

which he had made companions. He lived to make the world better and in so doing increased his own happiness. His life is an example to all, and the name and memory of Asa Gray will ever be cherished by every loyal scientist.

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A MOONLIGHT EPISODE.

Mischief was brewing at Riverside institute. At least an observer would have so thought had he seen the group of students gathered in Fred Clemens' room one evening in September, 1872. Eight young fellows were earnestly conversing, often in an excited and indignant manner. It was 10 o'clock at night and every light upon the upper floor should have been extinguished at half-past nine; but the lights in Fred's room were still burning. Blankets had been hung over the windows to prevent the rays of the lights from shining through the crevices of the blinds. Something of interest was being planned, and discovery would cause suspension at least.

"It is a downright shame," said Will, "we are scarcely allowed to look at the 'town' girls even when we meet them at church, much less visit them on Sunday evening or go skiff riding by moonlight, other evenings." It is almost full moon now and a 'lark' upon the river ought to be planned. This new regulation of the president, that no students shall be allowed to leave their rooms after 8 o'clock in the evening without special permission, is for the sole purpose of preventing us from taking the town girls skiff riding. I am in favor of going anyway if we can get away from the grounds without being discovered." "But when shall we go?" asked Fred. "I suggest next Tuesday evening, for by that time the necessary preliminaries in regard to getting the girls' company etc., can be arranged." "Agreed," answered the rest. "Now, how can we get away from the grounds without the night watchman seeing us?"

I will leave these plotters a few moments in order to make a few explanations. Riverside institute was about half a mile from M—. The institute buildings were situated near the summit of a high bluff that overlooked a large river. The main building faced toward the river and the grounds extended down to the water's edge. But the current was so swift along the institute grounds, and so many rocks obstructed the channel that students were accustomed to go higher up the river while boating. They had been accustomed to take a short sail or row in the evening two or three times every week, when the moon shone. But these moon, light rides had recently been prohibited by the institute authorities for the reason that the students had been in the habit of rowing directly to the town and securing the company of young ladies for the evening. The rules of the institution required every student to be in his room by 9 o'clock, but the skiff rides had led to a number of infringements of the rule, and evening boating had been prohibited, but great dissatisfaction had been created among the students.

But to return to the eight students bent upon having a moonlight excursion at all costs. Tuesday evening came. The moon would rise about 9 o'clock that evening. The night watchman would begin to make his rounds at half past eight. It was necessary to escape from the building before that time. It must be remembered that a number of students, among them the eight plotters, roomed upon the third floor of the institute proper, while the other students occupied another building a short distance away. A high tower had been built immediately over the west entrance of the main building, (something after the fashion of the country meeting house), and in it hung the bell. The tower was not

enclosed above the building, and it was the plan of the eight plotters to get upon the roof of the main building through a trap door and thence into the belfry tower. To descend would be easy, but to get out after descending would be apparently difficult. But just before supper, Will had driven a screw into the keyhole of the outside door, and the janitor had of necessity left the door unlocked.

About a quarter past eight, eight students might have been seen clambering over the roof, into the belfry and thence to the ground. In less time than it takes to tell it the eight students were running down the bluff toward the town. Soon four skiffs, each bearing two students with their young ladies, were gliding up the river bent upon enjoying the lark to the fullest extent. Soon the moon rose, and even the students were charmed by the beauty of the river (?) by moonlight. Soon after a song was sung, and unless you have heard music upon the water, you can have no idea of its charms.

Up, up the river glided the skiffs. It was not long until the students began to wonder if a watermelon patch could not be found. So the skiffs turned toward the shore and four of the boys started in search of melons. Half an hour passed and then away in the distance was heard a sound of riot. Nearer and nearer it came. Soon the four students appeared each carrying a watermelon as large as a bucket. The four students did not saunter up to the skiffs as if they had plenty of time, but came at a very respectable sprinting gait. They sprang into the skiffs and grasped the oars in a hurry. Scarcely had the last skiff left the shore, when an irate farmer and his hired man appeared upon the bank. It was "almost but lost" with the farmer, but the students were "saved."

Down the river floated the skiffs and the "rippling of the river was mingled with the sound of revelry and the crunching of the watermelon." The oars hung idly in the oar locks. The skiffs drifted with the current at its will. Down the river the lights of the town could be seen and as they began to be extinguished, the students reluctantly grasped the oars and started homeward.

Soon the young ladies were safely inside their respective gates, but the students had yet to pass the watchman at the institute. When they reached the grounds, no watchman appeared. A rush was made toward the entrance of the tower. Alas! the watchman was inside! The boys turned and fled. "Run around the building and then into the entrance again quick: I'll hold the door shut while the rest of you get a good start up the stairs," whispered Fred. Around the building they ran, the watchman scarcely ten feet behind them. Into the entry the boys darted and Fred pulled the door shut. He held it until the others had ascended the narrow stairway some distance and then suddenly pushing the door open upset the watchman who was pulling hard from the outside. In an instance Fred was far up the stairs. During the race around the building, the watchman had not been silent by any means and every one had been aroused by his shouts. But the watchers in the building had rushed down by the inside stairs. Thus the boys had a clear path to their rooms even if the watchman was chasing them closely. In a few minutes they had reached the trap door in the roof hooked it from the inside and were safe. They reached their rooms unobserved and then, partially disrobing, joined the students who poured into the hall to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. Investigation failed to discover the culprits and the eight students secretly chuckled.

By the time of the next full moon, the evenings were too cool for comfort during skiff rides and the students were not inclined to attempt similar expeditions until the first had been partly forgotten.