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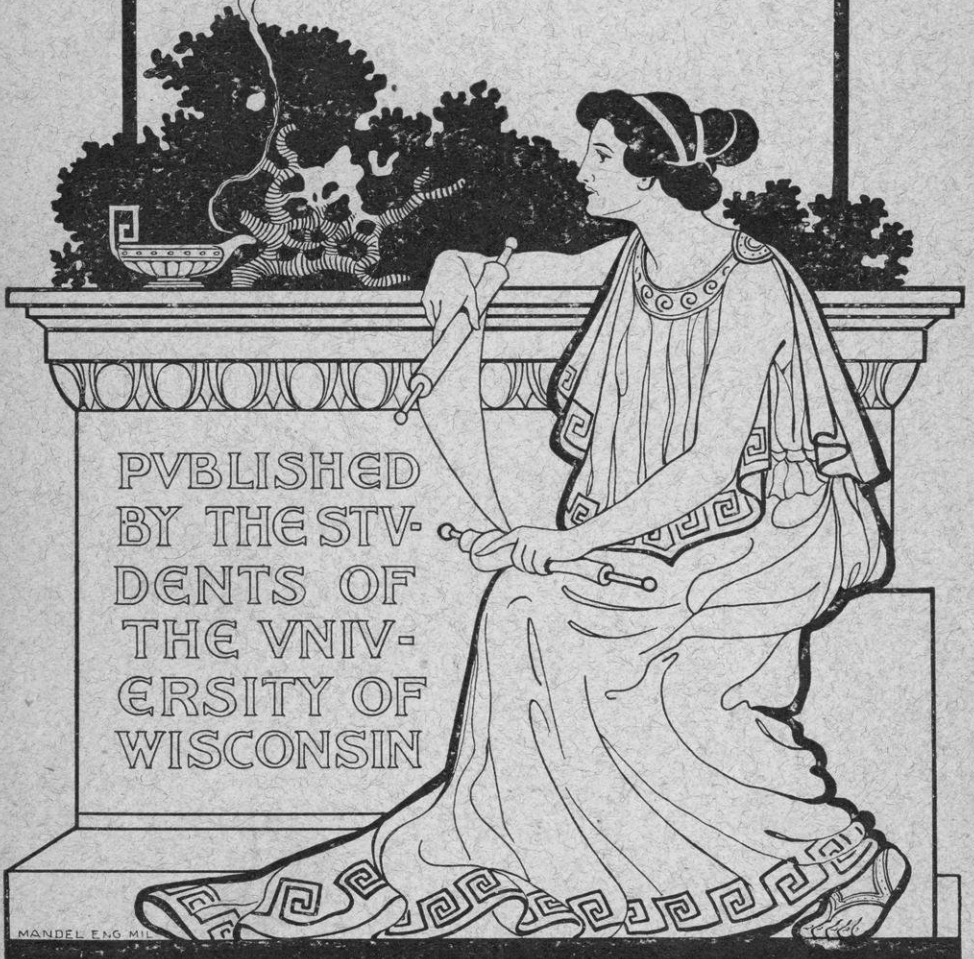
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THE WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE



PUBLISHED
BY THE STUDENTS OF
THE UNIVERSITY OF
WISCONSIN

NOVEMBER, 1905

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The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

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Vol. III

NOVEMBER, 1905

No. 2

CONTENTS.

The Reigning Beauty	- - - - -	33
	H. S.	
The Romance of Library John	- - - - -	37
	E. J. Robinson	
A Rainy Day	- - - - -	40
	Fred. V. Larkin	
Their Arrival	- - - - -	42
	Walter Scott Underwood	
November	- - - - -	44
	F. W. MacKenzie	
Happiness	- - - - -	45
	Katherine Swint	
The Elixir of Life	- - - - -	47
	Jenkins	
Beat No. 7	- - - - -	50
	N	
"Those Awful Laws"	- - - - -	51
	Ora L. Mason	
The Miser's Song	- - - - -	52
	W	
And Jimmie Knew	- - - - -	53
	O. R. S.	
The Gulf of Mexico	- - - - -	55
	Marion E. Ryan	
The Tale of the Birch Trees	- - - - -	56
	Translated from the Norse by Alfred H. Bushnell	
Lac De La Fee	- - - - -	58
	Marion E. Ryan	
The Fifth Victim	- - - - -	59
The Madonna of the Valley	- - - - -	65
	A. L.	

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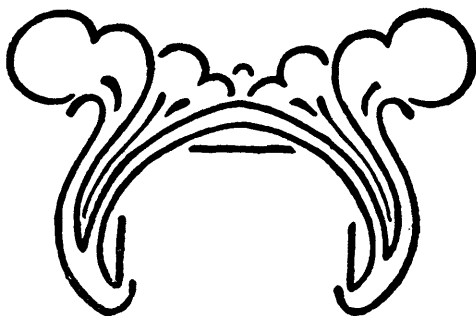
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THE
WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1905

VOLUME III

NUMBER 2

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THE REIGNING BEAUTY

By H. S.

When the Tri Rhos returned to college in the autumn and began to rush eligible sorority material they discovered in the eligible class, which consists of those possessed of purse, family, or striking physical charms garbed *a la mode*, a certain co-ed whom they regarded from the first as a worthy prize. Irene Hefton was her name; her home, some unheard of hamlet in the remotest corner of the state; her father, a country banker and president of the few miles of railroad that connected the unknown hamlet with the outside world.

But a year or two in the East had made Miss Hefton as *chic* as any co-ed, and decidedly more polished and at ease, and unquestionably far more charming, than is any graduate of Smith or Vassar. Beneath she had a naivete that if not genuine did her the more credit for being mistress of a subtle art that the ordinary practitioner, however sophisticated she

may be, too often palpably affects. As for her physical charms, Miss Irene had a pair of very expressive grey eyes, brown hair, fair, regular features, and a figure that delighted the æsthetic sensibilities of the undergraduate of the opposite sex.

The Tri Rhos, like all other sororities, aimed to secure all the pretty girls possible, for where there are pretty girls you will find many men.

But the Tri Rhos, in the competition with their sister organizations for Miss Hefton, had not counted upon a division within their own ranks, especially a division of the character that ultimately manifested itself.

Before the advent of Irene Hefton Magdalen O'Keefe was unquestionably the most popular girl with the men in college. No Tri Rho girl ever lacked an engagement to go somewhere or other. Men didn't 'phone to the Tri Rho house, even when they were asking out some girl other than Miss O'Keefe. Instead they walked over to the house in hopes of securing a moment's chat with the vivacious, the beautiful Magdalen O'Keefe.

But Fred Travers was secretly regarded as the winning man. He was very nearly, if not quite, engaged to Miss O'Keefe, rumor had it. They went carriage and boat-riding together, went to the theater and parties together, and were only separable when on the "Hill." Of course, other men got a chance, edgewise, so to speak; and, as no announcement was made, all those desperately in love remained in the race and hoped against hope.

