

## SOLD AT AUCTION.

"Goin', gone." It can't be so.  
 Why, I jest cain't let it be!  
 All the faces and the buyin'  
 And the dogs,—and babies cryin'.  
 Sale a creepin' on.  
 Jest an old tired man, I know  
 That a voice comes up t' me,  
 "Goin', goin'—gone."

Goin', the old farm, the farm  
 Where us children played, and where  
 Mother lived and worked and died,  
 Where she kissed us when we cried,  
 She and she alone  
 Used t' rest me with her arm;  
 I could sob my failures there  
 Till the sting was gone.

Goin', her cool, shady nook  
 Where she used t' rest and plan.

Goin', her old maple tree  
 Where us children used t' be  
 When the evening come

Goin', our clear little brook,  
 Where the pasture lot began.  
 "Goin', goin'—gone."

I was just a baby then  
 When we come; I saw no more  
 Than a wide, wide reach of sky  
 And the leaves a dancin' high  
 In the mornin' sun.

But today I'm old. And men  
 Tell me—and I knew before—  
 "Goin', goin'—gone."

Gone; she went a life ago,  
 Years and years, and years and years!  
 Goin', home will go tomorrow.  
 Goin'—everything but sorrow,  
 That and tears stay on.

Goin', angels only know  
 Where they go—the tears—  
 Not till life is gone.

ANNIE PREV.

Lewis Post, national lecturer for the Single Tax club, will lecture before the Political Economy club on the evening of May 2d, in the chapel. Subject: "The Single Tax." Mr. Post is an able and interesting speaker and will be well worth hearing. No admission.

## THE GRADUATE.

He was never very well, Joe wasn't. His mother didn't want him to go away to school but he had studied so hard at home and had talked so much about going and had—well he was her only boy. How could she say "no?" And so he went. The first year passed. The second. The third, and now it was the fourth—the last year. Ah, yes the last year. He was about to graduate.

Spring came. The blossomed trees near the house breathed their Easter sweetness in at the open windows. A timid breeze gently stirred the curtains to and fro. On a chair by the bedside with its spoons and its glasses and bottles was a rose with a handful of violets. A little girl had brought them, a little girl he had told many and many a story to and who brought them, as she said, because before her little brother died he liked them better "to any flowers."

The good old landlady had watched over him for weeks. His friends had been about him during the day and he had rested well, so now as evening stole on with still no change visible in him they had departed. But gradually his fever became worse and he began to speak deliriously.

"No, don't, Frank," he said in a strong voice. "Don't write to her. Mother's got enough to worry over." It was what he had said awake and sleeping ever since he became sick. "If the doc don't have me out in a day or two I'll have to kill him off, I guess. For heavens sake! I can't afford to lay around here. Ol' prof. ull climb my frame 'f I don't get my histry paper done."

The good woman bent over him, smoothed back his curls and kissed his burning forehead. He looked so much like her boy who was drowned, she had often said that he was very dear to her.

"How are his exams, anyhow?" he asked, "Purdy tough, ant they? Dang! I would hate to flunk in Greek." Then he was silent a moment while he twirled his hands and pulled at the bed clothes.

"Be still, can't you?" he went on after a