

TRANSFORMATION

“ Dear Bill, adieu,” she said to me,
 And smiled up so bewitchingly,
 That—let the truth be first confessed
 Of all the world I loved her best—
 The parting brought no misery.

Yet oft I wished my spirit free
 To fly away, and spying, see
 Her read my missive tenderest—
 Dear billet-doux.

But when, I asking if 'twould be
 So wrong to kiss her suddenly,
 She nestled closer to my breast,
 I deemed myself supremely blest,
 To hear her whisper tenderly,
 “ Dear Billy, do !”

R. T. S.

 THE HUNDREDTH CHANCE

Tod Ogilvie sat on the side-line with his sweater thrown carelessly over his back, so that the white “S” on the blue background glared saucily up at the thickly-thronged grand stand. Nor was this effect entirely unstudied. Tod knew that up there somewhere in the midst of that sea of streaming colors and anxious faces was one person whose eyes would be certain to single him out, and the thought haunted him so persistently that he could scarcely keep an interest in the game in progress. Always, as he looked, there came a face between him and the struggling teams which effectually blotted out all else. Like many others, however, he did not know that this was one of the most alarming symptoms of a very common malady, for up to this time Tod had been entirely heart-whole.

Just at this moment, however, he was not in a particularly jovial mood. In the first place, his team was getting the worst of the bargain. Although as yet neither side had scored, they had saved themselves only by continual punting. Each time, however, the opposing team had brought the ball back with renewed vigor.

Again, the full-back on the Cranston team was his rival—and that not in foot ball alone. By turning his head slightly toward