

while his fortune in cattle accumulates. As in youth, so in age his favorite amusement is football. He has played and fed his mind on the game so much that he becomes the shape of a slightly elongated football. When he is too old to take an active part in the game, he still reads the sporting page with interest. He lives to a ripe old age and retains his rotundity to the last.

There is one of our class who is always faithful in little things. She is the smallest of us all, but can win in an argument with any of her classmates, no matter what time of day it is. She usually wears a serious face with an expression that is almost a frown. But with the least provocation her expression changes to a smile. She is a neat housekeeper, but she firmly refuses to keep house for any member of the opposite sex. After leaving school, she will buy a cozy home in her native state, Oregon. In this home she will have a library, and amidst piles of papers she will spend most of her time, writing books for which she will receive good prices. She will live in single blessedness to see the next Halley's comet, happy in the thought that she leaves no family to quarrel over her possessions.

Of course we have a "Husky" among us. He hails from Alaska, the land of promise and of promising youths. This fellow with his high, prominent forehead, great solemn eyes, deep bass voice and constantly unruffled spirits has a calming effect upon other natures with which he comes in contact. When he speaks one instinctively feels that matters are not so bad as they seem. Ten years or more from now, he will be steaming between his home and Seattle in his own boat, heavily loaded with furs. He will not live to be old and bald headed, but his wife will find consolation in remembering that "only the good die young."

And now to the tallest boy in the class. He is not too tall to play baseball well. When he walks he holds his head high. I think his motto must be "Aim High," for when he is working with the painter's detail I have never seen him paint anything lower than a house-top. He is our "Ichabod Crane" in appearance. He is so bashful that he sits as far away from the girls as he can. Mexico had better be making ready for peace, for this fellow will have marched to that country and will have conquered it before it has time to collect its wits and its army. He will be commander-in-chief of the army of our country. Though a warrior, he will not be killed in battle, but will pass tranquilly beyond from his home near historic Astoria.

The next is our youngest, a lad who has gone like a limited train through the grades. Beginning with the seventh grade at the first of the year, he has always passed the monthly tests with high marks, and in the final examinations ranks fourth in the class. After leaving Chemawa, he will in a few years, be creditably graduated from college. His trade