

May 15

1902

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Student Record



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The Student Record

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No. 14

A Visit to the Scenes of the Bonnie Brier Bush



TRIP to Scotland meant the realization of two things long dreamed of, a visit to the scenes of the Scottish Romances of Sir Walter Scott and those of the modern sketches of Ian Maclaren.

Maclaren belongs to one of the later schools of story-writers whose founder was James Barrie. Barrie conceived the idea of weaving the characters of his own home town into a series of sketches. Maclaren applied the same principles to his town, thus producing the interesting character studies of Drumsheugh, the Doctor, and Mrs. McFayden in *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, Jamie Soutar and Posty in *Auld Lange Syne*, and Kate Carnegie in a book of that name. These works had been an inspiring influence since we first read them and we longed to visit the actual places of their origin, if it were possible. The realization of a two-hundred-mile wheel trip from Edinburgh and return brought Drumtochty within sight.

The first night out from Edinburgh was spent at old Stirling, where lies the field of Bannockburn; the second day, spent on the southern shore of Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine, immortalized by Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, was a dream as we steamed across the lake on the neat little *Rob Roy*. The Trossacks were passed so quickly that we did not realize that we had been in the best scenery of the South Border-land. The wheeling along Loch Earn near sunset the next day was superb. The road was as level and smooth as a polished floor. Then we came to a city set on a hill. Crieff was its name, but we called it Grieff because of the slow upgrade. One day's riding brought us the acme of our desires, a Sunday at Drumtochty.

It was nearing 7 o'clock on the warm summer evening of August 13th, 1899, when the tower of Trinity College came in view. The grounds were high up above a rather wide stream, on whose opposite bank we understood Drumtochty lay. No bridge however, was in sight. We wandered through the college grounds and found not only a small footbridge but also an old stone mill, whose size and square towers gave it the appearance of a small castle. When we asked for accommodations we were kindly welcomed and found ourselves under the

same roof with a deacon of the Free or New Kirk. This church held for us the greatest interest as Ian Maclaren had been its pastor and had studied his characters while in this pastorate. The former owner of this very mill had furnished most of the characteristics of Drumsheugh, the principal character of Bonnie Brier Bush.

Of course Maclaren, or John Watson, as his real name is, has repeatedly said that no character in his writings is taken wholly from one person but, like a composite picture, is taken from several. In the twilight, which is long in the Northland, we had time to cross the stream and walk about the tiny village. The name Drumtochty does not appear on the roster of Scotland's cities. It is the creation of Maclaren. The real name is Harrietfield.

The little kirk with its manse was the most attractive spot. It was on such a small plot of ground and so surrounded by yew trees as to be largely obscured from view. The village itself was very quaint with its rows of stone cottages joined one to the other, each with a little fancy flower garden in front. Two cottages, more pretentious than their neighbors, had each an arch over the gateway, formed by trimmed yew trees. We made the buying of some confections the excuse for going into a store for information. There again we tried to learn the exact difference in the faiths of the Auld and New Kirk, but the common people seem not to find any. We learned, however, the proper pronunciation of Maclaren's first name. Ian is pronounced Ean, not Yan, as we have so often heard it in America. He is universally so called in Harrietfield and rarely by his own name of Watson.

Sunday morning broke clear and cool. Our first visit was to Kelpie's Hole, a spot made famous by Post's losing his life in saving that of the little daughter of Mrs. MacFayden. We were told by our good hostess that the waterhole is as treacherous now as formerly and that students from the College above are often overpowered, while a few have lost their lives. It is certainly a charming spot near the Old Mill where the stream nestles beneath the high overhanging side of the Glen, heavy with foliage.

From Kelpie's Hole we crossed again over the footbridge spanning the Almond and up the steep footpath to the Free Kirk, where service was held from 11:30 to 1:00 o'clock. The interior was very bare, the forms running across the entire room. The minister looked very neat in his flowing black silk gown, relieved by a white collar with its two white muslin tabs six inches long.

This church has no ritual and takes no collection during the service; offerings were received at the door. After the sermon, which was intently listened to by all, the minister greeted the congregation and ourselves among the rest. He invited us into the tiny vestry, where he talked freely about Maclaren, who had preached in this church twenty years before. Unlike Barrie, who is unpopular among his old neighbors because they think that he is holding them in derision, Maclaren has pleased and enthusiastic admirers among the people of Harrietfield, who feel highly honored by his writings.