Magdalen was as satisfied as were the other girls with Irene Hefton, till she introduced the latter to Fred Travers. Then came the change in Magdalen's mental attitude toward Irene, for Fred was too manifestly satisfied with the latter's charms. In detail he took in the pleasing ensemble of feature, dress and figure, the ease of manner, the charm of her naivete, and Magdalen felt that at one stroke her spell, at least so far as Fred Travers was concerned, was broken.

Precisely how it happened she did not know, but somehow the threads of conversation were whisked from her control and Fred Travers and Irene Hefton were chatting together as gayly and as unconcernedly as though no such person as Magdalen O'Keefe had ever existed.

"Dear, dear me, Fred," she burst in at last, petulantly; "I never knew before what a talker you are. I want to say something, too, once in a while, to Miss Hefton."

Her tone was good-natured, but it was Fred's sex that blinded him to the look in her eyes.

And so, awake or asleep, Irene Hefton's fair form appeared always as a dark and ominous shadow in the mind's eye of Magdalen O'Keefe.

Irene appeared so innocent of the mischief she was doing that Magdalen, shrewd observer though she was, remained sorely puzzled. Nevertheless, the question of Irene's guilt or innocence had no influence on Fred's attitude, and Magdalen's heart grew harsh and bitter toward the freshman girl.

The only rivals of any importance to the Tri Rhos were the Tau Delta Kappas, with whom, by the way, Fred Travers was not on very good terms. If Miss Hefton joined that sorority her friendship with Travers would be short-lived. Apparently, however, Miss Hefton's first choice would be the Tri Rhos. The vote to pledge her was looked upon as a mere formality. Nevertheless, the vote was taken in the prescribed form.

The girls were sitting around eating candy, and so unconcerned as to the outcome as to be engaged in lively conversation while the count was going on. Miss Thomas, who reached in for the last ballot, said: "It's all right, girls."

Then suddenly her manner changed.

"Why, a black one!" she cried.

A black one!

The girls looked at each other in astonishment. Then slowly their gaze became more meaning and searching. No face, however, betrayed itself.

Suddenly Miss O'Keefe arose.

"Girls," she said, "some one, through some misunderstanding apparently, has cast a black ball. Now, we have all been more than pleased with Miss Hefton, and we are agreed that among those we have rushed this fall none is more desirable as a member of our sorority. Indeed, we have every reason to believe that she will make one of the strongest members our chapter has ever had. She is pretty, comes of a good family, and certainly is popular with the boys. So I earnestly pray that for the sake of our sorority the person who cast the black ball against Miss Hefton's name will reconsider her decision."

But in spite of Miss O'Keefe's appeal the next vote showed a black ball, as did all subsequent votes. And Miss Hefton, much to the disappointment of the Tri Rhos, was not pledged. Two days later she was wearing the pledge pin of the Tau Delta Kappas.

* * *

Two weeks later a friend stopped Fred Travers on the street.

"How is it," he asked, "that you are always over at the Tau Delta Kappa house? I thought you were queered in that quarter."

"I was," laughed Fred, "but I have found a beautiful intercessor for me with the goddesses."

* * *

And the Tri Rhos still wondered who was the guilty one.

THE ROMANCE OF LIBRARY JOHN

BY E. J. ROBINSON.

I had been perusing my book rather sedulously, when, taking a vacant stare about the reading room, my eyes fell upon a peculiar-looking old character sitting just opposite me. My attention had often before been attracted to this eccentric and almost mysterious individual who haunted the library and delved into its archives like the proverbial book-worm. With the catholicity of a Macaulay he seemed to revel in every form of the printed page, from the gush of the "Children of the Abbey" type to the staid exposition of the most voluminous encyclopædia. Because of this propensity he was known to everyone as Library John.

John's dress and bearing were as notable as his passion for reading. When he stalked across the floor, swinging his quaint little umbrella cane dandy-like to and fro, his personage could be identified with only that of a retired general. His clothes were as suggestive of the past as his stride. The original color of his ancient coat, which was once worthy of the name Prince Albert, had long since been displaced by that peculiar shade of dingy green which black cloth takes on in time. His uncreased trousers barely made connections with the uppers of his Herculean golashes. His face was as mild and gentle as that of a child; his eyes were those of one who feeds on books. In inexplicable contrast to all this was Library John's cravat, a gorgeous cardinal affair which seemed to start from no place in particular and ended somewhere about one of his lapels. The cravat was transcendent in its embellishments of gold and silver tinsel. Fastened to his lapel was a faded rosette of red flannel and a "Girl Wanted" badge.

"A curious specimen," I said, half absent-mindedly, to the friendly-looking individual who sat next at my side and whose attention, like mine, was plainly directed toward John.

"Yes, he is dreadfully peculiar; odd, to be sure, pathetically odd," was the unexpectedly eager answer from my newly-found friend, who, from his age and actions, was clearly not a student, and whose personal appearance in its way was as striking as that of John himself, owing to the remarkable glow and ardor which his features expressed in conversation.

"Crazy, did you say? Yes. Well, no, hardly. Just eccentric. But who can blame him? What, you know nothing of the history of James Chaucerton? Why, sir, that man's career has been a tragedy the equal of which in romance and pathos few pens have depicted. The son of an English nobleman, sir! Blood as blue as ever an Englishman boasted runs through that man's veins."

I could not help expressing my surprise that such a personage should be masquerading around Madison as a quasi-lunatic whose only business seemed to be the devouring of encyclopædias. I was to be speedily enlightened.

"Why, sir, forty years ago James Chaucerton was a university student, an Oxford scholar! Kept there by his lordly father on a magnificent allowance. But in his senior year," continued my informant, "he was foolish enough to fall desperately in love. His choice was not compatible with the desire of Lord Chaucerton, the young lady not being of the peerage. It was the haughty pride of the father on one side against the stubborn English will of the son on the other which caused the disinheriting of young Chaucerton. And I tell you, sir, however beautiful she might be, and however strong his son's love for her, the old man simply would not tolerate having his son marry 'the daughter of a tradesman.' By marrying the girl, the young man was left without home or fortune. He decided to seek his career in the New World."

Here the narrative was interrupted by a tremendous "s-s-s-sh," coming from Library John himself.

"I must subdue myself," said the loquacious stranger. "He is disturbed by our conversation. A close reader, you

know. Can't stand any disturbance." Then he continued, a little huskily: 'Chaucerton, you know, came to this country and began to practice law in Philadelphia. But finding his profession overcrowded there, he decided begin in a smaller place. He therefore removed to Clayton, then a thriving little city nestled in the romantic valley of the Conemaugh, in the western part of the state. Here he rose rapidly in his profession, while at the same time Clayton was growing from an insignificant village to a prosperous little city.

"Everything went well until 1893. In his practice Chaucerton was often called to various parts of the state, especially to Philadelphia. It was during one of these absences that his wife eloped with a stranger she had met at the World's Fair in Chicago. Chaucerton was in Philadelphia at the time. He immediately put the machinery of the law in operation, for Chaucerton's wife had also taken their two little children with her. No trace of either wife or children was ever found.

