

By chance there came along the broad highway
 A cavalier, who, as he passed,
 Spying the sleeping beggar where he lay,
 A heavy purse of gold did cast
 Beside the sleeper's head.

The mendicant awoke from his day-dreams
 And sadly breathed a tearful sigh
 To think his wealth returned to radiant beams;
 But when the silk purse caught his eye,
 He blessed Dame Fortune fervently,
 To find it true instead.

—R. T. S.



HIS SUMMER FLIRTATION

IT was a cold, dismal night in early winter, with a thick snow driving wildly. I was on my way from the gymnasium to my room, and was just passing the front of Old Main when a voice floated down from the upper air.

“Ho! Stacey,” it said.

“Well,” I shouted, “what is it?”

“Come up, will you?”

“All right,” I said, “in a moment.” And I stumbled up the smooth limestone steps at the entrance.

“Where have you been keeping yourself, anyhow?” asked Wersand, as I noisily kicked the snow from my shoes and sank into the depths of his cosiest chair.

“Everywhere in general and nowhere in particular,” I replied, lazily. “Why, what’s the harm?”

“Oh, none,” he reassured me. “Only it’s such a long time since we’ve had a social confab.”

“An exchange of gossip, you mean, I suppose,” I interjected.

“Well, no; not exactly that.”

“Reminiscences, then,” I said, lightly.

“That’s more to the point,” he assented.