The present minister still considers that Barrie's Window in Thrums, which was his first book to appear, holds the first place in this style of story writing.

Americans, generally, admire Maclaren for his pathetic and interesting treatment of human character. We noticed this particularly of Jamie Soutar, who has

made a great impression on our countrymen. Before leaving the church, we added our names to the seventy who had been there before us that season. This shows that Drumtochty is growing popular, but it is refreshing and a new experience to be able to go to such a shrine before the tourist hotel has made its appearance.

Service in the Auld Kirk, which belongs to the state church of Scotland, came in the afternoon. We walked down the Glen for two miles, keeping as near the charming Tochty as possible. Just below the church, we crossed the new bridge over the stream, gazing long and lovingly at the old bridge made familiar to us in Kate Carnegie. A steep climb brought us to the church grounds. We were late and had no time to admire the outlook.

The service was like that of the Free Kirk, but the minister had a purple collar with white muslin rosettes on the edge, instead of a white one. After service we lingered to look at the tomb stones in the yard and take a general survey of the glen. A Scottish glen is much larger than an American glen. A valley we should call it. The Tochty is a rather small stream flowing over a rocky bed and, from the river, the ground slopes up and away gently to the horizon line. One may count a half dozen very large fields rising one above another before the long stretches of woods at the horizon arrest the eye. These far away misty stretches of woods on the south side of the Tochty give one a bit of characteristic Scotch scenery, quiet, restful, without the arousing elements of the grand and sublime.

The roads are universally good, well kept and shady; so we enjoyed every moment of our four-mile walk. The Scotch are very hospitable people and we had opportunity to enter into conversation with several and note the broad Scotch expressions as they greeted each other in passing. Many times we discovered old friends, as Burnbrae bidding his neighbors good-bye as he turned into a lane between stone fences to a farm way up the hillside. Posty was not there on a Sunday, to be sure, but he had become so much a part of Scottish scenery that we felt his presence, as we had seen him trudging along with his welcome pack on week days, with a cheery greeting for every passer and a bit of gossip. In imagination, we could see him mounting a stone fence to shout tidings of an absent Drumtochty soldier lad across three fields to anxious friends. These characters of Maclaren's are not ideal but are simple folk, full of hard common sense—just the same kind of people that one finds to-day.

We reached at last our own Deacon's rooms in the Stone Mill, happy over a day beautifully spent in the heart of Scotland amid surroundings now made real, but which had lost nothing of their pathos in being seen.

Early the following morning we started on our wheels to catch our steamer at Edinburgh. Again we realized more of Maclaren's characters as we rode along with men going to work in their strange heavy two-wheeled carts or with a countryman driving a small band of sheep before him into Muirtown, our author's designation for well-known Perth. A fast ride of fifty miles brought to view that wonderful bridge over the Firth of Forth, when a few minutes' ride on a ferry brought us to Edinburgh. Thus ended one of the pleasantest, most restful and withal profitable of longed-for pilgrimages.

MRS. FLORENCE H. CHURCH.

Mars Eruptus



THE end was nigh. All the nations of the world had at last found it necessary to annihilate the Chinese. The Japanese were no more, they had amalgamated with the Chinese. The condition of China baffles description. 'Twas a nation of lepers. So great was the population that pure air was a luxury, and the little that could be purchased cost 20 a cubic meter. Considering these things the united powers had undermined China. Billions of tons of Mars eruptus, a most terrible agent of death which had been invented when England and America had that terrible war in 2016, was stored away in the mines. The strength of this explosive was marvelous. The American gunners had bombarded London from Sandy Hook, whereupon Washington was laid in ruins by the Britians from Land's End.

The most of the nations had departed for Mars, where they were to remain while the explosive was put into action. The negro race was extinct. The few remaining Turks were domiciled in the Academy of Sciences at Paris as curiosities.

The French were the last to set out for Mars. In the first part of the journey they passed in their air ships over China. The sights they saw were terrible. The rivers were tainted by the leprous bathers; navigation on the lakes was impeded by dead bodies. In fact, a great sharp line of steel was fitted to all vessels. This steel, sharp as a sword and running from the figure head down along the keel, was used to cleave all ordinary obstructions. Some of the French were mightily pleased with the deep red tinge of China's lakes and rivers.

