me again," said Jack.

The doctor laughed over it very heartily, and said he was glad the boys had met their match at last. Randolph, as the boys called him now, became quite popular after that, and many a fellow wished he could do so well in his classes.

Time wore on, and the commencement was approaching.

"Say, boys!" said Jack one day. "I'm going to invite my girl to the Finals."

"Who? Kitty?"

"No; the girl I really love."

"Does she love you?"

"You bet she does!"

"You seem pretty sure of it, old chap. Don't fool yourself. Women are fickle creatures."

"Fan isn't," maintained Jack.

"Are you engaged?"

"Nope."

"Has she said she loved you?"

"Don't get personal over there. She loves me to distraction, though, I'm sure. None of you fellows need aspire even to a smile," and here Jack mused in a dreamy way as if he alone had the key to some marvelous hidden treasure.

"Well, I bet we can," said one of the boys.

"I dare you to try," said Jack, defiantly.

"All right; you won't get the best of us this time."

So the Finals came and with them pretty Fanny Edwards. Jack wore a proud, triumphant air as he drove her up from the station. There were many boys accidentally loafing on the campus, and quite a number of heads appeared at the sedate-looking windows of the main college building as they passed. Each man firmly resolved that he would have more than one dance with the girl Jack was so conceited about. Each one, too, wanted to have a better look at the dark brown eyes peeping so roguishly from under the fluffy hat.

'T was the liveliest Commencement they had had for years. "Little Fancy Edwards," as they called her, was the belle of the season. There were hay-rides,

dances, tennis contests, drives, horseback rides. Never had a girl had so gorgeous a time. She was showered with flowers."

At first they did it on Jack's account; but when they knew her better, it was all for her. Several of them were desperately in love.

In all the gaiety there was always a place for Jack—"Jack must have his dance."

They wondered if she knew what Jack thought. Harry Dabney lost his heart completely, and he could not help feeling that she liked him—just a little. One night he made up his mind that he could not stand this suspense any longer. He must tell her he loved her and find out about Jack. Just as they finished a waltz, he leaned over and said, "Won't you take a little walk outside?"

"If Jack says so," she said, a little nervously.

"What in the—what has Jack to do with it?" he demanded, his blood boiling with jealousy.

"Lots!" said a voice behind them, "she's my sister!"

"Your what?"

"Sister," said Jack, calmly. "We happened to have the same mother and father, you know."

"But *her* name is Edwards!"

"Oh, no; I just prevaricated a little. I only wanted to put you boys on your mettle so you'd be extra nice to Fan. She's such a good little sister," he said, putting one arm affectionately around her.

"Sold again!" exclaimed Harry, but with great relief beaming in his face. "Well, may I take Miss Randolph for a little stroll?"

Jack looked at him seriously for a moment. "Yes," he said, presently, and he pressed his friend's hand.

So they wandered off to a pretty little arbor, and many of the boys were hunting for Fancy for the next dance, while the news fled swiftly around of how Jack had fooled them a third time.

Finally, they came in, looking very happy. Several of the boys rushed to meet them, claiming the last waltz; but she shook her head shyly, "I'm sorry, but I've promised this to Har—er—to Mr. Dabney," she said, blushing.

F. S. P.

"Armageddon."

"And he gathered them together into a place called in the Hebrew tongue,
Armageddon."—Revelation xvi., 16.

Th' iron work of my youth is scorched in the heat of fears ;
The wizard glow of the race breaks bread at a sensual feast ;
The reeling heart is drowned in a bath of hissing tears ;
For woman, as well as man, has lowered herself to the beast.

These are the days of deceit. The fraudulent cycles of time
Are rife with the spirit of murder, the carnal lusts of despair.
Black frost creeps all the length of the whitening bones, and the rime ;
And the lingering songs of a dying regret shakes on the air.

Mammonite worldlings vomit their spleen on the yawning wave
Grinning with overgrown lies, and anger, and lust, and pride.
All of evil in thought and deed sport in a pander's cave,
Where flourish the rankest weeds that choke life's groaning tide.

Old chronicled legends are lost in the race after gain,
The cry of a famishing brother appeased with a crust,
The southern winds whisper the cry through a ghastly rain,
And the galloping hate of a down-trodden man is beat in the dust.

Which are the eviler, women or men? Heaven knows.
Men are the worst, as I think, and are prone to render
The little good of their hearts to the wind that blows,
But evil began, at the first, with the feminine gender.

The flowering bloom of the sex is a fatal gift,
A heritage pregnant with guile, and, sooner or late,
The smothering pain of a blistered heart will rift,
As the long, black shadows split on a rotting gate.

Everything done may be traced to a woman's voice.
She is the cause, and the banner of war is unfurled.
The cry of the human is drowned in a dreadful noise ;
For the hand that rocks the cradle rocks the world.

Civilization is rotting through to the core.
In the grave of the world is buried the hopes of men.
Bright eyes shine with a baneful light through the elden lore,
As through the cloud-drift, pierces the storm-bird's reaching ken.

Strong Nature is warring with God on the altar-stairs
That slope through the world's great darkness where her children tread.
She brings into life a man, with his weight of cares,
Where barbaric waters sweep over civilized dead.

The flow'r of human events, from the seed of barbarity sprung
May attain to a certain extent to return to the seed whence it came.
The fullness of time will resound with barbaric songs yet unsung,
And the dawning red of the day will expire in the heat of a flame.

Th' echo of Liberty's flight th' westering hills prolong.
Th' shrieks of a ravished land drip from a red-ribbed wound.
Th' glory of Orient greatness, th' spirit of science and song,
Is flatten'd and crushed by th' shock of th' battle-sword, into th' ground.

'T was in Greece that the human mind emerged from the past,
And wreathed the laurel of fame on her own burning breast ;
Vandalist fingers were twined 'round her white throat at last :
The tide of prosperity rolls ever on to the West

Rome rose on the ruins of Greece and hewed her a name.
Over the seas the wild scream of her challenge was heard :
There Virgil strung his lyre to sing Aeneas' fame,
And Cicero shook the Forum with his mighty word.

No paean hath a note so sweet as trampled might's proud moan :
Out of the clouds of the North came a reckless horde ;
Great hearts sheathed their swords in broken hearts with a groan ;
Liberty wept from her sunlit heights and followed the sword.

On to the borders of France the sword and Liberty fled.
The ring of a nation's knell was stilled in a winding shroud.
A Corsican hand caught the warlike blade and flourished it over his head.
But the sun, that rose with him when he rose, went down in a cloud.

And the roar of the British lion flew through the world—
Over the sea and out of the foam to the West.
Through the echoing forest the sound was throbb'd and hurl'd
Till th' Red Man's baby had leapt from its mother's breast.

A deep-laden boat came freighted out of the East :
There were pale-faced men, and they spoke in a strange wild tongue.
The red and the white hand clasped—for a time there was peace.
Then musketry rattled the leaves—the bow was unstrung.

The restless pine tree whispered its fear in the night :
Like a wind from the Northland shuddered the savage yell.
It followed the shadow that followed the gray-hare's flight,
And sank into silence, anon, in the wild little dell.

The Red Man followed the wake of the journeying sun,
Nor paused till he smelled the breath of the western wave.
The sad earth sucked at the hearts of her sons undone.
The march to the West, to him, was the march to th' grave.

He shrank from the onward tramp of a flint-faced destiny,
And bore his dusky mate to the brow of her native hill.—
There viewed the setting sun of traditional glory,
Sink, quivering warmly, into a deathless thrill.

The white man builded an empire over his grave.
The lamp of science illuminated the land.
The sceptre of learning was wielded from wave to wave.
And Liberty rested her weary feet on the strand.

But not for long will the sword inactive be ;
For the fate of the world is reached in the march of mind.
Kali will land on the ghaut of a tideless sea
And view the "Armageddon" of all human kind.

There is no other world west of the Western world ;
And civilization, matured, like apples fall.
I can hear the hiss of the serpent, as, coil'd and curl'd,
He strikes at th' over-ripe Sodom-fruit, bitter as gall.

Disordered chaos is hovering low in the air.
The fog of oblivion ever creeps nigher the light.
We will laugh an idiot laugh in our dumb despair,
And hail to the reign of Penumbra—the beautiful Night.

The pitiless echo will drive thro' th' cheerless air
On the fumes of th' sulphur smoke with its tainted yellow breath.
The world will shudder and reel in a mute despair,
When we leap from th' heights we have clomb to a mental death.

Th' arm of the Indian's destiny circles th' world.
Will the sun of Science arise again in th' East ?
Or with our flag will th' nations be furl'd,
Th' duty of man accomplished, th' fate of th' earth releast ?

Perchance a Cleopatra lives th' wife of an Earl—
Egypt hugs the heart of an Anthony in her clasp.
Perchance there pants in a sun-kissed land a swart Nile-girl
Whose heaving bosom lulls the head of a tiny asp.

Perchance a woman breathes with a heart of flaming lead—
The flame of Vathek eating with its crimson, fierce torment,
Till hope, and reason, and name, are charred and black, and dead,
Like mouldered mummy-bodies in the shining Orient.

Many a wretched magdalen is honest in her shame:
One woman sins and suffers while another sins and sighs.
There is no guerdon for the shattered crystal of a name,
Yet mankind lauds the wanton who throws gold dust in its eyes.

The modern woman breathes the breath of the upas tree,
And loves with a guilty love her poison kiss withstood.
As thro' a darkened glass a whited sepulcher we see
That hides the ghastly bones of a murdered womanhood.

And she, the half-world woman—she, who laughs with painted lips—
Whose maniacal merriment goes quiv'ring down to hell?
She bares her body to the hiss of fury-driven whips:
The great world swings the rope that sounds the message of her knell.

Is it right that one should suffer while th' other gladly smiles—
That men spurn her knowing naught of th' unhappy circumstance
That drove her with relentless hand and soft, seductive wiles
To commerce with her body for a lowly sustenance?

Is it well?—The question flutters like th' beat of broken wings
On the cruel flagstone pavement where th' wounded songster fell
While men chase th' nimble nickel thro' th' heart of all th' springs
They will not pause to ponder one fair question:—Is it well?

Because he knows that he is at the bottom of the wrong—
That where he leads she follows as the needle the north star.
The weakness in her nature throws its trust upon the strong;
She is his to bright'n or break, and the God-men choose to mar.

Th' progress of knowledge is nothing. One purpose holds thro' th' years;
To live, and cheat, and be cheated, and being cheated, to die.
We hold a counterfeit money damp with a felon's tears;
We will pass it on some blind man in the sweet bye and bye.

Avarice, mother of crime, and woman the mother of man:
These are th' curse and th' light of th' world, th' light and th' curse.
Clotho spins the thread of fate grown woeful weak and wan,
Snarling mongrels bark at others, worse and worse.

But the course of the world is run. From the river of ancient days
The generations of men are come to the western shore.
There will be no revival of th' old Judean days:
We are living in an age beyond which there is nothing more.

War is the terrible theme for which men and women will die,
And th' repetition of war since history's earliest morn.
In th' last grand battle of all th' world will sound a startled cry,
When all th' nations wrestle in a wild millennial dawn.

Lives have been sacrificed, nations have bled for a cause,
Stupendous wars have been waged, and glorious battles won ;
But all th' royal victories that have gained th' world's applause.
In the coming "Armageddon" contest will but be as one :

Megiddo stands on Esdraelon, the greatest battlefield :
Josiah warred with Egypt, Barak fought the Canaanites,
Gideon heard the angry arrows ring upon his shield
When he stood against the forces of the raging Midianites.

As when at Marathon plain Miltiades brought on his men
Full tilt on the Persian horse, and the archers of Ethiop,
And crying "Bring fire, bring fire," set flame with a deadly bane,
To the ships that held the shattered remnants of a nation's hope.

As when at Thermopylae pass three hundred Spartan braves,
Scorning to await the attack of Xerxes' mighty band,
Dashed down the steep defile, and charged to their deathless graves
Doing the grandest battle ever waged in any land.

As when the Huns met the Goths. Battle of Solferino !
As when at Herat, Ghenghis Khan destroyed a million lives.
Battle of Valmy ! Battle of Towes ! Battle of Borodino !
Battles where defeated men were bound with dungeon gyves.

In greatness of numbers enlisted, in triumph and rout,
All other battles will pale into insignificance ;
And when the two great captains shall have giv'n the battle shout
The gates of hell will tumble at the vast magnificence.

Whether with printer's type, whether with carbine or steel,
Whether by brawn, or the thunder of Christian eloquence
I do not know. But the wailing of women will peal,
And men's stout hearts will shudder at the awful violence.

With direful shouts of rage will we climb the ladders of fire,
And from the battlements leap into the last campaigns of hell.
Asbestos ramparts will flame from every turret and spire,
When the two great forces charge upon the human citadel.

The grisly bones of the dead will clank from their stony caves ;
Phantom ranks will march to the cadence of bygone years ;
Dismal groans will swell in the foam of the sad sea waves,
When Clio winds her scroll o'er the dearth of a million biers.

All the impish forces will be on the muster-roll :
Elements, angels, devils, and countless files of men :
The stars will sweep into place when the signal bell shall toll ;
Harnessed Arthurs will walk from beyond all human ken.

Out of the muddled ruck of the unrolled centuries,
Filthy with mucous crime, and dripping with blood and tears,
Will wander a hungered host of silent companies,
Led by the phantom ghost of desolate by-gone years.

The great commander-in-chief of the forces diabolic
Will stamp the Rock of Ages beneath an iron heel :
Anarchists, libertines, criminals, regiments alcoholic,
Will fall into line at his word with many a devious wheel.

He is known by divers names : The Hebrew calls him Abaddon.
He disputed the throne of Heaven, and braved the Deity's will.
The Lucifer of Milton. The earnest Greek's Apollyon.
Goethe's Mephistopheles, and the Christians' Devil.

Hell will adjourn for a day, and empty its legions,
Infernal engines and batteries into the field of wrath.
The wicked iron will ring on the shield of paragons—
Wild, fierce cries will surge from hearts that trod the lonesome
primrose path.

But Emmanuel, the Angel Chief, will muster the forces
Presbyterian, Baptist—of every sect and cult—
Cherubim and Seraphim, infinity of sources,
To battle for the issue of the Ages' long result.

Onward ! Christian soldiers. Fling your banners high !
Roll the long Hosanna's of the service without end !
Jehovah-Jirah watches with an omnipresent eye
The infinite manœuvres of the awful battles trend.

Forward ! Comes the brief command. The lines sway to and fro
Th' cavalry moves to th' front at the signal of th' rod.
A calm, majestic form upon a horse as white as snow,
Michael rides along th' line and reviews th' troops of God.

Th' winds ! Their power was shown when th' Spanish Armada was hurl'd,
With timbers splintered and strewn, on Scotland's rocky strand.
Tempestuous will they blow when the battle of the world
Is being waged in heaven, hell, and over every land.

The earthquakes ! Caracas was dropped into the horrid mouth—
Into entombment went the many islands of the sea.
Volcanoes will belch their flame like a breath from th' torrid South :
Melted lava will blister men like th' sun on a wilting lea.

The lightnings showed their strength when they wrapt Mt. Sinai.

We have seen their flashing lanterns, when the moon was on the wane,
Darting, like a serpent's tongue, from black clouds in the sky,
Moving in the chariots of the midnight hurricane.

The wicked will flee as a bird to the mountain.

Blistered lips will bitterly curse their mother's wombs.
Curdled blood will flow from every fountain.
Skeleton faces will grin and leer from hollow tombs.

The field will be strewn with the carcass of Papanism,
Infidelity, fraud, and multitudinous wrong ;
Atheism, dissipation, and Mohammedanism,
Sins of the flesh ungodly, vices terribly strong.

We will laugh an idiot laugh in our dumb despair.

For this is the sum of things : a little delight,
A little lazy snarling, like beasts in a lair,
Then hail to th' reign of Penumbra, th' beauteous night.

And who will win : who knows who will victorious be ?

We are wise in our day, but wise with a cloud of doubts.
We pass each other in gloom, like ships at night on th' sea,
Or a sweet-faced girl who sits in a corner and pouts.

A hand will strike the world from the golden blaze of heaven :
The clamor of closing gates clashing thro' brain and breast,
We will gather the rags of life and flee to the haunted fen,
Where all endeavor is done—th' Devil will see to th' rest.

J. P. W.



MY COUSIN DOROTHY.

JACK Harper and I were class-mates at college, and we were the best sort of friends. Jack was the finest fellow in the world, and made friends wherever he went. Of course, I had him pay me long visits in the holidays. There were only three of us in the family: mother, sister and I; and after sister married, the house seemed very quiet. Jack was so jolly and good-humored that he brightened up the house wonderfully, and completely won mother's heart by the interest with which he listened to her accounts of the exploits of the grandchildren. After the college days were over, Jack and I, still as inseparable as ever, went to the University, together. That was five years ago; during the five years that have followed, our friendship has grown steadily, and now we are better friends than ever. It was Jack, who—but let me tell my story.

The summer before my story begins, Jack spent in the South, while mother and I, away from the heat and noise of New York, spent the time delightfully in

the mountains—Jack and I corresponded regularly. His letters were characteristic of him, unaffected and jolly. He had the happy faculty of making whatever he tried to tell interesting, and he found many things to tell about down there in the "Sunny South." By and by, however, there was a change. His letters became less and less frequent, and they were shorter and more hastily written. They also began to lack their usual buoyant fun, and, finally, some of them were really mournful. But he would always cheer up again, and would, occasionally, startle me by asking if I did not think brown eyes were lovely, or if I had ever thought there was anything lacking in my life. I would reply that blue eyes were just as pretty as brown, if they had the right expression, and that there was nothing wanting to make me happy; I was never very susceptible to the charms of the fair sex. Not a word did I write concerning my suspicions; for I knew that he would tell me sooner or later, if there was anything to be told—and he did tell me.

The letter came about a week before time for us to return to the University. It was more like the letters Jack used to write. He said he was in love, and he told me all about it—how he had met her, how their acquaintance had grown, and, finally, how he felt she was the only woman in the world who could make him happy, how he had made up his mind to propose the following day, and how the world would lose its charms for him if she refused him. He told me these and a thousand other things; and it was all so unlike Jack. It was ridiculous to think of Jack's being in love,—Jack who had never been the least bit sentimental, and whom I had never known to think any girl was even pretty.

When we got back to the University and to work, the first thing Jack could say was, "Ned, old boy, congratulate me, I'm the happiest man on earth. Doro'—Ned, I'm engaged." I confess it now, although I am ashamed of it, there was, down in the bottom of my heart, a little bitterness at seeing that I had ceased to be Jack's all-in-all, and that a girl whom he had known not more than two or three months had taken my place. But, choking down as best I could all such selfish feelings, I congratulated him heartily. When we got to our room—Jack and I always roomed together,—I must see her picture, and hear all he had to say about the defects of the photograph. The eyes, of course, were more lustrous and laughing than the photograph represented them to be, and the mouth much prettier—I believe these defects were mentioned among the rest; but, to tell the truth, I was, while pretending to listen with interest, wondering whether Jack would not lose interest in his Latin, and spend his time in writing letters and dreaming.

"Now that you have told me so much about her personal appearance," I said, when he had finished, "it seems but right to me that you should tell me the name of your fair charmer."

"Well, if I had not left that out of the question entirely! Dorothy Maltby."

"Dorothy Maltby!" I exclaimed. "Where does she live?"

"At Oakland, Virginia. What's the matter, Ned?"

"Impossible! Has she a sister named Clara, a few years older than herself?"

“ Yes ; her mother is a widow, and they are her only children. Do you know them ? ”

“ As sure as my name is Edward Glynton—they're my cousins.”

Then came the whole story. Mrs. Maltby was mother's first cousin, and as children they had been together a great deal. But Cousin Emily, against her father's wishes, married a Southern gentleman, and made her home in Virginia. Mother was the only one of her relatives who kept up a correspondence with her. Her husband died several years after their marriage, leaving her with two small children. They were girls ; Clara, named for my mother, was about my own age, and Dorothy was younger. It was always mother's desire to pay a visit to Cousin Emily, but she had been prevented, and so I had never seen my cousins. It may be readily understood how surprised I was to learn that the winsome maid, “down in Dixie,” who had so completely won Jack's heart, was my Cousin Dorothy. I was also delighted to know that Jack would soon be my cousin, and we used to have many talks about Cousin Emily and her charming family.