"Driven to distraction by this loss, the poor man could for months think of nothing else. He seemed half crazed over the loss. His mental faculties were finally permanently impaired. His despondency, thought his friends, might wear off with a change of scene. Their hopes were partially realized, for after several years of travel he ceased to be despondent. Gradually all evidences of grief have worn off. He now spends his entire time in aimless, though continuous, reading. Time seems to have healed the wound," added the loquacious stranger, sadly, "but it is a sad case and odd, pathetically odd."

* * *

"Gave you that pipe, did you say?" were the words of a friend ten minutes later. "A dub with glowing eyes? Phiney Stark, I'll bet three cents. Just like Phiney. Got an imagination as riotous as a field of weeds. Why, he's crazier than Library John, but too harmless to confine."

A RAINY DAY

BY FRED. V. LARKIN.

It was your third day at grandfather's, yet in spite of all you could do, the tears persisted in welling up into your eyes so that you had to walk fast to scatter them away, and a great lump that you could not swallow made your throat ache. After breakfast you slipped silently down from the table and lay down on the sofa in the sitting room. It was raining hard outside, and you and grandfather could not drive to town as you had planned to the night before. But lying on the sofa was worse than sitting at the table; for there, shut your eyes tight as you would, the tears just would come, and you could not help it. So you cried softly for a long time, and no one noticed you. You did not know why you should be sad, and you wondered why you should be thinking of mother at home. You could see Elizabeth putting her dolls to sleep, singing to them, happy as she always was, and you began to feel ashamed of yourself, and your tears came slower.

Soon you were attracted by a peculiar sensation, and, making a crack between your fingers, you peeped through and caught grandfather in the very act of slyly tickling your bare, brown foot. Jolly old grandfather, he was always doing something to make you laugh. Now you were thoroughly ashamed of yourself; you kept your face still hidden—just to fool grandfather—and gurgled with merriment. Then grandfather tickled you everywhere at once, and pretended not to notice your red, swollen eyes, and you were soon following him to the woodshed, thinking how cleverly you had fooled him.

You did not feel like crying any after that, for you listened with all your soul to grandfather as he whittled and told you about the time when he went away off to the army, and had

a gun, and a real sword, and how he used to shoot Rebs, and how they used to try to shoot him, for grandfather had been a sharpshooter. Then grandfather sent you in to borrow Aunt Alice's shawl strap, and when you came back he buckled it around you and gave you the wooden gun and the sword which he had been making. Then you were proud indeed. Grandfather taught you to put your sword in your belt where you could get it quickest, and drilled you thoroughly in handling your gun. How his eyes did beam when you went through it properly! Proud old grandfather, he liked you better than ever after that.

After dinner the sun was shining, and straightway you and grandfather planned to invade the enemy's camp. You were all a-quiver with excitement when grandfather called to you in a hoarse whisper and pointed out the enemy in a patch of drooping sunflowers. You were ready and anxious to go at once. You set your teeth and gripped your sword tightly. It all seemed to you just like the story grandfather had told you that morning, only you were going instead of he; yet you could not understand why his hands trembled so as he tied on your candy-box knapsack and your water-bottle canteen, and you were almost alarmed by the great tears in his eyes and the huskiness in his voice as he took your hand and wished "that you might return soon, safe and sound."

THEIR ARRIVAL

BY WALTER SCOTT UNDERWOOD.

As the train rushed on, a foolish jingle took possession of the mind of the freshman to be. "He's a brick, he's a brick, he's a brick," he repeated to the cadence of the car-wheels, and they answered, "click-click, click-click, click-click," and would not let him stop.

It is uncertain just how long he kept it up, or when he began to repeat the jingle audibly, but presently the girl at his side said:

"What are you memorizing?"

He blushed and stammered and replied that it was nothing at all.

Then both tried to keep up a little conversation, perhaps to cover up his embarrassment, but soon the talk lapsed and the car-wheels would be heard. "Click-click, click-click," they said in an imperative, even tone, and the unresisting mind of the prospective freshman weakly answered, "He's a brick, he's a brick."

He had been traveling for fourteen hours, and now, at six o'clock in the morning, scarcely felt in a resisting mood. He wondered in an indifferent way,—for the jingle held him,—how long his companion had been traveling. She had been in this seat when he had changed cars two hours before. He wondered what her name was. Someway it hadn't taken him long to strike up a conversation with her. She, too, was going to enter the 'varsity. He wished the wheels would stop their noise so he might talk to her. It would be so easy if he didn't have to keep saying, "He's a brick, he's a brick, he's a brick——"

He felt a little pressure on his shoulder, and dreamily wondered what it was. It was too much of an effort to turn

his head just then, but he listened very intently, and realized, from his companion's regular breathing, that she must be asleep. Then the wheels clicked fiercely for awhile and he was so busy singing his jingle that he had no time for other thoughts. But one sensation recurring incessantly, steadily forced its way into his half-dormant consciousness, and at length he was sensible that the girl's head rested against his shoulder.

He immediately became alert. Car-wheels and jingle were forgotten as he glanced about him. The lamps at the top of the coach were still burning, turned low, flaring up a little with every lurch of the engine. Hazy gray light was beginning to come in at the windows. The occupants of the car, sleeping or trying to sleep, were twisted about in grotesque positions, some with their heads on the window-sills, some even trying to rest on their suit-cases.

Very cautiously he turned his head toward the girl. Her hair had become disarranged, and a little of it touched his neck. Her cheek lay flat against his shoulder, and he fancied he could trace the imprint of the pattern of his coat on her delicate skin. A delightful sense of proprietorship filled his soul, though he knew that the trust she imposed was involuntary. He wondered how long she would sleep there. If she awoke, he foresaw a sudden end to his romance. The girl would bush, murmur a few self-indignant, apologetic words, perhaps, and change at once to another seat.

The future freshman, crafty with the craft of the high-school graduate, closed his eyes and rested his head against the uncomfortable high-backed seat. Outwardly he was calm and innocent; inwardly he smiled, guiltily relishing the exceeding nearness of his seatmate.

The brakeman came through the car and turned out the lamps, the gray morning light became a strong white light, the sleepers awoke and wearily stretched themselves. All this the youth saw through his half-closed lids, but gave no sign. He was planning drives, and theater parties, and balls.

"Click-click, click-click," called the wheels, but they met with no response.

* * *

The girl awoke, looked about her in a startled manner, arranged her hair a trifle, and took to gazing out of the window. A few minutes later her companion opened his eyes.

"Have I been sleeping?" he asked in a child-like tone.

She smiled, with light feminine superiority. "I'm afraid you have."

NOVEMBER

BY F. W. MACKENZIE.

The year is dying.

A sombre grayness settles o'er the earth;
A chillness in the air foretells the birth
Of Winter. Birds forsaking mead and firth
Are southward flying.

The year is dying.