At last, when all were safe in Mars the explosion came. The crash was terrific. The stratum of air around the earth, formerly but five miles, now lengthened out to 200. The whole Chinese nation went up. With the exception of a few thousand they passed the limit where the earth's gravity could draw them back. Here they stayed. Their cattle kept them company on their hasty journey. So they were in no danger of starvation. All they had to do was to float in space. They weighed nothing, so no planet could draw them to itself. The earth was blown out of its orbit. The laws of the universe were suspended. Then the world remained stationary. The sun, forced from its old path, passed within 4000 miles of the moon. The moon became one molten mass and poured out into space. The state of affairs was terrible. The universe now traveled around the earth.

When the nations returned great was their woe. They could no longer walk upright, for specific gravity had increased ten fold. So they crawled on their hands and knees. At last they became chattering monkeys. But, so violent was the leprosy of the Chinese that the few thousand who again fell to the earth were light enough to stand erect. They were, as it were, the primitive inhabitants of the earth. The Mars eruptus had left the atmosphere in such a state that they could see their countrymen hundreds of miles in the air. Forthwith they began to worship them. Nor did they cease to worship even after countrymen faded from sight. A new era of the world began. Heavy vegetation, thriving on the impure air, came into existence. The earth once more began to repair its shat-

tered condition by means of glaciers, which were loosed from the north and south by the explosion, and also by means of volcanoes. But, alas, hundreds of years later, when the monkeys again began to develop into men there arose great disputations. "Is man descended from the monkey?" The answer to the question they never found. It is this: "When man has too much specific gravity he becomes a monkey."



To _____

When o'er the hills the winds howled mournfully
 We wandered hand in hand, together cast
 Our eyes on thos bright stars, that joyfully
 Reeled in their places as they, too, at last
 Had tasted love's wild vintage—had cast
 The centuries behind them. And we watched
 The pale clouds scudding from the cliff, aghast
 At their own desolation. Were not we
 Joy in itself? Could we not see
 Beyond the amaranthine gates of Paradise?

Sweet summer nights when softly rose the moon
 From out the range of purple-tinted peaks,
 Sweet summer songs, whose echoes died too soon,
 Caressing words, which memory repeats.
 Among long reaches of dark-waving trees
 The rivers wound a moonlit miracle.
 It murmurs on, its murmurs will not cease
 Save when thy voice for me makes all things still.

Spring afternoons, green meadows, budding flowers,
 Life like a glorious mantle over all.
 Silent we sat, or laughing through the hours,
 Together listened to the quail's shrill call,
 Together watched the purple shadows fall
 Over the liquid blue of distant cliffs.
 The memories of these happy, dreaming days
 Will shine like clustered stars behind the rifts,
 In dull horizons, arched o'er rugged ways,
 Cheering the soul, and lighting the abyss.

—PRINCE CATLIN.



Junior—I have seen him cover a half in two minutes.

Senior—That's nothing! Yesterday I was running a bluff with a fiver, and a blamed Freshman covered it in ten seconds.



The Student Record



BERNARD O'HARA '03, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

E. P. ARNOT '02, BUSINESS MANAGER

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Entered at the Reno, Nevada, Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

Once More Examination week is upon us. This is the much-feared time of reckoning, bringing, as it does, for the average student, the usual amount of mental anguish.

Ponies, with other aids to knowledge and a degree—principally the latter—will be brought forth from the cob-webbed corner, and midnight oil will be burned in quantities untold.

The same thing will happen for an indefinite period, or so long as the thirst for learning infects the minds of men.

This year we take pleasure in bidding the wise old Class of '02 a joyous farewell. Its members will soon be journeying for lands uncivilized, with bouquets, hurled from the hands of jubilant friends, safely hidden in their baggage.

Probably, on some future day, little round-eyed children will gaze in awe at their withered leaves, while their grand old sire thinks of the days that are gone.



Track On May 16 the members of the Track Team will make their appearance in Salt Lake to struggle for supremacy with the Utah representatives. This will be the first and last meet of the season. We have succeeded so far in winning all our contests with Utah, but the outcome of this year's struggle is doubtful. Our material is good, but is also new. Consequently, we are at considerable disadvantage.

