

bit. "Gabble gut! How the devil kin I write with you a talkin' to me? Can't you shut up? Fustipectito—fus—fus—futi—hang take it! It ant in here. No it ant. What? No it ant." Then he dozed off but spoke occasionally—how it was of college life, of friends and pleasant times and once he was a little child again, sleepily repeating his prayers as though following his mother. That done, he asked to know how long before Christmas and wandered whether Santa Claus would bring him a new pair of skates, and then he suddenly started up.

"Lord! is it that late? Frank, Frank, oh! Frank, do you know what time it is? Frank, you darn lazy cuss, ant yo goin' to get up? All right, lay abed then. Miss breakfast, skip class, do what you blame please, I doan care!" He thought he was talking to his room-mate but being soothed by a gentle word or two he again went to sleep and faintly babbled: "Empty! Always empty! I guess mother's forgotten me. I haven't heard from her for two weeks. Wonder what's matter. My mother's old Frank, 'n' she works so hard. If she don't move off the farm I tell you what (here his voice dropped to a whisper) I'm afraid she won't be with us long. I'm afraid—afraid—" and the whisper died away.

Later as the doctor's footsteps were heard upon the stairs he again awoke. "I doo know. Guess may be I better cram a litt'le. What? All right." Again his eyelids were weighted down and again he slept. Calmly awaking at length he faintly whispered:

"Good by Frank, I'm goin' home. Mother needs me at home. That's purdy, Frank. That's purdy. Play it again. That's the one mother use to play for me—and I—used to turn—the leaves. Play loud, Frank. The notes—come so soft that I'm—goin' to sleep. I didn't tell er I was coming—goin' to surprise her. Write to—mother—tell er my work is all made up—and I'm—goin' to graduate—but don't tell her—I been sick.

Well—I s'pose you must go—but may be—may be—we'll meet again—out in the world—some place. Good by—Frank. Write to me sometime. Good by—good by.

The moon came and shone in at the window of a country home and in its pale, pure light with bowed head an aged woman sat. In her hand she held a crumpled telegram. Her boy had graduated.

KEENE ABBOTT.

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LOCAL.

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Miss Bell made a short visit home last week.

Our baseball team will play at Ashland, Saturday.

Mrs. Crewitt expects to spend the summer in Europe.

Mr. Gibbs is now at the hospital doctoring his eyes.

The 'Varsity Rifles exhibition took place Thursday, the 25th.

Ernest Gerard has left school for the remainder of the year.

After the boys' program the Palladian girls banqueted the boys.

The Glee club is preparing to start on a tour of the state about May 1st.

The Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. held a meeting at the insane asylum Easter.

Mr. Bernard Reddy has been threatened with lung fever, but is better now.

Mr. F. A. Hall went home on the 18th to make a visit of some five or six days.

Jack Hitchman spent a few days visiting his home at Weeping Water last week.

The Delians are making arrangements for their centest, which will be held some time in May.

The west campus has been plowed and harrowed and is now in good condition for playing ball.