The autumn passed away, and winter came and Jack and I were still at work. It was our last year at the University, and both of us wished to accomplish as much as possible. Besides that, Jack had something he was working for. In the latter part of the winter, however, I contracted a deep cold. It kept increasing ; but, in spite of Jack's pleadings, I would not call in a physician. By March, I had to give up and go home for mother to nurse. A severe illness followed. I had a tough time of it, and how poor mother stood it I can not imagine. By the middle of April I was able to be up, but I was only a shadow of my former self. The doctors prescribed a change of climate, and Cousin Emily wrote, urging me to come to Oakland, and get back my strength in the country air. We decided to accept the invitation. Now was the opportunity for the long-looked-for visit. Accordingly, it was arranged that we should leave in the early part of May. But yet, again, mother was to be disappointed. About a week before the time appointed for our departure, my sister's children took the whooping-cough, and mother had to stay and nurse them, promising, however, to join me at Cousin Emily's as soon as possible. So it was that Edward Glynton set out alone for Oakland.

I stood the trip very well, considering the fact that I had just recovered from such a severe illness ; and, when nearing my destination, the pure air of the south seemed to give me new strength, and I felt sure I would be as strong as ever in a few weeks' time. I was thinking of that and wondering how these Southern cousins would look, and if Dorothy would be as charming as Jack represented her to be, when the train stopped, and I saw coming toward me a portly old gentleman with a grave, but pleasant face. I knew that this was Oakland, and that the old gentleman was Colonel Maltby, Cousin Emily's father-in-law, at whose house they lived. In a few moments I should see my mother's dearest cousin and Jack's betrothed.

The drive from Oakland to Colonel Maltby's home was a pleasant one, Colonel Maltby being a perfect specimen of a dignified, hospitable and charming Southern gentleman, and showing me every possible attention. On our arrival at his home, or “Oakland proper,” as he expressed it, my cousin and her eldest

daughter greeted me cordially. I loved Cousin Emily from the first moment I saw her, and felt sure that my stay in her home would be delightful. She was not one of those people who, in adding to your pleasure, let you see so distinctly that they are exerting themselves in doing so, that you must thank them for every attention; no, she had a way of doing all manner of things for you without your knowing. The thanks she got were in the love bestowed upon her by all who knew her. I never saw a person so universally beloved; and when she said a thing she meant it; you could believe in Cousin Emily; she was sincere. My first impression of Clara was that she had a sweet face, and soft, gentle manners. As I learned to know her better I found myself constantly wondering why her name was not Peace. I have never seen any one whom the name suited so well. She was always the same—always cheerful, gentle and sympathetic. She did not worry and storm at trifles; but took everything as it came, and with a "Thank you," too, I believe. But there was something left out of her composition; I often wondered what it was. Much as I loved Clara, I could not help wishing that she was a little less perfect; there have been times when I felt as if I would give worlds to make her mad, and see her do like other folks. Her "obstinately pacific system," as Irving would call it, was sometimes harder for me to bear than other people's tantrums. But I must leave Clara. I am not writing this story about her, but about my Cousin Dorothy.

Where did I leave off? Oh, yes! at my arrival at Colonel Maltby's. I shall not go into details; for I must hasten on with my story. I was disappointed at hearing Cousin Emily say that Dorothy was away from home. I was anxious to see if Jack's lady-love came up to my expectations. But I had not much time to spend in vain regrets; for tea was immediately served, after which we all betook ourselves to the veranda. There was much to talk about, and Cousin Emily had many questions to ask respecting her "dear Clara." It's funny the way women put that adjective to so many of their words, anyway—"dear Cousin," "dear Mary," "dear John," and even "dear me!" When, at length, I retired, being tired after my long day's journey, I went to sleep immediately, not waking until a late hour the next morning. I was heartily ashamed of myself, too, as, feeling like a culprit, I went down some time after the rest of the family had breakfasted. Cousin Emily was sitting on the veranda,—bless those long, cool, shady verandas Southern homes have!—and saw me as I came down the stairs.

"Glad you could sleep so well, Edward," she said, with a smile, putting down her work as she spoke, and leading the way into the dining-room. "You and I are masters of the situation it seems. Clara has gone to see her 'poor buckras,' as the negroes on the place call them; and Colonel Maltby has driven over to S—for Dorothy. She has been spending a week with some friends. Her grandfather is devoted to her. I suppose he told you all about her on the way from the station yesterday. Ever since her father died—"

"Miss Emily," said a little black urchin, poking his head in the door, "Unc' Dan'el say please um ken he hev some o' dem w'ite flow's in de front ya'd to tek to he granchile's bur'in."

"Yes, Mango; tell him I shall be there presently." Then, turning to me, "Edward, I know all these little darkies are going to amuse you. But I hope

you will excuse me now for a second and let me get the flowers for Uncle Daniel. A funeral is a great and festive occasion in their lives."

When Cousin Emily returned, I had finished breakfast, and we withdrew to the veranda.

"This is my boudoir," she said, "and if you will be very good, you may sit here with me. Ah! there you are Clara, how is old Mrs. Page?"

"Better, thank you mother. Good morning, Cousin Edward."

"You see, Edward," explained Cousin Emily, "this daughter of mine feels called upon to take care of 'the lame, the halt, and the blind' of the whole neighborhood, instead of staying at home and picking flowers for Uncle Dan's burying."

The morning passed rapidly, and in the middle of the afternoon, in spite of the desire to be down stairs, when Dorothy and Colonel Maltby arrived, I had to go to my room to rest, knowing that I must not overtax my strength. I began to read, but fell asleep after the first few pages,—a thing which I rarely if ever do. When I awoke, it was growing late, and, fearing I should soon have the reputation of being a sleepy-head, I hastily made myself presentable and went down stairs. The veranda was deserted, but, hearing the piano, I went to the parlor door and looked in. No; the musician was not Clara, it must be Dorothy. Suddenly she turned her head; it was certainly Dorothy's face. The photograph had been enough like her to enable me to recognize her, but how true Jack had been in saying it was not good! Yet, no artist in the world could ever have gotten into a picture the expression of those eyes as they fell upon me!

"Spell-bound by music?" and she laughed merrily as she arose. She knew who I was, and I certainly knew she was Dorothy; so there was nothing to do but shake hands, and get acquainted. This was not a difficult task, and we fell to talking as easily and naturally as if we had known each other for years. Instead of thinking of Jack, and comparing the girl of his description with the real, "sure-enough" Dorothy, I was listening to what she said, thinking what a merry laugh she had, and—those eyes! Then I remembered that Jack had said they were such laughing eyes. I remembered that this was the girl Jack was engaged to; that she would be his wife soon. She had been talking but now she was silent; I had lost part of what she was saying, but I was not thinking about that; a heavy weight seemed to have fallen on me. But I must say something; so I told her that I had heard her name mentioned many times in the last few months.

"Have you? As for yours, 'Little Mother'—that's what I always call her, you know—has been talking of you ever since you and your mother decided to come. She was dreadfully disappointed that your mother was prevented from coming. I think she loves her about as much as Clara and I love each other. I love Clara better than any one else in the world—almost," she added, with a smile. That "almost" excepted Jack, of course; and the weight grew heavier.

I will not make my story longer, by stopping to say what you know already, that I had fallen in love with Cousin Dorothy. I dreaded to write to Jack; how could I tell him in my usual way how I liked his betrothed, just as if I cared for her only as a cousin? It would be hard. Yet what should I do? I could not

tell him the truth. I shunned saying anything to Dorothy herself about Jack. What a coward I was ! Too much of a coward to trust myself to speak to the woman I loved about the man she loved. The days came and went ; every day finding me worse and worse involved. To be in the same house with her, to see her sweet, bright face everywhere, to hear her clear voice and merry laughter ringing through the house, was happiness for the present ; yet it was a sad sort of happiness, for what was it bringing for the future. I at last decided that there was but one course to pursue ; I must leave Oakland immediately. That would be awkward, I knew, when I had come to pay a long visit ; and, besides that, mother would be so disappointed. What could I tell Cousin Emily ? I must tell her something ; and I must get away from this enchantress ; she was a woman, the woman of my heart. As Wordsworth says,

“ A creature not too bright or good
For human nature’s daily food ;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.”

Yes ; I must go away. Jack should never know, neither should Dorothy. I had just made this resolution when the breakfast bell rang. When I reached the dining-room the family were seated at the table. The mail had just been brought in, and all were engaged in reading. As soon as the usual “ Good mornings ” were exchanged, Dorothy handed me a letter. “ Here ’s one for you, Mr. Glynton.”

“ Mr. Glynton ! ” I exclaimed, looking up.

“ Mr. Edward Glynton. Is that not right ? ”

That set me to thinking. What did Dorothy usually call me ? I did not remember ever having heard her call me anything. I had not thought of it before. The letter was from Jack. I looked at Dorothy ; she must have recognized the writing. I saw on her face no sign of recognition, however.

Just then there was an exclamation from Cousin Emily’s side of the table—
“ Dorothy writes that we can expect her to-morrow instead of next week, that she positively can not stay away from here any longer.”

“ Dorothy ! ” I exclaimed, “ Dorothy, who ? ”

“ My Dorothy,” said Cousin Emily, evidently surprised, “ your Cousin Dorothy.”

“ My Cousin Dorothy ! ” and I turned blankly to Dorothy.

Colonel Maltby broke into a laugh. “ Why, Emily, my dear, here ’s what the trouble is ; Mr. Glynton has been laboring under some delusion. He thinks this is his Cousin Dorothy.”

“ Impossible ! ” said Clara.

“ Quite possible ! ” said Dorothy—not Cousin Dorothy, but *the* Dorothy. “ Mr. Glynton came into the parlor where I was the other day, and thought I was Dora. You had not told him anything about me. I thought you had, and that he knew who I was, so there was no need of an introduction.”

“Why, Edward,” said Cousin Emily, “I asked you the first day you were here if you had not heard father speak of Dorothy on the way from the station, and you said, ‘yes.’”

“I said so, because I thought you referred to Cousin Dorothy. Colonel Maltby talked about her, but did not say anything about—Miss Dorothy.”

“And you thought I was your cousin all the time !” and Dorothy laughed one of her merry laughs, in which all at the table joined her.

When the laugh had subsided, Colonel Maltby proceeded to tell me *the* Dorothy,—not Jack’s Dorothy, the *other* Dorothy,—was the daughter of another one of his sons ; that she was an orphan ; and, now that she had finished school, had come to live with them.

“Another thing that helped to get you so tangled up, Mr. Glynton, was that I call Aunt Emily ‘Little Mother.’ My own mother died when I was very small ; and, after I knew Aunt Emily, it seemed as if ‘Little Mother’ just suited her.”

And now the mystery was solved, and the real Dorothy was coming the next day. But what did I care for her ? I felt that I was the happiest man on earth. But why should I be ? I did not know that Dorothy loved me. But she *should* love me ; I would win her love, and then tell her my story.

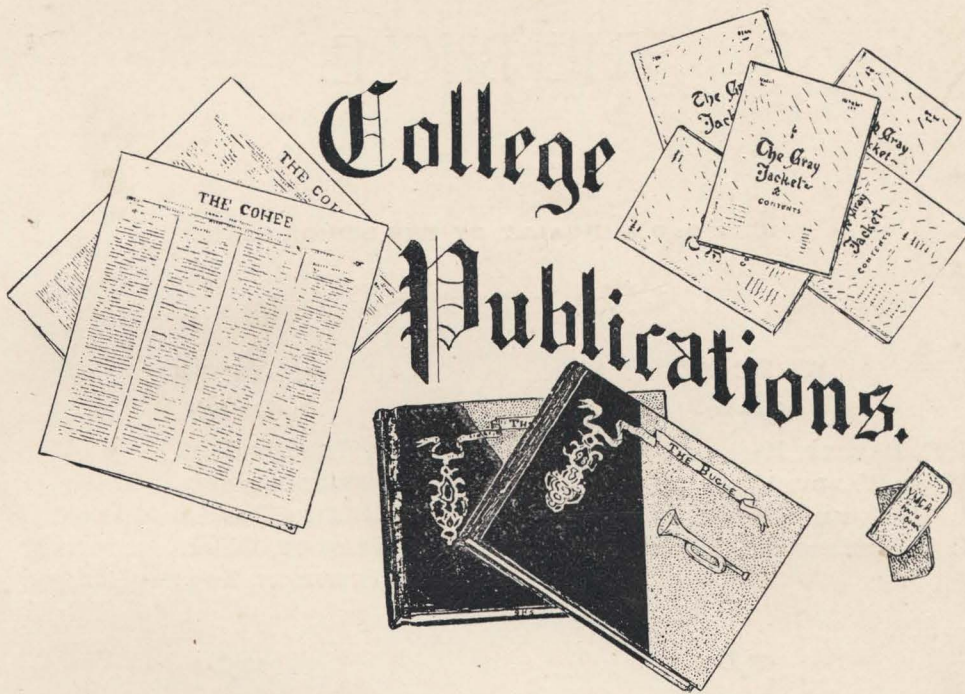
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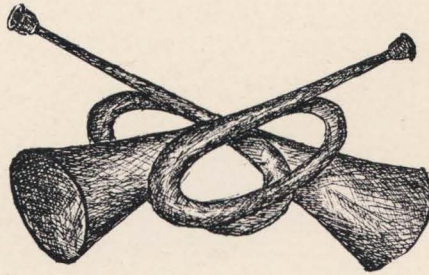
How the real Cousin Dorothy laughed when they told her of the mistake I had made ! “The idea of my picture looking so much like Dorothy that Cousin Edward thought she was I !”

I did not tell Cousin Dorothy what I said about the picture ; but, between you and me, gentle reader, although I would not like Jack to hear it, that picture just stands between the two Dorothy’s—it is prettier than Jack’s Dorothy, not as pretty as mine—but it would do equally well as a photograph of either.

But here I am, talking about *my Dorothy* with so much freedom, before even telling you what she told me when I told her this little story. Did I win her love ? She says I did not ; she says I always had it !







THE BUGLE.

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THE GRAY JACKET STAFF—FIRST AND SECOND TERM, 1897-98.

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D. M. TAYLOR	J. B. DANFORTH		J. A. BURRUSS		

The Gray Jacket.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

Editorial Staffs 1896-97.

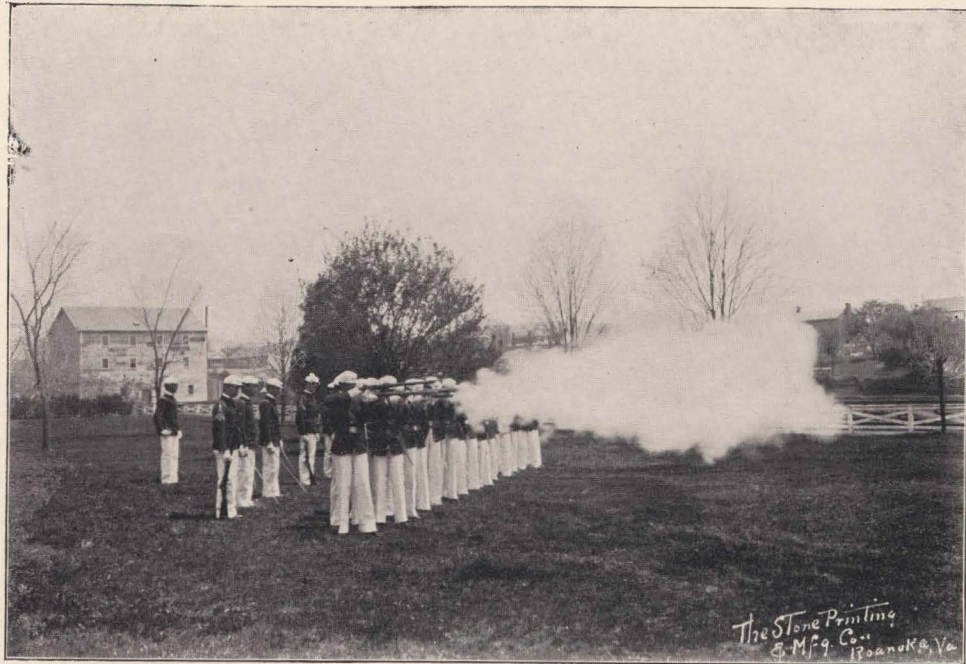
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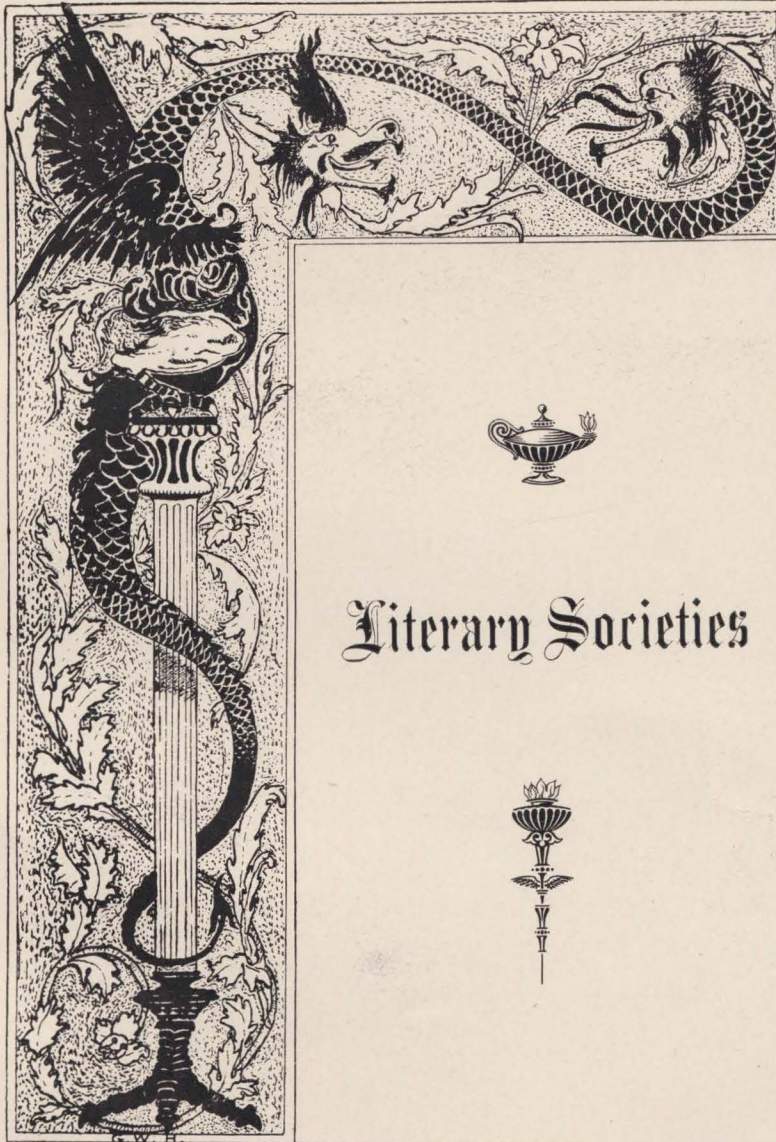
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LEE LITERARY SOCIETY.

HE who wrote of the rise and fall of the Roman Empire, who told in glowing words and thrilling accents of the magnificence and grandeur of the glory and renown attained by the "Mistress of the World," and then in sorrowful, loving words of the downward career of this noble city, its beauty and pride taken from it, its glory destroyed, told in every word of the pride and happiness, of the despair and ruined hopes of a human heart. So, in a sketch of our beloved society, our hearts glow with pride as we tell of its glories and of its superiority in days that have passed, but the effort also causes our hearts to ache when we think that all this is linked with the boundless past, that, like Rome, "her glory has departed."

It would seem that with the name of Lee inscribed upon our banner there could be no such word as fail. But we can say proudly, without boasting, that we have been worthy of our noble leader. Grand, brave, noble, true, beautiful in character, honorable as was our great Southern chieftain, we feel that we have been worthy of his name, that could he know how faithfully and earnestly we have endeavored to live up to the standard we have adopted, he would say to us, "Well done."

