

now to the other, as if looking for something, yet fearing to see it.

"There wasn't anything inside, Billy, except a lot of old junk and idols, but I didn't like it, it was so—oh, I don't know what it was—it was so damned quiet. It was too dark to start back, so I laid down under the gate posts to sleep. I don't know how long I laid there, Billy, until I heard it. You know how it sounds when you tap an empty champagne glass—well, it sounded like that, only there were lots of them. I tried to get up and look around, but I couldn't, Billy, I couldn't get up! Pretty soon I saw them coming down the path. I saw them, I tell you, two little brown feet with lots of anklets on them that jingled whenever they moved. That was all, Billy, that was all. They didn't seem to walk, but just floated down the path as if they were dancing. They kept coming nearer and nearer, and then—they began to dance. They danced right over me, Billy, and those damned things jingled in my face. Don't you tell me I'm drunk, Billy, because I'm not. I'm as sober as you are," and he shoved his blood-shot face close to mine.

"I can hear those anklets jingle, Billy, but I can't move. My God! I can't move."

—C. W. Robinson, '11.



✠ Ronald Montgomery's Marriage ✠

JOHN BALL stopped his team to converse with a young man on horseback.

"Say, Ronald, did ye hear that old lady Smith ran away from home again? They're scouring the country for her, now." In a lower tone he added, "To tell ye the truth, she is such a burden I think they might just as well let her die in the woods. She doesn't know anything, hence she can't suffer."

"Can't she? I never thought of that before. But I know that