

I became delirious. A horrible nightmare was continually upon me. I suffered pangs unutterable. A raging thirst devoured me, and I longed for a drop of water. Every once in a while I caught a glimpse of a strong, rough face bending over me, that seemed familiar, but just as I was about to call his name, the surge of delirium rolled over me, and swept me away from consciousness. And so week after week went by, until the crisis was past, and I was saved.

It was a beautiful afternoon in spring when I opened my eyes once more on the light of day. The room was filled with the orange glow of the setting sun. Through the half-opened window came the sound of rustling leaves and singing birds. O, how beautiful the world was to me after the dark scenes through which I had passed!

The door opened and an elderly woman entered. A sudden thought struck me. Where was John? I opened my mouth to speak, but the woman put her finger on her lips, and shook her head. I was too weak to argue, and soon fell into a deep sleep.

Day after day I grew stronger, and at last they told me the story of John Bascom. He had stood faithfully at his post when every one else had fled. Almost unaided he had nursed the sick. Three had died, but the rest were saved. John had not spared himself. Day and night he had watched at the bedside of the sick, until, strong and rugged as he was, he became worn to a shadow. At last he himself took the disease, and his exhausted frame was soon forced to succumb. Do you wonder that I say that the noblest and best of my college friends was John Bascom? P.

THE STORY OF A HAT.

I have a hat, and a wonderful hat it is. Like some people, it has a diabolical habit of always getting in the way. I didn't have it a week, before, one afternoon in physiology, as I was reaching for it under my chair, it jumped squarely in the way of a big-footed scientific fresh. The brim was sadly crushed, but after a few words of gentle remonstrance with the aforesaid big foot, I restored it to some shape.

The next thing the hat did was to run a nail through itself, though how it ever did so remains a mystery to this day. Since then it has gone on in its reckless career from bad to worse. It has tried to trip up persons as they came into the class rooms by entangling itself with their feet; it has wallowed in mire and clay, and has covered itself with dust; and, on one occasion, so far forgot its frail and delicate structure, as to try to prop up the window in Prof. P——'s recitation room. But last Saturday night the end came. In a certain room on William street there is a large, leather, easy-chair. I stood beside the table, and had taken off my hat. In one minute the hat climbed into the easy chair and in another minute was crushed beneath the weight of a heavy senior. Now it is an utter wreck; in the words of Verg. Aen. Lib. I, 122:

*Laxis laterum compagibus omnes
Accipiunt inimicum imbrem, rimisque fatiscunt.*

Correspondence.

COLLEGE ARGUS:

In your paper I frequently see the demands that Wesleyan has for money. To meet these demands, it was proposed in a late issue that she "needs more dead alumni." I am about to accommodate her,—not by dying, but by showing a better plan for securing these much-needed funds.

While at college I was so deaf as to scarcely hear the professor say "that will suffice," or even the screeching of the Portland horn. Shortly after graduation I read an advertisement, "Ears for the million," and sent to China for a pair. Instead, I received a bottle of oil, the sight of which enabled me to hear the breakfast bell. After three doses, I can now hear every scandal that takes place within fifteen miles. I have been free to distribute it among my friends, many of whom desire to bear testimony to its excellencies. A neighbor's horse was partially deaf, *i. e.*, could hear the summons "Whoa!" but not the other, "Get up!" A single drop was applied to this horse's ears, and before the next sunrise he