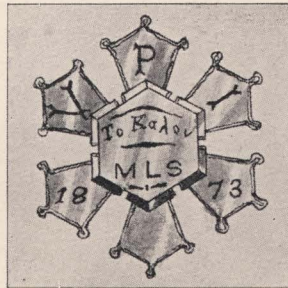
They tell how, in years gone by, our beloved hall rang with stirring speeches and eloquent words, how the fire of enthusiasm leaped in every vein, and brilliant oratory flowed freely and easily. They tell how Virginia's beautiful daughters smiled proudly and lovingly upon the boys of the Lee, and gladly, proudly, adorned themselves with the blue and white. The remembrance occasions us both pleasure and pain, pleasure because of the glories that once were, and pain because they are not now.

Many and varied have been the difficulties that beset us. Much we have had with which to contend, and though our numbers are few, yet still we struggle on, striving to emulate him whom we of the South love so dearly, whom we have taken as our example. No higher fame could we desire than to be called worthy of having borne on our standard the name of Lee. We can only endeavor to emulate him. He was too far above us for us to hope to be like him, but if our aspirations are high and noble, we can accomplish much, and though we may not leave behind us the record which others have done, if we have endeavored to maintain the spotless reputation borne by our beloved leader, and thus have made our lives better, purer, nobler, we have been worthy the name of Lee.

MAURY LITERARY SOCIETY.

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O. C. THOMPSON.
C. LEE.

J. B. DANFORTH.

R. E. MOORE.
B. HARRISON.

Public Exercises.

Commencement Celebration, June 14th, 1897.

President: C. W. COCHRAN, '98.
Orators: J. A. BURRUSS, '98. W. R. KARR, '97.
Debaters: J. G. GUERRANT '97 L. PRIDDY, '97.
Chief Marshal: B. HARRISON, '98.

Annual Debate, April 8th, 1898.

President: D. M. TAYLOR, '98.
Orators: H. M. JACOCKS, '00 G. L. FENTRESS, '99
Debaters: J. A. BURRUSS, '98 W. M. PERRY, '98
 F. WILSON, '99 G. BOSWELL, '99
Chief Marshal: E. A. SEPARK, '99.

Commencement Celebration, June 14th, 1898.

President: J. B. DANFORTH, '98.
Orators: G. L. FENTRESS, '99 E. A. SEPARK, '99
Debaters: J. A. BURRUSS, '98 W. M. PERRY, '98
Chief Marshal: C. L. ALLEN, '99.



W. R. KARR.

MEDAL WINNERS, 1896-97.

J. G. GUERRANT.

G. L. FENTRESS.

MAURY LITERARY SOCIETY.

Session of 1897-98.

THE history of the Society this session contains much that is common with that of years past, but who would think of omitting it from the pages of THE BUGLE? *Haec olim meminisse juvabit.* Therefore, according to the custom already established, we present herewith the photographs of the successful competitors in last session's contests.

Mr. William Robert Karr was the winner of the orator's medal in one of the closest contests ever witnessed in our College auditorium, and Mr. John Gibson Guerrant, the best debator, has a prize of which he has just cause to be proud, while Mr. George Linwood Fentress was declared by the judges to have made the most improvement in declamation, and was, therefore, awarded the contest medal.

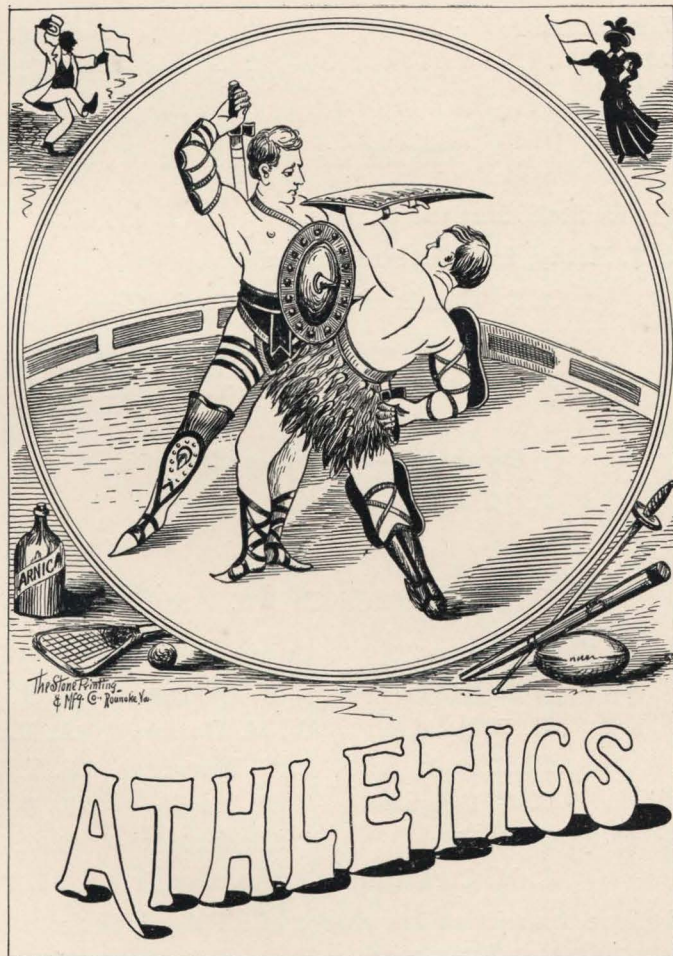
The commencement exercises were in every respect a success; except, perhaps, in length.

During the present session great interest has been evinced in the Society, the attendance has been gratifying and the zeal in Society work intense. There seems to have been aroused among a large number of the members a growing desire for literary training, and they have taken full benefit of every opportunity offered by which they might improve themselves in literary culture. There are some difficulties, however, which seem to be inevitable, and which invariably present themselves especially in the football season. We hope, though, to be able to overcome them and place our society before our fellow students as an ideal one. On several occasions the Society has been disturbed by lectures on hypnotism, corps meetings and other things of secondary importance; but the men have in every case rallied and now unanimously confess their mistake.

If each succeeding year is marked by as much progress in all the departments as it is our privilege to claim for this one, we can feel assured that "God has prospered us" in our noble work, and that much good is yet in store for us.

Roll of Members, 1897-98.

C. L. Allen	A. W. Drinkard	F. Jerdone	G. C. Reid
E. W. Allen	W. C. Eakin	L. W. Jerrell	C. L. Reynolds
G. Baskervill	W. A. Earheart	J. L. Johns	W. P. Ricamore
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W. G. Connor	G. T. Hundley	F. L. Palmer	E. Werner
L. C. Covington	H. H. Hurt	J. G. Pelter	F. Wilson
W. F. Cox	G. W. Hutchinson	W. M. Perry	J. S. Winston
C. Dabney, Jr.	H. M. Jacocks	W. B. Price	F. R. White
J. B. Danforth	W. J. Jamison	L. Priddy	J. H. Woolwine
J. A. Dollman			



V. P. I. ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

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 JOHN I. PALMER Secretary and Treasurer

Board of Directors.

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C. E. Hardy, from the Post-Graduates.

O. F. Whitehurst, from the Senior Class.

F. Wilson, from the Junior Class.

J. K. Harrison, from the Sophomore Class.

Organized :—September 26th, 1891.

Official Organ :—“*The Cohee.*”

Former Officers of the Association.

SESSION.	PRESIDENTS.	VICE-PRESIDENTS	SECRETARIES.
1891-92.	J. A. Massie.	J. W. Osborne.	A. T. Finch.
1892-93.	H. B. Pratt, Jr.	W. M. Watson.	A. T. Finch.
1893-94.	H. B. Pratt, Jr.	C. G. Porcher.	S. V. Lovenstein.
1894-95.	C. G. Guignard.	T. D. Martin.	L. D. Kline.
1895-96.	L. D. Kline.	C. E. Hardy.	O. C. Thompson.
1896-97.	C. M. Christian.	F. Saunders, Jr.	J. I. Palmer.

The Athletic Association has charge of all the Athletics at the Institute, embracing the following Departments :

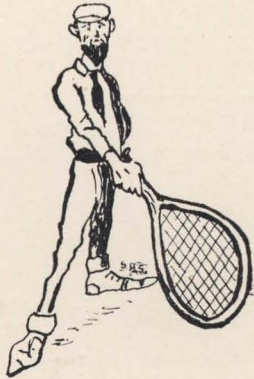
Football.

Tennis.

Field Sports.

Baseball.

Gymnasium.



Tennis Department.

Committee in Charge.

FRED WILSON, '99, *Chairman.*

JOHN L. CARR, '00.

CHARLES F. BROWN, '00.

TOURNAMENT HELD EACH SPRING.

Winners of Championship Series.

1895-96

J. R. CRAIGHILL—*Singles.*

J. M. MCBRYDE, JR., AND F. SAUNDERS, *Doubles.*

1896-97

U. HARVEY—*Singles.*

A. T. ESKRIDGE, AND U. HARVEY, *Doubles.*

Gymnasium Department.

Committee in Charge.

O. F. WHITEHURST, '98, *Chairman.*

F. M. WARING, '98.

PROF. J. R. PARROTT, *Faculty.*

Field Sports Department.

Committee in Charge.

INSTRUCTOR, J. W. STULL, *Faculty.*

E. A. SEPARK, '99.

A. M. CANNON, '98.

FIELD DAY HELD NEAR THE CLOSE OF EACH SESSION.



BASEBALL TEAM, 1897.

Baseball Department.

Committee in Charge.

J. K. HARRISON, '00, *Chairman.*

R. S. WILKINS, '01.

C. M. WOOD, '00.

Officers for 1897.

S. H. SHEIB,	MANAGER.
C. W. COCHRAN,	LOCAL MANAGER.
E. H. HERBERT,	CAPTAIN.

Team, 1897.

J. M. JOHNSON, <i>Pitcher and Left Field.</i>	R. S. WILKINS, <i>Third Base.</i>
W. E. STARKE, <i>Pitcher and Left Field.</i>	E. H. HERBERT, <i>Short Stop.</i>
J. K. HARRISON, <i>Catcher.</i>	L. L. JEWEL, <i>Center Field.</i>
W. B. TREADWELL, <i>First Base.</i>	T. D. MARTIN, <i>Right Field.</i>
O. F. WHITEHURST, <i>Second Base.</i>	

Substitutes.

A. R. SMITH.	H. H. HOLT.	C. M. WOOD.
L. E. GUY.	W. H. RASCHE.	

Schedule of Games, 1897.

April 3, N. & W. R. R., 2; V. P. I., 19. At Blacksburg.
April 10, Alleghany Institute, 4; V. P. I., 8. At Blacksburg.
April 17, Hampden-Sidney College, 8; V. P. I., 28. At Blacksburg.
April 22, Randolph-Macon Academy, 8; V. P. I., 16. At Bedford City.
April 23, Bellevue School, 2; V. P. I., 6. At Lynchburg.
April 24, Lynchburg Y. M. C. A., 2; V. P. I., 11. At Lynchburg.
April 24, Alleghany Institute, 11; V. P. I., 6. At Roanoke.
April 28, McCabe's School, 11; V. P. I., 10. At Blacksburg.
April 29, King College, 3; V. P. I., 4. At Bristol.
May 4, Roanoke College, 10; V. P. I., 12. At Blacksburg.
May 6, Locust Dale Academy, 3; V. P. I., 1. At Lynchburg.
May 8, Washington and Lee University, 8; V. P. I., 6. At Roanoke.
May 9, Alleghany Institute, 9; V. P. I., 8. At Lynchburg.
May 15, V. M. I., 1; V. P. I., 6. At Roanoke.



FOOTBALL TEAM, '97.

FOOTBALL DEPARTMENT.

COMMITTEE IN CHARGE

C. E. HARDY, '97, *Chairman.*

DR. E. E. SHEIB, *Faculty.*

W. F. BELL, '99.

OFFICERS, 1897

H. A. JOHNSON, '97,	<i>Captain.</i>
CHARLES FIRTH (University Chicago).	<i>Coach.</i>
CARL E. HARDY, '97,	<i>Manager.</i>
S. H. SHEIB, '97,	<i>Assistant Manager.</i>
W. F. HENDERSON, M. D.,	<i>Medical Adviser.</i>

TEAM OF 1897

H. A. JOHNSON, '97, <i>Left End.</i>	H. B. LEWIS, <i>Right End.</i>
R. A. HERBERT, <i>Left Tackle.</i>	C. M. WOOD, <i>Right Tackle.</i>
W. F. COX, <i>Left Guard.</i>	J. G. PELTER, <i>Right Guard.</i>
J. W. STULL, <i>Center.</i>	W. F. BELL, <i>Quarter-back.</i>
T. R. BARNETTE, <i>Left Half-back.</i>	C. W. COCHRAN, <i>Right Half-back.</i>
O. F. WHITEHURST, <i>Full-back.</i>	

SUBSTITUTES

C. G. ROREBECK.	FLEMING SAUNDERS.
B. A. RUCKER.	R. M. SCOTT.
C. W. PAINTER.	E. C. TAYLOR.

SCHEDULE OF GAMES PLAYED

October 19, at Blacksburg—King College,	0	V. P. I.	54
October 30, at Danville—U. N. C.,	0	V. P. I.	4
November 3, at Blacksburg—Roanoke College,	0	V. P. I.	41
November 6, at Norfolk—U. Md.,	18	V. P. I.	4
November 13, at Richmond—Richmond College,	0	V. P. I.	36
November 15, at Hampden-Sidney—Hampden-Sidney,	0	V. P. I.	16
November 25, at Roanoke—U. Tenn.,	18	V. P. I.	0
Totals—Opposing Teams,	36	V. P. I.	155

STATISTICS

TOUCHDOWNS

BARNETTE, 4.	COCHRAN, 3.	COX, 2.	HERBERT, 4.	JOHNSON, 3.	PAINTEK, 3.
PELTER, 2.	RUCKER, 1.	WHITEHURST, 9.	WOOD, 3.		

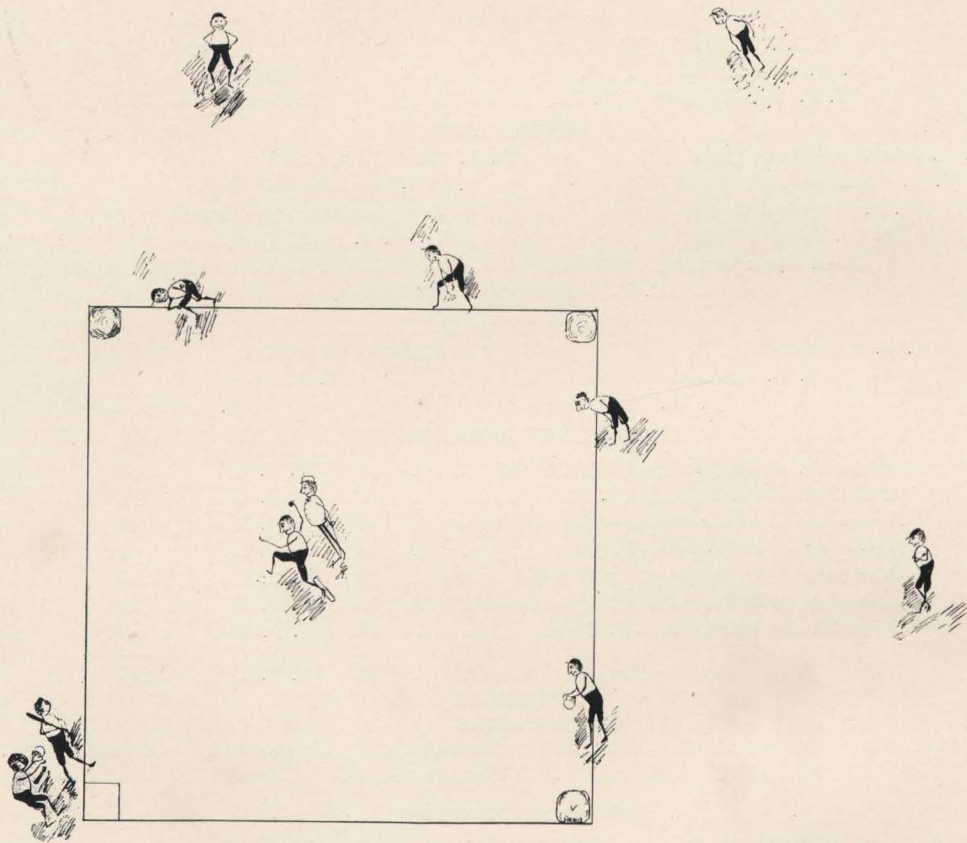
GOALS FROM TOUCHDOWNS

JOHNSON, 8. PAINTER, 2. WHITEHURST, 9.

GOALS FROM FIELD

WHITEHURST, 1.

Total number touchdowns,	28	Points,	112
Total number goals from touchdowns,	20	Points,	38
Total number goals from field,	1	Points,	5
Total number points scored,			155
Average weight of team,			162 pounds.
Average age of team,			21 years.



V. P. I. Class Baseball League.

PROFESSOR S. R. PRITCHARD,	PRESIDENT
EDWARD A. SEPAK,	SECRETARY
EDWARD GRAHAM,	TREASURER

Managers.

EDWARD GRAHAM, '98	J. L. CARR, '00
EDWARD A. SEPAK, '99	F. P. GATLIN, '01

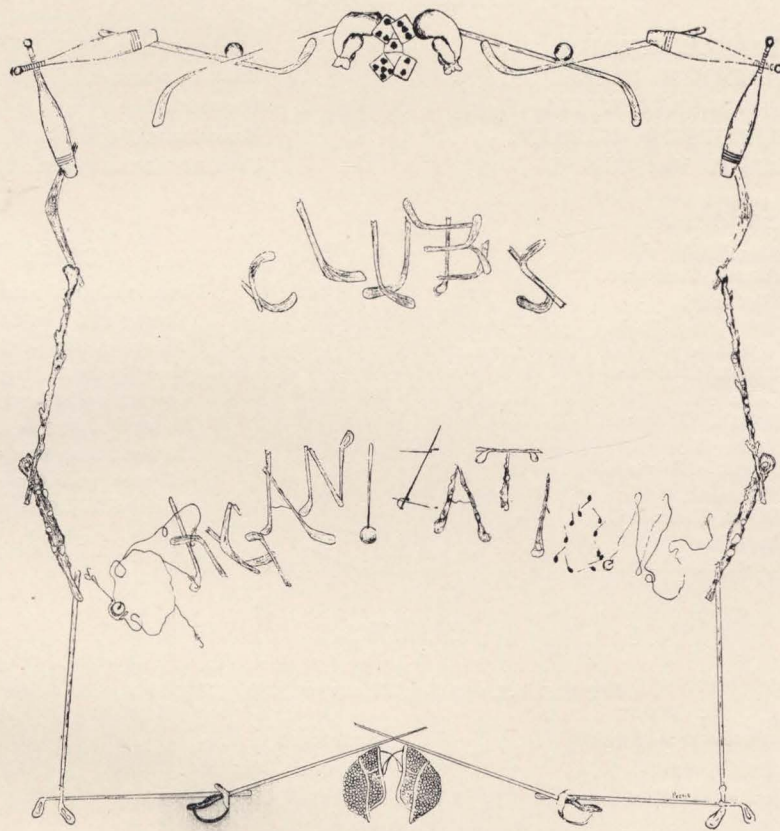
Teams.

Senior.		Junior.	
JOHN B. DANFORTH,	CATCHER	GEORGE E. GIBSON.	
J. S. A. JOHNSON,	PITCHER	{ C. L. ALLEN.	
		{ F. C. CARPER.	
		{ W. F. COX.	
T. R. BARNETTE, (CAPTAIN)	FIRST BASE	H. B. LEWIS.	
J. S. PAINTER,	SECOND BASE	B. S. JOHNSON.	
W. ROSENFELD,	SHORT STOP	FRED WILSON.	
EDWARD GRAHAM,	THIRD BASE (CAPTAIN)	J. G. KINCKLE.	
J. I. PALMER,	RIGHT FIELD	R. H. C. BEVERLEY.	
G. C. REID,	CENTER FIELD	A. B. HUBARD.	
E. S. SMITH,	LEFT FIELD	G. P. COX.	
W. R. H. BUSH, }	SUBSTITUTES	{ G. L. FENTRESS.	
F. M. WARING, }		{ C. B. CONNELLY.	

