

not see the piteous struggle of Nature to keep up the presentiment of a glory which had once been so truly hers.

But beneath her, too, the signs of approaching winter were unmistakable. In such spots as were not covered by the fallen leaves she could easily see that the grass was beginning to sere, while here and there a forlorn little dandelion was bravely, but vainly, doing its best to keep up the appearance of the bright summer which it had been in such haste to announce.

She, however, soon forgot the passing of the year, for the brisk air had an exhilarating effect upon her youthful blood and before she was aware of it she was already walking up the arrow of Cupid's promenade.

As she recognized this fact she became more alert to her surroundings and casting a glance to her right she smiled, for a familiar figure was coming down that side of the bow; but on glancing to the left a look of dismay came upon her face, but it gradually turned into a quizzical smile, for here, too, was a familiar figure approaching her.

"I wonder how they will act," she thought to herself. Neither of the men saw the other—only her.

She, in order that she might consistently enable them to meet her, stooped to pick up a leaf.

On they came, each intent upon her, as she stands gazing at the leaf.

"Good afternoon!" both exclaimed simultaneously.

"Good afternoon!" she answered, and each made as though he would accompany her, when she added "gentlemen."

They suddenly became aware of each other's presence.

"Ah! How d'ye do."

"Ah!—Howdy—cold day."

"Very, indeed."

"Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon."

Both bowed and somewhat abstractedly resumed their former courses.

Oh! timid and bashful lovers. Why so backward? The wind is a better wooer than either of you. See the rich color he brings into her cheeks and how her eyes brighten, for the wind is bold and brisk and—'twas a cold day.

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