The leaves all loose their hold upon the tree,
And flutter to the ground as silently
As snowflakes. Nature's garb outworn we see
In dead heaps lying.

The year is dying.

The sun upon the dreary outlook shines
With face half hidden by the long gray lines
Of snowclouds. Soft winds in the lonely pines
Are gently sighing.

HAPPINESS

BY KATHERINE SWINT.

A very pretty girl entered the class-room and took her seat. The dignified young instructor glanced up as she entered. He looked at her with sudden interest. It was not her prettiness that caused this interest; it was her expression. The girl's face was animated with some hidden emotion. Her cheeks were flushed and her large dark eyes sparkled. An unconscious smile parted the corners of her lips.

"Hum!" thought the instructor, "what can be the matter with Miss Gordon today? Perhaps she has her lesson. She has only 'cut' twice this week, and another time failed utterly. I guess I'd better call on her." He drew forth his book, and turned to the lesson. "Miss Gordon, you may begin to translate this morning," he said graciously, with an encouraging smile.

Miss Gordon started. Her large eyes, which had been gazing into space, fixed their glance on the instructor's face with a puzzled expression.

"I beg your pardon," she said. A vague smile still lingered on her lips.

"I asked you if you would please begin the translation," said the instructor. His tones were a shade less gracious.

"Oh!" Miss Gordon looked at her book as if she realized its presence for the first time. Then she looked back at the instructor. His smile was more winning than before. "I—I don't believe I am prepared today," she said serenely.

The instructor frowned, cleared his throat, and wrote something slowly and deliberately in his record book. After some time he looked again at Miss Gordon. Her thoughts were evidently not on her recent failure. She was gazing before her with the same rapt expression he had noted before.

Finally the bell for the close of the recitation rang. As Miss Gordon passed the instructor's desk he said, "I would like to see you a moment, Miss Gordon, about your work—"

But the girl did not hear him. She made a rush for the door, and seized a passing sorority sister by the arm. "O Clare!" he heard her say in rapturous tones, "I got a bid to the 'Prom.' this morning!"

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE

BY JENKINS.

Bill-board Bill, Billy for short — his real name was Michael Benjamin O'Burne — had been slopping the thick paste all over a Broadway board, and had just put up the last section of a large, flaring patent medicine poster.

He leaned his brush against the bucket of paste, drew from his hip pocket the blackened remnant of a clay pipe, and, leisurely filling it with tobacco, surveyed his completed job.

"The Greatest Discovery of Modern Science—The Elixir of Life—Makes the Old Young; the Young Younger—Try It, and Live to be a Methuselah—For Sale by All Druggists," he read, half aloud.

"That Methuselah must have been an old codger," said Billy, as he struck a match and puffed vehemently on his pipe; "I wonder who the divil he was, anyhow."

"Methuselah! Methuselah? Why, my dear sir, he was the grandfather of Noah, and lived to a great age—let's see, nine hundred and sixty-nine years, I believe."

A little man dressed in sober clothing, with a solemn face and small, twinkling eyes, had addressed Billy thus.

"Thank yez, thank yez, deacon; and 'tis I who was just wondering who the likes of him was. Nine hundred and sixty-nine, did yez say?"

And Billy puckered his lips in a long-drawn whistle. The deacon nodded and passed on. Billy took up his pail with a last look at the glaring characters, and started for headquarters. He trudged along, forgetful of his weariness, turning over and over in his mind the advertisement and the deacon's information.

Billy never had believed in patent medicines, and had never taken any; in fact he never had reason either to have

belief in or to take them, as he had never known a sick day in all his life.

"If it will lengthen my years to a hundred, I'll be satisfied, and I'll give the other eight hundred and sixty-nine to Maggy and the children," he soliloquized. So Billy gave a dollar to the corner druggist for a bottle of "The Elixir of Life," and hurried home to partake of the fountain of youth.

He entered the kitchen, which was also the dining and general utility room of his little two-room dwelling, over which Maggy, his wife, reigned as proudly as any queen.

"Maggy!" he called, and was answered by a faint, questioning "What?" from the adjoining room. Maggy and the children had gone to bed.

Billy drew a chair up to the kitchen table, and taking the lamp, with its smoked and cracked chimney, from its bracket overhead, placed it upon the table. His supper was there ready for him, but he wasn't thinking of eating just then. Carefully drawing his bottle of "The Elixir of Life" from his coat pocket, he opened the wrapper and spread the directions out before him. He studied over them for a half hour, and at last discovered that he was to take a teaspoonful before each meal and upon retiring.

"All right," he would start that very night; Maggy and the children could commence in the morning.

For some reason Billy could not find a teaspoon; maybe he didn't try to find one. So he pulled the cork and, with "Here's to a long life," took two big swallows. The stuff tasted bad and burned a little in his throat, but what did he care? He was thinking how much younger he would feel on the morrow.

That night Billy had visions. There were little old men upon every bedpost. They were having a sort of a war dance around him and upon him. He pleaded with them to desist, but without avail. When at last they did finish their fun, one of them—they all looked alike—mounted to the foot of his bed and upon a throne made of bottles strangely like the

one Billy had drunk from that night. In the distance he could see rows and rows of bill-boards bearing the same advertisement he had posted the day before.

Suddenly he saw the little old man's mouth open and heard him say, as he stroked his long white beard :

"My name is Methuselah. I see that you wish to live to be an old man, and have taken that great preserver of youth manufactured by Young, Long and Company."

Billy did not know how to answer; indeed, he couldn't speak. His hair stood on end and cold shivers raced over his body. At last he managed to nod his head, and the old man continued :

"My son, that is the greatest medical discovery the world has ever made. During the few years I lived on earth there was none better, and, knowing my days were numbered, I used three bottles a day, but alas! it was of no avail; I died."

Billy groaned. Three bottles a day! That meant three dollars a day; he earned but a dollar. He would never be able to buy enough to enable him to reach the hundred mark. And what good would one bottle do? He had wasted a day's labor.

Bang! A door slammed; the old man had disappeared; Billy was awake. It was daylight. Sharp pains shot through his body and he felt terribly sick. Young! He felt a hundred years older.

A little later Maggy saw Billy slink out of the kitchen with something tucked under his coat. She was interested and went to the window. She saw him set a large flat bottle on the fence, pick up a brick, take a long and careful aim, and then with vengeful force hurl his missile against the bottle.

The fence was smeared with a yellow liquid, and Billy smiled.

BEAT NO. 7

By N.

The wind howled and moaned. Now and then there would be a slackening of its force, and the ceaseless patter of the rain could be heard. It was in the down-town district of New York, and a dismal, all-night storm was raging. A distant bell was slowly striking, for the last time that day, scarcely audible above the sound of the quarreling elements.

Unobserved by a sleepy officer huddled in the dark doorway of a corner store, a young man in a great-coat emerged from a building half a block below. For a moment he was enveloped in a flood of light; then, with a sudden gust of wind, the door shut with a bang, and he was left in darkness lessened only by the faint glimmer of the lamp on the corner and a mellow glow from the curtained windows of the rooms above.

