

How like a deserted village it stood! Far away loomed the mountains, and they, too, seemed to be lonely and deserted. And yet, I fancied I could see the brooding spirits of the forests holding their revelries upon the mountain side. Extending still upward and away. my gaze took in the heavens with its innumerable inlaid platines of glittering gold. "So far away! So far!" I murmured, looking at the moon. "And yet they are all mine to enjoy if I will!" The moon seemed to smile and say,—“Yes, but there are also innumerable incidents occurring about you every day for you to enjoy if you will.” “Perhaps,” I answered, “and yet what can be interesting in this prosaic place?” “What?” asked the moon. “Listen.”

“Last night” began the moon, “as my glances fell upon your little College town, I saw a face at one of the windows of Old Main. It was a sad face, and I thought I could see a tear down deep in those eyes that looked up at me for sympathy. I was so interested that I watched him for a long time as he sat there looking out upon the same scene that you now see, and, I fancy, dreaming. Beside him lay a letter. I could only see the last page, but that was enough. It was from his old school friend, Tom, and read,—‘your old time intimate friend, Miss Smith, was married last night.’ ‘And so,’ I thought, ‘it is just another case of love grown old, dead, buried, and forgotten. Why, I see that every night. And is that all?’ ‘Yes that is all,’ he answered me. ‘And what do you care? Nothing! Or what does the world care? Nothing at all! And *she* cares? Nothing! No, not even a thought! Nobody cares! Not one!’ He paused and sat for a long time with his head bent down. At last raising his head and looking at me just before a passing cloud hid him from view, he continued. ‘And what do I care? Nothing? Ah well, perhaps!’ But there was a touching little break in his voice that told me volumes more.” C. ’00.