

They started home. He in moody silence and she, although silent, was in a very gay mood, if one were to judge by her airy movements.

When they reached the steps of the veranda he stopped, and taking off his hat said: "Mabel, I have spent many pleasant hours here this summer, but I think a *trip lo Europe* would do me good. I will leave early to-morrow morning."

"Good bye."

"Good bye," she answered in a hearty, earnest voice: "give my love to Marion."

MY VALENTINE.

'Way off in the laud of all lands the best,
There's a village, the dearest of East or of West,
Where the birds, the flowers, the poplar trees,
Are kissed by Æolus's tenderest breeze.

Where the sun, as he sinks from his overland flight,
Leaves my ideal conception of midsummer night;
And the rarest wild flower that's wet by the dew
Is not purer or sweeter than her maidens true.

But of all these damsels, so charmingly fair,
There'a one "Airy Fairy" with golden hair,
Whose bewitching lips and whose laughing eyes
Seem designed to enchant and to tantalize.

* * * * *

I recall, even now, with a smile and sigh,
The pain of those cruel-sweet words, "Good-bye,"
And of all the world's pleasures I'd like to be mine,
I covet this flower—for my valentine.

—H. H. M., '99.

ONE NEW YEAR'S AND ANOTHER.

I.

"If all the year were holidays."

The old bell on the tower of the county court house had barely received the last stroke which announced the eighth hour of the afternoon on the first day of the new year when Harry Burdette might have been seen to ascend the brownstone steps and ring the door-bell of a handsome residence at No. 826 Delaware avenue. Such movements on his part were the result of newly