For a moment he stood still and peered cautiously up and down the street, then turned and placed his ear to the door of the building he had just left. He heard nothing. Pulling his coat closer about him as a sudden whirl of rain and sleet caught him and made him shiver, he walked abruptly to the edge of the sidewalk and stopped. He fumbled in the folds of his coat and brought forth a small object that gleamed as it caught the rays of the lamp on the corner. With a quick, nervous glance about him, he placed it to his head. A sharp, hollow report rang out above the doleful, moaning wind, followed by a dull thud upon the street below. The policeman hurried from his shelter.

Shortly after, a bright flash of lightning, followed by its distant rumble, lit up the dreary street for a moment, and exposed to the officer the figure of a young man, still warm, but silent in the stillness of death, his pale, drawn face looking upwards. A little red stream trickled slowly from a bright spot on his temple and mingled with the muddy waters of the gutter.

“THOSE AWFUL LAWS”

BY ORA L. MASON

I was making Elizabeth one of my old-fashioned visits last night. I sat in an easy rocking-chair before the fireplace and watched her while she made chocolate in the chafing-dish. Elizabeth wore a gown of delicate blue that set off her fair complexion and golden hair to excellent advantage, and she made a picture that was not a little pleasing to look at as she stood by the table where the rosy glow of the fireplace fell full upon her graceful figure.

She stopped scraping chocolate long enough to look up archly and say:

“Tom, the law students justly have the reputation of being most uncivilized.”

I was surprised. I had prided myself that I was a “Junior Law,” and had even dared flatter myself that Elizabeth was proud of the fact also.

“Well, what fault can you have to find with the law students? Are they not well dressed?”

“Fairly so.”

“Good-looking?”

“Some of them.”

“Highly intellectual, polite, and well-behaved?”

“No!” emphatically. “At least, one of them is not.”

What could she mean? Was she aiming at me? I turned to look at her, and she was scraping chocolate so furiously, and looked so indignant, that I hastily reviewed my behavior of the past week, and then awaited her explanation with foreboding.

“Bess and I were hurrying up to our eight o’clock yesterday morning, and when we got in front of the Law Building—” She hesitated, emptied the chocolate into the chafing-dish, put the cover on, and then continued: “You

know, it is dreadfully slippery there, and—well—I assumed a sitting posture when I reached an icy spot, and before Bess could help me up, a young man stuck his head out of one of the upper windows and called out, 'First down, two feet to gain,' as though he were an umpire for a football game.'

I knew that when Elizabeth assumed such an expression as she did then, it would be wiser for me to suppress my smile.

THE MISER'S SONG

By W.

Oh, sweet is the tinkle of silvery bells,—
How dulcet the tune of the chimes!—
Still sweeter the viol's chastened harmony swells
In measured, reverberant rhymes.
Ah, tender, mellifluous accents are told,
That promise young lovers to join;
But sweetest of all is the jingle of gold,
The clink, clink of coin upon coin.

AND JIMMIE KNEW

By O. R. S.

It had never occurred to Jimmie Sawyer that he cared particularly for the girl, although he had seen a good deal of her during the past year, playing, as he had, the moneyed half at dances, operas, and a ball game or two. He would have been perfectly willing to admit that she was a "darned nice girl," but as for anything further than this Jimmie would have "pooched" at the very thought. Doubtless he would have gone along in the way of other prosaic mortals had it not been for his friend Henley, the most eligible man in college.

"Say, Jim," the latter queried one morning, meeting Jimmie on the street, "who was that girl you had to the Michigan game last Saturday?" Sawyer gave her name. "Well, she's a peach, and no mistake, I tell you. Didn't know you had such good taste, Jim"—the latter was not an active society man—"I'm going in there. Watch me!"

Jimmie walked on thoughtfully. Yes, she was a fine girl, good to talk to, and no nonsense. But then, he had never thought of her as being Henley's kind. Henley usually went to the extremes, seeking either the tall, the stately, or the vivacious twitterer not averse to a light flirtation. She was neither. Henley going in there? He was a deucedly good-looking fellow, and had ways which the girls, in speaking confidentially to one another, called "just too dear for anything." Suppose he should. Jimmie did not, somehow, like the idea.

* * *

"Wouldn't you like to see 'The Sultan of Sulu' Friday night, Miss Carr?" The girl blushed slightly and hesitated.

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Sawyer, but I promised Mr. Henley yesterday that I would go with him." She actually looked

sorry too, so sorry that soft-hearted Jimmie pitied her, and hid his own discomposure beneath a reassuring smile and a secret "Henley isn't losing any time."

On a number of occasions during the next few months similar requests from Jimmie met with similar replies. At last he gave up altogether and limited his attentions to a nod of recognition when he met her on the street, and to an infrequent walk down the "Hill." He was not wildly jealous, or disposed to revenge upon Henley, but now and then, when working in the evening, his thoughts would wander; he would get up from his chair and walk absently to and fro in his room, and finally snatch his hat and rush out into the evening air. "It was," he explained satisfactorily to himself, "only the inevitable attack of the 'jim-jams' which a good walk would cure."

* * *

"Congratulate me, old fellow, I've won out!" Henley burst into the room where Jimmie sat, deep in a volume of the "Dutch Republic."

"What is it?" Jimmie's eyes were fixed on the book.

"You old innocent! You know just as well as I do what I mean. I'm engaged to Laura Carr, that's it. Chuck your book a minute, and give a fellow your congratulations, won't you?"

"You've got 'em if they'll do you any good. Now clear out! How do you expect a man's going to read with you sputtering around like a sizzling fried-cake?" Henley disappeared with a mock bow of farewell.

Jimmie turned again to the book. Somehow the letters blurred. One word ran unintelligibly into the next. He reached up and tilted the electric lamp so that the light shone squarely on the page. The glare burned away the sentences, leaving a blank, white and meaningless. He closed the volume angrily and wheeled his chair away from the table toward the fireplace. The fire burned brightly in the

grate, and the flames, curling hungrily about the oak logs, writhed and clutched at the sparks which scurried up the chimney. Sliding low in the chair, Jimmie stared into the dull red of the firelight, voiceless—motionless. A knowledge had come to him as a sudden glow which flamed rosily for an instant, and then disappeared, whisked away with the sparks up the mouth of the chimney.

THE GULF OF MEXICO

BY MARION E. RYAN.

Uneasy, restless, hurrying toward the shore,
The long monotony rolls, wave on wave,
And, forward, onward sweeping, seems to crave
Release from winds that scourge and evermore
Compel it, breathless, up the yellow floor
Encircling wide the Gulf. Yet birds may brave,
In mocking sport, its angry spray, and lave
Within the waters that, impotent, roar.
'Tis like the striving of a living soul
That seeks a cherished end, but in its quest
Is thwarted wheresoe'er it turn. The sway
Of forces far beyond its weak control
Now urge it on, now drive it back—no rest
The unseen power will grant—it must obey.

