

"Oh, you big possum you! Now wake up and explain yourself." Barry sheepishly opened his eyes.

"Why didn't you come around and skate with me?" she demanded.

"Why—I—Oh—But you had somebody else skating with you."

"What difference did that make? It was only Cousin Tom," she replied, with a pout on her pretty face.

"Only Cousin Tom," What a load was lifted from Barry's heart. A smile now spread over his face, and his eyes sparkled as of yore.

Meanwhile the girl, who had been regarding him with some perplexity, broke into a hearty laugh.

"Why," laughing, "I know now what was the matter. You were jealous. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

BRADY, '00.

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## NIX AND I.

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Nix and I were seated in our window-seat, each busy with his troublesome thoughts. But before I go further in my narration let me tell you first of Nix.

Nix is my constant companion, partner, and counselor. He shares in all my pleasures and my woes. Some years ago while strolling aimlessly along the noisy streets of a city of no mean fame, I was followed by a poor, lonely little dog, a waif in the world of dogs. He followed me to my home, around which he stayed, attracting my attention daily. One day I stopped to study this little fellow more closely preparatory to a decision to allow him to stay, or to banish him; when he came fearfully to my feet, and then growing more bold, endeavored to lick my hand as if imploring mercy.