

night, when the long shadows stretched across the fields, and the evening glow faded from the west, she watched down the lane as she watched years ago; and her heart asked, "Will he ever return?"

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Again the April days have come and gone. Again the arbutus blooms on the hillside, but no one comes to seek for the pink clusters beneath the whispering pines; and alone, they bloom and fade, and die. At nightfall the silent moon rolls slowly over the dark rim of the wood, and the stars come out one by one, while the familiar sounds from the meadow fill the warm evening air as of old. But no one watches down the lane. No fond mother is waiting for a loved one's return. Far away under the southern skies the moon looks down on a mound of fresh earth where a brave heart is sleeping; and another mound on the hillside, where the falling apple blossoms drift, covers the fond heart which ceased to beat when the message came, "He will never return."

H. H. HANSON.



THOSE SENIORS.

THE NEW.

IT is the opening of the Fall Term. The newly made Senior walks slowly over the campus, his hands in his pockets, and head bent down, his whole attitude one of deep thinking. His thoughts?—Well, they are his own.

His solitude is broken by a voice, a voice breezy as a day in Spring, when all things are green. "Hello!" says the voice. The Senior turns around, angry at having his thoughts disturbed, and sees—a Freshman.

The Freshman does not notice the scowl on the face of the upper classman.

"What course are you taking?" again says the voice.

The question is greeted with a look of amazement, and the Senior mutters to himself, "Most thundering fresh!"