

THE FREE LANCE.

"His good blade carves the casques of men, for the Free Lance thrusteth sure."

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OUR WINTER WEATHER.

O there is a little college
In a little village,
In a zone neither frigid nor torrid.
The weather in the Summer there
Is very, very nice;
But in Winter—it is horrid.

You may get up in the morning
With the sun a-shining clear,
And never the sign of a shower;
But when the day is done,
'Tis ten chances to one,
You've had thirteen kinds of weather every hour.



HIS CHUM'S SISTER.

Prize Story.

IT was a fearful night. The lonely girl in the signal tower pulled up the blinds and looked out into the inky darkness. The lightening flashed and the thunder rolled across the sky in quick succession. The rain beat in torrents against the big windows and the earth seemed fairly to roll as the thunder followed its zizzaging herald across the