

It Was a Dream.

I thought I saw you come along the garden path
 With dewy purple pansies in her hand,
 I thought you wore a dress of misty white, and by
 The garden gate I thought I saw you stand,—
 It was a dream.

I thought I saw the shining of your golden hair,
 I thought I felt your lips against my cheek,
 I thought I felt the pressure of your dainty hand,
 I thought I heard you whisperingly speak,—
 It was a dream.

I thought I heard you sing a long forgotten song
 That told me you and I should never part,
 I thought I heard you whisper that you loved me,
 and
 That I alone possessed your loving heart,—
 It was a dream.

For lo! the mists came down between us, you and I,
 And you are hid beneath the grass-grown sod,
 While I grope blindly on amidst the clouds and
 dark;
 I thought you were a gift to me from God,—
 It was a dream.

—WILLIAM REED DUNROV.

The Two "P's."

"The darkest is Poindexter,—the other is Parker. If you want to see some interference just wait till they give Poindexter the ball." That was as much as a new student at Milford was ever told about the two "P's." One could observe the rest.

If Milford was hard pushed and needed a few yards badly in a foot-ball game, Poindexter was given the ball; and Parker was always the last blocker to go down. No one else could block for Poindexter equal to Parker; and Poindexter carried the ball oftener than any other fellow. Even the most confident freshman would acknowledge that Milford could not have held the cup for three consecutive years, if it had not been for Poindexter and Parker.

They were always together. At least, no one remembered having seen one without the other in easy call; and they did not talk much to the other boys, for the other boys talked to them. They roomed together, ate at the same table, carried the same studies,

and each played half-back on the foot-ball team. They had occupied the same room for the four school years, and when freshmen, had pasted two large intertwined "P's" on the door, scribbling underneath a poetic curse on him who dared remove the letters.

It was seldom that the full names were spoken; but once in a while a boy would say something about "Poindexter and Parker." Probably no one knew why he did not say "Parker and Poindexter;" but no one did. If a brilliant play was made in a foot-ball game, it was Poindexter who was cheered first. Parker would have been puzzled if it had been different; and that was the way it always had been. Poindexter always took praises so easily, while Parker looked so puzzled when the boys gave him the "long cheer" that few made more than one attempt to compliment him.

At the graduating exercises, Poindexter was class orator, and Parker was class poet—though it was an open secret that Parker could have been class orator if he had so desired. Poindexter was highly complimented on his oration; but Parker's verses were so quiet and simple that no one said much about them, although they were not easily forgotten.

Poindexter went into his father's office on Wall street, while Parker, by a stroke of good fortune, he thought, managed to get on as night reporter for a big New York daily. For several years they saw each other very often; and their friendship bade fair to last a life-time.

Finally, Poindexter's father died; and the financial world began soon after to speak of "Young Poindexter." Parker had been working hard, and about this time was given the literary page of his paper to edit.

After that, they saw each other less often; though occasionally, Parker's column would contain some verses or a short sketch that would remind Poindexter of something, and he would say, half aloud: "Parker always could write stuff about *little* things that would make a fellow want to cry, well, I must slip 'round and see the old boy a