Sophomore.		Freshman.	
A. A. PHLEGAR,	CATCHER	J. S. WINSTON.	
J. L. CARR,	PITCHER	(CAPTAIN) B. A. RUCKER.	
M. E. GERBER,	FIRST BASE	P. H. LIGHTFOOT.	
J. A. WILLIAMS, (CAPTAIN)	SECOND BASE	J. H. GWATHMEY.	
J. R. BROWN,	SHORT STOP	R. A. CUTHBERT.	
J. W. LATANE,	THIRD BASE	J. B. HUFFARD.	
H. M. JACOBS,	RIGHT FIELD	R. R. PERCIVAL.	
J. A. JACKSON,	CENTER FIELD	G. T. HUNDLEY.	
E. W. ALLEN,	LEFT FIELD	C. P. MILES.	
E. P. WADESTY, }	SUBSTITUTES	{ R. B. BEAN.	
J. R. HARRELL, }		{ P. C. MORRIS.	



V. P. I. RESERVOIR.



Young Men's Christian Association.

ORGANIZED IN 1873.

Officers 1897-98.

JULIAN A. BURRUSS,	PRESIDENT.
WILLIAM M. PERRY,	VICE-PRESIDENT.
GEORGE BASKERVILL,	TREASURER.
WHITFIELD S. BURNER,	RECORDING SECRETARY.
SCOTT H. MACGREGOR	CORRESPONDING SEC'Y.

Committees.

Devotional,	W. M. PERRY, Chairman.
Bible Study,	H. A. WISE, Chairman.
Missions,	W. M. PERRY, Chairman.
Finance,	G. BASKERVILL, Chairman.
Membership,	E. A. SEARK, Chairman.
Handbook,	H. A. WISE, Chairman.
Building,	L. PRIDDY, Chairman.



Object.

The salvation of our students through faith in Christ, and the promotion of their welfare by furnishing mutual support and encouragement in well doing and correct living. The stamping out of vice and the development of higher morals.

Statistics.

For the Year ending February 28th, 1898.

MEMBERSHIP :—ACTIVE,	74	ASSOCIATE,	46
BIBLE CLASSES,	3	REGULAR MEETINGS HELD,	60
MEMBERS OF CLASSES,	60	AVERAGE ATTENDANCE,	65

Delegates to Convention.

SUMMER SCHOOL, KNOXVILLE, TENN., JUNE,	4
STATE CONVENTION, LYNCHBURG, VA., FEBRUARY,	7
STUDENT VOLUNTEERS, CLEVELAND, O., FEBRUARY,	1

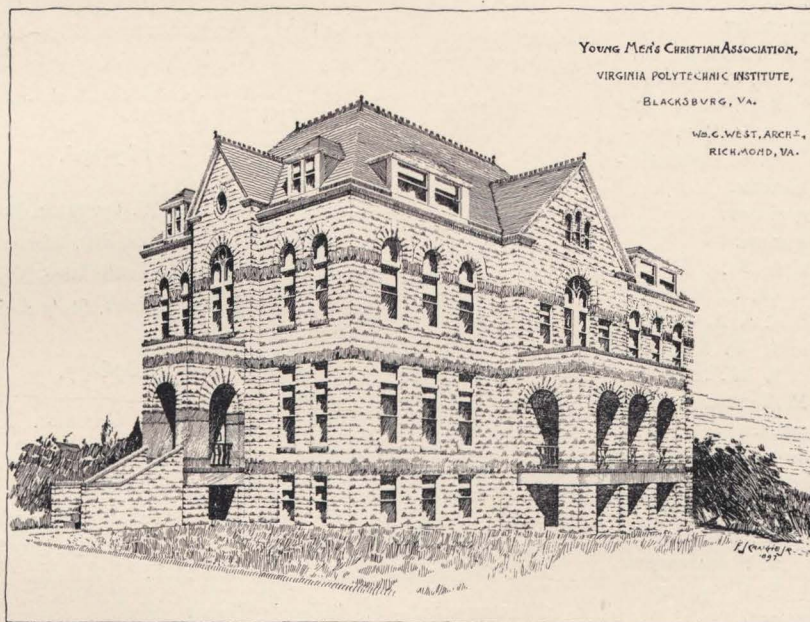
The Association contributes annually to the Virginia State Committee and the International Committee Regular Y. M. C. A. departments are maintained in the Institute publications.

Y. M. C. A.

PROPOSED BUILDING TO COST \$15,000.

Already Subscribed to Fund, \$7,500.

(By Faculty and Students, \$4,750.)



The above building will contain an Auditorium, Library, Reading-Room, Parlor and Reception-Room, Gymnasium, Baths, Bowling Alley, Bicycle Room, Bible-Class Rooms, Committee Rooms, Office, and Sleeping Apartments, and will be used solely by the Young Men's Christian Association as a home for its members. Subscriptions to the building fund are solicited. Any information will be cheerfully furnished by

LAWRENCE PRIDY, CHAIRMAN.

Committee on Building.

PROF. L. S. RANDOLPH.

O. C. THOMPSON.

D. F. MORTON.

J. A. BURRUSS.

Treasurer, C. I. WADE.

Brotherhood of St. Andrew.

Chartered April 15th, 1893.

Officers—1897-98.

REV. UPTON B. THOMAS, Rector.
E. V. JONES, JR., Director.
J. S. A. JOHNSON, Vice-Director.
E. A. SEPAK, Secretary and Treasurer.

Former Officers—1893-94.

REV. JOHN MCGILL, Rector.
C. G. PORCHER, Director.
L. D. KLINE, Vice-Director.
R. V. SLAUGHTER, Secretary and Treasurer.

Members.

GEORGE BASKERVILL.
R. B. H. BEGG.
R. C. BEVERLEY.
R. H. C. BEVERLEY.
W. C. BURNETT.
S. F. CHAPMAN.
G. P. COX.
D. B. CROCKETT.
W. B. CROWGY.
J. H. GIBBONEY.
A. B. HUBARD.
E. V. JONES, JR.
W. C. JONES.
J. S. A. JOHNSON.
J. W. LATANE.
L. W. MANN.
MEADE MCBRYDE.
R. J. NEELY.
R. A. POWELL.
S. K. PIERCE.
L. T. PRICE.
W. B. PRICE.
B. F. RANDOLPH.
N. S. SMITH.
E. A. SEPAK.
P. P. SLOAN.
U. B. THOMAS.
E. C. TAYLOR.
J. L. UHLER.



1894-95.

REV. JOHN MCGILL, Rector.
F. W. SIMPSON, Director.
T. E. DASHIELL, Vice-Director.
R. P. JOHNSON, Sec'y and Treas.

1895-96.

REV. E. W. GAMBLE, Rector.
E. V. JONES, JR., Director.
A. B. HUBARD, Vice-Director.
R. P. JOHNSON, Sec'y and Treas.

1896-97.

REV. E. W. GAMBLE, Rector.
E. V. JONES, Director.
J. S. A. JOHNSON, Vice-Director.
E. A. SEPAK, Sec'y and Treas.

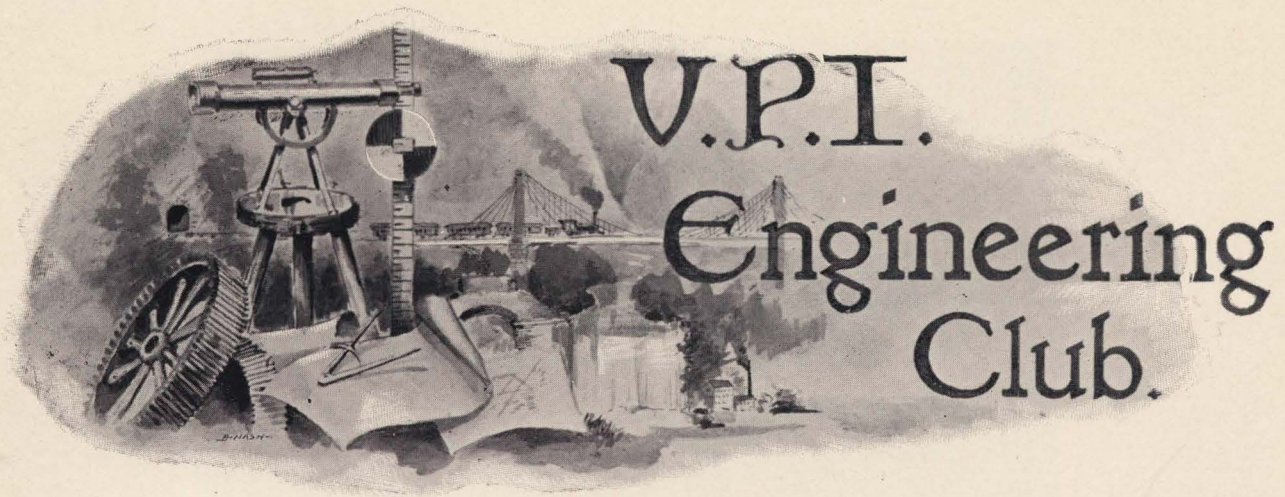
ST. ANDREW'S DAY.—November 28th.

PERIODICAL.—*St. Andrew's Cross*.

CONVENES.—Sunday afternoon.

HYMN.—"Jesus calls us o'er the tumult."

Object:—The sole object of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew is the spread of Christ's Kingdom among young men; and, to this end, every man desiring to become a member thereof, must pledge himself to obey the rules of the Brotherhood so long as he shall be a member. These rules are two: The Rule of Prayer and the Rule of Service. The Rule of Prayer is to pray daily for the spread of Christ's Kingdom among young men and for God's blessing upon the labors of the Brotherhood. The Rule of Service is to make an earnest effort each week to bring at least one young man within hearing of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, as set forth in the services of the Church and in young men's Bible-classes.



Officers.

- BENJAMIN HARRISON, JR., '98 President.
 M. H. HAIG, '98 Vice-President.
 E. C. TAYLOR, '98 Secretary.
 D. M. TAYLOR, '98 Treasurer.

Executive Committee.

- Benjamin Harrison, Jr., '98 (*ex officio*)
 E. C. Taylor, '98 (*ex officio*)
 J. S. A. Johnson, '98 Chairman
 W. F. Bell, '99
 R. H. C. Beverley, '99

Members.

- | | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|-----------------------------|
| A. H. Apperson, B. S. '94 | G. W. Hutchinson, '99 | R. J. Neely, '99 |
| J. Adams, '98 | L. W. Jerrell, M. E., '94 | W. M. Patton, C. E. |
| C. L. Allen, '99 | W. N. Jones Jr., '98 | L. S. Randolph, M. E. |
| J. A. Burruss, '98 | B. S. Johnson, '98 | Lieut. D. C. Shanks, U.S.A. |
| G. Boswell, '99 | E. J. Kerfoot, B. S., '97 | E. S. Smith, '98 |
| F. C. Carper, '99 | J. G. Kinckle, '99 | E. S. Shieb, '99 |
| G. W. Conner, M. E. '92 | C. Lee, B. S., '96 | O. C. Thompson, B. S., '96 |
| C. M. Christian, '97 | W. D. Ligon, '99 | F. P. Turner, B. S., '96 |
| J. B. Danforth, '98 | R. E. Moore, B. S., '96 | K. Weisiger, '99 |
| E. Graham, '98 | R. S. M. Mitchell, '98 | O. F. Whitehurst, '98 |
| P. A. Hobday, '98 | D. F. Morton, B. S., '97 | |
| A. B. Hubard, '99 | H. H. Holt, '99 | |



THESPIAN CLUB.

JACOBS
SEPAK

GIBSON
WHITEHURST

HARRISON
BROWN

STULL
MOORE

HARDY
OAKES

FRAZIER
KIRKPATRICK



V. P. I. Thespian Club.

Officers.

RALPH E. FRAZIER	President.
H. M. JACOBS	Vice-President.
E. A. SEPARK	Secretary and Treasurer.
G. E. GIBSON	Manager.

Members.

Professor E. A. Smyth	O. F. Whitehurst	L. W. Oakes
J. W. Stull	J. R. Brown	W. R. Kirkpatrick
J. K. Harrison	C. E. Hardy	H. H. Hurt



THE GERMAN CLUB.

The V. P. I. German Club.

1897-98.

Officers.

RALPH E. FRAZIER, President and Leader.
R. H. C. BEVERLEY, Vice-President.
FRANK C. CARPER, Secretary and Treasurer.

Members.

George Baskervill.	H. M. Jacocks.
W. F. Bell.	B. V. Jones.
J. A. Boorman.	E. J. Kerfoot.
O. M. Cannon.	P. H. Lightfoot.
L. C. Covington.	M. B. McBryde.
J. B. Danforth.	D. F. Morton.
A. P. Eskridge.	J. M. McBryde, Jr.
G. E. Gibson.	R. J. Neely.
Edward Graham.	Prof. R. C. Price.
M. E. Gerber.	A. A. Phlegar.
H. H. Hurt.	C. G. Rorebeck.
J. K. Harrison.	Col. D. C. Shanks.
A. B. Hubbard.	E. A. Separk.
G. W. Hutchinson.	P. W. Turner.



MANDOLIN AND GLEE CLUB.

CARPER
DABNEY
OAKES

FOLAND
HURT

COX

HUTCHINSON
FRAZIER

HARRISON
JACKSON

DICKINSON

SEPAK
CARTER



V. P. I. Mandolin and Glee Club.

Officers.

RALPH E. FRAZIER	President.
EDWARD A. SEPARK	Secretary and Treasurer.
-----	Leader.
FRANK C. CARPER	Musical Director.

Instrumental.

FRANK C. CARPER, First Violin (Leader.)
 CLARKE V. FOLAND, First Violin.
 CHISWELL DABNEY, JR., Second Violin.
 WILLIAM F. COX, Second Violin.
 GREEN H. NOWLIN, JR., First Mandolin.
 JAMES A. JACKSON, First Mandolin.
 HENRY M. JACOBS, Second Mandolin.
 J. KENT HARRISON, Guitar.
 PETE DICKINSON, Guitar.
 HENRY H. HURT, Guitar.
 GEORGE I. HURT, Guitar.
 EDWARD A. SEPARK, Guitar.
 CHARLES F. BROWN, Guitar.
 JAMES M. JOHNSON, Guitar.
 EPHRAIM MCGAVOCK, Guitar.
 LEWIS W. OAKES, Banjo.

Vocal.

RALPH E. FRAZIER, First Tenor.
 KENDALL WEISIGER, First Tenor.
 J. KENT HARRISON, First Tenor.
 HENRY H. HURT, First Tenor.
 GEORGE I. HURT, Second Tenor.
 JOE R. BROWN, Second Tenor.
 JAMES M. JOHNSON, Second Tenor.
 GEORGE W. HUTCHINSON, Second Tenor.
 WILLIAM F. COX, First Basso.
 EDWARD A. SEPARK, First Basso.
 CHISWELL DABNEY, JR., First Basso.
 HENRY M. JACOBS, First Basso.
 FRANK C. CARPER, Second Basso.
 JOHN W. STULL, Second Basso.
 CHARLES F. BROWN, Second Basso.
 CLARKE V. FOLAND, Second Basso.

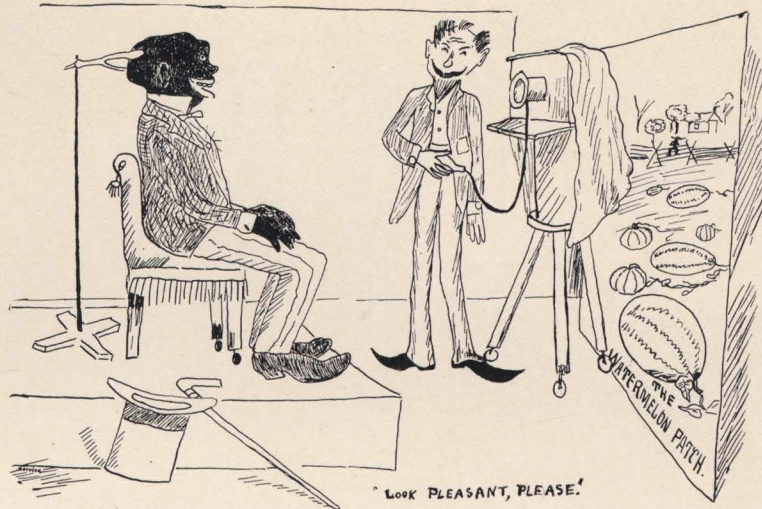


Officers.

JOHN W. STULL, President.
 FREDERICK WILSON, Secretary and Treasurer.
 CHARLES M. CHRISTIAN, Manager.

Members.

Dr. Edward E. Sheib.	John W. Stull.
Carl E. Hardy.	Charles M. Christian.
Frederick Wilson.	Chiswell Dabney, Jr.
H. K. Carter.	C. G. Rorebeck,
W. F. Bell.	



Knights of the Ruby Lamp.

Chiefs.

Chief Knight M. H. HAIG, *Knight of the Seeds.*
Lieutenant Chief Knight J. L. CARR, *Knight of the Forbes.*
Recording Knight E. P. WALLER, *Knight of the Climax*

Knightage.

R. B. Boykin, Knight of the Eastman.	P. H. Lightfoot, Knight of the Cramer.
J. A. Burruss, Knight of the Hammer.	C. P. Miles, Knight of the Wuestner.
G. P. Cox, Knight of the Acme.	E. A. Separk, Knight of the Stanley.
A. M. Dawson, Knight of the Eagle.	R. B. Sloan, Knight of the Excelsior.
J. R. Hardesty, Knight of the Harvard.	G. J. Stoneman, Knight of the Ajax.
G. W. Hutchinson, Knight of the Carbutt.	M. H. Smith, Knight of the Ajax.



V. P. I. Skating Club.

Officers.

EDWARD GRAHAM, President.
 BENJAMIN HARRISON, Vice-President.
 R. H. C. BEVERLEY, Secretary and Treasurer.

Members.

Senior Class.

T. R. Barnette.	L. C. Covington.
J. B. Danforth.	W. R. H. Bush.
Ralph E. Frazier.	P. A. Hobday.
R. S. M. Mitchell.	G. C. Reid,
E. S. Smith.	F. M. Waring.
O. F. Whitehurst.	W. Rosenfeld.

Junior Class.

W. F. Bell.	G. P. Cox,
A. B. Hubbard.	C. B. Connely.
R. J. Neely.	Fred Wilson.

Sophomore Class.

J. A. Boorman.	J. R. Brown.
H. K. Carter.	J. L. Carr.
W. H. Cory.	A. Ellett.
M. E. Gerber.	L. L. Jewel.
E. J. Skelding.	J. A. Williams.
R. S. Wilkins.	

Freshman Class.

A. M. Dawson.	J. E. Durphey.
J. H. Gibbony.	F. P. Gatlin.
J. H. Gwathmey.	W. D. Hall.
G. T. Hundley.	J. B. Huffard.
P. H. Lightfoot.	P. C. Morris.
H. J. Oewell.	R. R. Percival
F. Powell.	J. G. Ridley.
J. McC. Sample.	A. J. Strouse.
R. B. Sloan.	A. H. Skelding.
E. Werner.	R. W. Williams.



MOTTO : Yell ! Yell ! Yell !!! Yell like hell !

RALPH E. FRAZIER, Great Hog.
 W. F. COX, Great Sow.
 E. GRAHAM, Recording Hog.
 E. C. TAYLOR, Hog of Finance.

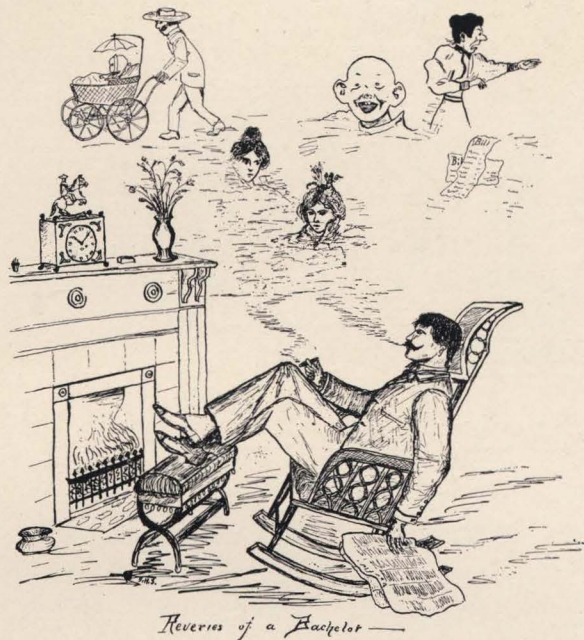
Hogs.

T. R. BARNETTE. G. P. COX. B. HARRISON. G. W. HUTCHINSON.

Shoats.

