

trifled with, as the lump on his head testified. Besides, there was a determined set of the pretty lips and a restless fire in the dark eyes which warned him that she was on the alert. He resolved upon strategy.

"I surrender," said he, "and surely no man ever had a fairer captor. But, Mistress Anne, do you know that you are giving me into the hands of those who will shoot me like a dog? Have you no brothers in your army? Think of them in such a position as mine. In after years will you look back with pride upon this action, even toward an enemy? Is this 'heaping coals of fire?'"

At his words something like pity stirred her heart—'pity, which is akin to love.' As he finished speaking she turned. A glistening tear stood in each eye.

"'To the victor belongs the spoil,'" she whispered. "Go," and she thrust the sword into his hand. He grasped it, returned it to its scabbard, and belted it on in a trice. Then he turned quickly, and taking Anne, all unresistingly, in his arms, kissed her full upon the lips. Their eyes met and they understood.

"'To the victor—'" she murmured.

"Forever," replied Rudolf, fervently.

And the next moment he had undone the bolt, sprung to his horse and was away up the road like a whirlwind, turning just once to throw a kiss to Anne, who stood blushing and smiling in the doorway, her heart beating wildly, though happily, at the escape of her erstwhile prisoner.

R. T. STROHM, '98.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

A FRESHMAN wrote a letter home,
The weather he said had been clear,
But what he dreaded most of all
Was its *Huzy* atmosphere.

—*Exchange.*

TO MY LADY.

I.

A poet's muse with note sincere
Might truly sing of you;
"Sweet lips of red, so moist and clear,
New kissed by drops of dew."