

of the United States." It then rehearsed the purposes, the aims, and the hopes of the members in thus banding themselves together. The officers were fixed, their duties prescribed, and all that. By and by an article was reached which specified and described, somewhat particularly, the way in which it should be known. Of course I am not going even to try to quote anything more than the substance of the language. It was like this: "The badge of this Society shall consist of a bosom-pin about six-tenths of an inch in diameter, circular, a black disk of jet surrounded by a wreath of gold, bearing in the center the initials of the Society's name in raised letters of gold in the enamel."

Thereupon there was an instant explosion of laughter from one of the visitors — the unfortunate writer of this article. He meant no derision, and indeed was as innocent in his indiscretion as he was mortified by such a disclosure of it. The usual shout, with all its precipitation of student-wrath, was started for his comfort: "Put him out!" He replied with the usual Greek: "Strike, but hear!" Then the ordinary amount of intellect was invoked to perceive that really there was some incongruity in such noble and scholarly men wearing on their bosoms the great golden letters "A S S" before all the college. Anger gave place to fun; and ultimately the convention did their work better by changing the name of the society to Anti-Secret Confederation; and through the rest of our course members were labeled "A S C."

Such a discomfiture would have been fatal in most cases, and inevitably would have given a most unphilosophical advantage to the other side of the question. But the fact was, those men were the chiefs of the college. They had among them some of the maturest and best the classes loved to honor. They managed the rest of the meeting skillfully. Before we retired, they forced in a splendid chance for an appeal to all that was decent and generous in our minds; they stood up in the power of real manhood, and told us the meanness of cliques and the injustice of exclusiveness, and the wickedness of oaths. Some of the Social Fraternity men of that year have done magnificent work in this old world since then; and I speak simple justice when I own they shook many of us that night with their arguments and their truths.

For one, I like conscience when I see it; I always did; and more than that, I like outspoken words for what is right and good and true. But I like consis-

tency also; and now I must tell the rest of my story. On the day we graduated, sobered and thoughtful, gentle and pensive in the backward look and the forward dread, a new secret society, running through all the four classes, "swung out" before the eyes of us all in complete organization. Among the men who spoke their commencement orations in our class were three or four wearing the badge of that association. They were the men who argued and pleaded two years previous to that day in the small chapel. They repudiated their principles and defied their former record, when it was too late for an apology or for an explanation. The Social Fraternity was wounded and betrayed by its leaders in the whole four classes; the secret-society men were not inclined to feel complimented; and the conversation was worried and perplexed, when the young fellows asked and wondered what it meant. Some said that these men had always been shamming because they had not for themselves been taken, and so were spiteful instead of conscientious.

Simply and earnestly I say again, as I close the tale, let those who take ground on this unsettled question of secret societies in college put conscience and consistency together. If any one changes his mind, because of fresh convictions, let him own it frankly, and take a clear stand early enough to retain the respect of those who have loved and trusted him in the days gone by. For I soberly declare that it is my pain to this day to recall how my confidence was broken then.

Charles S. Robinson.

Henry Clay, the Slashes, and Ashland again.

HENRY CLAY was born within three miles of Hanover Court House, south, and some four or five miles eastward of the present pretty little summer town of Ashland. His birthplace was known locally as "The old Clay place," or "The place where Henry Clay was born," and as long ago as 1832, and many years earlier, I believe, had passed into other hands.

The first name of the railway station where Ashland stands was called, in 1836, "Tayler's Sawmill"; then the name was appropriately changed to "Slash Cottage," being in the heart of the Slashes of Hanover. That name held till after 1850, when Mr. Edwin Robinson, of Richmond City, conceived the project of building a town at "Slash Cottage," and formally christened it "Ashland," after Mr. Clay's residence in Kentucky.

W. A. W.





ART AND NATURE.

YOUNG Briggs has received his first medal for the effort of his life, a 36 x 24, "In the Meadow." His rich uncle has come to consider buying it. "Wall, now, I guess we can make a dicker on that picter, providin' you kin fat up them cows and turn 'em sideways. Then take them trees out and put a couple of ranche buildin's in place of 'em, and with the name of our ranche in big red letters across the sky, she'll be a bully *ad.*"

Aphorisms from the Quarter.

WHEN some folks start out preachin', 'tis sort o' like playin' a hymn on de banjer.

DE water-milion vine need a taller fence dan de rose-bush.

DE man in de moon don't git much 'tention on 'lection day.

DE runnin' vine in de grass kin fling you harder 'n de stump in de open road.

MULE keeps his 'ligion in his front en'.

RACCOON couldn't take his tracks off wid him.

DE sto'-keeper's long pra'r's ain't no sign of a long yard-stick.

WHEN de pea-vine git too proud to lean on a stick, 'tain't much service in de garden.

ONE rascal talkin' 'bout 'nuther one is like a deaf man thumpin' a water-milion.

'TAIN'T fa'r to medjer de dep' ob a snow by de drifts in de fence-corner.

CLAPPER in de cow-bell shine in de dark.

DE apple in de rabbit-trap is rank pisen.

J. A. Macon.