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MAY.

Those languid, dreamy days are come,
Of laughing, fleeting May;
When Nature to our heart appeals,
And o'er our drowsy spirit steals,
And bids us to obey.

How weary then the student feels,
That he must answer, nay.
'Tis his to toil with weary brain,
Without surcease of stress and strain,
Nor yet by night, nor day.

Yet, when the dreamer wakes to find
Those days have passed away,
He can but wish his life to be
As happy, and from care as free,
As bright and laughing May.

C., '00.



MAKING A STORY.

“MAURICE,” said the editor of the *Stiletto*, as I entered the sanctum in response to his note, “I must have a story before Saturday noon. The stuff you’ve been turning in of late hasn’t been fit for a Sunday newspaper. No