

and then he commenced to speak of the incident of the night before. At this she rose and would have gone into the house, but he caught her hand and drew her back.

"Let me go! How dare you!"

Harold knew that this was said in mock severity, for he felt the hand tremble, and of course he did not obey.

"Oh, see how bright that star shines!" she exclaimed, snatching her hand away to point, and then putting it behind her, laughing.

"Don't you ever have any serious thoughts?" he cried, impetuously.

"O, yes," she said, still laughing. "Last night, for instance."

"I am glad that happened."

"Why," she asked, surprised.

"Because—because it showed me how much—how badly I'd feel if anything should happen to you."

"Why," she repeated, provokingly, but in a tone which betrayed through its teasing accent the feeling in her heart.

"Because I love you dearly," he said, earnestly. What an effort those words cost him! How they made his heart beat! But another heart was beating in sympathy, and as Harold took her hand again she did not draw it away.

M. and M.

A DREAM OF EXAMS.

A student dreamed a dream one night,
When all around was still;
He dreamed about a "Pony" dear,
That helped him up a hill.

He rode the "Pony" but a day,
And then the "Pony" died;
And though he loved the "Pony" much,
Never a tear he cried.

And when somebody asked him why,
All that this student said:
"There will be other 'Ponies,' sir,
Although that one is dead."

F. T. COLE, '00.

THE VENGEANCE OF KALOUMIS.

(A Tale of the Transmigration of Soul.)

The great desert lay white and gleaming under the effulgent rays of a newly-risen moon. A little distance to the north stood out in clear silhouette the silent pyramids and the grim Sphinx,