Coach Steckle, who has done more for athletics in this school than any man living, thinks the team will acquit themselves creditably. The team is as follows:

Mayer and Hofmann, 100-yd and 220-yd dash.

Luke and Kearney, hurdles.

Catlin, 440-yd.

Ott Heizer, 880-yd.

J. Taylor, one mile.

F. Smith, high jump.

Barker, broad jump.

C. C. Smith (Capt.), weights.

How to Swear.

WE are no more averse to hearing one man swear than we are averse to seeing another use opium, morphine or hop. Our purpose, in this instance, is to show the relation which exists between the material drug and the immaterial swear. These drugs, when prescribed by a physician, do a good to the physical world which is incomprehensible. Used, however, habitually, they gradually undermine the sources of health; they wreck the whole human frame; until the fiend who uses them no longer finds his pleasure therein, but must needs have them to carry on his existence. Thus it is with swearing. (We use swearing as a specific term and thereby do not include curse, which is most deadly.) A man who swears continually, gradually loses his spirituality. He is a fiend who takes no pleasure in it. He must swear to exist.

Opium is not created in its beautiful golden plant for the ruination of man. Its end on this earth is to bless man. We cannot but admit the organs of speech to have a nobler mission than the poppy. The product of the poppy is material opium; the product of the voice, immaterial swearing. Since opium taken under a doctor's orders tends to bless the body, swearing would necessarily, under the care and guidance of our spiritual advisers, tend to bless the soul. Why then does not each man go around as a good shepherd to his sheep? Why does he not say to this man: "You have a large family and much care, swear, therefore, thrice between meals," or to an overworked college student: "Thy problems are difficult, swear thyself, therefore through difficulties?" They do not do this, because they fail to realize that swearing is a divine instrument. We have letters from many students (not habitual swearers) who say their minds have been calmed and their souls refreshed by the utterance, when occasion demanded, of a good oath. We may publish their opinion at a later date.



Constancy

The hour was late. B-r-r-r-r went the telephone in ye lady's house; b-r-r-r, b-r-r-r. "Hello," echoed her sweet voice through the dwelling and incidentally over the telephone. "Hello," came mumbling back the voice of him whom she had given the go-by. "Is that you, Flossy?"

"Yes," she answered, "and who am I talking to?"

"It is me, don't you know me," he thundered.

A timid "Yes."

"Well, you had better go down to the Oberon and get your new flame, he is shot to the neck."

A dull thud echoed over the wires. Then for a moment she heard no sound. "Hello, hello, Flossie, that's you, isn't it? I thought I was right. And—hic—by the way, Flossie—hic—when you come down after me, shend and ambulance, for the guy—hic—just slandered me. Well, good-bye, love."

"Good-bye, love." And as she sought her downy couch she murmured—
"With all his faults I love him still."

On the Kopje

"Come here and pick me up," said the blade of grass that had fallen from the horse's mouth. "No Hospital for me," answered the wounded rabbit gravely.

The Assembly address was delivered by Prof. Thurtell. His subject "When a Man Comes to Himself," was very ably handled.

The Track Team left for Salt Lake Wednesday night. The team came near losing its quarter-mile runner, whose heart has been troubling him lately, but the doctors said that the symptoms were not dangerous.

The basket-ball girls, and especially the Cottage girls, still await the congratulations from the matron of the Cottage for their victory over the U. of C. We might have known our girls could not beat the U. of C. girls.

We wish to congratulate one of our Profs for his bravery. Prof. Thurtell rescued a little girl from drowning last Monday, at the risk of his life. The water was exceedingly cold, but he entered the Orr ditch with a determination and drew the unfortunate bather from the very brink of a watery grave.

The original drawings for the cartoons published in the Artemisia will be auctioned off on Class Day. These drawings are something worth having. They depict, with great truthfulness, the many characters found wandering around within the boundaries of this Garden of Minerva's rarest flowers.

The Artemisias will be distributed on Monday. Students who wish to own one of the best college annuals yet published, can obtain them by calling at the Registrar's office, Monday, the 19th, not forgetting their purses in the meantime, for the management have determined to run the business part of the Annual on a cash basis.

POOR CHAPPIE!

