A LEGEND OF THE NORMAL.

Legendary history tells us
Wonderous tales of ancient Greece,
Of her dear old Spartan heroes,
Of her warfare and her peace;
And about her distant Athens
Lingers many a story yet,
Of their deeds of strength and valor
Which the world will ne'er forget.

Do we in these present ages
Ever hear of men like these?
Can our country boast a Theseus
Or a modern Hercules?
Yes,—within our state's own limits,
For with grit and courage fine,
To the "Athens of Chautauqua"
Came a youth called "Ninety-Nine."

Brave he was thought, unattended,
And a stranger in the land;
He had come prepared to battle
Many foes on every hand;
For he knew that in the distance,
Far upon a mountain height,
There awaited him a maiden,
And to win her, he must fight.

She was fair,—a being worthy
Of his best and noblest aims;
And her name to him was music,—
Far the sweetest of all names;
For 'twas "Normal State Diploma."
With what joy it filled his breast;
Sent him speeding on his journey
Filled with courage, strength and zest.

So with light and eager footsteps.
Set he forth,—his fate to meet;
When a Mathematical wind storm
Swept him breathless off his feet;
Whirled in eddying currents round him;
Blew the dust into his eyes;
Turned and twisted him,—then left him
Suddenly, ere he could rise.

Scarcely pausing to recover,
Pushing onward,—sure to win.
Floundered he in swamps of Grammar,
Sunk up to his very chin;
Wandered through the land of Music
In whose9 beauties hills and dales
Lingered many a gruesome creature
Covered o'er with Minor scales.

Bravely had he passed these dangers,
When from out a hiding place
Glided there a serpent,—"Rhetoric."
Wrapped him in its close embrace;

But the lad,—though filled with horror,
Conquered in a way quite neat;
Charmed and tamed him, till the monster
Crawled subservient at his feet.

Then as gaily he pushed forward,
Lo! a giant blocked the way,
"Methods" was his appellation;
He was strong and old and grey;
With young "Ninety-Nine" he grappled;
Tried to throw him to the ground,
But, with ease, the little hero
Beat him on the final round.

Now the worst was yet to happen,
Ere our hero gained his prize;
For a hundred-headed dragon
In the path before him lies;
Tough and hoary is the monster,
And for mischief known to fame;
Many had he killed in battle;
"Practice" was his awful name.

Just at first our hero wavered
When he saw the monster there;
Then he fought, and drove him wounded
Back into his gloomy lair.
Then the pathway seemed to brighten,
Flowers bloomed beneath his feet;
Danger now for him is over,
Life and victory are sweet.

Close at hand nowloomed the mountain,
While upon its lofty height
Waiting stood the lovely maiden,
By a fog obscured from sight;
For 'twas Science of Education
Like a pall shut out the view,
As he neared the mountain's summit,
Dense and denser still it grew.

But his eyes have pierced the vapor,
And he sees the maiden's charms;
With a shout he rushes forward,
Claps her wildly in his arms;
"Ninety-Nine" has run his gauntlet;
With his conflicts he has done;
Reached the mountain's top "per gradus;"—
He has fought and he has won.

Thus the legend is concluded
And the curtain falls at last
On the drama of our school days,
Now a story of the past;
And in future years, dear comrades,
May the sun in blessing shine
On the old Fredonia Normal,
And the Class of '99.