

Now do you suppose that the little girls had nothing at all to do? They were the bandits' wives. The piled dry brush under the battered tin cauldron, and sprinkled salt in the boiling water. They spread a white cloth in the shade of the willow trees.

The meat was thrown in the pot. The bandits washed their bloody hands, then threw themselves on the grass.

"'Ain't they done yet, Katie?" roared the true assassin. "Bring 'em on!"

Oh the hungry bandits and their little cooks! Oh the timid, croaking frogs!

These bandits now have grown big, the pasture stream flows on, but silently, for its happy singers all are gone.

The cat-tails do not grow there, now. They used to lean close to the willow—a whole family of them, just in the widest pool where I could never reach them from the bank. I remember the high, smooth leaves—higher than my head—waving and bending down in the water—wonderful glossy leaves that would have strange stiff little spikes all among them some morning.

I watched and watched, hiding softly in the tall grass, to see the little spikes come to the leaves. But they always knew. They came in the night. When the dew was thick some morning, there they were, shining, marvelous, waving softly over the water. Ah, they were very sirens, those beautiful, tiny heads. They rwayed all their tall leaves, and sparkled in the sun, and beckoned. Standing on the last green, muddy island, I reached for them. Not to break them. Only to put my fingers on the glistening stems! Only to feel the beautiful heads!

They were too far out. And then the crows, sailing high, and the solemn willows, and the tall, listening grass, saw a wicked sight. Two little shoes, with two little stockings squeezed inside, hiding under a big grass clump.

But the cat-tails laughed.

AMY BRUNER,  
KATHARINE MELICK.

#### A GREAT VICTORY.

MISSOURI GOES DOWN BEFORE THE BOYS  
FROM LINCOLN—A CLEAN AND HARD  
FOUGHT BATTLE—SCORE 10-12.

M. S. U. ! M. S. U. !

I guess not

I don't think

You forgot

Nebraska.

The hoodoo is dead; it died the other day at Omaha, and gave its last despairing moan when the time-keeper snapped his watch and said "'tis done."

No, we can't tell you how it was done, and you can just blame yourself if you never find out. There was too much to remember, the day, the special train with its load of the faithful, the people, the yelling and tallyhos, scarlet and cream, "tigers," "Pop" Bliss, Billy Wilson, and just a regular circus parade half holiday for everybody.

They were a husky looking set of fellows and no mistake, and you couldn't blame their handful of rooters for voicing their pride in a long yell as the tusked tigers bounded over the side lines into the arena; and they made us almost weak at the stomach when they began pointing out the individual rushers. "There," said one jubilant Missourian, "there is our Indian half-back, look at him, he can move anything that isn't tied at both ends." And "There's our centre too, why he's played centre six years for us, and hasn't missed a game, and Captain Young there, with the nose guard on, has played every position on the team." We kept still; we had to. King wasn't there, Bud Jones and Whipple limped around as though hunting their crutches, and Thorpe looked like a pigmy when he got near Blacksmith Pauly, and when they won the toss and began running right over our boys and the Missourian poked us in the ribs and said, "I told you so" in his irritating tones, it was too much.

That was their turn. Then when they had made the goal and their crowd had done yelling, the ball was started with a long