There is no doubt about it; he hated water. Gentle and sweet tempered was he, nor could any amount of ribaldry more than slightly agitate his habitual calm. This sunny day he strolled, in a thoughtful mood, on the balcony of Lincoln Hall. Not a breeze ruffled the air, not a leaf fluttered. Three pints of water meandered from story three right on his straw hat. From such anger again, O Og. King of Bashan, forevermore deliver us.



Child of mystery, I would give worlds to understand thee. Thou art like a book that is hard to get. Thou art like a precious mineral I would study, but find locked in its glass-bound case. Thou art like a sweet story with but one chapter read. Thou art a pure gem, that's all I know about thee. Still thou art a mystery, a deep, deep mystery to me.

"A mystery this—but who can see
The soft south wind that sways the tree."

When Misfortunes Pressed

What a sweet little girl. He had loved her for many days. It was not the first time, to be sure, that he had been wounded by Cupid's dart. In fact, Cupid laid him low very often. Therefore, being experienced, he used reason in his courtship. He did not sulk as lovers are sometimes wont to do. He went to her, told her in a free, easy-going manner that he loved her; tried in an off-hand way to make her believe it. "No more pining for me," he thought. "I will win her with a flourish or I will lose her."

"I will lose her with a flourish or I will win her." Thus he mused as the days went smiling on. One smiling day, however, he was telling his old college friend, Magee, his luck. Up to learn five hundred lines of the history of Nero's reign by heart for simply yelling in Study Hall when the lights went out; deprived of the right of going outside the College walls for the rest of the term—three weeks. Such was the custom of this college. His friend tore off the ending of a dainty letter and handed it to him. The handwriting was familiar. It read: "And is it true he was sent here because he was wild. If I thought so I wouldn't."—

He passed the note back. "Tell her yes, Mac, tell her yes."

"I am constant as the northern star;
Of whose true, fixed and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament."



When Knighthood Was in Flower

Long years ago when men were strong
And every girl a belle,
Our football stars were praised in song;
Loud was the college yell.

But now no grim and gory giants
Go tearing through the line,
But for the Cottage nobly charge
And steal both yours and mine.

The college yell no longer sounds
To drown a cheering throng,
But gurgling murmurs go the rounds
For experts of ping-pong.

'03



The Senior Class held another meeting, and, incidentally, had another rough-house. The President has his hands full when he attempts to rule over the fair members of his flock, but when the Artemisia comes out he will fall a victim to yellow journalism.

"In the Canyon"

I stood enraptured on the mountain's crest,
 Drinking the glorious scene with thirsting eyes,
 For one short moment all the world forgot,
 And dreamed I dwelt in Paradise.

Soft sung the western wind its lullaby,
 Through the giant pines on the hills below,
 While far beyond majestic mountains rose
 Their deep arroyas filled with curded snow.

There at my left the towering granite wall
 About whose feet the raging waters roared;
 Circling the purer air, a mile above,
 The keen-eyed, watchful vulture smoothly soared.

Long looked I here upon the scene sublime
 Then slowly wandered down the piny hills,
 Through many tangled meads and sunless shades
 O'er walls of crumbling rocks and whispering rills.

At eve I listened to the dashing waves
 And watched the truant stars creep into sight
 To smiling take their places, one by one,
 Upon the azure canopy of night.

The air was spirited with beauty and with strength,
 Filling my soul with pleasure and with awe.
 The river roared his riddle o'er and o'er,
 The babbling brook half told the hidden Law.

The full armed cupid in the horned moon,
 Seeing the mountain by the stream caressed,
 Discharged his arrows in a silver shower
 Upon the mountain's brow and river's breast.

The sleeping fishes now awoke in glee,
 Flashing their mottled sides in mimic fear;
 They told the tale the brook had half expressed,
 That Love, not Might, is master here.

W. E. W.



The Y. W. C. A. delegates to Pacific Grove left Reno Wednesday night. They will probably be gone for a week. The delegates are Miss Fink and Miss Warren.

Remorse

I sit and look on you, darling
And my eyes unconsciously fill;
And I wonder if I was to blame, Love,
For your lying there silent and still.

You once were dear to my heart, Love,
And I pressed your warm lips to my own;
But now you lie soulless and pallid
Where you have been recklessly thrown.

Oh, I loved you before I had seen you,
And I sought you with feverish zeal.
When I lost you I wept with a sorrow
That few men only can feel.

