

## LITERARY.

## IN THE CRUEL COLD.

The last sunflower stalk is burned,  
The last of the bread is gone,  
And cold across the snow-swept plain  
Comes grey the aching dawn.

The thin grass rustles by the door,  
The windows jar and cry, [pane.  
The white drift sifts through the broken  
And the ceaseless snow throngs by.

Hush, sleep, my little one, soon enough  
The long sleep soothes thy pain.  
Ah, I could sleep, for the dull cold  
Burns numb into my brain.

The shuddering coyote whines and cries,  
And howls to God for food,  
The great gray wolves troop down arow,  
And pause and sniff for blood.

O God, who feedst the whining beast,  
Send meat to those that pray,  
Thou God, that givst the bird his feast,  
Be thou our help to day.

In th' breathless, cruel cold give help,  
And bring the spring again,  
And ridge the long hills with the great  
Green heritage of grain.

HERBERT BATES.

## HALLOWEEN AND CALCULUS.

**D**ERRICK VAN LOSST was a student at the university. His grandfather was Pennsylvania Dutch but Derrick prided himself that he had thrown off all Dutch taint except, he could not but admit, his name.

"Derrick is always a strange lad," his grandfather was wont to say, "not a Van Losst at all, only a Sumner. He dreams when he should work and works when he should rest, and rests only when he must."

But the old man was proud and excited, in a mild way, when Derrick went to the university and wrote home so wildly enthusiastic about his studies. First he wrote about all his studies, his history and his languages, and his literature, but at last he wrote only about his best study, his mathematics. It seemed as if everything else was nothing. He did tell them once in a while, as a kind of side affair, of his room, a dark room at the top of a house in the old part of town, a room meagerly furnished but large and quiet. "I could stay in my room a week at a time, or out of it

either, and no one would notice. For I take my meals further down at a cheap restaurant," he wrote once. Then he went on to explain how well he could study calculus in this room. Of evenings he would sit there and hug his fire and study his lessons, the common ones first and then his mathematics, far into the night till his fire went out and he crept chilled to bed.

On Halloween he had poured over his calculus till his eyes ached. It was not really cold but he had built a fire so it would be cheerful. But he was not entirely at ease even with the fire. He felt his cheeks burn strangely once in a while. The fire would blaze up suddenly and then die down. The air was heavy; he could feel it on his eyes, and the light from the lamp was dim as if it were far away. But he forced himself to study and soon forgot everything in his mathematics. He did not notice that suddenly his fire went out as if it were snuffed out like a candle. Shadows flickered above the lamp on the ceiling but he did not look, nor did he see that strange shapes appeared and disappeared behind him in the dark.

But he was roused at twelve o'clock when a skeleton hand was thrust over his shoulder to run along the lines of his book. He did not start, he could not. The skeleton's sharp forearm rested heavily on his shoulder and he felt that above him, in their bony sockets, fiery eyes were following the lines as the bones moved across the pages. Derrick sat immovable till the hand traced to the end of the chapter. Then a voice spoke in his ear, not the ghostly voice that he had expected but a dry rattling whisper pierced with stinging regret.

"The isochronism of cycloidal oscillations," it read off, "now I never had a chance to study that, but," the whisper became more hopeful, "I will learn to night." A deep sigh seemed to quiver through the room. Derrick tried to look around but could not, something seemed to be holding him firmly. But in a moment the restraint was taken away and he felt himself whirled giddily around in his chair. Where was the skeleton? He could see nothing but one long,