

cigarettes, breaking the odd one in two for the purpose of equal division. I smoked my share valiantly and a sunny feeling soon crept over my system. Mother was called to minister to her little boy and she asked me had I not been eating green apples. I eagerly told her that such was the case.

My sick spell had taught me the lesson I wished to learn and henceforth I recited incessantly. I often had to satisfy myself with silk from the corn bin. At one time a fellow sinner and I were the sole proprietors of a cigarette factory. It was located under the large front porch of his home and turned out coffin nails in large quantities, but not so large that the demand of the manufacturers were more than supplied. Common newspaper served for wrappers with us, flour paste held our products together, and the tobacco itself was "Two Johns," the cheapest brand on the market. One evening we were inwarily smoking when my partner's father, evidently thinking the factory on fire, turned the garden hose in on us. Our stock was ruined and two busy pairs of lungs were thrown out of their suicidal employment. It was only last summer that we two crawled under that porch and gazed reverently and thoughtfully on a cigar box full of cigarettes still moulding there undisturbed—unsmoked.

My smoking days soon came to an abrupt end. One night I neglected to hide my smoking outfit. The next morning father noticed it, placed it on the kitchen table and when I came in with a bucket of coal he asked me if, perchance, I knew whose stuff that was—indicating it with his finger. I did not, but he did, and because of the promises he made me at that time, I judiciously quit.

R. S. M.

The last meeting of the U. B. D. C. was held Saturday night. The boys have had a good attendance and great enthusiasm in all their assemblies. They will start the club again next fall with some of the best men in the University.

Yesterday.

I sat in the old parlor waiting. A breeze moved coolly the white muslin curtains, and brought in to me the soft smell of sweet-briars. I looked through the long lines of elm-trees. How old were they? Ages and ages. I wondered if I could reach around them with both my arms. Even the sunlight that filtered between the leaves and lay on the ground beneath seemed old and faded, and with the peacefulness of long habit lay there where it had lain for centuries.

And I sat there waiting. As I waited the old faces on the wall looked down upon me, half indifferently, half pityingly. The frames that were once gilt had darkened to a reddish brown. The faces, once bright and happy, it may be, had dimmed and were sad eyed. Then, that one was my far-far-back ancestor, the prime Puritan maid with the faded pink cheeks and the time-darkened eyes? I thought she looked at me pityingly and mildly reproachfully, and I had a queer sensation of wanting to hide from those softly-piercing eyes which looked through me and told me they saw clearly the very thing I was trying to hide. At last, I could look away, over at the full-length portrait opposite. There he stood with his clumsy old gun, his plumed hat, the buttons and straps. His face was large and round, his mouth was kindly, just ready to smile. And he had a certain grand air of self-satisfaction and all-sufficiency, this old revolutionary colonel.

I waited. Through the half-open doors I heard slow, quiet, tottering steps, soft rustle, and the sweep of stiffly-flowing garments. The door was slowly opened, and they came in—my three grandaunts. The three tall forms slightly stooped at the shoulders, filed one after another with a tottering primness. Their black silk skirts with the long trains, the heavy ruffles and new skirts swept along, pathetically grand. On their heads rested black lace caps trimmed with little loops of lavender ribbon. In front of their ears dangled false curls of youthfully dark hair.