THE TALE OF THE BIRCH TREES

TRANSLATED FROM THE NORSE BY ALFRED H. BUSHNELL.

Alone upon a declivity stood a poor, little birch. About her the rocks were barren and gray; beneath, precipitous as a wall. She did not brood over her solitude any longer. That was only in the days that were gone, when youth and vigor had filled her with longing and anticipation. Then she dreamed of greatness and might, of pleasant regions, of a trunk, proud and erect, about which soft grasses and wild flowers would love to cluster. Then the one, all-dominating desire of her life was to wax into a splendid birch.

But as time went its way, one by one these bright fancies were abandoned, till at length there remained only a reality, gray as the mountain walls, desolate as the far-extending ridges. Instead of a fine tree with a great trunk, she had become a pitiable little bush, her branches turned upward, entwined like two hands clasped in an earnest prayer, in a despairing cry for mercy.

And yet this birch begged not, nor did she sigh. She had become accustomed to sadness in the dreary and changeless existence upon that steep slope, where the winds tugged and toiled against her, where the bitter cold was relentless, and where loneliness helped to make all forlorn. Sorrow had become her friend, an indispensable one.

In the days when the mist clouds dissolved and the air was clear, she would gaze upon nature in the fields below, and listen with silent joy to the whispering of the trees. The giant birch, the mountain ash, the wild cherry and many another were assembled there. Entirely unnoticed though she felt herself to be by all of these, still, without envy, without bitterness, she admired them all, and especially the great birch. Now that she had long since ceased hoping to become a splendid birch, her highest desire was to

gain the friendship of the giant birch. Many a time she had been about to address her, but she always lacked the courage to begin. She felt all too insignificant.

One morning the summer sun shone down over mountain and hillside, over field and roadway. The impressive quiet of the valley below touched the little birch. Not a single blade of grass was stirred by the air. Now, perhaps, she might venture to speak to the beautiful birch, for at this time, surely, she would not disturb her. She selected her words with great care, and trembled slightly, as she said:

“Tell me, great birch, how you became so strong, Tho’ you are growing old, the decrepitude of age is not upon you. How, then, may I ask, did you become so strong?”

“Indeed, I know not exactly what it was. They all call me the loveliest tree of the forest. The sun, the wind, and the rain are all kind to me. The dainty flowerets cluster about my trunk, and breathe for me their tender perfumes. I cannot say for sure, but I think joy made me strong.”

“How sweet her voice, and what a wealth of words is hers! Fortunate indeed is she,” thought the little one.

“But you, my beautiful little birch, with your remarkable splendor, how did you become so strong? Powerful in truth must you be, who can endure the wintry blasts and blustering storms on that crag. Had I been in your place, long ago I would have been snapped off, if, indeed, I had not frozen to death before.”

The giant birch laughed, as if she thought it would be a curious sight to see herself lying frozen to death or with her trunk shattered. Then she continued:

“It cannot be joy that made you strong.”

The dwarf birch was much embarrassed. She beautiful and strong! She cowered at the thought of her insignificance, till she seemed even smaller than she was, for she could not at first believe the pretty speech well intended. But the great tree had spoken so frankly that it could not be mere deceit. The very thought sent a thrill of sheer joy

from her topmost branches to her lowest roots. A moment passed ere she could make answer, so moved was she.

"I have not thought about that, and so it is not easy to say. But it must be sorrow that made me strong."

LAC DE LA FEE

BY MARION E. RYAN.

Long, thin clouds in the evening sky
 Draw their lines of grey
 Over the face of the low-hung sun,
 As it drops behind Lac de la Fee.

Against the yellow sunset glow
 Uprear three great pine trees,
 And one, more tall than the rest, is astir
 At the whim of some vagrant breeze.

At the foot of the hill the broad lake lies,
 Calm, unruffled, deep,
 And mirrored in that smooth expanse
 Sun, clouds, and wooded steep.

A robin whistles his warning cry,
 Lower sinks the sun;
 Weird and sad all bird-notes sound;
 From the shore creep shadows dun.

The flash of a fish when the sun is gone,
 The whir of an owl in flight,
 A cracking branch, echo loud and strange
 In the quiet of the night.

The air grows slumbrous with perfumed dew,
 The moon from her covert creeps
 And rides through the sky with a faint, faint light
 While the Lake of the Fairy sleeps.

THE FIFTH VICTIM

Melville Crofton, an American art student in Paris, sat alone in a cafe, drinking absinthe and smoking. He was a dark-complexioned young man with black eyes and slight physique, suggesting a Latin rather than a Teutonic ancestry. Nevertheless, he was of New England parentage. His features wore an anxious look, almost akin to sullenness, which seemed to have merged into and become a part of his facial expression. Before him on the table lay a newspaper at which he stared with a fixed intensity of gaze that showed his eye took no heed of the contents. A waiter's inquiry of him whether he wanted anything more aroused him from his reverie. At the same time his attention was directed to the following account in the paper :

"M. Jean Tocqueville, a well-known gambler in certain quarters of this city, was found dead this morning in the tomb of Mlle. Boleaux. There were no marks of violence on the body of the deceased, and it is presumed the unfortunate man succumbed to an attack of heart disease. But whether his death occurred in the natural course of the malady, or whether it was induced by some preternatural phenomenon, real or fancied, remains, and doubtless will continue to remain, unsolved. In all probability, however, M. Tocqueville is the fourth victim of Mlle. Boleaux's remarkable will.

"Mlle. Boleaux's memory is still quite fresh in Parisian society. Eighteen months ago, it will be recalled, she was declared to be the best-gowned and loveliest woman in the capital. At sight of her every man was madly infatuated with her charms; her lovers were countless. She was gay, sparkling, and witty, withal a trifle eccentric, perhaps too much so, for a certain famous alienist privately declared his conviction that Mlle. Boleaux would one day become insane. Be that as it may, the elite of Paris turned lightly aside

every insinuating rumor and were startled at nothing, except the denouement in the gay drama—namely, Mlle. Boleaux's unexpected demise. At a late hour one night a year and a half ago she had dismissed her guests from one of her numerous balls. Sixty hours later she was in the tomb, a victim to some strange, inexplicable disease.

“If while living she had created a furore, by the provisions of her will she appeared resolved her name should not be forgotten. The instrument was drawn up by the lawyers Messrs. Roque and Fremiet. It was of an extraordinary character. Briefly, Mlle. Boleaux bequeathed all her property to the man whose courage was adequate to induce him to sleep for one year in her tomb.

“The results are too well known. Two of those successful in their application have committed self-murder; a third is a raving maniac; M. Jean Tocqueville, of course, makes the fourth victim. One of the world's weirdest mysteries lies hidden behind those sepulchre walls.”

