

bering it all as a chain of petty events in a world's history.

Since Appomattox, life has run in a comedy of lighter vein. My profession has taken me from the Hudson's banks to the Cascades and the Alaska rivers. I have cursed blarney-mouthed contractors on western mountains, the great prairies, and in Northern forests.

I have met old class-mates occasionally have occasionally read of their deaths. Once I went back to Washington and Lee, and, God help me, I will never visit the old campus again.

I have no wife. There is an old rotting plantation house in Virginia; and near the flower garden under a great old oak, is a marble slab; carved thereon is girlish name that is dear to me—smothered now in myrtle and protected by an ivy-covered wall of granite.

Sometimes, I have a longing, I suppose it comes from man's gregarious instinct, to write for others stories of life and love; but my stories would be unpadding and unmasterful. They would be as trivial to others as they are tragical to me.

I have seen, felt, lived; and have spent my energy earning bread and butter money. I have not been niggardly; for although I have a little hoard, I have been as free or freer than the average man is with his gold.

On the whole, I believe my life has given me more respect for honest men, more reverence for womanhood and the character of Jesus Christ than I had as a boy.

Yet, I am unable to show all this to those whom I would. Others must tread on thorns and learn what I could tell them; for I can not express strong feelings of comradeship. I can only send back a few faint notes of solicitude. I have not beautified my soul-expression.

Have I paid for my right on earth, or

have I toiled for nothing but my bread and lodging, like a working horse?

JOSEPH ANDREWS SARGENT.

On the Verge of Politics.

If I were a man I should be a patriot, read the newspapers, and talk politics the livelong day. I should read politics rather than eat. Beefsteak and potatoes are ephemeral, but politics is eternal. Pudding and pie are but inspiration to the flesh, but politics is food for the soul. I should train my wife to know this. She should realize that breakfast dinner and supper were secondary matters while I was improving my mind.

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If I were a boy I should meekly heed the admonitions of my elders and eschew politics as a trade, only dabbling in it as an art. I should follow strictly the order of precedence advised by the wiseacres, viz: foot-ball first; scholarship, second; politics, last. Oh, I should be calm. While my country is in the midst of struggle, I should never feel a quiver of emotion. I should play foot-ball to get rid of the excess of energy produced on my father's sixty bushels to the acre, eight cents a bushel corn field this summer. And at the end of the semester I should know my Greek grammar by heart, and Oh, what a scholar I should be.

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Being nothing but a girl what can I do anyway? The wise men have directed all their maxims at the brave youths. They said no word to me about politics or foot-ball. They even wisely showed no solicitude as to my scholarship. What am I here for? Just to entertain twelve big strapping fellows and keep out of politics, out of foot-ball, out of mischief in general? Twelve boys to one girl, they say. What a picnic! The girls will go to a premium. Verily, the boys will have something to scrap over besides politics. And it is leap year, too. The wise men may sleep well.

FLORA BULLOCK.