

Softest music was in that fair city,  
 And beauty transcendent was there;  
 And the amorous night,  
 Thrilled with rhythmic delight,  
 And with all that is radiant and rare.

But I never shall see that bright city,  
 Earth's one perfect city, they say;  
 For it rose in a night,  
 In its raiment of white,  
 And at morning it melted away.

And I sigh when I think of its beauty,  
 That vanished 'mid longing and tears,  
 But I know in my heart  
 The divinest in art  
 Are but dreamings of lost yesteryears.

—X.

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#### A FOOTBALL HERO.

It might have been a very foolish thing for a Junior at college, but nevertheless the fact remains that Fred Stockton was in love. He was hopelessly gone and he knew it. For two years, ever since, out of the kindness of her heart, she had smiled on the homesick and friendless Freshman, he had been on intimate terms with the pretty daughter of the Professor of Physics, Dr. Warrington. Calling often, taking her to dances and entertainments, and always welcome at her home, he gradually became so well acquainted that they all looked upon him as an old friend of the family. Nor did Fred imagine her as anything more than a *very* good friend and confidential and sympathetic adviser. It was not till there was danger of losing the prize that the awakening came and he suddenly realized how completely she had woven herself into the fabric of his life.

During the latter part of the preceding spring term Archie Custer, now a Senior, had begun to call very frequently at the little cottage among the maples on the East campus, but Fred, with broad good nature, had not regarded his attentions as being at all serious. Carrie was a pretty girl, *deucedly* pretty, and why should not she be popular with the fellows. Fred did not know that Custer had found one cause after another to prolong his stay after Commencement, till June gradually merged into July and July ripened into golden August, and that then, since his whole