

They came to me and kissed me; and I kissed their powdered wrinkled cheeks. They bent over me and patted me, and said in their quaint, trembling voices:

"Ruth Alden's grandchild. Sister Ruth's grandchild. Can it be? Sister Ruth's grandchild."

Then they sat down in the stiff, high-backed chairs and folded their little, wrinkled hands on their black brocaded aprons, and looked at me.

"And such a little while ago, Ruth was here, and we all played together, little girls. And then, Ruth went away, so far west,—and this is her grandchild come back—Ruth's grandchild."

They talked to me, of how my grandmother and they had grown up together—just such a little while ago, and how they had longed for years and years that Ruth might live to come back from the west, and be happy again in the old home.

And yet, somehow all the time, I fancied they looked reproachfully at us, and I tried to hide under my skirt my pretty tan slippers with the pointed toes; and I wondered what they thought of my shirt-waist, and my high white collar and boy's necktie. It was very foolish, I know; but I could not help being a little ashamed of all the new things we have nowadays. There was something so peaceful and restful about this old life, something sweetly prim and monotonously pleasant.

At last, I kissed the old cheeks again, and my three great-aunts kissed me and called me again "Sister Ruth's grandchild." And I left them with the days darkening about them. I went down the path between the old elms with the old sunlight sleeping beneath them.

EDITH HENRY.

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Jones.

Shall all praise the successful, the salt of the earth,

And he daring no less, unsuccessfully dying,
Be fameless? Shall true estimation of worth
Be rather for doing, than dying in trying?

The cruel Sioux swept through the plain in the year

Of our story, and left only ashes and bones.
Hidden dangers were thick all along the frontier.
Our men were all heroes and the youngest was
Jones.

Only twenty—not handsome—his lips never parted

With laughter;—just new to the prairies that fall;
And once at a glimpse of a woman he started,
Turned about on his heel and frowned at the front wall.

So we fancied some trouble too deep to be righted

But Jones never told us. The snaky Sioux crept
Mad for blood, upon homes that had well been
affrighted,

Had they known;—but unheeding their danger
they slept.

At the fort in dim twilight with light ease he tossed
To his mustang the saddle and galloped away
Out into the darkness he galloped—was lost—
Was heard from no more,—but the villagers say,

That at dark dreary midnight a horse warned the place,—

A riderless horse with its saddle blood red,
And they heeded; but somewhere, down, prone
on his face,

In the chill and the darkness, a scout—Jones—
was dead.

E. F. PIPER.

Joint Program of the Literary Societies.

JUNE 6, '98.

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Music (vocal solo)..... Miss Abbott
Oration..... Mr. Martin
Paper..... Miss Woodford, editor-in-chief, Miss
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