

soft straggling hair moved slowly in the summer wind; his lips worked nervously and his long lashes darkened the shadows under his eyes. His shoulders drooped listlessly over his narrow chest, and he coughed sharply as the minister's voice rolled out in his reading. But the little man prayed on. He did not ask happiness; that was gone. He could not ask for life; he thought that life, too, was beyond his reach. So he prayed for death and heaven and rest, prayed sincerely he thought. But a moment later when the minister was preaching and the little man was watching the girl he knew that he did not want to die; he wanted to live and be near her even if she did not care for him. She would marry the other man; he could not live and see that. After all it would be better to die. She would not care, she would not care.

In sudden revulsion he turned upon himself fiercely. Couldn't he live out his life without her? Wasn't he strong enough? There would be other people in the world to help—and—but not to love like her. "I can't—live—I can't die—without you, Mary, Mary," he sobbed passionately, and his sob was caught up by the organ. He held his breath. What were they singing?

"..... wherever you languish,
Come to the throne of God, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts,
Here tell your anguish,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal."

He was on his feet in an instant. His eyes shone; his face flushed; he felt the rush of music in his ears and he, too, joined in the song.

Down in the blaze of the chandelier's light the young man looked gravely and tenderly at the face of the girl standing beside him. He was glad she did not sing but stood quietly waiting till she could go away with him. Her eyes were happy as she listened to the hymn. The words meant little to her and the thought of them gave place to idle thoughts of the organ, the lights, and the people.

Behind her under the gallery the little man with his flushed face and quick breath was singing his soul out but she did not hear.

"Come to the feast of love, come ever knowing,
Earth has no sorrows but heaven can remove."

The song died away and the minister's voice fell soft and beseeching in the benediction. Then a sweet light rose in the face of the girl as she turned to the man beside her. But the light died out in the face back under the gallery. After his moment of exaltation the little man took up his burden again, and his pain-dimmed eyes looked out on a life that was to go on and end as it had always been—asking little and receiving nothing!

ANNIE PREY.



AN IMPENDING CRISIS.

It was at the club. We had just eaten our supper, and as John (full name John Christian Wiggenswarmer) and I were discussing the merits of the last show he shuddered involuntarily, breathed the sigh of a man in distress and abruptly shot out of the door and ran terrified down the street, occasionally casting a frightened look over his shoulder. Something portentous was on John's (full name given) mind.

Two hours later I encountered him again. He spoke to me or I should not have known him. He was bundled up like an Esquimaux. A long bear overcoat reached to his heels, and the high collar extended far above the heavy fur cap drawn down over his head. His pockets bulged suspiciously. I ask him cautiously who he was going to egg. As he stepped back as if shrinking from the fearful mission I had recalled, I saw that he wore four-ply felt boots, over which large flannel-lined arctics were drawn. Extending his hands, which were lost in enormous buffalo-hide gloves, he grasped my own confidently and whispered hoarsely, "Examine those pockets for yourself—they will explain this ordeal which I must undergo."

Cautiously I began the inspection. I first drew from the right pocket a half dozen candles, then the globe of an arc-light, three incandescents, a piano lamp, five boxes of matches, and three pairs of extra magnifying spectacles. Restoring the articles as I had found them, I began my investigation of the other pocket. Therein I found concealed thirty feet of strong hemp rope, an extension step-ladder, a couple of massive eye shades, a flask of compressed air for ventilation presumably, a feather duster, two boxes of Sapolio with pans and sponges, a new work by Spencer, on "Logic, and Probability" (of finding what you look for), a steam radiator, and a small "Crown Diamond" base-burner, with the magazine full of hard coal.

Reverently I restored these articles as I had the others. I said never a word. He spoke not again. We understood. I turned away with pity and compassion and brotherly feeling filling my heart, for I knew that he had to consult a reference in the gallery of the university library.

THE MAGAZINE.

With no "Sombero" this year and with other favorable omens, the English club has thought 1895 a propitious time for publishing the first edition of its magazine. A board of editors has been appointed with Professor Adams, chief editor, and Professors Bates, Gray and Ansley of the faculty, and Misses Bullock, Melick, Edwards, and Messrs Oberlies, Shreve, Alexander, and Ned Abbott, business manager, of the students. Work has already been begun and it is hoped that Vol. I, No. 1 will make its appearance in creditable form about May 1st.