

was transformed into a mule, with funnels of unusual size, through which sound is now poured.

A traveler in Egypt took a bottle of this wonderful oil into the Catacombs, and every mummy present sat up and asked how long he had been asleep.

A lady testifies, "I had a buzzing in my head which prevented my hearing anything else; after a single application, my head is as quiet as a *noiseless sewing machine*, and I can now hear as much gossip as my neighbors."

A friend, good but miserly, was so hard of hearing that he was never known, even from a child, to hear a "dun." He was constitutionally stingy,—all of which he laid to his exceedingly small ears.

A few applications of this remedy were sufficient to enlarge his ears, so that they now flap against the side of his head like a pair of wet trousers on a small boy's legs. He has paid most of his wash-bills, and is now contemplating the novel plan of founding a new college in the West.

My plan for raising money for Wesleyan is this: let her alumni, and *alumnae*, live; send a bottle of this wonderful oil to each of them.

They will then hear the demands for money. Their ears will so enlarge as to produce great generosity. Money will come pouring in, and we shall soon see a French roof on N. C., a new gymnasium and boat-house, endowments for library, college chaplain, and janitor, and new chemical and physical apparatus (among the latter, one of Mr. Easy's latest improved grinding machines and prize-takers combined).

Possibly I may not make these gifts myself, but I feel assured that the plan will meet the approval of the class of

'83.

MR. EDITOR:

The question "Why can't we have some college reminiscences from the alumni occasionally?" jogged my memory of events that occurred nearly nineteen years ago, though it hardly seems possible that it is so long, and prompts me to send you a remembrance of my freshman year.

It occurred during the cultivation season in the fall of '65; that period so fraught with events of momentous interest to every novice in college life.

Matters were quite lively in society circles, and we freshmen were feasted on the good of the land. No trouble was too great to be borne by reverend seniors, jolly juniors, or conceited sophs, on our account.

One evening about half-past six Ch—p—n of '67 and C—m—n—k of '68 came into our room, where chum K—g and myself were brooding over the intricacies of Greek roots and mathematical problems, just to cheer us up a little.

Our room happened to be on the first floor of North College, directly under that occupied by Pres. C—s. Soon the jolly notes of the "Bull dog on the bank and the bull frog in the pool, the bull dog called the bull frog a green cold water fool," &c., and sundry other kindred melodies, filled the room and completely drove away all anxiety and care for books or other mundane affairs. Our feet were all on the table with our backs to the four points of the compass. K's being to the west, *i. e.* the door.

When the concert was at its climax, the door silently opened and there in his majesty stood Pres. C—, spectacles and all, glowering upon us like a July thunder storm.

There was a sudden lull in the melody on the part of C—n, C—k and myself, but K, whose back was to the door, suddenly fetched C—k a hearty slap on the shoulder with a shout, "Put in Bobby! Why dont you sing?"

His ardor cooled down at once, however, on being appraised of the true state of affairs. A complete hush came over us.

The Dr. sternly said, "I am very much surprised, gentlemen, at your making such a noise at this time of the night." The writer glanced at the clock on the mantel and remarked that it was but five minutes to seven (study hours). The Dr. drew his watch and informed us that by his time it was a quarter to eight. The writer looked at his own watch but quietly returned it to his pocket, and informed the powers that be that we were not