

in history. You'd better believe that I would pass.

I thought that I would study this p. m. and fill up for that American history, but I got too near a girl and Harper's Weekly in the library to do anything. Say, but isn't Miss X. pretty? Just wait till I'm grown up. After supper I commenced to study in good earnest, when the boys came along and wanted me to go to the show. I couldn't miss "Friends," so I went, first taking out a book to study between acts. I had a talkative neighbor, so here I am writing this record of the day, with the book by my side, that I have never opened from the moment I took it. How will I ever get through tomorrow?

Tuesday—What will the governor say? Flunked flat, and broke, too. If I don't send for some money before the record of to-day's exam. reaches him, he will take me out of school, and then I'll have to work. Only two questions in history. Just what I was looking at when I went to the show last night. I admire the professor for that first question. It was, "Tie a double bow-knot in the history of the revolution so that when looking at the south loop, the English policy will be apparent, and when viewing the north loop the American policy will be shown. Now, I could always tie a good four-in-hand, but tying bow-knots is the duty of girls. I wonder if they passed all right?

The next question completely stumped me. It read, "gather from the fuliginous vacancy of your cerebral interior all the material concerning George Washington that you possess, and bind it together securely with the cords of your memory, then take his fabled hatchet and chop off small pieces and hand them in graphitically arranged before your departure from this room." After having chuckled three times in rapid succession, and having pulled out from his hip pocket the New York Ledger, the professor buried himself in the editorial column and left us to our cogitations. Had we not lived in this great and glorious nineteenth century, we

would have been compelled to ask him what he meant. As it was some of us simply flunked.

Went to the show again to-night. All the professors tell us not to cram. One must have some recreation in this vale of sorrow.

Wednesday—O! Muses! Pardon my in the German speech unpractices. I have not in this world long been, and I fear that I in this world a very short time be shall, if mercy spreads not her wings and on my head lights.

If I could not invent a language that has a recognized first and last part to its sentences, I'd collapse. Who cares a continental for cases and order. I have had my Dutch exam!! Oh! unmerciful prof!! Would that thou could'st be brought unto judgment. How is this for a question? "Now class, I have been pleased with your work this term, you have done better than the class last year; so I am going to give you an easy test. Now you may simply—O fatal word, it sealed my doom—simply take the last chapter in your books for a sight translation. I want to try a new scheme with you. You may have the use of all notes but don't look at the text, don't look at the print, guess at the last chapter. Hold the closed book up before your eyes and by a process of hypnotic telepathy read the inclosed matter. This is very simple. It is only a step beyond what you have been accustomed to, viz: guessing at the words when they were before your eyes." This was veritably what a girl would term a corker. The name I would append does not look well in print; so in this, my diary, I will leave one line blank. Gentle reader, this blank line is what I called the exam.

It was just a necessity to go to the show to-night. Had I not gone I would have burst. My feelings ran so high. My, but the seats that sell for two bits are hard especially when they are sat on every night. It pays, however, it pays. I'll show it, I'll show it, though I flunk.

Thursday—What on earth ever possessed me to go to the show last night. Why didn't I stay at home and stop up the vacant