W. R. H. Bush.	J. G. Kinckle.
J. A. Burruss.	H. B. Lewis.
W. H. Burroughs.	P. H. Lightfoot.
R. H. C. Beverley.	R. S. M. Mitchell.
J. R. Brown.	R. J. Neely.
G. Baskervill.	Charles Nettleton.
J. A. Boorman.	L. W. Oakes.
W. F. Bell.	C. G. Rorebeck.
F. C. Carper.	E. C. Ramsey.
A. M. Cannon.	W. Rosenfeld.
L. C. Covington.	B. A. Rucker.
C. B. Connely.	E. J. Skelding.
H. A. Dobie.	G. J. Stoneman.
J. B. Danforth.	T. H. Shelton.
A. M. Dawson.	J. C. Terry.
G. L. Fentress.	D. M. Taylor.
M. E. Gerber.	P. R. Turner.
F. P. Gatlin.	G. H. Turnbull.
J. K. Harrison.	A. L. Williamson.
P. A. Hobday.	Fred Wilson.
A. B. Hubard.	J. A. Williams.
H. M. Jacocks.	O. F. Whitehurst.
W. N. Jones, Jr.	J. S. Winston.
B. V. Jones.	K. Weisiger.
J. W. Jacocks.	C. M. Wood.
	H. A. Wise.

The Bachelors' Club.



Reveries of a Bachelor

Officers.

Worthy-Chief,

G. BASKERVILL.

Vice-Chief,

R. H. C. BEVERLEY.

No Secretary; work all unwritten,
and no letters to write.

Treasurer,

D. M. TAYLOR.

Tobacco Bummer,

B. HARRISON.

Honorary Members.

INST. A. T. ESKRIDGE,

ASS'T. E. J. KERFOOT,

DR. F. S. ROOP.

Rejected Candidates.

O. C. THOMPSON,

C. LEE,

W. R. KIRKPATRICK,

C. M. CHRISTIAN,

R. E. MOORE,

Active Members.

*J. Adams,

R. H. C. Beverley,

L. C. Covington,

A. B. Hubard,

C. G. Rorebeck,

O. F. Whitehurst,

G. Baskervill,

J. A. Boorman,

J. B. Danforth,

G. W. Hutchinson,

D. M. Taylor,

F. Wilson,

W. F. Bell,

A. M. Cannon,

B. Harrison,

G. C. Reid,

*F. M. Waring,

Object.

To promote good-will and happiness amongst mankind on earth, and to keep him aloof from that condition in which are such dire calamities, as exemplified in his history, making it possible for him to gain that Empyrean beyond.

Qualification for Membership.

A misogynist of acknowledged reputation.

Any member who shall, after due consideration, enter into the bonds of matrimony, shall be totally excommunicated and shall have the word "LUNATIC" branded upon his forehead.

*Expelled.



Bicycle Club.

Officers.

RALPH E. FRAZIER President.
 FRANCIS M. WARING Vice-President.
 E. P. WALLER Secretary and Treasurer.

Pace Makers.

J. E. DICKENSON.

E. M. SYDNOR.

Route Committee.

H. K. CARTER.

F. M. WARING.

M. B. MCBRYDE.

Members.

R. B. BOYKIN.

M. B. MCBRYDE.

J. R. BROWN.

W. ROSENFELD.

H. K. CARTER.

ST. C. STUART.

J. E. DICKINSON.

E. M. SYDNOR.

W. A. EARHART.

J. W. ST. CLAIR.

R. E. FRAZIER.

W. H. TROLLINGER.

P. H. LIGHTFOOT.

F. M. WARING.

C. P. MILES.

E. P. WALLER.

In Faculty.

PROFESSOR ALWOOD.

PROFESSOR PARROTT.

INSTRUCTOR ROOP.

DOCTOR NILES.

PROFESSOR SAUNDERS.

INSTRUCTOR STULL.

PROFESSOR PRITCHARD.

INSTRUCTOR CONNER.

INSTRUCTOR TURNER.

PROFESSOR NOURSE.

INSTRUCTOR JOHNSON.

INSTRUCTOR STUART.

PROFESSOR RANDOLPH.

INSTRUCTOR ESKRIDGE.

INSTRUCTOR KARR.

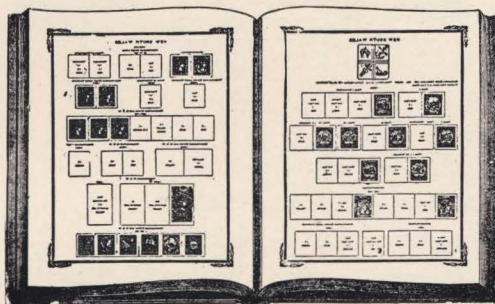
PROFESSOR SMYTH.

INSTRUCTOR ELLETT.

INSTRUCTOR HARDY.

V. P. I. Stamp Club.

Organized :
February, 10th,
1897.



Motto :
"Collect."

Officers.

PAUL A. HOBDAY,	President.
L. CLYDE COVINGTON,	Vice-President.
JOHN L. CARR,	Secretary and Treasurer.

Members.

W. C. Burnett.	L. C. Covington.	J. L. Carr.	J. A. Burruss.
W. B. Crockett.	P. A. Hobday.	J. W. Jacocks.	
G. J. Stoneman.			



MOTTO.—Mum.

COLORS.—Black and Yellow.

FAVORITE DISH.—Turkey.

FAVORITE DRINK : “ Mumm’s Extra Dry.”

Yell.

Helle—belle—bella—bellus.

What in the H—— is the matter with us?

Boom te rah ! Boom to ree !

S. P. C. !

Turkey !!!!

Eagles.

E. GRAHAM, Finder.

B. HARRISON, Seizer.

A. M. CANNON, Wringer.

T. R. BARNETTE, Toater.

O. F. WHITEHURST, Chaplain.

Hawks.

G. W. HUTCHINSON, Carver.

L. C. COVINGTON, Doctor.

J. K. HARRISON, Picker.

P. H. LIGHTFOOT, Divider.

W. F. BELL, Chef.

MEETING PLACE—FACULTY ALLEY.

Banquet follows raid.



W. E. FRAZIER
J. B. HARRISON
D. HARRISON
D. H. TAYLOR
R. H. GIBBERLEY
E. GRAHAM
W. HUTCHINSON



RICHMOND CLUB.

DANFORTH	BURRUSS	GUERRANT	GRAHAM	CANNON
WEISIGER	SEPAK	MILES	JACKSON	
HUNDLEY		SYDNOR	MOORE	

Richmond Club.

Organized January 6th, 1894.

MOTTO : " Do others or they 'll do you."

SONG : " I long to see the girl I left behind."

OCCUPATION : Killing time.

COLORS : Orange and cream.

Yell.

Roi ! Roi ! Ri !

V. P. I !

Capital City, do or die !

Richmond Club ! Boom !!

Officers.

EDWARD AUGUSTUS SEPARK,	President.
KENDALL WEISIGER,	Vice-President.
CLARENCE PAUL MILES,	Secretary and Treasurer.
JAMES ALFRED JACKSON,	Sergeant-at-Arms.

Members.

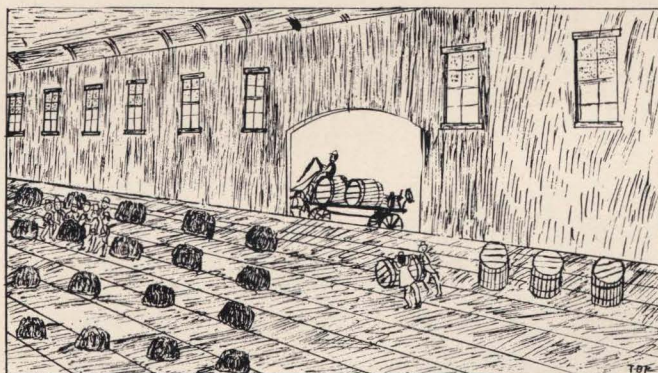
- Deas Archer, Class of 1900, Cadet Corporal Company A.
- William Meade Archer, Class of 1900, Cadet Corporal Company C.
- Milton Lee Bloomberg, Class of 1898, Cadet Color Guard.
- Julian Ashby Burruss, Class of 1898, Cadet Captain Battery E.
- Arthur Middleton Cannon, Class of 1898, Cadet Drum Major.
- John Buchanan Danforth, Class of 1898, Cadet Captain Company D.
- Edward Graham, Class of 1898, Cadet Captain Company C.
- Robert Alfred Guerrant, Class of 1898, Cadet Battery E.
- Thomas Gilbert Hankins, Class of 1899, Cadet Company D.
- George Tyler Hundley, Class of 1901, Cadet Company C.
- James Alfred Jackson, Class of 1900, Cadet Corporal Company C.
- Clarence Paul Miles, Class of 1901, Cadet Company A.
- Harry Talman Moore, Class of 1901, Cadet Company B.
- Edward Augustus Separk, Class of 1899, Cadet Sergeant Company B.
- Edward Meredith Sydnor, Class of 1901, Cadet Company B.
- Kendall Weisiger, Class of 1899, Cadet Sergeant Company C.

Petersburg Club.

ORGANIZED, OCTOBER 1ST, 1895.

COLORS—Orange and Garnet. MOTTO—"A jolly good time."

YELL—Tolly, balally, balloo ;
Rip, rah, roo ;
Boom to rah, boom to roo ;
Petersburg, Petersburg ;
Hipity, zipity, zoo.



Officers.

BENJAMIN HARRISON,	President.
B. V. JONES,	Vice-President.
P. H. LIGHTFOOT,	Secretary and Treasurer.

Members.

O. C. Thompson, '96.	R. R. Percivall, '01.	R. McK. Cuthbert, 01.
T. B. Pryor, '01.	P. H. Lightfoot, '01.	
B. V. Jones, '99.	W. N. Jones, Jr., '98.	Benjamin Harrison, '98.



COLORS—Orange and black. MOTTO—Dead easy.

FAVORITE DISH—Oysters.

Occupied chiefly in attending Buck's daily receptions.

FAVORITE SONG—"Home, Sweet Home."

Club meets every morning at sick call in the surgeon's office ; roll is called, and absentees reported by the surgeon for neglect of duty.

YELL—Boom-a-lacker, Boom-a-lacker,
 Bow, Wow, Wow !
 Ching-a-lacker, Ching-a-lacker,
 Chow, Chow, Chow !!
 Boom-a-lacker, Ching a lacker,
 Who are we ?
 We are from "the City by the Sea."
 Norfolk !!!

Officers.

President,	O. F. WHITEHURST.
Secretary and Treasurer,	G. L. FENTRESS.
Sergeant-at-Arms,	H. A. DOBIE.

Members.

G. C. Reid.	W. C. Burnett.	H. M. Jacocks.	J. W. Jacocks.
W. H. Burroughs.		W. H. Cory.	

North Carolina Club.



YELL—N. C. rah, never in a scrape,
Carolina Tar Heels,
Old North State !

COLORS—Grizzly Green and Calf Bay.

MOTTO—“ Hurrah for h—1, who cares for fire.”

FAVORITE OCCUPATION—'Possum and coon hunting.

FAVORITE DISH—Fat back and sow belly.

Music, Fruit and Poop Beer.

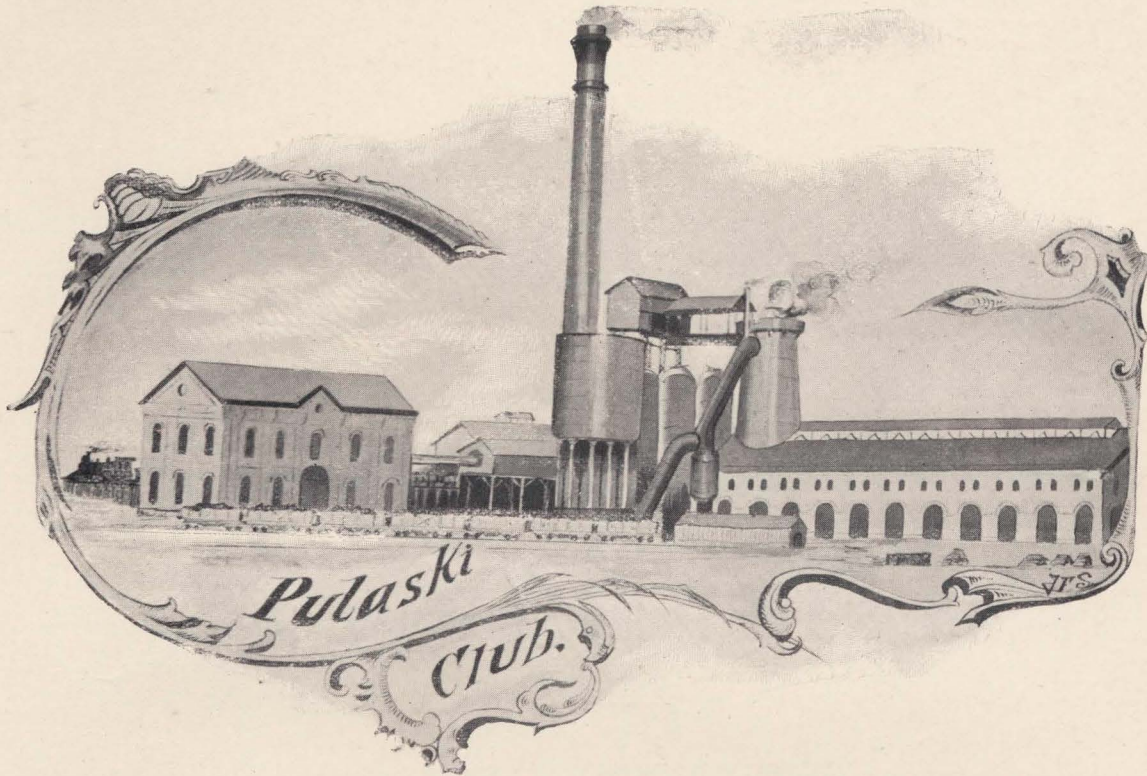
SONG—“ We may have seen better days.”

Officers.

RALPH E. FRAZIER,	President.
R. S. WILKINS,	Vice-President.
C. B. CONNELLY,	Secretary and Treasurer.

Members.

C. B. Connelly.	Ralph E. Frazier.	F. P. Gatlin.	S. K. Pierce.
O. W. Nicewonger.	J. M. Sample.	N. S. Smith.	
J. A. Williams.	“ Reddie Wilkins.”		



MOTTO: "Live and Let Live."

COLORS: White and Dark-Blue.

YELL: Hobble, gobble! Razzle, dazzle!

Zis, Boom, Bi!

Pulaski! Pulaski!

V. P. I.

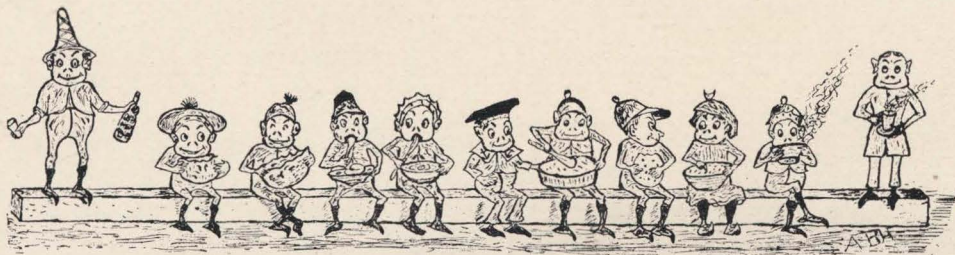
Officers.

W. R. H. BUSH	PRESIDENT
W. A. EARHART	VICE-PRESIDENT
W. W. WYSOR	SECRETARY AND TREASURER
A. J. STRAUSS	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

Members.

M. D. BUSH	W. R. H. BUSH	W. A. EARHART	W. D. HALL
G. T. JORDAN	J. S. PAINTER	W. G. PAINTER	C. S. PRATT
	A. J. STRAUSS	W. W. WYSOR.	

HONORARY: JOHN F. STRAUSS, '96.



The Sleepy Hollow Gormandizers.

GEORGE BASKERVILL, STEWARD.

R. H. C. BEVERLY.

J. A. BURRUSS.

E. GRAHAM.

B. HARRISON.

J. K. HARRISON.

D. F. MORTON.

N. S. SMITH.

D. M. TAYLOR.

E. C. TAYLOR.

O. F. WHITEHURST.



Shades Inn Club.

W. R. H. BUSH, Protector of the Growley Pot.

WILLIE ROSENFELD, Protector's Right Hand Man.

EDWARD S. SHEIB, Consumer of Sauer Kraut and Onions.

GEORGE C. REID, Protector's Left Hand Man.

CLYDE L. COVINGTON, Potato Masher.

MINOR H. SMITH, Taster of Wines and Liquors.

WILLIE H. BURROUGHS, Masticator of Rolls.

T. ROY BARNETT, Bean Expert.

MILTON E. GERBER, Love Digester.

JAMES A. JACKSON, Beef Chewer.

SAMUEL G. BRALLEY, Juice Drinker.

RALPH E. FRAZIER, Deceased Member.

WILLIE D. HALL, Pot Licker.

JAMES M. JOHNSON, Tooth-pick Chewer.

DR. FRANK S. ROOP, Punster.

P. HOWELL LIGHTFOOT, Rival Love Digester.

Rules.

Come early to avoid the rush.

Don't wipe on the table cloth.

Don't all grab at once, plenty of time.

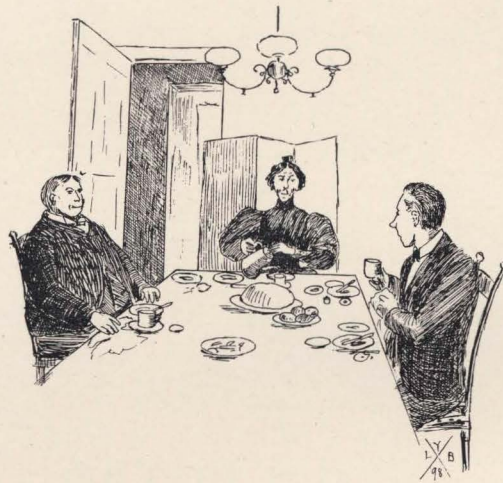
Never leave a buckwheat cake unseized.

Don't begin eating during grace.

Leave the last bone in the dish.

Chew, George, or pass on the leather.

"Spot," remember we have three meals a day.



The Imperial Club.

PROFESSOR W. D. SAUNDERS.

INSTRUCTOR A. T. ESKRIDGE.

INSTRUCTOR F. P. TURNER.

INSTRUCTOR E. J. KERFOOT.

Rev. U. B. Thomas

Mr. R. E. Moore, '96

Mr. F. Saunders, Jr., '97

Mr. A. M. Cannon, '98

Mr. J. B. Danforth, '98

Mr. W. N. Jones, Jr., '98

Mr. J. I. Palmer, '98

Mr. W. F. Bell, '99

Mr. G. L. Fentress, '99

Mr. G. W. Hutchinson, '99

Mr. B. V. Jones, '99

Mr. C. Dabney, '00

Mr. A. M. Dawson, '01



V. P. I. Farmers' Alliance.

MOTTO—"Hoe, Dig or Die."

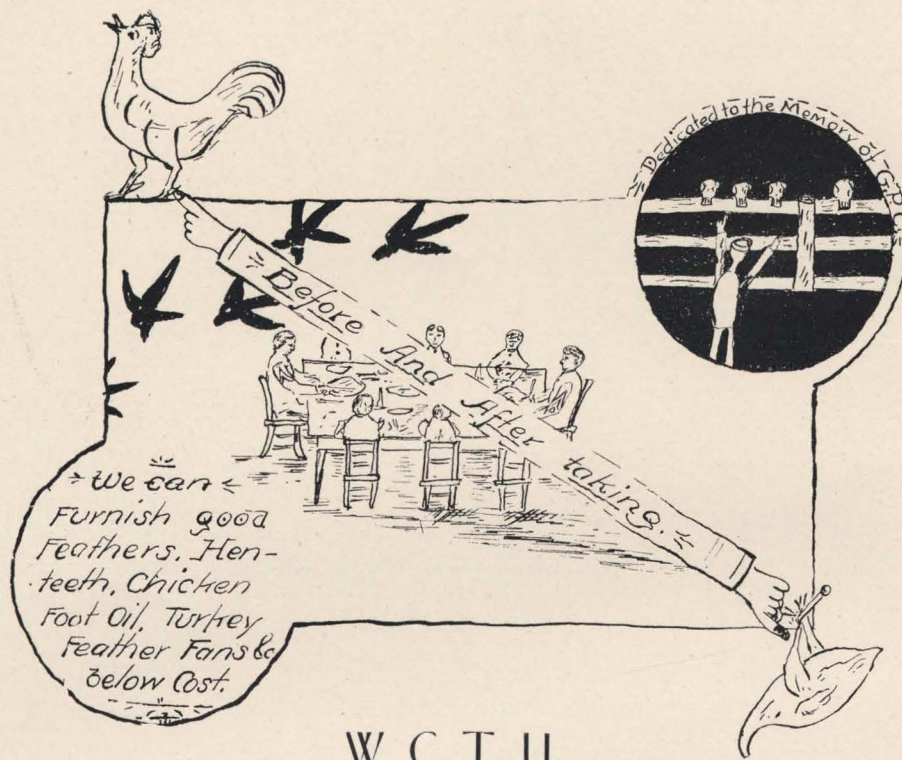
COLORS—Straw and Green.

