

showed me the butt of a six-shooter sticking from his hip pocket.

"I always carry that when I go into the cave now," he said.

H. H. H., '02.



THE BLOOD OF GRAPES.

Who now shall drink those Spanish wines?
 The richest fruitage of the vines,
 That from the Rhenish presses streams,
 And in the golden sunlight gleams,
 The blood of grapes, the wine of dreams.
 Who now shall sip and, dreaming, raise
 His voice to sing the wine-maids praise?
 And who shall list the sweet refrain
 Of thee, thou passion maids of Spain?

In years agone full many sang,
 With hearts attuned to thy weird song,
 While from the crowd thy praises rang,—
 'Twas then a sympathetic throng;
 But silent now the tongue and pen,
 And who shall sing of thee again?

Give me the glass and let me drink
 And dream, though it be right or wrong,
 I'll sing of thee yet once again,
 I'll sing,—ah, 'tis a mournful song.



The Spanish maidens, lithe and fair,
 With flashing eye, with winsome air,
 In fair Seville beyond the sea,
 Now wait and watch expectantly;
 They watch, while hope doth ebb and flow,
 Their hearts with passion all aglow.

For days have come and gone, and he,
 Who traveled with the setting sun,
 Hath nobly fought for her sweet sake
 Until the land was lost and won.
 Now back unto their land of birth
 In joy, yet sorrow, some shall go,
 For many rest in new made graves
 Where foreign waters softly flow.