

time is this for me. It has made me feel certain that if—that if only—”

They had strolled on very far now, letting their feet carry them aimlessly, conscious only of each other, and half pitying those whom they had left so far behind. There was a silence of some minutes. Again she felt that, had the world depended on it, she could not have spoken.

Gathering all his forces, he went on.

“Such a time is this for me, not only because I am so soon to receive the coveted diploma which, for four years, I have been striving for, not only because of to-day’s memorable experiences and to-morrow’s anticipations, but for a much nearer reason. I repeat that I feel certain that—that—that if only you think of this reason as I think you think, there will be nothing left for us to fear from the world’s buffetings.” And he allowed a sigh of relief and expectancy to escape him, as he turned to her for a reply.

Almost stifled with emotion, and finding that all she expected and had thought to say was escaping her, she struggled to open her lips, and was horrified to find herself saying almost involuntarily, and in her ordinary voice:

“The Greek word of reason is *aitia*. Our word comes from the Latin *veri ratus*, to think, and thus has the same derivation as *rational*. The form in Italian is *ragione*.”

He looked at her, surprised and offended. Turning suddenly by a thick clump of shrubbery, they found themselves face to face with the world once more, in the middle of the careless group from which they had strolled away, it seemed to them, hours ago.

The Highest had not been spoken.

The Moment had come and gone, and had been, after all, unfruitful; and they knew and felt, both of them, that it would never come again.

She sighed, as a sense of the certainty of this came over her, and her thoughts turned once more, and more bitterly than before, to the willowy junior maiden with the raven bangs and clear complexion.

CAMP NOTES.

The encampment at Nebraska City may be regarded in every sense successful. The weather was perfect; when the sun became too glaring and hot the “officer of the day” would just detail a small squad of clouds to veil its brazen face and the weather would grow pleasant again. The camp regulations were no doubt strict, much stricter than usual but perhaps it was better to have them so. A line must be drawn somewhere; a crooked one will be over-stepped and an elastic one will be strained beyond recognition, so let’s have it hard and fast.

The devilry that 200 fellows could perpetrate if unrestrained cannot be measured. Indeed, to make an open confession, the writer of this article went to camp with the firm determination to “swipe,” or as Huck Finn has it, “lift” a chicken or two and perhaps conceal them in the tuba, but the fact of the matter is he didn’t have a chance, and consequently the spring fries are retained by their rightful owners (unless Haughton got the ones the writer was after.)

Everybody declares that Nebraska City has scads of pretty girls, and the reporter could see that during the four days in Nebraska City hearts under blue coats were trumps.

It is generally supposed that this will be the last encampment of the cadets, as the matter always raises a great dispute in the faculty, as the encampments are not considered by some to be practicable. The drills at camp were especially fine this year, the skirmish drills in particular. The competitive contests were pronounced to be beyond the vision of mortal man.

Dram Major Westermann: “Mr. Shafer, where are the buttons that belong to your uniform?”

Shafer: “Oh, DeWuif too ’em. He used ’em for cuff buttons.”

O. of the D.: “Mr. Scortum, after you get those boots blacked I detail you to scratch my left ear.”

Scortum: “Yes, sir, Captain, file or sand paper?”