Officers.

ROBERT ALFRED GUERRANT,	. . .	President.
JAMES GOSS FERNEYHOUGH,	. . .	Vice-President.
HARVEY LEE PRICE,	. . .	Secretary and Treasurer.
GEORGE BELFIELD CAVE,	. . .	Sergeant-at-Arms.
WILLIAM MONTGOMERY PERRY,	. . .	Chaplain.

Members.

JAMES GOSS FERNEYHOUGH, '98, Washington, D. C.
ROBERT ALFRED GUERRANT, '98, Richmond, Va.
WILLIAM MONTGOMERY PERRY, '98, Wylliesburg, Va.
HARVEY LEE PRICE, '98, Price's Forks, Va.
AUBREY ELLIOTT BUCK, '01, Waynesboro, Va.
GEORGE BELFIELD CAVE, '01, Madison, Va.
MICHAEL HOWARD GARR, '01, Madison, Va.
IRVING TAYLOR JACOBS, '01, Orange, Va.
WILFRED PULLIAM RICAMORE, '01, Berryville, Va.
ARCHER ROOP, '01, Childress, Va.
THOMAS GILBERT WOOD, '01, Priddy's Va.



W. C. T. U.

(WHOLESALE CHICKEN THIEVES UNION.)

FAVORITE DRINK—(Ask Mike, confidentially.)

FAVORITE FOOD—White Meat and Dressing.

FAVORITE SONG—“The Beautiful Land of Greece.”

COLORS—Leghorn Yellow and Turkey Red.

MOTTO—“Too low they roost, who roost beneath the stars.”

TIME OF MEETING—“Oft in the stilly night.”

Cocks and Hens.

Cock of the Walk,	GEORGE P. COX.
Brooding Hen,	EDWARD C. TAYLOR.
Setting Hen,	JAMES A. BOORMAN.
Game Cock,	WILLIAM F. COX.

Cockerels and Pullets.

John L. Carr.	R. Harry C. Beverley.	Francis M. Waring.
George H. Turnbull.	Robert J. Walker.	



Harvey's Meadow.

MOTTO—"Eat, drink and be merry."

Grazers.

FRANK C. CARPER, (Kar-Kar.)

EPHRAIM MCGAVOCK, (Pun-Spun.)

J. CLOYD MCGAVOCK, (Max Meadows Dude.)

ARCHER A. PHLEGAR, JR., (Laughing Tot.)

GILBERT PRICE, (Das Mädchen Smasher.)

THEO. B. PRYOR, (Big Eater.)

EDWARD A. SEPARK, (Gee-park.)

WILL H. TROLINGER, (Lazy Will.)

KENDALL WEISIGER, (Tinker.)

ALBERT L. WILLIAMSON, (Egg Eater.)



P. T. H.

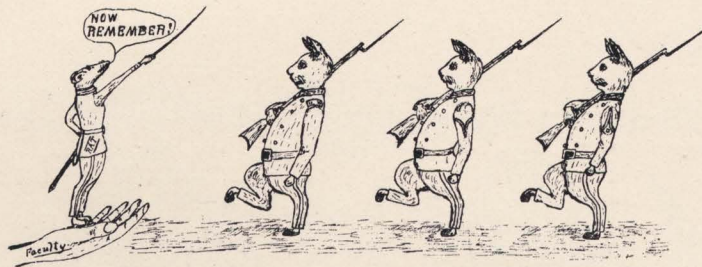
OCCUPATION—Faking the doctor. FAVORITE STUDY—Diamond Dick, Jr.
 FAVORITE SONG—“ Never let the keg run dry ”
 FAVORITE DISH—Pat’s chicken.
 FAVORITE DRINK—Tom and Jerry. MEETING PLACE—Strawberry Patch.
 MOTTO—Do the Faculty or they ’ll do you.

Officers.

P. H. LIGHTFOOT,	President.
A. L. WILLIAMSON,	Vice-President.
F. POWELL,	Secretary and Treasurer.

Members.

R. B. Boykin.	W. H. Burroughs.	R. McK. Cuthbert.
G. T. Hundley.		R. R. Percival.
T. B. Pryor.	J. M. Sample.	E. M. Sydnor.
		P. W. Turner.



“ AND THEY WAXED EXCEEDINGLY FRESH.”

R. R. R. R.

J. H. VAN DYKE,	President.
G. W. WITT,	Vice-President.
F. P. GATLIN,	Secretary.
E. C. ROBINSON,	Treasurer.
R. A. POWELL,	Sergeant-at-Arms.

Members.

BRALLEY.	MOREHEAD.
DURPHEY.	NETTLETON.
FLANNAGAN.	PRATT.
GRANT.	RAMSEY.
GRAY.	SKELDING.
HUFFORD.	WILLIAMS.
HURT.	WYCHE.

Motto—“ Never say die.”



THE FIFTH DIVISION.

The Fifth Division.

Officers.

EDWARD C. TAYLOR,	President.
J. KENT HARRISON,	Vice-President.
GEORGE P. COX,	Secretary.
FRANCIS M. WARING,	Treasurer.
GEORGE H. TURNBULL,	Sergeant-at-Arms.

Chicken Swipers.

ROBERT S. WILKINS, (Chief.) ROBERT J. WALKER.
WILLIAM F. COX.

THE FIFTH DIVISION.

THE opening of each session must, necessarily, be similar to all previous openings, but, notwithstanding, this similarity, there was something surprisingly startling connected with the opening of this session. The heretofore quiet and peaceable Fifth Division was the scene of it all !

While walking up the parade grounds, the first thing one would hear was some one yelling "Rat in the Fifth Division," and then this would be completely drowned out by numerous cries of "— — —," and the noise of many, many feet hurrying towards the audacious "Rat."

So things continued, until soon there would very rarely, indeed, be heard that cry so pleasing to all members of the Division. Indeed, everything had grown so quiet that we were not expecting the rare treat which was now to come.

It happened that a *meeting* was held in No. 122, and many Rats were invited. They came, they stayed, they went—to the first floor, where they were met and politely requested to stay longer. The request was urgent, but, at the same time, objections were raised. A discussion ensued, which was, happily, ended by several buckets of water mysteriously finding their way onto the heads of those who objected.

Chickens, turkeys and geese also found their way into our midst, and gladdened many a heart and palate by the comfort they brought with them. Even "Appleseeds'" tomatoes could not resist the pressing invitation. Well, wonder how many tomatoes the committee from the Legislature ate while here ?

The result of such feasting was beneficial in many ways, and, especially, in that it strengthened two of our number so much that in "scraps" they were both victorious.

We have grown used to most everything reasonable, but we were not prepared for what happened one night long after lights were out. A dazzlingly, brilliant light awoke us. At first it was supposed to be a fire, and "Wish" was immediately dispatched for a bucket of water; but, on returning, found that "Mike" and "Reddy" had simply come together in the hall with their caps off.

Yes; "Bill" had a trunk for which every one else, as well as himself, had a peculiar liking, and many, many times did "Bill" have to hunt that trunk. And now "Bill" has no trunk—only a piece ! He has a horn now, but it is very doubtful if he will have it very long.

As a peace-loving set of fellows, what was more natural during the Senior-Sophomore difficulty than to see the flag of the noble Fifth Division suspended from the wires in front of Barracks ? Did it not settle the difficulty, and did any one dare to remove *it*?

But, alas, our experience has not been one of continuous pleasure. While it is true most of us had the pleasure of "hitting grit," and *all* derived full enjoyment out of the dress (?) parade of March 13th, some of us derived a little more than enjoyment ! Your memory, dear fellows, will always be held most sacred ; and your association with the grand old Fifth will always be a source of fond recollection.

Who among us will ever forget that chase a tin can gave "Sophomore" from the Fifth Division door?

Who among us will ever forget the "Hand Organ," the two "Fireflies," "Wish" and his bucket, "E. C." and his inspections, "Neely" and his experience in town, "Piper" and his chickens, "Farmer" and his "grit-hitting," or who will ever forget any of his associations with the Fifth Division and its characteristic features, especially that desirable characteristic which has been so marked, and which we so seldom find—everybody "sticking together" like one man !

Long may the members of the Old Fifth live and prosper !

*His Excellency J. Hugo Tyler,
Governor of Virginia.*

Sir:—

We hereby tender the services of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute Corps of Cadets, consisting of four companies of infantry, one light battery of artillery, commissioned and non-commissioned staff, and band, for the defense of our country in the event of war.

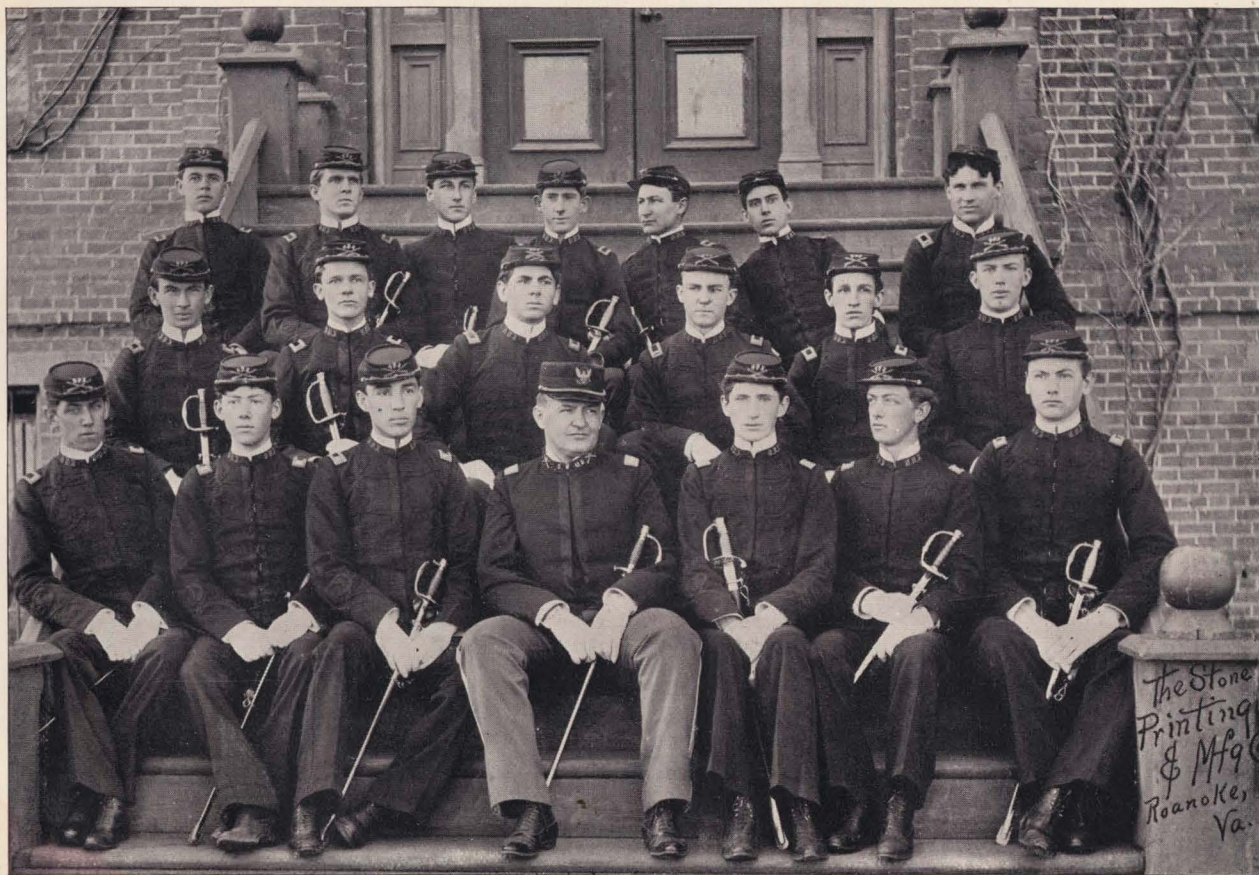
We respectfully petition that, if called into service, the United States War Department be requested to detail First Lieutenant D. C. Shanks, of the Eighteenth Infantry United States Army, as commandant of the corps.

[Signed]

JOHN B. DANFORTH, Captain Company D
JULIAN A. BURRUSS, Captain Battery E.
BENJAMIN HARRISON, Captain Company B.
EDWARD GRAHAM, Captain Company C.
JOHN S. A. JOHNSON, Captain Company A,

April 21st, 1898.





COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

2D LIEUT. BASKERVILL. 2D LIEUT. D. M. TAYLOR. 2D LIEUT. WARING 2D LIEUT. PAINTER. 2D LIEUT. MITCHELL. 2D LIEUT. COVINGTON. 1ST LIEUT. FRAZIER.
 1ST LIEUT. PRICE. 1ST LIEUT. SMITH. 1ST LIEUT. E. C. TAYLOR. CAPTAIN WHITEHURST. 1ST LIEUT. ADAMS. 1ST LIEUT. HOBDAJ.
 1ST LIEUT. WISE. CAPTAIN HARRISON. CAPTAIN DANFORTH. COMMANDANT SHANKS. CAPTAIN BURRUSS. CAPTAIN GRAHAM. CAPTAIN JOHNSON.

Corps of Cadets.

COLONEL D. C. SHANKS, (First Lieutenant 18th U. S. Infantry) Commandant.
 MAJOR F. P. TURNER, Assistant Commandant.
 FIRST LIEUTENANT H. A. WISE, Adjutant.
 FIRST LIEUTENANT H. L. PRICE, Quartermaster.
 SECOND LIEUTENANT R. S. M. MITCHELL, Signal Officer.
 C. L. ALLEN, Sergeant-Major.
 W. R. PRICE, Ordnance Sergeant.

Company A.

Captain, J. S. A. JOHNSON. *Second Lieutenant*, . . F. M. WARING.
First Lieutenant, . . P. A. HOBDAY. *First Sergeant*, . . M. A. SALE.

<p><i>Sergeants :</i> H. B. Lewis, W. D. Ligon, E. McGavock, G. P. Cox.</p>	<p><i>Corporals :</i> R. T. Ferguson, B. F. Randolph, J. G. Pelter, D. Archer.</p>
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Privates :

Bledsoe,	Gray,	Morris,	Sample,
Carr,	Hall,	Potts,	Sarver,
Chrisman,	Hanger,	Powell, R. R.	Sarver, W. P.
Crowgey,	Hicks,	Ramsey,	Strauss,
Derrick,	Killinger,	Reeve,	Winston,
Earle,	Lugar,	Ross,	Wood, J. G.
Eoff,	McCrosky,	Roop,	Woltz,
Fickling,	Mease,	Rucker,	Wyche.
Grant,	Miles,		

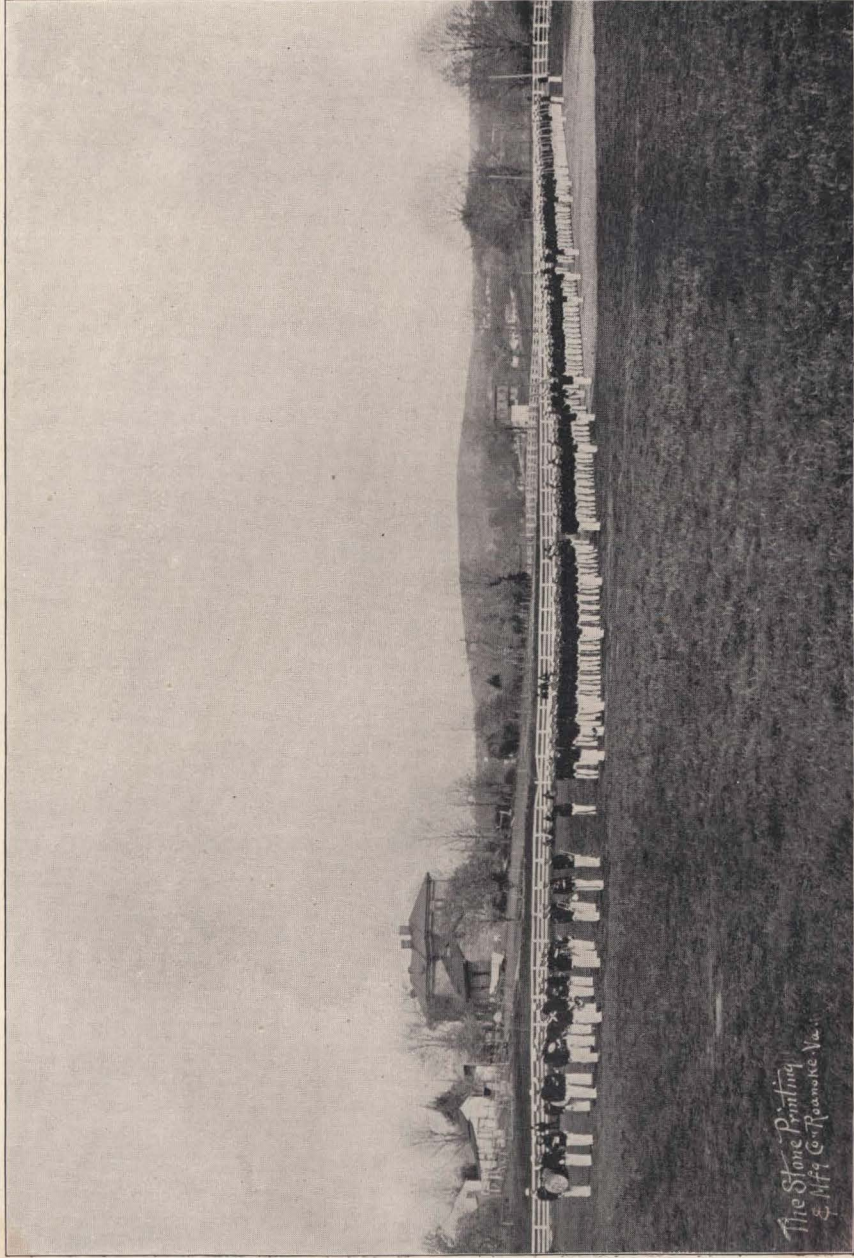
Company B.

Captain, B. HARRISON, JR. *Second Lieutenant*, . . D. M. TAYLOR.
First Lieutenant, . . E. S. SMITH. *First Sergeant*, F. WILSON.

<p><i>Sergeants :</i> P. H. Carter, E. A. Separk, J. G. Kinckle.</p>	<p><i>Corporals :</i> G. F. Baker, E. P. Paxton, J. W. McGhee, J. R. Hardesty.</p>
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Privates :

Allen, E. W.	Cuthbert,	Kanode,	Reynolds,
Boykin,	Durphey,	McGhee, W. B.	Rosenfeld,
Brodie,	Ellett,	Moore, H. T.	Snidow, G. H.
Brown, C. F.	Faulkner,	Payne,	Sydnor,
Buck,	Gaar,	Percival,	Terry,
Carneal,	Gibboney,	Pierce,	Turner, P. R.
Carr,	Jacocks, J. W.	Price, W. B.	Werner,
Chapman, J. H.	Jones, W. C.	Pryor,	Williams, L. L.
Crockett,	Jones, W. N.	Reid,	



The Stone Printing
& Mfg. Co., Providence, R.I.

THE CORPS OF CADETS.

Company C.

