

the street once in a while, such as a cab rattling noisily along with its driver, doubtless half asleep, and several times a cat-call from the adjacent fences broke the stillness of the night air. What was really not more than three-quarters of an hour seemed to him to be fully as many days. The plan was to let the robbers enter the house and then to surround it and prevent their escape.

Suddenly Rooney was startled by a pistol shot followed by a crash of broken glass, and a man leaped from one of the second story windows to the roof of an outhouse, then as quickly dropped into an alley-way and was off. In the brilliant moonlight he was plainly visible—a great hulking figure with a slouch hat pulled down over his face. In an instant Rooney was in pursuit. Down one alley-way, then into another, running at right angles to that, across a vacant lot, where a shot fired into the air failed to stop the fleeing figure, and then into another alley-way. But here the fugitive made a fatal blunder, for the alley-way stopped short against a stone wall. Resolved to make his capture as costly to his pursuer as possible, the panting robber crouched low and grasped his club firmly in his hand ready for a spring. Rooney came slowly up to him with drawn revolver in one hand and his bull's-eye lantern swinging in the other. All along the alley-way he glanced to where, huddled up in the corner, was a mass which somewhat resembled a human being. Cautiously he turned his lantern on the cowering man until the circle of light fell full on his face, and then with a stifled cry they both sprang forward involuntarily.

“Denny, is that you?” rang out on the night air.

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When the notorious Chunley gang came to trial there was one member who had not been apprehended and whose identity the rest of the gang refused absolutely to divulge.

Denny Sullivan still runs his tobacco shop, and strangely enough he has informed Officer Rooney that he has destroyed a certain note which he held against him.

H. M. ANDREWS, '98.

LIFE'S TWILIGHT.

The gaudy leaves are rustling on the trees,
 Bright spirits of the summer that is past,
 While Jack Frost's breath is chilling every breeze—
 Fore-runners of the cold and stormy blast
 Which ushers in the winter, bleak and serene.