

visiting with Miss Kate. She just wished he would take some of his own horrid medicine some day and kill himself. She wouldn't tell Miss Kate that, because it was wicked to think such things, and then Miss Kate always seemed to like to have the doctor come, and smiled at him just as sweet as she smiled at her. Grown-up folks were so queer, she thought then. They didn't seem to think little girls had any rights at all.

It was not very long after this that the little girl's mamma told her that Miss Kate was going to be married to Dr. Jeffry. The little girl knew what that meant. She had had another lovely sweetheart once, and she had been married too, and after that she had never been the same to the little girl. And now she knew there could never be another sweetheart for her after Miss Kate.

These were very blue days for the little girl. She could hardly bear to go down to the station because the doctor was there so much and because Miss Kate was so busy thinking of other things. She would soon come away, feeling something big in her throat and something sharp in her eyes, and something lonely and forsaken in her child heart.

And it all came as she felt it would come. For Miss Kate was married and went to live in the doctor's fine house on the hill, and rode around with him in his buggy. She was very nice to the little girl, but the little girl was always afraid to go to see her in that fine house on the hill.

The little girl is gone now, not dead, only gone to the land of put-away things. But the grown-up girl, for whom the little girl was the one she knew the best of all, still sees in memory sometimes, the little red station, with the creek and the juggle of tall grass and red sumac. Sometimes the grown-up girl wishes the little girl could come back from the land of put-away things, and sit on the steps of the long platform listening for the train that was some day coming to take her away to the world.

## A PICTURE.

Softly grew the winter twilight  
In the corners of the room;  
Touched the pictures, half-regretting,  
With a tender gloom;  
Touched the doorway with a shadow,  
Still and gray;  
But around her  
Fell the silver day.

Sitting by the great piano,  
Where the last light softly fell.  
Lightly there she touched an echo  
Like a vesper bell;  
And her slender shining fingers  
Moved along  
To the measure  
Of the twilight song.

And her fair, proud head bent lightly,  
Tenderly above the keys,  
Like a tall, white larkspur swaying  
In the summer breeze;  
When the low wind voices whisper  
To the plain,  
Like the murmur  
Of that silver strain.

Just above her bright head drooping,  
Half-blown roses, creamy white,  
Roses flushing with a dawning,  
Like the morning light;  
Long-stemmed roses bowing softly,  
As in prayer,  
To the cadence  
Of that gentle air.

And the picture, like a vision,  
In the hush of twilight gray,  
In the murmur of the music,  
Seemed to drift away;  
Slender form and swaying roses,  
White and clear,  
But the music—  
That I did not hear.

—KATHARINE MELICK.

A debating league, comprising Yale, Harvard and Princeton colleges, has been organized for this year. The debates will be held at New Haven, Cambridge and Princeton or New York.