Captain, E. GRAHAM. *Second Lieutenant*, . . J. S. PAINTER.
First Lieutenant, O. F. WHITEHURST. *First Sergeant*, . . . C. B. CONNELLY.

Sergeants :

R. J. Neely,
 K. Weisiger,
 R. B. H. Begg,
 B. V. Jones.

Corporals :

J. L. Uhler,
 T. A. Dundas,
 J. A. Jackson,
 A. A. Phlegar.

Privates :

Barnett,	Dawson,	Poehlmann,	Skelding, E. J.
Baylis,	Dollman,	Ruff,	Skelding, A. H.
Bowly,	Hewitt,	Ridley,	Treverton,
Cannon,	Hundley,	Sheib,	Waller,
Carter, H. K.	Jacobs,	Sloan,	Wilson, S. W.
Carter, H. P.	Moore, J. H.	Slusser, J. B.	Williams, R. W.
Chapman, S. F.	Morehead,	Smith, N. S.	Williamson,
Craig,	Powell, F.	Snidow, J. H.	Wysor.
Davidson,			

Company D.

Captain, J. B. DANFORTH. *Second Lieutenant*, W. R. H. BUSH.
First Lieutenant, J. ADAMS. *First Sergeant*, . . . G. L. FENTRESS.

Sergeants :

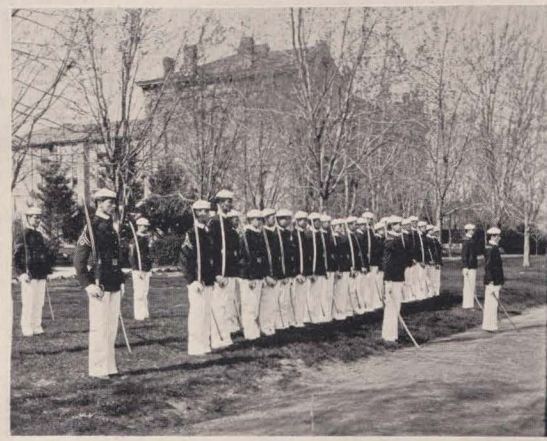
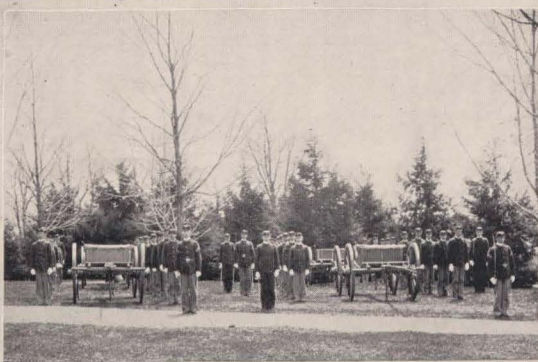
E. A. Myers,
 G. Boswell,
 H. H. Holt,
 G. W. Hutchinson.

Corporals :

R. C. Beverley,
 W. W. Wysor,
 C. Dabney,
 W. M. Archer.

Privates :

Alley,	Ford,	Mason,	Scott,
Bean,	Gerber,	Nettleton,	Shelton,
Brooke,	Harvie,	Obenshain,	Smith, M. H.
Borden,	Hawkins,	Painter,	Slusser, A. H.
Bralley,	Huffard,	Preston,	Williams, J. A.
Burroughs,	Johnson, S. B.	Robinson, S. R.	Wilkins,
Carper, W. B.	Kabrich,	Ricamore,	White,
Dobie,	Keffer,	Royer,	Witt,
Eskridge,	Lightfoot,	St. Clair,	Woolridge.
Fleet,	McGavock, J. C.		



BATTERY E.



The Stone Printing
& Mfg. Co. Roanoke, Va.

Battery E.

CAPTAIN J. A. BURRUSS. FIRST LIEUTENANT E. C. TAYLOR.
SECOND LIEUTENANT G. BASKERVILL. FIRST SERGEANT A. B. HUBARD.

First Detachment.

SERGEANT R. H. C. BEVERLEY, *Chief*.
CORPORAL H. A. WADDELL, *Gunner*.

Privates :

L. E. Pack, No. 1.	J. T. Anglin, No. 3.	W. L. Mann, No. 5.
J. H. McGavock, No. 2.	J. A. Boorman, No. 4.	H. J. Oewell, No. 6.
	J. A. Killinger, No. 7.	

Second Detachment.

SERGEANT W. S. BURNER, *Chief*.
CORPORAL W. C. BURNETT, *Gunner*.

Privates :

W. H. Trolinger, No. 1.	J. H. Latane, No. 3.	J. H. Gwathney, No. 5.
P. W. Turner, No. 2.	W. C. Cook, No. 4.	P. B. Earle, No. 6.
	F. Jerdone, No. 7.	

Third Detachment.

SERGEANT W. F. BELL, *Chief*.
CORPORAL H. M. JACOBS, *Gunner*.

Privates :

W. P. Ricamore, No. 1.	R. T. Givens, No. 3.	J. H. Van Dyke, No. 5.
J. T. Keister, No. 2.	C. G. Rorebeck, No. 4.	C. S. Pratt, No. 6.
	S. L. McCroskey, No. 7.	

Fourth Detachment.

SERGEANT B. S. JOHNSON, *Chief*.
CORPORAL J. K. HARRISON, *Gunner*.

Privates :

J. R. Gildersleeve, No. 1.	W. J. Jamison, No. 3.	C. B. Nettleton, No. 5.
H. S. Hardwick, No. 2.	H. B. Pack, No. 4.	C. Snidow, No. 6.
	W. H. Corey, No. 7.	
	Extra Man, R. R. Ruff.	



CADET BAND.

FRAZIER	JOHNS	HOFFMAN	JEWELL	CANNON	COX	CARPER	PAGE	GIBSON
HURT, G. I.	LYON	NICEWONGER	GATLIN	JOHNSON	OAKES	FOLAND		
	DICKINSON	MacGREGOR	BROWN	HARVEY	COVINGTON	NOWLIN		



Cadet Band.

MAJOR J. P. HARVEY, E FLAT CORNET, *Leader.*

H. H. HURT,	Solo B Flat Cornet	J. H. STUART,	Second B Flat Clarionet
W. B. HARPER,	Solo B Flat Cornet	C. V. FOLAND,	E Flat Clarionet
J. R. BROWN,	First B Flat Cornet	J. L. JOHNS,	Piccolo
	P. T. DICKERSON,	Second B Flat Cornet	
	O. W. NICEWONGER,	Second B Flat Cornet	
	LIEUT-COL. E. A. SMYTH,	Solo B Flat Clarionet	
	CORP. S. H. MACGREGOR,	First B Flat Clarionet	
	FIRST LIEUT. RALPH E. FRAZIER,	Solo Slide Trombone	
	SECOND LIEUT. L. C. COVINGTON,	Solo E Flat Alto	
	CORP. G. D. WALTERS,	First B Flat Tenor	
	CORP. L. L. JEWELL,	First B Flat Tenor	
J. W. LYONS,	First E Flat Alto	J. D. HOFFMAN,	Second B Flat Tenor
J. W. OAKES,	Second E Flat Alto	SERGT. W. F. COX,	B Flat Bass
E. M. SARVER,	Third E Flat Alto		
	FIRST SERGT. F. C. CARPER,	Baritone	
	CORP. J. R. PAGE,	E Flat Tuba	
G. I. HURT,	Bass Drum	R. S. JOHNSON,	Cymbals
G. H. NOWLIN, JR.,	Snare Drum	A. M. CANNON,	Drum-Major

Intercollegiate Rifle Contest.

May 11th, 12th, 13th, 1897.

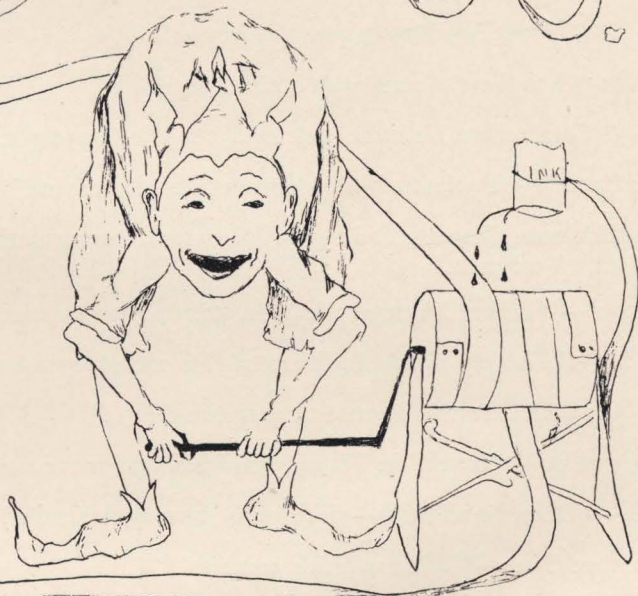
Range, Two Hundred Yards.
Ten Contestants.
Ten Rounds Each.
Weather Cloudy, Some Rain During Day.

RECORDS.

Private R. M. Scott, Company D.,	43 Points.
Corporal J. G. Carter, Battery E.,	41 Points.
Private R. T. Ferguson, Company A.,	41 Points.
Private J. G. Pelter, Company A.,	40 Points.
Private R. Summerson, Company D.,	38 Points.
Private A. Tufts, Company D.,	38 Points.
Corporal M. A. Sale, Company C.,	37 Points.
Sergeant P. A. Hobday, Company A.,	37 Points.
Private J. L. Ingles, Battery E.,	36 Points.
Sergeant R. S. M. Mitchell, Company A.,	34 Points.
<hr/>	
Average,	38.5 Points.



ARTS



ARTS

Applied Quotations.

Carter, P. H.—“None but himself can be his parallel.”

Adams—“Breathes there a man with soul so dead.”

Dr. Sheib—“Comb down his hair ; look ! look ! it stands upright.”

The Bugle Board—“Pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.”

Covington, Fentress, Corey, Hardesty—“The world knows nothing of its greatest men.”

The Freshmen—“Where ignorance is bliss, 't is folly to be wise.”

McBryde, M.—“Flattery all his business, all his pleasure praise.”

Phillips—“On their own merits modest men are dumb.”

The Commandant—“Martial in his air, his form and movement.”

Allen, C. L.—“Then he will talk—good gods, how he will talk !”

The Sophomore Class—“What will this come to ?”

Archer Brothers—“They are like each other as are peas.”

Pelter—“Rich in hair, and poor in brains.”

March 13th—“That day we shall always recollect with grief.”

Boswell—“Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea.”

The Faculty—“A little bench of heedless bishops, and a chancellor—”

Whitehurst—“The very pink of perfection.”

Carper, F. C.—“What a fine man hath your tailor made you.”

Danforth—“He is a soldier fit to stand by Caesar.”

The Juniors—

“ Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us.”

Bush—“ A man may be as much a fool from the want of sensibility as the want of sense.”

Separk—“ The soul of this man is his clothes.”

Price, W. B.—“ Let him go abroad to a distant country ; let him go to some place where he is not known. Don't let him go to the devil where he is known.”

Fifth Division—“ With something good and bad of every sort.”

McNeil—“ I love truth, and wish to have it always spoken to me, I hate a liar.”

Priddy—“ Conspicuous by his absence.”

Ferneyhough—“ I am a fool, I know it ; and yet, God help me, I am poor enough to be a wit.”

Commandant's Office—“ All hope abandon, ye who enter here.”

Separk and McBryde, M.—“ Oh, we fell out, I know not why.”

Wilkins—“ Lest men suspect your tale untrue, keep probability in view.”

Thompson—“ Teach not thy lip such scorn ; for it was made for kissing lady, not for such contempt.”

Uniform Agents—“ Tell the truth and shame the devil.”

Johns—“ What shall I do to be forever known ? ”

Myers—“ 'T is but a piece of childhood thrown away.”

Hurt—“ An unforgiving eye, and a damned disinheriting countenance.”

Rats to Faculty—“ I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word would harrow up thy soul.”

Grit-hitters—

“ Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.”

Reid, Bush, Rosenfeld—“ When shall we three meet again ? ”

Lewis—“ I have not loved the world, nor the world me.”

Johnson, J. S. A.—“ I would rather excel others in knowledge than in power.”

Senior Ethics Class—“ Nods in dewy slumbers bound.”

Ligon and Kinckle—“ Let 's meet and either do or die.”

Apperson—“ We do not count a man's years until he has nothing else to count.”

Williams, J. A.—“ I am weary, and am overwrought with too much toil.”

Reveille—“ The times that try men's souls.”

Infinity Graduates—“ Genius must be born, and never can be taught.”

Drinkard—“ More years had made us love thee more.”

Jones, W. N.—“ Behold me ! I am worthy of thy loving.

Turnbull—“ All his mind is bent to mischief.”

Any Rat—“ I do but sing because I must.”

Ford—“ A thing of beauty is a joy forever.”

Wise, Whitehurst, Taylor, D. M.—“ We have given our hearts away.”

Professor Smyth's Calithump—“ Sahara is full of noises.”

Sheib, E. S.—“ Born for two things—eating and sleeping.”

Fentress—“ A little learning is a dangerous thing.”

McGavock, J. C.—“ Innocent of books.”

The Applier of These Quotations—“ I fear I am not in my perfect mind.”

Rorebeck—“ Oh, sleep, it is a blessed thing !”

[Space forbids enumeration]—“ We waste, not use, our time.”

Cannon—“ The cat in gloves catches no mice.”

Cox, G. P.—“ Come, shall we go and kill us turkeys?”

Chapel Choir—“ Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh.”

Perry—“ A proper man as one shall see in a summer's day.”

Neeley—“ Sweet are the slumbers of a virtuous man.”

The Paraders on the *Fatal* Night—“ Dost thou think there is no justice ?”

In Loving Remembrance.

"'T is better so; but how bitter the pill,
The matriculation book they 'll never more fill."



A Story without Words.

The Bugle Election.

IT is with a feeling of trepidation from both fear and delight that we now enter upon the agreeable and disagreeable duty of placing on record the heroes of our Institute and the marvelous powers and accomplishments which they possess. When the Blacksburg Railroad is completed and our express bills amount to a little less than the express itself is worth; when the Virginia Polytechnic Institute has as much money as it wants and we can wear a new pair of trousers to a Dutch examination without danger of wearing them and tearing them on the nails protruding from the benches; when "kids" stop matriculating and we can save our contingent fees; when the Athletic Association gets out of debt and the football team pays expenses, we will erect a monument of granite with these honored names engraved thereon, an ever-standing testimony of the cosmopolitan character of the student-body in the days of the nineteenth century.

On the twenty-fourth day of the month of February in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-eight, was waged one of the greatest battles in our history, and the gallant victors whose names adorn the honor-roll below, merit the praise and admiration of millions. Not by clash of arms was it decided, but by the ballot, the "voice of the people" (not the *Vox Populi* who is the chronic growler of the newspaper). Fain would we dwell on these conquering heroes, but space in THE BUGLE costs dollars, and time costs now-a-days hundreds, and thought thousands, while reason is away beyond our calculating abilities, and we are not able to possess ourselves of three grains of it, so we must hasten to relieve the anxious reader of these most inappropriate lines, and tell him who these favored ones really are. Let it be understood from the outset that this is no indication of the popularity of the successful candidate in every case, or of the appropriateness of the titles bestowed, for some have voted "wise" and some "otherwise."

The leader of the list is known as "The Handsomest Cadet," and Cadet First Sergeant A. B. Hubbard was almost unanimously elected to this position. The cadet who came second is so modest that he spent several hours in persuading the editors not to publish his name, and as they could not resist his tender entreaties no further mention will be made of him.

Facts are often more plainly seen and better expressed by contrast, therefore we will now introduce to you, as the choice of the students, "The Ugliest Cadet," Cadet O. W. Nicewonger and his closely following colleague, Cadet G. B. Ford.

As hardest student, Cadet Captain J. S. A. Johnson led, being followed in the race by Cadet First Sergeant G. L. Fentress.

Behold ! Now come the "Biggest Sports," Cadet P. H. Lightfoot and Cadet-Lieutenant W. R. H. Bush, the former leading the latter by only one vote.

It would seem that "The Laziest Cadet" would be a laggard and be found far in the rear, but not so, for Cadet W. E. Grant, Jr., has distanced all his competitors with great strides, and the only other visible contestant is Cadet W. H. Burroughs. The canvassing for these candidates was especially active.

Now we come to a part of the election which, of course, every one will know is a result of the "otherwise" voting mentioned above, for certain it is that no one will ever believe Cadets J. C. McGavock, R. S. Wilkins and B. F. McNeill to be the "Biggest Liars," even if the horrid ballots do say they tied for the position. Strange to say, the students seem to have very little conception of what this term means, for some of them even had the audacity to vote for a certain member of the Faculty, who is exceedingly fond of telling his "experience" and relating "yarns" about carwheels, etc.!

"The Greatest Bore!" Oh, my, what a host of memories this will recall to us when we have left this vale of tears, of zeros and "flunks," and once more think of those who used to come into our rooms at the very time we were busiest, and "gassed" on themselves and kindred subjects until we became as weary as if we had just returned from a trip on foot to Mountain Lake! May mercy be upon you, Dundas, Corey and Connelly, for you have been branded forever with these terrible words, which will forever haunt you even as you haunted those who with a groan inscribed your name upon their ballots.

Van Dyke and Durphey, you have been as fresh as James River shad, but, we hope, the "nighthawks" and other regulating societies will deal gently with you, because we are compelled to record you as the "Freshest Rats."

There is a certain class of men in College who, we regret to say, never take interest in anything. They do all they can to hinder THE BUGLE and such enterprises, they support none of the varied interests of college life; in short, they are the bug-bears of the Institute. We regret to have to mention it, but there is no alternative for the voters have chosen from quite a number of candidates, all of whom would have suited admirably—Cadets P. H. Carter, J. E. Dickinson, and J. R. Page, as "The Greatest Sore-heads."

"As Darndest Man," the meaning of which term we will not attempt to explain, Cadet J. G. Pelter was chosen with Cadet R. M. Scott, as second choice to keep him company.

All of us have been afflicted with the visitations of "bums," and, indeed, so active have been these individuals this session that many candidates were in the field for the honor, and the contest was quite a spirited one. However, Cadet E. S. Sheib distanced all his opponents, and Cadet J. A. Williams took second honors.

Cadets W. B. Price, M. S. Hopkins and R. S. Wilkins were adjudged the "Champion Grit-hitters," to rank in the order named. The first two, having had so much practice in the profession, decided to undertake a long journey, from which we are afraid they will never return.

In voting for "The Cutest Cadet," many lost sight of the fact that the term has a modern meaning, which will be clearly explained by giving the names of

Messrs. O. F. Whitehurst and J. K. Harrison, who received a sufficient number of votes from those who did understand, to give them undisputed possession of the field.

Messrs. Separk and Cannon were voted to be the "Most Sentimental Cadets." Why do you suppose it was so?

There is still another class of cadets in our Institute who some of us think should come after the class mentioned a few lines above. These are the "Greatest Growlers," and they stand according to the votes, Adams, Weisiger, Lewis.

Be sure to get "just so" now, for, "Cholly dweah bwoy," is appearing on the scene in the person of Cadet J. R. Brown, "The Biggest Sissy." Joe took this character in a play and the boys thought he must be so naturally since he filled his rôle so well. But he was not elected without opposition, for Cadet W. B. Crockett had also many votes to his credit.

Last, but not least, comes the great musical contest for the position of "The Finest Singer." It can hardly be called a contest, however, for Cadet Lieutenant R. S. M. Mitchell so far distanced all other aspirants that they are almost unworthy of notice.

Our task is done. After much excitement, spirited canvassing, and many brawls around the polls on election day, the ballots have been counted and the cold facts put before the world. You who were beaten in the race have our sympathy and the hope that you will be more successful another session, while to you who came off victorious, we extend congratulations and advise you, if this be honor, make the most of it!

SOCIÉTÉ DES BILLARDS.

DEVISE : " Nous sommes tout-à-fait charmants."

BANQUET : Annuellement (exclusive).

OFFICIERS DES SOCIÉTÉ.

Monsieur M. B. McB——, Le Premier Président.

Monsieur A. M. C——, Le Second Président.

Monsieur D. F. M——, Le Secrétaire.

Monsieur P. N. Soph, Le Sergent-des-Armes.

MEMBRES DES SOCIÉTÉ.

