

And as he spoke he drew from his cloak a long dagger and advanced upon the queen. Too horrified to move, she awaited the onslaught. Slowly, without a tremor, the knife was raised in the air. Then there was a sudden flash of swift-descending steel, and the queen fell, her life-blood dyeing the sands.

But at the same instant there came a blood-curdling shriek from the shadows, and a lithe, dusky form shot from the darkness full upon the startled king and bore him to the earth. But the king was yet an active man, and fearless. So he grappled with the leopard, and over and over on the sands they rolled, each striving to kill the other. Twice the king drove his dagger into the side of his assailant. Then those cruel teeth closed upon his throat and he knew that the end had come. With all his remaining strength he raised his poignard and thrust again. That last blow was mortal, and with a groan the leopard released its hold just as Meneptah's soul passed away.

Slowly and painfully the wounded animal dragged its body across the gory sands until it lay beside the motionless form of the queen. Then it raised its head and with low whines began to lick the face of the woman. The touch of that warm tongue on her cheek seemed to fan the last spark of vitality into flame, for she started slightly and opened her eyes to meet those of the leopard fixed upon hers. Then with a low, glad cry she sank back upon the bloody earth, dead. But her death was avenged. For the eyes of the dying leopard were those of Kaloumis!

R. T. STROHM, '98.

MY LITERARY ASPIRATIONS.

It all began when I went home for vacation after finishing Freshman year at college. I had been trying and trying to write something printable for the college paper, but had not succeeded in writing anything that I thought worthy of publishing. I had about come to the conclusion that a man cannot write about what he has not experienced; that is, in order to write so as to touch the heart one must have experienced at least some of the great passions.

I did not hate anybody, nor had I ever experienced the feelings of love and despair, and since these elements must enter into everything that is not intended to be simply a clever sketch to interest for the moment I was at a loss to know what to do. The mem-