

## GROUNDHOG DAY

Once more, in rapid flight of time,  
 The woodchuck from his sleep awakes,  
 And peeps into this world sublime,  
 But 'tis a single glance he takes.

For, lo, beside him he espies  
 His shadow on the snowy white;  
 Then scampers back with bulging eyes,  
 And mind almost o'ercome with fright.

And thus it is with mortals, too,  
 When shadows in their paths appear.  
 They flee, they know not whither to,  
 Their boasted courage turns to fear.

—*W. L. A.*



## THE BROKEN ENGAGEMENT

## A SKETCH

OUT under the apple trees, with the pink and white petals falling about them in fragrant showers, they had plighted their faith to one another. She was a maiden most fair to look upon. The azure of the sky above was not more blue than the depths of her honest eyes. The sunbeams playing at hide and seek in her soft tresses had become hopelessly entangled in her clustering ringlets. The pink and white of the apple blossoms were reflected on her cheeks.

She yielded a dainty, fluttering hand to his strong clasp as she told him that she loved him—loved him better than all the world beside. And they were both supremely happy. The world was for them one beautiful heaven, and the years that stretched away into the future, down to the end of life's journey, could hold nothing but joy and happiness for them, bring what they might, for they were to be all and all to each other and only death could separate them; and death, in the midst of their youth and strength,