

And so she waits with hope, yet fear,
The joy or sorrow of the year.

* * *

Ah, maid of passion, love, and hate,
Thy task is sad, for cruel fate
Hath naught in store for thee but pain.
You wait and watch and hope in vain,
O lonely, sorrowing maids of Spain.

'oo.

* * *

WAS IT A DREAM?

TWELVE o'clock, and I still sat before the table chewing the end of a penholder and occasionally running my fingers through my hair in a vain effort to catch some tangible ideas for my essay next day.

"Confound the essay anyway," I muttered "two pages of algebra and six propositions in geometry to work out besides an essay to write before chapel to-morrow; wonder what they think we're made of!"

"Well, what's the matter now," asked a voice back of me.

I had supposed I was alone and the sudden interruption scared away my wits entirely. Turning, I saw a young man occupying my easy chair, his feet gracefully posed on the bureau top. He appeared to be about two and twenty years old.

"Who—who are you?" I stammered.

"Well, I'm a spirit now but was once a student like yourself," he answered, "but you haven't answered my question yet; what's the trouble to-night?"

By this time I had somewhat recovered my wits. "Trouble enough," I answered shortly, "algebra and geometry to dig out besides an essay to write before chapel in the morning."

"An essay?" he regarded me thoughtfully, "what subject?"

"Story of college life," I groaned.

"O, is that all? You make a mountain out of a mole hill; just write up a few pages from real life among the boys. You know that old saw about truth being stranger than fiction."

"That's all very well," I replied, "but suppose you don't happen to be acquainted with the truth?"