

# THE FREE LANCE.

*Published Monthly during the College Year by the Students of  
The Pennsylvania State College.*

---

Vol. X.

APRIL, 1896.

No. I.

---

## WHAT THE MOON SAW.

They sat on a rustic bench, in the deepest shade of the great Washington statue which adorned the park. She was a lively maiden, full of spirit, and he—well, he was a rather bashful young man.

The night was soft and balmy just such a night as lovers wish. The moon shone out from an almost cloudless sky, and shed a brilliant light, which gleamed fitfully on the brass buttons of the big policeman, as, like an automaton, he paced to and fro.

"Nell," he was saying, "do you remember this night one year ago, when we first met at Mrs. Horton's?"

"Yes," she answered, laughing immoderately, "Oh! wasn't it jolly. There was Phil Hempstead, just home from college. I liked him so well, too. He was so cute. And that young Mr. Hodgson, with his "Aw, yes, doncher know."

"Yes," he replied, "I remember all that, yet that is not what I was thinking about."

"Oh!" she interrupted quickly, "you were thinking of Miss Wilson. Do you know, I half believe you were in love with her at the time. I noticed how particularly attentive you were to her."

"Drat it," he exclaimed, half impatiently, "will you never understand?" "It seems to me that a woman can be the most obtuse creature in the world when she tries to be so. No, Nell, I was thinking of you."

"Of me?" she asked, surprised. "How amusing. Whatever have I done to merit so much of your attention?"

"Quite a deal," he replied. "I may as well tell you at once and have it done with, and not go beating about the bush. Nell, that night when I first saw you, I fell——"