

the School who would shine if they had the opportunity. How do we know but what Rugby may be fostering another Macready?

Hoping that all objections to the carrying out of my suggestion may be easily overcome—for objections undoubtedly *will* turn up,—and apologising for taking up so much of your valuable space,

I remain, Sir, yours,  
O. S. A. N.

*To the Editor of the Meteor.*

SIR,—I was aware that the Arnold Library was infested by scorpions and snakes and other vermin dear to unnatural science, but I thought they were for the most part potted, if not in an advanced state of decay; too decomposed, at least, to occasion any serious alarm. There is the fish also of protuberant digestive organs, who confronts me whenever I enter the room. I wish he were gone. He is a warning to me. He shows me what evil my flesh is heir to, if it does not control its propensity for fluid. Misguided bloater! he had drunk too much, that was what did it. He has a half protesting, half repentant air,—as if to say that his stuffer has stuffed him with more straw than is his due: while he acknowledges that if he could recover his vertebrae and be an innocent fish once more, he would be more prudent and drink less.

Again there is the bogie in the corner, to which I always try to turn my back whenever I go into the forbidden compartment. It makes me creepy. I am sure that melancholy mummy has a history. He too went out to buy a hat that he might go to a wedding and got unexpectedly sewn up. I am told that Mr. Wilson ogles him with a view to dissection as soon as physiology comes in. He longed to dissect rats, and tried the unsavoury experiment, but found they wouldn't keep. The mummy has kept long enough, he thinks; so perhaps he will cut him up quick, and we shall get rid of him.

These are everyday dangers. But, Sir, I was not prepared to be assaulted by a venomous beast when sitting in a confiding manner before the fire. I was reading a stolen newspaper, with my feet raised against the chimney-piece, after the custom of Americans, as I have gathered from travellers in that country. There was nothing above my head

but my hair and the roof. Suddenly, and as I think unwarrantably, the brute fell from space upon my shoulder, and what was worse, stuck there. He brought part of his nidus with him. It consisted of detached cobwebs, with dust adhering: not impossibly the delictus of human shoes. I could not be too confident on such a point, but at first sight I did think it was so.

How did I behave, Mr. Editor? Well, I was not demoralized. I rose to the occasion and my feet. I looked at him, and cautiously shook him on the floor. I then called a courageous friend who happened to be in another part of the room. He came. We examined the creature, trod upon him twice, and with the tongs threw him upon the fire. He crackled, and I can tell you no more.

Now, Sir, I ask the Natural History Society, Mr. President and Messrs. the Members who correspond to him, what was this venomous beast, and why did he crackle? I believe him, and so did my friend, to have been an enterprising, if deluded, wasp: but I do not like to dogmatize upon this point any more than the other. But granted he was a wasp, why did he crackle? Is it a way they have on the application of heat?

I assure you that the facts are as I give them. I have just been to inspect the garment upon which he fell, and though the delictus is no longer there, yet the garment is. This clearly proves the truth of my story. Ask my friend. I would give you his name, but he is singularly ingenuous, and would blush to find his courage famous. I would enclose my card, only I am given to understand you don't receive them.

Your obedient servant,  
February 6th. NERVES.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Balgovind."—You will see that alterations have already been made in the Racquet Court system.

"Amator."—Your views are by far too charitable.

"Cavalier."—Your letter, although in a good cause, is too personal for insertion.