

Here she opened the locket. "It is empty." She looked at Stöger. He had pressed both hands to his face and was sobbing softly: "Anna, Anna, my dear wife." And then, dropping his hands, he looked upon the young woman with great tenderness and said, with trembling lips, "My child, my daughter."

With trembling fingers he opened the locket, and pressing upon a secret spring disclosed the picture of a handsome man. The features there were young but they bore a strong resemblance to those of Stöger. "It was a bridal gift, the only one that she took with her when she left me in anger. In the hour of death, then, she thought of me, and you I have to thank that I can place my arms about my child." He extended his arms and father and daughter silently embraced.

G. J. YUNDT, '99.



THE WINDOWS OF THE HEART

"I love you, dear." 'Twas all he said,
 And humbly bowed his dear, fair head.
 Yet dared I no compassion show,
 For whether 'twas the truth or no
 I could not tell.

I bade the kneeling youth to rise,
 That I might gaze into his eyes.
 And then I knew his words were true,
 For in those orbs of trustful blue
 Guile could not dwell.

—R T. S.



THEIR SAVAGE PROTEGÉ

HE was one of those conventional accessories to a tobacco shop—a cigar store Indian, highly ornamented with a superfluity of the national colors interspersed with variations of the others in the spectrum, all done so skillfully that his garb would have rivaled and put to blush a first-class rainbow. He was not very large, scarcely over four and one-half feet tall,