And now let us answer the question,
Someone surely will ask:
You are only a half-pint bottle;
Only a small fifty-cent flask.



The reporter detailed to write up an account of the recent battle-ball game was refused admittance.

Little Boy, reciting—I know, you know,—at e-r-r.
Prof—Anyone!
Another little boy.—Keno!

The embankment in front of the Experiment Station is being removed. This will make a great improvement in the appearance of the campus.

Captain Case, Company A: Fall out, and clean your guns. The Inspector will be here Thursday and everybody should have a good shine on.

On May 7th the student body officers for the next year were elected. The successful candidates are as follows: John O. McElroy, President; A. W. Wolf, Vice-President; Miss J. Cameron, Secretary; Geo. Lyman, Treasurer; J. S. Case, Debating Manager.

In the student body meetings some students act like ten-year-old children. They don't seem to be aware of the fact that their conduct is ungentlemanly. A specimen of their childish antics is the manner in which they stamp to the step of a person leaving the Gym. When in a gathering where there are ladies, they should try to act like gentlemen, no matter how painful the task might be.

In our third inter-collegiate debate with Utah we have suffered defeat. When we look the matter over, however, we clearly see that our representatives were not responsible, but that the students, as a whole, should be held culpable. The debaters, after weeks of preparation, went to Salt Lake and did their best. They had never received any recognition for their efforts, and probably felt that their success or failure would only affect themselves. When a team comes off victorious, the mob goes into hysterics, but on the other hand, if they lose they are generally received with smiles of sarcasm. For the benefit of any person who ridicules the losing side, we would say that a dog who lies in a corner and waits for a bone to fall in front of him will die of starvation.

It was an ancient billy goat,
He butteth one of three;
By thy long beard and glittering eye,
Wherefore butteth thou me.



Seymour the Great

Old Kilo sat in his chair of state,
While his face was set and grim,
And inwardly cursed his treacherous fate;
And the mob that was facing him.

"It seems to me," said he falteringly,
With a frown that dimmed the light,
"In order to finish speedily,
We had better *expedite*."

The crowded hall grew still as death.
A Senior wise then said:
"A mighty word, it seems to me,
For such a little head."



Exchange

"Say, Kid, don't you ever take a bath?"

"No, sir, I don't have to. I sweats a good deal."

"Conductor! Conductor! Stop the car! I dropped my wig out of the window!"

"Never mind, madam, there is a switch just this side of the next station!"

"Strange, isn't it," remarked the condemned man as the noose settled about his neck, "that the last tie that binds me to this earth is the one that separates me from it."

Always kick a man when he is down, for when he gets up he will kick you.

"Ah, yes," said the cannibal chief, smacking his lips; "he really was a good man."

History Prof.—"What are the three most important factors in the history of the German empire?"

Freshman—"Two beers and a pretzel."

THOUGHTS AT SEA.

The first day called up fears that made me nervous-hearted,
The next day called up memories of friends from whom I'd parted,
The third day called up thoughts of land, where one is safely carted,
The fourth day called up everything I'd eaten since I started.

OUR WOES.

The girls have taken our collars and cuffs,
They've stolen our hats and shoes;
They copy our walk, our slang, our talk,
They take whatever they choose,
They sport our neckties; why, in fact;
There's nothing at all we can save
For ourselves alone, but this one thing—
The luxury of a shave.

A PAIN.

I ate bread,
Jermimah ate jelly.
Jermimah went home
With a pain in—
Now, don't be alarmed,
Don't be mislead,
Jermimah went home
With a pain in her head.

It was at a dinner party. The bright young man found himself privileged to sit next to the young woman with beautiful arms and neck. He thought himself the most favored personage in the room. Suddenly his fair companion exhibited signs of nervousness. Two of his very best jokes, saved for a special occasion, passed by unnoticed. Her face wore a look of alarm. Apprehensively, the young man gazed at her, and meeting the look, she said:

"I am in misery."

"In misery?" echoed the man.

"Yes," she replied, "I was vaccinated the other day, and it has taken so beautifully. I could almost scream, it hurts so."

The young man looked at the beautiful arms, and seeing no mark there, said:

"Why, where were you vaccinated?"

"*In Boston,*" she replied, a smile chasing away the look of pain.

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