

HIS VALENTINE

In the tender bark of a growing birch
 He carved a heart with a boyish hand,
 And pierced it through with a Cupid's dart—
 A sign, to endure while the tree should stand,
 Of vows exchanged between heart and heart.

After weary years of a fruitless search
 For the wealth bestowed by Fortuna's hand,
 The lover lad, now to manhood grown
 Came back once more to his native land—
 To the woods and fields that his youth had known.

Though the tree had spread with the passing years
 Till the trothing sign was bold and plain,
 Yet the bond of love had strengthened, too.
 So that when again met this wooing twain,
 Each found that the other's heart was true.

R. T. S.



THE PASSING OF THE TYRANT

THE midnight train from St. Petersburg was speeding swiftly, like a great fiery-eyed serpent, through the twilight darkness of the plains of Novgorod, on its way to Moscow. In the rear carriage, under the glow of the swinging lamps, sat two persons, both of whom attracted unusual attention on account of the singular beauty and regularity of their features.

The woman was slightly above the average height and of the striking brunette type; a face of an almost perfect oval, set with a pair of blue-black eyes which shone and sparkled with a luster that rivaled the brilliancy of the stars without; a mouth with the prettiest of Cupid's-bow lips, on which lurked continually the semblance of a smile; a nose, delicately molded, with just the faintest suspicion of a saucy turn-up at the tip; a high brow half hidden in clustering curls, and, above all, a profusion of rich, dark hair gathered into a dainty knot on the crown of the shapely head.

Her companion was a tall, athletic, military looking man, seem-