Monsieur R. J. N——,

Monsieur G. I. H——,

Monsieur A. B. H——,

*Monsieur E. J. K——,

Monsieur J. R. B——,

Monsieur J. L. J——,

*Monsieur U. B. T——,

*Monsieur J. W. S——.

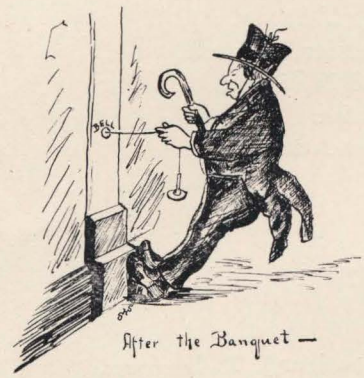
SE DÉMETTRE DE SA CHARGE.

Monsieur H. A. W——,

Monsieur E. A. S——

*Honoraire.

"AULD LANG SYNE."



Coon on the Campus

The Sons of Rest.

J. C. MCGAVOCK, *Most Worshipful Grand Potentate.*

E. S. SHEIB, *Vice Grand Potentate.*

W. H. BURROUGHS, *Grand Counsellor.*

W. E. GRANT, JR., *Grand Inside Sentinel.*

J. A. WILLIAMS, *Grand Outside Sentinel.*

G. W. FLEET,

Past Grand Potentate, Founder of the Order.

Membership.

VERY SELECT. Candidates must undergo a rigid examination and prove by practical evidences that they are worthy of being received into the mysteries of the ancient and honorable order.

The roll of members is too long to be printed here. Any one desiring a list may obtain the same from the Institute surgeon.

Obligation.

Any one whose application has been approved by the Institute surgeon may become a member upon taking the following oath: "I, _____, solemnly make oath that I will "lay in" at least three out of every seven days; and never fail to cut reveille at least six times each week during the session."

Admission Without Examination.

All post-graduates will be immediately admitted unconditionally, and without examination, experience having shown that they are never guilty of violating the principles of the order.

Honorary Membership.

Conditions for honorary membership may be learned from the Grand Counsellor.

Active Membership.

There is none. Any *inactive* member becoming *active* is immediately expelled from the order. (No one has thus far been in danger of expulsion.)

Prize Medal.

A bronze medal, embossed with the setting sun (the emblem of the order), and engraved with the name of the recipient, will be awarded at each Commencement to the member who succeeds in being detailed as Barracks Orderly the greatest number of times during the session.

E. B. WOLFE, *Deceased Member.*

HISTORY.

VOLUME VII.

Synopsis of the chief events occurring during the seventh year of the reign of King Prexie, *which is called*, The Great.

CHAPTER I.

Beginning of the seventh year of the reign.—Foreign tribe numbering one hundred and thirty captured.—Prisoners put in slavery.—King's heart touched.—Proclamation of Emancipation issued.

CHAPTER II.

Invasion of the land by the Bristolites.—Invaders speedily and easily put to rout.—Campaign against the Tarheelites.—Decisive battle on banks of River Dan.—Attack of Roanokites.—Enemy crushed and forced to surrender.

CHAPTER III.

The march to the sea.—Enemy met on sands of Norfolk.—Bloody battle.—Retreat of King's army.—Campaign against the Jasperites.—Glorious victory.—Successful attack on Sidneyites.—Triumphal return.

CHAPTER IV.

Violation of Emancipation Proclamation.—Banishment of Jumbo and Trollo, the leaders of the violators.—Representatives from the common people visit the throne.—Intercession for the banished.—King rescinds banishment act.—Many subjects take oath of allegiance.—Battle with the Tennies.—Retreat of the King's army.—Much grief over loss.—Peace declared.

CHAPTER V.

Great prosperity throughout the land.—Many leave to journey to the land of their fathers.—Return of sojourners.—Depression.

CHAPTER VI.

Dissatisfaction among the people.—People assemble in capital for annual registration.—Levying of tribute tax.—Continued dissatisfaction.—Trouble in various communities.—Labor strikes.

CHAPTER VII.

Civil war, known as the "War of the Colors."—The King flees to a foreign country.—Peace.—Return of the King.—The Junior raid.—Much seizure of private property.—Act of piracy.—Indemnity demanded and paid.

CHAPTER VIII.

Spirit of unrest among the people.—Emancipation Proclamation again violated.—Offender banished from the Kingdom.—Many sympathizers with banished subject.—Spirit of rebellion.—Much excitement.

CHAPTER IX.

Mob makes fatal demonstration in public square.—Royal family in danger.—War council holds secret session.—Anarchists throw dynamite in vicinity of council chamber.—Valuable work of secret service.—Insurgents forced to surrender.—Prisoners confined in Fort Patton.—All night session of cabinet.—Vigorous policy decided upon.—Many revolutionists banished.—"The tears of mercy must not stay the hand of justice."—Standing army increased.—Peace.

CHAPTER X.

Many indignities at hands of invaders on the borders of the land.—Invasions of the Maccabites and Oakites.—Defeat of the Maryites.—Captain-General Reddiwilk sent with an army to defend the borders.

CHAPTER XI.

Minister of war resigns.—New minister appointed.—Celebration of seventh anniversary of King Prexie's reign approaches.—Many army officers placed on the retired list.—The tribe of Juniors wax mighty in the land and occupy the chief places in the government.—Laws regulating bestowal of "decorations of honor."—Laws to govern sale of sheepskins and other commodities.

CHAPTER XII.

Jubilee.—Great rejoicing throughout the land.—Many patriotic addresses.—King knights a score of subjects.—The B. S. Order gains strength.—The King addresses the people.—Many subjects journey to the land of their ancestors.—Peace and tranquility reign throughout the land.

CHAPTER XIII.

Close of the seventh and most eventful year of the King's reign.—The ship of state.—A look into the future.

THE END.

The Hoodoo.

“Ma chile, onc’t der wus a king whar wus bery great in de eyes ob de people; an onc’t he was ’bout ter git drowned wen long come a po black lookin’ critter, what white folks calls a nigger; an he tuk an he pulled off his coat an he—flunkup!—down he went in dat water an fotched dat King—whar was a wery ordinary lookin’ man—from de brink of de grabe, an he diden know he war no King nuther.

“But de King, he kinder ’preciated it like, and lowed how he gwine gib dat po nigger a charm. An de po nigger he ’lowed as how he ain gwine ’cep no charm, but de King ’lowed he mus, an I ’low he arter while ’cepted an confiscated dat charm, an de King say, “Oh, beruly, all yor chullun shall be wif dis same charm,” and dey is to dis day.

“Now, John Henry, don’ you git ’patient, case I gwine tel you how de charm wuks ’rectly. You see, chile, taint no material thing, but jest rests on de mind, an follers dis circumspecshum. De nigger is standin’ anywhar mos, when dere ain’t no moon-shine—when, suddenly, dere comes a feelin’ like sumfin wants him, an he tries ter keep back, but still de sumfin pulls, so he jest ’lows as how he gwine ter find out what dat sumfin is, so he starts hisself for’d an dere loomin’ up right afore his eyes is de purtiest gal you eber seen, an she beckins to him to come ’long, an’ I ’low how he allers comes. Dat figger jest makes rite fer some farmer’s yard an dere de nigger sees de most lubliest castle dat he eber sot eyes on. De gal goes right in an a big Ogie!—grabs her. De nigger gits terrible ’cited, an runs in an chucks, his arm roun’ in dere—an keepin’ monstrous quiet-like all time—arter while finds de gal an rescue her from de Ogie. He den turns back home wit de sabed gal, an lord!—when he gits ’tirely at home dat bootiful gal turns ’mediately into a nasty, ugly, common, white-folks chicken! I tells yer, chile, when dat change takes place, dat nigger is sho a disappointed nigger, an dat ain no story nuther. Now go rit to sleep, honey, or de Ogie mite ketch you!”

"Here, There and Everywhere."

INSTITUTE COLORS : Orange and Maroon.

INSTITUTE YELL : Hoki, Hoki, Hoki, Hy,
Techs, Techs, V. P. I !
Sola-Rex, Sola-Rah,
Polytechs—Vir-gin-i-a !!
Rae, Ri,
V. P. I !!!

Annual Celebrations.

September 21-25,	The Buckite.	February 22,	The Haircutite.
October 1,	The Drillite.	March 13,	The Dishabilite.
November 25-27,	The Footballite.	April 8,	The Speechite.
December 23-31,	The Girlite.	May —,	The Baseballite.
January 21-31,	The Flunkite.	June 11-15,	The Sheepskinite.

Familiarly Heard on the Campus.

"Come on June !"
"Buck's inspecting !"
"Any drill to-day, rat ?"
"Rat on the stoop !"
"Now remember, at the command——."
"Steam on, Sporty !"
"Here, Soph, here !" Ting-a-ling-ling.
"Rod up—— !"
"—— —— —— !"

Institute Statistics, 1897-98.

BY CLASSES.

Post Graduates	39	Sophomores	83
Seniors	34	Freshmen	140
Juniors	38		
Total		334.	

BY COURSES PURSUED.

Mechanical Engineering	77	Special	35
Electrical Engineering	47	Civil Engineering	22
General Science	40	Agriculture	21
Post Graduate	37	Practical Mechanics	16
Applied Chemistry	36	Horticulture	3
Total		334.	

BY STATES REPRESENTED.

Virginia	290	New York	1
North Carolina	9	Kentucky	1
Maryland	9	Illinois	1
South Carolina	5	New Jersey	1
Tennessee	4	Massachusetts	1
District of Columbia	3	Louisiana	1
Georgia	2	Pennsylvania	1
West Virginia	2	Mississippi	1
Indiana	1	Oregon	1
Total		334.	

BY CHURCH AFFILIATIONS.

Episcopal Families	99	Unitarian Families	2
Methodist Families	85	Jewish Families	2
Presbyterian Families	66	Christadelphian Families	2
Baptist Families	51	United Brethren Families	1
Lutheran Families	12	Reformed Church Families	1
Christian Families	7	Congregationalist Families	1
Disciples Families	4	Catholic Families	1
Total		334.	

BY AGES.

14 Years	2	22 Years	19
15 Years	15	23 Years	12
16 Years	37	24 Years	12
17 Years	45	25 Years	6
18 Years	58	26 Years	6
19 Years	43	27 Years	3
20 Years	42	28 Years	3
21 Years	30	33 Years	1
Total		334.	

Average Age 19 $\frac{1}{4}$ Years.



Commencement Exercises.

June 11th--June 16th, 1897.

FRIDAY, June 11th.

10:00 P. M.—German by V. P. I. Cotillion Club. Library Hall.

SATURDAY, June 12th.

8:30 P. M.—Entertainment under auspices of Cadet Band. Auditorium.

SUNDAY, June 13th.

11:00 A. M.—Baccalaureate Sermon, Rev. G. V. Strickler, D. D., Hampden-Sidney, Va. Auditorium.

8:30 P. M.—Sermon before Institute Y. M. C. A., Rev. Wm. A. Barr, Suffolk, Va. Auditorium.

MONDAY, June 14th.

11:00 A. M.—Address before the Literary Societies, Prof. J. B. Henneman, Ph. D., Knoxville, Tenn. Auditorium.

3:00 P. M.—Competitive Company Drill. Drill Ground.

5:30 P. M.—Battalion Parade. Parade Ground.

8:30 P. M.—Celebration of Maury Literary Society. Auditorium.

10:00 P. M.—President's Reception to Graduating Class. Library Hall.

10:30 P. M.—Junior Class Banquet. Mess Hall.

10:30 P. M.—Sophomore Class Banquet. Shades Inn.

TUESDAY, June 15th.

8:00 A. M.—German by V. P. I. German Club. Library Hall.

11:00 A. M.—Address before the Alumni, Rev. R. E. L. Aylor, Front Royal, Va. Auditorium.

12:15 P. M.—Meeting of Alumni. Auditorium.

3:00 P. M.—Review of Battalion by Board of Visitors, Battalion Drill, Battery Drill. Drill Ground.

4:30 P. M.—Sham Battle. In vicinity of Campus.

8:30 P. M.—Concert by College Glee Club, and Farce by "Puff's and Queues." Auditorium.

10:00 P. M.—German by V. P. I. German Club. Library Hall.

10:00 P. M.—Alumni Banquet. Mess Hall.

WEDNESDAY, June 16th.

10:30 A. M.—Commencement Day Exercises. Auditorium.

9:00 P. M.—Final Ball. Auditorium.

Commencement Day Exercises.

Wednesday, June 16th, 1897.

10:30 A. M.—PROCESSION OF CLASSES FROM THE PARADE GROUND TO THE AUDITORIUM.

CADET BAND.

President of the Institute and Rector of the Board of Visitors.
Board of Visitors.
Faculty and Officers.
Graduating Class.
Junior Class.
Sophomore Class.
Freshman Class.

10:45 A. M.—AUDITORIUM.

Programme.

Music, CADET BAND.
Prayer, SENIOR CHAPLAIN G. T. GRAY.
Announcements for Session, PRESIDENT MCBRYDE.
Music, CADET BAND.
Reading of Essays by Members of Graduating Class.
“Formation and Erosion of Glaciers,” H. H. HURT.
“The Fallacy of Perpetual Motion,” W. R. KIRKPATRICK.
“A Few of the most Recent Advances in Science,” L. PRIDDY.
“Triangulation as Applied to Geodesy,” J. B. URQUHART.
“Chemical Effect of the Electrical Current,” C. E. HARDY.
“Some Peculiarities of the Fauna and Flora of Australia,” J. L. JOHNS.
“Aluminium,” E. V. JONES, JR.
“Forestry,” J. L. PHILLIPS.
Music, CADET BAND.
Medal awarded to CAPTAIN W. R. KIRKPATRICK, Co. C, for best
drilled company, MR. R. I. ROOP.
Book on Engineering awarded to CADET J. S. A. JOHNSON, Junior
Class, for special proficiency in the Mechanical Engi-
neering Department, PROF. L. S. RANDOLPH.
Awarding of Diplomas and Certificates, and Conferring of De-
grees, PRESIDENT MCBRYDE.
Music, CADET BAND.
Farewell Address to Graduates, PRESIDENT MCBRYDE.
Benediction, SENIOR CHAPLAIN GRAY.

Degrees Conferred.

Commencement Day, Wednesday, June 16th, 1897.

Bachelor of Science (B. S.)

WILBUR CLYDE EAKIN	Montgomery	General Science
HARRY CAPERTON ELLETT	Montgomery	Electrical Engineering
TRAVIS HARRIS EPES	Nottoway	General Science
JOHN GIBSON GUERRANT	Montgomery	Electrical Engineering
CARL ERNEST HARDY	Floyd Co., Ga.	Electrical Engineering
HENRY HICKS HURT	Pittsylvania	Chemistry
JULIAN LUTHER JOHNS	Dauphin Co., Pa.	General Science
EDWARD VALENTINE JONES, JR.	Albemarle	Mechanical Engineering
WILLIAM ROBERT KARR	Montgomery	Horticulture
EDWARD JUDSON KERFOOT	Clarke	Civil Engineering
WILLIAM ROSCOE KIRKPATRICK	Rockbridge	Mechanical Engineering
JOHN McLAREN McBRYDE	Rockbridge	Electrical Engineering
DAVID FLOURNOY MORTON.	Charlotte	Mechanical Engineering
JOHN LLOYD PHILLIPS	Accomac	Horticultural
LAWRENCE PRIDY	Charlotte	General Science
FRANK SIDNEY ROOP	Montgomery	General Science
FLEMING SAUNDERS, JR.	Campbell	Electrical Engineering
ROBERT TURNBULL, JR.	Brunswick	Mechanical Engineering
JAMES BURWELL URQUHART	Southampton	Civil Engineering

Master of Science (M. S.)

WILLIAM EDWARD DODD	Johnson Co., N. C.
CARRINGTON CABELL TUTWILER	Rockbridge

Mechanical Engineer (M. E.)

CHRISTOPHER GADSDEN GUIGNARD	Richland Co., S. C.
LESLIE WALLACE JERRELL	Spottsylvania

Civil Engineer (C. E.)

JOHN WALTER STULL	Alleghany
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Commencement Exercises.

June 10th—June 15th, 1898.

Programme as Arranged:

FRIDAY, June 10th.

10:00 P. M.—Honorary German tendered by the Junior Class to the Graduating Class. Library Hall.

SATURDAY, June 11th.

8:30 P. M.—Entertainment by Puffs and Queues—"Charlie's Aunt," Comedy in three Acts. Auditorium.

SUNDAY, June 12th.

11:00 A. M.—Baccalaureate Sermon, Rev. Nelson P. Dame, Winchester, Va. Auditorium.

8:30 P. M.—Sermon before Institute Y. M. C. A., Rev. Wm. H. Woods, Baltimore, Md. Auditorium

MONDAY, June 13th.

11:00 A. M.—Address before the Literary Societies, Hon. R. S. Parks, Luray, Va. Auditorium.

3:00 P. M.—Military Exercises. Drill Ground.

8:30 P. M.—Entertainment by Puffs and Queues—"All on Account of a Sandwich." Farce in two Acts. Auditorium.

10:00 P. M.—President's Reception to Graduating Class. Library Hall.

TUESDAY, June 14th.

8:00 A. M.—German by V. P. I. German Club. Library Hall.

11:00 A. M.—Alumni Address. Auditorium.

3:00 P. M.—Military Exercises. Drill Ground.

8:30 P. M.—Celebration of Maury Literary Society. Auditorium.

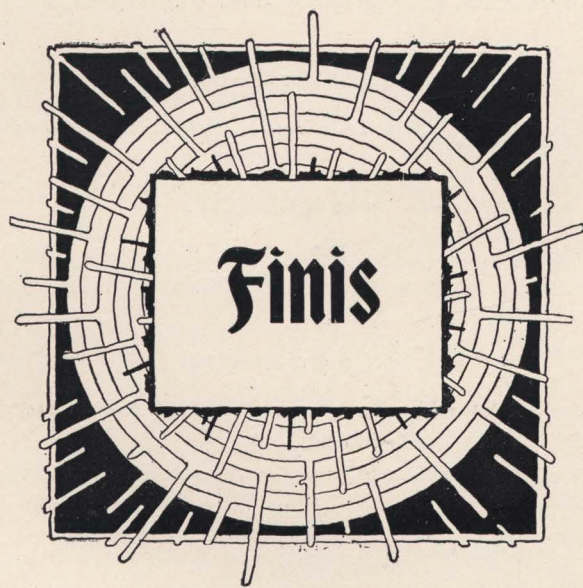
10:00 P. M.—German by V. P. I. German Club. Library Hall.

10:00 P. M.—Alumni Banquet. Mess Hall.

WEDNESDAY, June 16th.

10:30 A. M.—Commencement Day Exercises. Auditorium.

9:00 P. M.—Final Ball. Auditorium.





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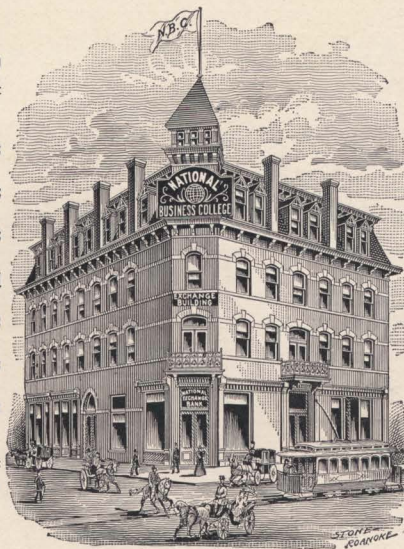
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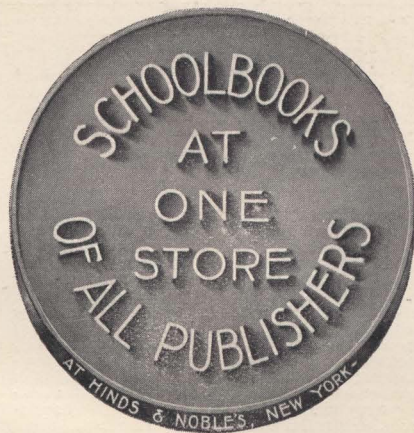
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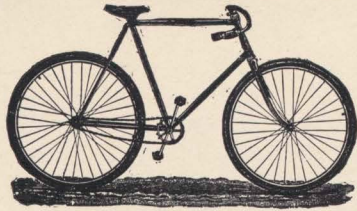
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