

ARARAT.

The Ark, upon the
mountain's crest,
Is anchored in the
rock's cleft breast:
Its yielding hull,
in gray decay,
The rounding years
wear fast away.

Yet, glows in heaven
the holy sign,
Of covenant with
Love Divine,
That, nurturing dew
and kindly rain,
Shall feed the grass
and fill the grain.

Adown the slopes
the vine grows green,
The clustering grapes
have purple sheen;
The herds and flocks
divide the fields;
The broken tilth
its plenty yields.

Our Lord is patient
—gracious still
Through all per-
versity of ill;
Alike to evil
and to good,
His bounty yields
their daily food.

But, are His
altars overthrown,
And stand His
prophets all alone?
O purge the floor,
thou mighty God!
Compel the nations
by thy rod.

—IDYLA.

The Correspondence of Dudley Renton.

MY DEAR TOM:—

Now for the social whirl. Everything this week has centered about the Prom last night. It was a big success. And sister Dorothy felt quite proud to lead the grand march with her Senior brother. All the old set were there—smiling and jollying one to his face, the same as ever, old man. Then there were a few new ones. Among them a mighty fine girl from some little town down in the corner of the state where Jimmy Howell hales from. She's a small brunette, with big brown eyes that make a fellow's heart flutter, and dark hair, which she wore high, with a red rose nestling in the tresses. She carried a bunch of the same flowers against her simple white dress. She was bright and a good talker and different from most of the others. She said about what she thought and had a dash of fun running through all her sayings. She's just the kind of a person who'd have made a practical joker if she'd been a man. Oh, yes. I forgot to tell you her name—Fannie Phelps, Jim called her. And she writes it in big thin, wire-like letters, rather ghost-like in their effect if you can imagine such a thing. I saw it where she had written on the outside of her program. She's a girl I'd like to know better—about the first I can say that of—but there's no chance, as she leaves tomorrow for the east somewhere and I sail for Germany in about a month.

LINCOLN, Nebraska, May 20, 1894.

MY DEAR TOM:—

Don't be surprised at what this letter contains. So much of warning. Now for the "burden of my story." My dear boy, your congratulations. I have proposed and all but been accepted and by the dearest, trust girl in all the world. And all this with never having as yet seen her. It is quite a story and starts with my coming across two years ago.

The first morning out I had been reading "Under the Red Robe," and in going down to lunch had left it with my traps on my steamer chair. While at lunch we ran into a gale. Groping my way back to the deck I gathered up my things but could not find the book. Thinking it had been blown overboard I took to my stateroom. When I walked abroad four days later I had forgotten all about the book and pretty much everything else.

I then knocked about southern Europe for the next three months and in the fall came up here to the university. Imagine my surprise to find my old volume "Under the Red Robe" awaiting me, and with it a note from a young lady signing her name Frances Phillips. She said she had read all but the last chapter of the book in New York, had intended finishing it while I was at lunch and returning it before my return. But the gale coming on she had become deathly ill, had been carried to her room, and the book with her. When she was well enough to remember the incident I had landed. So she hastened to send to me with many apologies. How she knew I was here I have never been able to find out. There was no address, and as the post-mark was three months old and had been rubbed off, I had no clue to her whereabouts. But one day a few weeks later I ran across her name among the arrivals at a Berlin hotel. I at once sent her the book asking her to accept it as evidence of my entire forgiveness. She answered thanking me in a half-serious, half-joking tone, and—well, our two notes lead to a regular correspondence. I don't know why I started it, but there was something familiar about her letters, something in the tone of them that reminded me of some person I had met but I could not place it. Then she wrote and said she had heard a great deal about me from some college friend, and that only made me the more eager to find out who she was. But I had to consent to ask nothing of her as to her identity. I promised and for two years we have been writing once a week. She is staying with an aunt in Portland, Maine. That is all I know of her identity. But these two years of letters have told me more than she ever thinks. They have revealed to me a character pure, tender, kind and lovable. And I know my love for her. I have declared myself and, as I said before, have all but been accepted. I am to meet her in Portland on my way home next month. If I am still satisfied, she says, and still of the same heart, I shall have her consent.

LEIPSIQ JUNE, 1896.

MY DEAR GIRL EDITH:—

Yes, at last it is true, and he is coming back next month. I am the happiest girl in all the world, but I shall almost feel ashamed to meet him. Will his love be great enough to forgive it all? If it should not—but I can't bear to think of such a thing.

I often wonder how he has pictured me—tall and slender and stately and fair, or short and inclined to dumpy and dark as I really am. He never dreams for a moment that he met me out at the Senior Prom during his last year in Lincoln. As you know I have never told him a word about my looks, my family or my face. I have always said my lover should win me for myself alone.

How I hope he will not be disappointed. I have planned just how I shall meet him. He will call in the evening and I shall have auntie let him into the parlor. Then I shall come into the room dressed just as I was at that party in Lincoln—in plain white with my hair done high and a red rose in it and a bunch of them in my arms. I wonder if he will recognize me. I saw him but that once and I could tell you just how he looked. I believe, Edith, I fell in

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MAYER BROTHERS

love with him that night and I do not believe he has changed, but even if he has, I shall know him in an instant.

But, my dear Edith, I am tiring you, and so, wishing you equal happiness, if such a thing is possible, I am, as ever,
FANNIE.

HARRY G. SHEDD.

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