

"And to think;" he mused, "that I am three weeks late, and all on account of that cursed condition in International Law, but she'll be waiting for me. I wrote anyway and told that she should expect me to-day. To think though of the time I had getting through that last examination. If it had not been for that horse I guess I'd have flunked again."

By this time he was entering the town, and as he looked about him he was oppressed by the entire absence of life about him. Not a person was to be seen except two small boys who were fishing in the creek which ran around the town.

"Ho, sonny," he cried. "Where are all the folks."

"Gone to the weddin'—still."

"To the wedding—whose wedding?"

"Miss Jones,—still."

"Miss Jones. What Miss Jones?"

"Imogene."

"Imogene! Imogene! You're off man. But who to? Quick!"

"To Mr. Elderberry, the grocer's son,—still."

"What! Never! It can't be," he cried, as he broke into a run toward the church which stood in the middle of the town.

He arrived there to find the place surrounded by vehicles of every description. The building was crowded to its utmost capacity.

"Let me in. Quick!" he screamed, as he ran breathless and wild eyed to the door. The crowd fell back. He gained the aisle and saw his Imogene standing up with young Elderberry before the Rev. Sprout.

"Make way! Make way!" he roared, as he plunged down the densely packed aisle.

She heard the commotion, turned and saw him fighting his way toward her. He was too late. She fell senseless upon the floor.

Fiercely he rushed to the pulpit and bent over her.

"Imogene! Imogene!" he cried in agonized tones, "I flunked! I flunked."

She opened her eyes.

"Flunked? Did you say flunked," she murmured, and once more she swooned.

Gently they laid her on a broken pew and carried her home and nursed her.

In three days she died, never having regained her senses, and was buried with all the pomp and splendour befitting to the daughter of the Chief Burgess of Eden Garden. In three days de Limberger followed her to the grave.

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Kind reader, before closing this pathetic tale, we must take you for a few moments to the little cemetery of Eden Garden. If ever you happen to visit that beautiful spot, you will notice, without doubt, a pretentious monument, which dwarfs all others around it, and will find cut on it this inscription.

Imogene Jones.

Daughter of Squire S. Jones.

Chief Burgess of Eden Garden.

Died July 30th, 189-

at the age of 25.

Right beside it you will see a small stone in which are carved two cupids, and right below them the words.

Alexander II. de Limberger.

Died, of Flunked, on July 5, 1890,

at the age of 20.

He had been placed there at his own last request, and the kindhearted citizens had erected, at their own expense, the little headstone and on it had had inscribed the disease of which they thought he was a victim.

C. R. M.

HALL AND CAMPUS.

Soft, lazy, listless month of June, to the student fraught with unnumbered hopes and pleasures, worries and disappointments. Graduation and Commencement exercises with their manifold triumphs and their annual cut and dry orations crowd themselves upon the Senior with what now seems to him a relentless haste. Four years has he looked forward to this momentous period; but