

Raising my gun I fired, and my prize rolled over with scarcely a struggle. I now advanced quickly, and leaning my gun against a tree I knelt down and began to remove the beautiful glossy hide.

"My back was towards the ledge, and I was busily engaged with my task and thinking of the astonishment of my comrades when I should return to camp with my booty, when my eyes happened to turn to my gun. I started! Yes, I was not deceived, steadily, rapidly, the stock of it was gliding toward me notwithstanding the fact that it was slipping up hill. On the instant the story which I had heard the previous evening flashed through my mind. I sprang to my feet and was about to seize my weapon, when I glanced at the ledge and a sight met my gaze which fairly froze my blood. There so close to me that I could feel its hot breath on my face, its ears laid back, its white teeth gleaming, lashing its sides with its tail and crouched ready to spring upon me, was a *chipmunk not less than six inches long.*"

F. T. B., '98.



## CHRISTMASTIDE

(From the German of Helene Stökl.)

THE short winter day was drawing to a close. The golden flared windows of the high houses of the city were beginning to pale, and across street and square shadows of evening were rapidly stealing. In the large room on the second story of a pretentious house in the suburbs the light was having such a very unequal struggle with the incoming darkness that the old man who had been busy with pen and compass was forced to cease work on his draughts.

"How short the days have become," he murmured, adding, as he glanced at the calendar hanging before him, "already the tenth of December. In fifteen days 'twill be Christmas."

He arose hastily and trod, with both hands clasped behind him, dejectedly up and down the rapidly darkening room.

In fifteen days will be Christmas! What had he to do with Christmas? If 'twere only possible to forget it! It afforded him great pleasure each year, to forget his birthday and why should Christmas not afford him the same pleasure?

The landlady would certainly not suggest it to him, for she had learned from long years of experience not to speak about the