

The orchestra struck up a lively, stirring two-step, and the dancers whirled away.

Jack was happy. He actually forgot Ethel and the "other fellow" in the enjoyment of his favorite passtime. Oh how he loved to waltz, the music was exquisite, and he was so lucky in his choice of partners.

At last the sixth was over, the music ceased. The seventh was to be a "Ladies Choice" and Jack, not having it taken was wondering if he was to be a wall flower, when just as the first strains of music reached him, he was started by a voice at his side, "Jack,—er—Mr. Rhinesmith, I've found you at last, you naughty boy," and then with a merry twinkle in the blue eyes, "Allow me to introduce my brother, I don't believe I've ever mentioned him to you." "But Jack, you have kept this dance for me?"

And when they were floating away in the dreamy waltz he ventured to explain, but in a tone which he understood she whispered, "Never mind, Jack, I know all about it, you were simply jealous of that other fellow.

C. T. WADE, '01.



### MY CHERISHED ROSE.

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Beside a garden wall a rosebush grew,  
 And Spring had come and, with her tears and smiles,  
 Had caused the tiny leaf buds to unfold;  
 And time had passed, and in among the leaves  
 At last a single rose bud there I saw.  
 As day by day I watched that bud unfold,  
 I thought how perfect and how pure and sweet  
 Will be the full blown rose. And still it grew,  
 And still it waxed in beauty and in grace.  
 At length its magic charm had wrought a spell  
 Which touched my heart and bound me heart and hand,  
 And then and there I swore by every power,  
 When that same bud should open to a rose,  
 A full blown rose so perfect and so pure,  
 That I should claim it for my very own.