

imp was sleeping peacefully. This was exasperating. Unceremoniously we woke her up and questioned her. No, she hadn't seen or heard a thing. Furthermore she resolutely refused to be frightened. This was maddening. If she had dared to joke about it we would have massacred her then and there.

Marion and I now decided to take up our abode together and that day I had an inspiration. We made a collection of tin cans and boxes and strung and piled them all over and in front of the door. We calculated that the ghost or burglar would have an accompaniment to his nocturnal labors that night and tired from all this work we were both actually sound asleep when everything broke loose at once. Marion gave one agonized moan and grasped me like a drowning person. Then a light flared up out in the hall, burned for a few seconds and then went out. Following this, footsteps pattered down the hall in the direction of Alice's room. Struck by a common impulse we rushed down the hall and flung her room door open. She was huddled miserably in the center of the bed.

"You little wretch," we shouted in unison, "was that you?"

"I g-g-guess so," she shivered, "I walk in my sleep sometimes, and when the match burned my fingers it woke me up."

It will be charity to draw a veil over the scene that followed.

W. Eaton.

To June

The summer winds a load of fragrance bring;
For thee, oh June, the treasures sweet they steal
From locust, rose and flowering pea, nor feel
'Tis theft, for thou art queen of summer. Sing,
Oh birds, a welcome. Make the echoes ring,
For June, the month of months is here. Reveal
Thy heart, oh blushing rose, thy thorns conceal,
Thy choicest, fairest buds unfold and fling
The Spring has placed the crown upon her brow
And filled her path with bloom; a carpet green
Upon the meadows spread. The world rejoices; great
The June, oh nature; smile, oh flowers; bow
Your heads, oh trees; for June, the June is queen.

—Grace Parker.