met with fair success. I have established to my own satisfaction the main proposition, and am now at work on its corollaries. I have found several ore-shoots, but only one contained ore enough, above the level of the drift, to give me a small pecuniary return, not enough to justify me in employing help for the purpose of sinking a shaft upon it. I have, accordingly, been running a tunnel at the foot of the hill, because this is a job I can do by myself. The tunnel is in over 450 feet, and I have a considerable distance yet to run before I reach the point at which I am aiming. I have been greatly hampered, not merely by the lack of means, but also by the lack of physical strength, which, in my case, is considerably less than that of the average miner. However, I keep pounding away, hoping that ere long I will strike a chimney that will furnish ore sufficient to enable me to purchase machinery and employ needful help. Although I cannot be present in person at the reunion, I shall endeavor to keep the date in mind and be present with you in spirit. Give my kindest regards to all the boys and tell them that I hope I may, at some future day, have the pleasure of meeting them again, individually, if not collectively.

There is one thing more. I trust that the facts I have stated will fully account for and excuse my failure to contribute anything to the Class Fund or the Alumni Fund. I keep both steadfastly in remembrance, and when I "strike it" I shall try to make up for past omissions. With best wishes to all, I remain, as heretofore,

Sincerely yours,

A. E. JANVIER.

LAFAYETTE, IND., June 11, 1906.

My Dear Woodruff:

Herewith is N. Y. Draft, $300, endorsed to your order, which please direct to the Class Fund. When I returned home after seeing you I found that I could not then, nor until long afterwards, carry out my promise as to this without great inconvenience. I was engaged in some complicated litigations, which have since terminated in a satisfactory way, and I take pleasure in doing something more than I then

promised. I very much fear that I shall, after all, be unable to reach New Haven this summer. My son's health for some weeks past has not been up to the average, which at best is imperfect. Unless his condition becomes more satisfactory, I should not feel warranted in spending several days so far away from him. You had better not count on me. Yet, should he *possibly* improve, and be as well as he is at times, I would not hesitate to go East. This, I fear, is unlikely. In any case, I am sure that there will be "great doings" and much fun at the Class meeting and other college functions, and I hate to miss them. My hearty regards to all the fellows, Jelley, Burr, *et al.*

Yours sincerely,

FRED. S. CHASE.

BELVEDERE, CAL., June 12, 1906.

My Dear Woodruff:

From beneath the shadow of a great disaster I send my warmest greetings and love to "Old '71." I would give anything to be with you all on the occasion of our Thirty-fifth Anniversary, but these are times when one must hearken, not to the voice of pleasure, but of duty; and never did duty make more pathetic appeal than just at the present moment out here. The city that we loved so much is in ruins. We cannot leave her now, in her sore distress, but must stay and do what we can to help her on her feet again. On the 14th of August next it will be just a half-century since, as a boy six years old, I first entered the Golden Gate. I little thought that the old town would go back on our "golden wedding" in such a tragic fashion. A city unique among American municipalities has been wiped out. It was cosmopolitan, gay, joyous, frank, open-hearted, open-handed, debonair, with none of the extremes of poverty elsewhere seen, and with a happy population, crowding its principal streets day and night in a free-and-easy, open-air existence. With its passionate love of music, its fondness for theaters and amusements of all kinds and its epicurean taste for good living, it reminded one more of a miniature Paris than of any place in our own country. But all this has vanished. The curtain has been rung down. The scene has changed. Ash-heaps and tottering walls are our only souve-