

The next morning the servants were alarmed to find the house ransacked of all its wealth and the master himself missing. During the night he had vanished as completely as though the earth had opened and engulfed him. And while his strange disappearance continued to baffle the Russian police and at the same time to give intense satisfaction to the Nihilists, Leopold and Elda Alexowitch were speeding, in a chartered yacht, on their way to Hamburg, en route for the new world.

R. T. STROHM, '98.



### IN LIGHTER VEIN

#### PARTED

We parted in silence—we parted at night,  
 And the pitying stars were above us;  
 They rested their beams, with a wondering light,  
 On the bowed heads of us, to reprove us.  
 We breathed not a word as we sundered the tie—  
 Each felt each would marry another.  
 We stifled our love in the flood of a sigh,  
 Each hand clasping one of the other.  
 We parted at midnight—we parted in tears.  
 Our feelings were past all controlling.  
 We thought of the days that had met in the years,  
 And such, to our hearts, were consoling.  
 We vowed in our hearts we would never forget,  
 And the rattling leaves whispered a "never."  
 We stood there in silence, nor spoke one regret,  
 As we parted—and parted forever. —*Gray Jacket.*

#### FIRELIGHT

Sweet thoughts are mine,—as from my easy chair  
 I watch the firelight play at hide and seek  
 With shadows through the mysteries of your hair,  
 And o'er your dainty cheek.  
 The nimble tide of Fancy flows and ebbs  
 With fitful flash of jewels, and white hands,  
 And glinting needles, weaving wonder-webs  
 Of gossamery strands.  
 And all the story folk of childhood days  
 Come stealing back round Cinderella's shoe,—  
 Coquetting shyly with the wooing blaze  
 From under skirts of blue. —*Mount Holyoke.*