

“ Kiss me good-bye.” He peers in under the wide-brimmed hat and the blue ribbons. If he could only see her eyes. “ Won’t you kiss me before I go ? ” he pleads again.

Slowly, very slowly the eyelids are raised, the blue eyes look into his and the red lips are turned up—the prettiest picture he had ever seen.

“ Thank you, good-bye.”

That was all.

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TO THE OBELISK.

[Soon to be erected on the campus.]

“ What is your substance, whereof are you made  
That millions of strange shadows on you tend ”  
May the number increase and never fade,  
But the good cause of fellowship extend.  
Obelisk !—Where ever you may be placed,  
Let thereon be written what e’er the fame,  
So it may never, by time, be effaced,  
The record of every son—or dame.  
Obelisk—Alma Mater—Alumni.  
Those words—dear to every beating heart,  
The last two—the first cemented by,  
In all external grace may have some part.  
Obelisk, may you, in your composite  
Stand for all that in man is requisite.

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AND THE BAND PLAYED ON.

As deftly I guided her twinkling feet  
Thro’ the midst of the mad, mazy whirl,  
I felt that she only could make life complete,  
And the band played, “ There’s only one girl.”  
Then leaving the ball room we strolled side by side  
On the lawn ’neath the heaven’s bright arch;  
And I thought, “ If I can, I’ll make her my bride,”  
While the band played, “ The Honeymoon March.”  
So I knelt at her feet and poured forth my tale,  
While I smothered with kisses her glove,  
And waited her answer all breathless and pale,  
While the band played, “ Love, dreaming of Love.”  
A moment she stood there, then raising her head,  
O Heaven, look down on my sorrow,—  
A sister I’ll be to you was all she said,  
And the band played, “ His funeral’s to-morrow.”

—*The Lafaytle.*