With the exception of M. Tocqueville's death, of course Crofton had known all this before. But he read it with that attention which mysterious things, even though familiar, always receive. Laying down the paper with a sigh, he resumed his musing. The lines between his brows deepened into furrows. He was worried and disheartened. But one short year he had been in Paris. But one short year? It was a decade to *him*. In that time so long, yet so pitifully brief, he had dissipated much. Was he quite to blame? Not at all, *he* thought. The fault rested with Marie Pithou.

What mattered it that he was a beggar, a profligate, an ingrate to his parents? What mattered ambition, success—what mattered all in all if the love of Marie were denied him? She had drawn him on only to spurn him. Her cruelty had ruined him. It had driven him to dissipation. It had perverted his career. His heart seemed dead ever since her marriage. Then he felt a wild, angry something rise within him, succeeded by a sensation of buoyancy and hope. The

stimulating liqueur which he had drunk was affecting him powerfully. Pah, he contemned her scorn! Yes, he would retrieve his fortune and stake life and reason in the attempt to win Mlle. Boleaux's inheritance. Either that or the Seine.

Two hours later he stood with Messrs. Roque and Fremiet,—whose professional reputation, by the way, was not of the best,—and an assistant, Jacques Ohnet, before the sepulchre in which were deposited the remains of Mlle. Boleaux.

It was an ostentatious pile of marble lying in the middle of a rectangular piece of ground that received its form from an enclosing wall of granite rock. This wall, built to secure seclusion, admirably served its purpose. The rough coping stones were higher than a tall man could reach. A sort of cheval-de-frise on its top still further barred the unlicensed prying of the curious.

“Monsieur,” said Henry Roque, “you will please subscribe to these terms, a sort of *modus vivendi*, so to speak.”

Crofton took the proffered parchment. It was a copy of the original will. Four conditions were appended: First, the candidate must be a Frenchman; second, he must retire each night to the tomb at seven o'clock, at which hour a time lock on its door operated after the manner of that on a bank vault. Each morning at that same hour he would be released, but under no circumstances was he to leave the enclosure about his prison. Third, he must pledge himself to be unarmed. Lastly, he must swear never to divulge whatever might occur.

Crofton took the required oath and attached his signature, the trustees signing as witnesses.

Suddenly M. Roque exclaimed, “Your accent is not that of a Frenchman, nor is your name.”

Crofton unblushingly replied that although his father was not of unmixed French blood his mother was, and that shortly after his birth his parents emigrated to America.

My God, how he suffered for that lie!

M. Roque looked at him keenly and shrugged his shoulders slightly, but all he said was, "Ah, that explains these little peculiarities. It is now exactly nine minutes, ten seconds of seven," he added, making a memorandum. "Well, good day, Monsieur. A year hence we hope to see you a millionaire. Adieu. Pleasant dreams!"

There seemed to be a mocking ring in his voice that made the artist shiver, he knew not why. He descended half a dozen steps into his prison. A distant vespers pealed, and with a sharp click the door swung to and locked. The student-artist was alone with his thoughts and the dead.

The only light which found its way into the vault was admitted through a partly-glazed dome. By its uncertain rays he discovered several electric-light bulbs, and so speedily relieved the gloom. Nothing startling greeted his sight, but an oak door riveted with iron bolts set in the opposite wall indicated the resting place of the body. The vault contained an inner chamber. All his fears of gruesome company being now removed, Crofton examined the place at leisure. He found himself in a cell some twenty feet long by twelve wide. It was comfortably, even luxuriously, furnished. Persian rugs and mattings entirely hid the hard pavement. An oriental couch and two or three upholstered chairs, together with a case of books and a writing desk, gave the aspect of a library. Refreshments—meats, wines and cigars—had been left for him by Jacques. Crofton dined with considerable appetite, for he had fasted long, and ensconced himself comfortably in a chair.

But there were two things, unmentioned as yet, that gave him some uneasiness. These were the pictures and the numerous mirrors on the walls. Wherever he turned, his own reflection gazed upon him wonderingly, and to one situated as was Crofton such apparitions are certainly startling. At his every movement there was a corresponding flash, and a slight tingle, a prickly glow, would bring a warm flush to the skin.

The paintings, labeled "A Vision of Death," "The Haunter and the Haunted," "The Return of the Spirit," and others of the same sort, although executed with considerable skill, would, in another time and place, if professedly set up as inspirers of superstitious fears, have provoked his ridicule. Here, however, they moved him to a vague apprehension. Neither did the portrait of Mlle. Boleaux conduce to his ease. The features were, unquestionably, of exquisite beauty—an oval face set in a framework of dark, wavy hair, and the eyes were wondrously lustrous and black, but a weird shadow lay within them as they rested upon Crofton constantly.

To relieve his disquiet he selected a cigar and examined the books before him. They dealt with such subjects as demonology, trances, spiritualism, telepathy, murders and strange visions.

Crofton was of a nervous, imaginative temperament. What his reason rejected his fancy conjured up and accepted. Strive as he would, a shadow of terror, deeper and deeper, was creeping upon him. He discerned that books, mirrors, pictures, all were provided for this very purpose; and his intuition of the fact seemed to increase his abnormal fancies. He looked up at the rapid-ticking clock. It was half-past nine. "A long time till dawn," he thought. He got up and paced back and forth.

Suddenly he was aware of something happening, he knew not what. He paused. The beatings of his heart were audible. Ha, the clock had stopped. Frightened by silence? He laughed; his laughter seemed to be echoed back from within the inner chamber, where reposed the corpse. It was like ghastly mockery, so hollow and so weird. The cold sweat dropped in great beads. He sank into a chair; its creaking set him trembling. Four men had been wrecked within those narrow confines. What nameless horror did these walls enclose? Pshaw, he must banish this silly terror! He pulled himself together and drank a bottle of wine.

Overwrought nature cannot forever endure. Crofton pres-

ently yielded to strong spirits and the dissipation and cares of the past few weeks. He sank into a restive sleep.

A storm was rising. The pale flare of a distant lightning flash now and then was visible to late walkers in Paris. Soon the distant mutterings grew plainer, the flashes increased in frequency and intensity, till with a lurid glare, a blinding confusion of dazzling, jagged flames, a continuous thunder and crash of bolts, there burst a fearful summer storm.

Crofton started up with a frightened cry. For a moment he was bewildered: the electric lights were out and he was in darkness. Then followed such a blinding glare as must have spread for leagues. The artillery of heaven silenced his gasp: something was standing opposite him. Then succeeded the blackness of Egypt. He grasped a chair instinctively. His hand quivered in the dark. His heart beating sore against his ribs seemed throbbing in his ears. His breath came in dry, rasping sobs. His eyes, he felt, were glaring like a cat's. The seconds seemed hours. Would the darkness and silence last forever?

Heavens, something was breathing directly in front of him! He would have leaped back against the wall had he the power, but he stood spell-bound, the perspiration bursting from every pore. Surely he was only in some awful nightmare!

