

spoken of personal matters, nor had he questioned Perkins, and he tried gently to dissuade him now, but Perkins kept on.

In the simplest and most unpretending manner he could assume, Perkins now unfolded to his astonished listeners the most ingenious of fabulous biographies he could devise, running out a leader in the shape of an imaginary trip to Rio de Janeiro, based on his general information. Taking care to note any signs of incredulity in Jaimeson's face, he spun out his yarn until he dared task the faith of his audience in him no longer.

When he finished Mrs. Jaimeson was profuse in her exclamations of delight and wonder; and if Mr. Jaimeson doubted, he did not show it. He commenced rocking again, after suitable comments, and then began talking about his proposed California trip, when his wife interrupted.

"Tell that story about Jim Dale, please."

A dark expression crossed his face, which did not escape the reporter, but he replied, tenderly,—“Mr. Perkins will not care to hear that wild yarn, dearest.”

“Oh, yes, he will, dear, please!” Evidently Mrs. Jaimeson knew that her husband would yield to her coaxing, and, bringing a box of those same perfect Havanas, she made both the men take one. With a little more urging, Jaimeson lighted his cigar and drew up by the open window.

Perkins did not light his. Was the wonderful story coming at last? Somehow he felt that it was, and he was not disappointed.

(Concluded in next issue.)

“FRESHMAN LOVE.”

Unhappy he whom hopeless love devours,
 Who loves in vain, despairing of success,
 In sad despondency he spends his hours
 With woeful thoughts, his heart full of distress.
 The day has lost its brightness and attractions;
 He fosters sentimental thoughts at night;
 In Math, confuses radicals and fractions,
 And thinks that Cicero is “out of sight.”
 He walks about, unhappiness displaying;
 Writes poetry of suicide and gore;
 He daily leaves the lunch-room without paying;
 When seated, gazes blankly at the floor.
 He wants to be thought grouchy, life-sick, bored,
 And curses ev'ry Senior, Junior, Soph.,
 And thinking of the cruel heart's-adored,
 He says, “Good morning, Singer,” to a Prof.