Good God! The thing touched him with a cold and clammy touch! His flesh shrank from the contact as from an unexpected douche of cold water. A shiver vibrated his frame. Human endurance could suffer no more. With a wild, unearthly shriek he raised the chair aloft and brought it down again and again upon something soft and yielding. He sank on the couch, quivering like a leaf, moaning, sobbing, laughing hysterically. Another flare revealed a woman's form at his feet, her white robe dyed in blood, the face upturned.

"My God!" Thrice Crofton cried those words, the utterance of a soul in dire agony, for the face before him, all pallid except for a great crimson streak across the forehead, yet so unearthly, so strangely, beautiful, he recognized as that of Mlle. Boleaux.

THE MADONNA OF THE VALLEY

By A. L.

Among the Austrian mountains lies a secluded valley girt about on all sides by peaks and ridges. It is a pleasant spot, and here the chance tourist—for tourists seldom wander hither—rests well content. Soft rains and winds from the southland bring spring early. Its advent is long past while other regions less favored still battle with hail and fog and chill.

At the foot of the mountains cuddles a village, a bit of gray in the landscape; and, farther up a short distance, a tri-gabled inn, of the same sombre, weather-beaten hue, clings to the slope.

Father Grau is the keeper—a man full of hale and honest years. Small as it is the vale is rich in legend, and good Father Grau can pour forth story and tradition by the hour, scarcely seeming to touch the reservoirs of his capacious memory.

But this is his favorite; and should you ask a tale, he would almost be sure to start thus:

“We Germans should have no more to do with the French than we can help. Their ways are not our ways, their looks our looks, their thoughts our thoughts. These hundreds of years we have hated each other, and, in all probability, will hate each other these hundreds more. But of all, we like the people of Paris the least. They are a gay and frivolous folk. Cosmopolitans, they like to be called. I hate the word. I would much rather prefer a people who love one spot, be it but the vineyard they cultivate. Such ones are honest: their hearts cling to something. Ach, not so with these cosmopolitans of Paris.

“I was only a slip of a boy when the French artist from Paris came among us. His dark skin and black eyes and

hair, and fine figure, were such as, doubtless, a woman loves to look upon. But it filled all us youngsters, just budding into manhood, with rage and hatred to see our sweet little frauleins, with their fine yellow locks and blue eyes, smiling in all their blonde beauty upon the handsome, dark foreigner.

“Friend, sorrow mellows with time and ceases to be bitter. To me this story now is a pleasing memory. I would not dispense with it. The years render it no sadder than the pensive strains of a violin. But in those days of which I speak anger and despair took possession of my heart when I discovered that of all our frauleins the stranger singled out mine for his attentions.

“She was indeed a pretty child, with eyes wide and serious, like those of the Madonna, and a soul as pure. I had hoped to win her, for she seemed kinder toward me than toward the other young men of the valley. However, the advent of the Frenchman changed all this. Almost from that moment Elizabeth began to avoid me. It had been one of my simple pleasures to linger along the path she was wont to take when she went to drive home her father’s cows. But now she always took another road, more roundabout.

“One afternoon, just at sundown, I came along that ridge yonder. It was a fair evening, with naught in the sky except its own blue, the red of the sunset, and a wisp of colored cloud. Suddenly I heard, a little ahead, the sound of voices.—a girl’s silvery tones and a man’s deep-pitched bass.

“‘Ah, Fraulein,’ he said, ‘it is finished—finished at last.’”

“I crept lightly forward. A glade opened before me—a secluded spot in the forest, visited by us peasantry far more rarely even than is this valley by men from the outside world. And there I found the Frenchman and my Betty. He was standing before an easel, upon which was stretched a piece of canvas, smiling complacently at the delight and wonder of the girl.

“‘Oh, is that really I?’ she cried; ‘It is sacrilege to call that the Madonna!’

“‘Nay, Fraulein, that is in truth the Madonna. And when that is hung in the Academy in Paris I—I shall be hailed as one of the great artists of France. I thank the gods for directing me to this place. There is but one such model in the universe.’

“His vehemence seemed to disquiet Betty.

“‘Monsieur,’ she said, ‘I’m to go to Paris with you too, am I not?’

“‘Fraulein’—he spoke as one might do in addressing a child—‘come hither. I have sad news for you.’

“‘Oh, Monsieur! Oh, Monsieur!’ There was fear and pain in her voice as she dropped down beside him.

“‘Listen, Fraulein,’ he said. ‘I have deceived you. I do not love you as much as you have been led to think.’

“‘Do not love me, Monsieur? Oh, surely, surely, you cannot mean that.’

“Her voice rang with such genuine distress that he was nonplussed for the moment. Before he could find words to answer she spoke again.

“‘Then why, oh, why, did you say you loved me, Monsieur? Oh, you are cruel, cruel!’

“‘Listen,’ he said, in a hesitating but resolute way, as though here were an unpleasant affair which must speedily be ended. ‘I am an artist, soul and body. I care more for art than for anything else in the world, than for the whole world itself, even. I came to this valley, Fraulein. I hoped to find something unusual in this out-of-the-way spot. I have not been disappointed. I found you, Fraulein, the best model of a Madonna I have ever seen. But there was lacking in your face a something, I cannot exactly tell what. I believed that if it were lighted up with some unusual joy—a joy of a hallowed sort—I could paint from it an unrivalled Madonna. Fraulein, I used the words of love to light it up. Day by day you came here with that look of sacred joy on

your face. Often my conscience reproved me, but my art held me resolute. And I am glad that it is so, for I believe art to be higher than the hopes of life itself.

“‘Before I go, Fraulein, say that you forgive me. Say that you will think of me without bitterness.’

“I stepped forward at this new display of insolence. I was quivering with passion, but I controlled myself.

“‘Monsieur,’ I said, ‘you had better leave at once. It will be better for you—for all of us.’

“He drew his handsome figure up haughtily.

“‘Indeed,’ he began, and checked himself. ‘Well, Fraulein, I am glad you have a lover. It is better so.’ He picked up his belongings and was gone.

“But the shaft was sped. The mischief was done. The peasant lad could not rekindle the fires of love.

“Friend, we both have lived single lives. She in her own fashion, I in mine. Yonder in the vale is her cottage. You are a stranger. You would do well to see her. She loves to converse with strangers, especially such as have visited Paris.”



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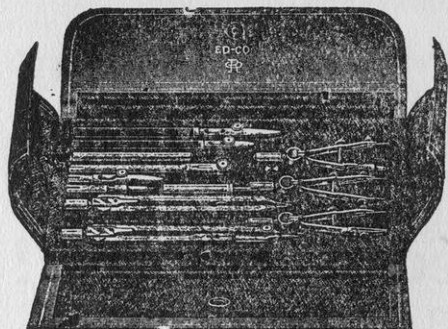
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THE COURSES IN PHARMACY are two in number; one extending over two years, and one over four years, and are designed to furnish a thoroughly scientific foundation for the pursuit of the profession of pharmacy. The four year course, which is open to graduates of accredited high schools, gives a general scientific education in addition to the pharmaceutical studies. The two year course is confined to distinctly technical studies in pharmacy.

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